



TRINITY CHURCH, ST. THOMAS.

ister at the Chapter House for a few months, when he was appointed as incumbent to Burford mission in October, 1875, and rector of Strathroy, in 1878, from which place he removed to St. Thomas, in 1885. In 1882 Bishop Hellmuth made Mr. Hill a canon of the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, London, having before that date made him a member of Huron College Council. In 1884 Bishop Baldwin appointed him one of his examining chaplains, and in 1885 rural dean of Elgin. For many years he has been elected a member of the Executive Committee of the diocese, and also a delegate to the Provincial Synod. During Canon Hill's residence in St. Thomas he has not only been encouraged by seeing his congregation increase, and the church make rapid progress, but has gained the respect and good will of all those with whom he has come in contact

HEATHEN races often resent missionaries on the grounds that they are foreigners. It is often said amongst them, "You are a foreigner: how can you tell what is best for us?"

A MISSION TOUR IN ATHABASCA.

No. III.

BY THE BISHOP OF ATHABASCA.

SOME fifty to sixty miles from Lesser Slave Lake is White Fish Lake.

This mission was begun under interesting circumstances. Two young men came in to St. Peter's mission during the winter of 1888 seeking instruction, and asking for a teacher who might reside among their people and teach them the truths they heard at the mission.

The result of this appeal, and subsequent visits by Mr. Holmes, was the establishment of St. Andrew's mission under the charge of the Rev. Henry Robinson.

Accompanied by the Rev. M. Scott, Mr. Robinson returned to his mission directly after the synod. Some idea of the route to be travelled may be formed from the experiences of the Bishop and Mr. Holmes a couple of years before. The journey, after threading

our way through the swamps in the vicinity of Buffalo Lake, was, for the first twelve miles, over an open country, low hills interspersed with valleys, enlivened by pools of water gleaming in the sunlight, from which the ducks rose and flew to more sequestered spots as we galloped past.

About 11 a.m. we entered the woods, which extended, with but slight breaks, to White Fish Lake.

The road was a bridle-track, encumbered with fallen trees and overhanging branches that threatened to tear the rider from his seat, unless he made obeisance low over the pommel of his Mexican saddle. The narrow, tortuous trail was made more difficult as it constantly crossed muddy creeks (minus bridges), swamps, and, worse still, deep, soft muskegs that nothing but an Indian pony would think of tackling. The order of march was, Mr. Holmes in the front rank, the baggage horse in the centre, and the Bishop in the rear. The ride was not without its ludicrous incidents. At one time Mr. H. turned to see the Bishop clear in