

been vacant for fifteen years, with his own hands had crowned the king whom the voice of the nation had restored, and had witnessed the returning strength of the Church as shown in her enlarged and improved Prayer Book, as well as in the enactments of parliament. He then, on the 4th of June, 1663, "fell on sleep" and was gathered to his fathers.

He was buried in the chapel of St. John's College, Oxford, where he had been educated. Contrary to his expressed wish, he was buried with great pomp and splendor. As gorgeous a procession as perhaps England had ever seen conducted the poor shrunken remains of the kind, good old man to his place of long repose.

(To be continued.)

A TRIP IN ATHABASCA.

(Concluded.)

BY RT. REV. DR. YOUNG, BISHOP OF ATHABASCA.



NE point on the river, a couple of days below the Forks, or about a day going down stream, is known as the Cliffs. The bank about half-way up is scarped. Up to this point the slope is covered with pine, with a sprinkling of poplar. From there it rises a sheer wall of limestone much weather-worn. Against this light background the pines tower up in strong relief, with a very pleasing effect. The chief interest consists in the weathering of the rocks. They are roughly grooved into huge slabs. These, with their narrow ends up and down, are ranged side by side. Their surfaces are worn into what, from the river, might easily be taken for writing in the cuneiform characters, with here and there shadowy suggestions of gigantic figures. One cliff suggests a castle keep, with its massively arched gateway.

Three weeks of such a life passed over our heads, and then, one Saturday evening about sunset, we drew our canoe up on the gravel bar just below the Christ Church Mission, only too thankful to be there in time for Sunday.

The morning service was in Cree, as Indians formed the majority of our congregation.

With a few alterations to meet local differences in dialect, we find Archdeacon Hunter's translation of the Prayer Book well understood, and thus we have no difficulty in bringing our beautiful liturgy, in its chief prayers, to the Indians, and making use of its chief offices of baptism, communion, and burial.

With some modifications the gospels in Cree are quite understood. We are looking forward to bringing out in syllabics such a revision as will suit our needs in the diocese. My address was on the healing of the leper. White Bear and his family formed a portion of the congregation, and after service I duly delivered him his letter.

Before leaving, I arranged with our missionary, the Rev. Henry Robinson, the site for a small school-church. Mr. Robinson has received in local subscriptions about \$80 or \$90. He has on the spot the necessary logs. A grant I have made him of \$200, from diocesan funds, will go a good long way to its erection. We must still look for help from friends in eastern Canada to enable us to finish it, as well as to sustain a mission which looks to the Church in Canada for its support. A lack in such help has hitherto been met by farm produce. Unfortunately, this year, for the first time in the six years since it was commenced, the crops on the mission farm have proved a failure. We arrived there September 7th. Had it been any time in July there would have been every prospect of a fine crop. Oats, barley, and wheat all headed out. All early garden produce, such as onions, carrots, lettuce, etc., were in their prime. Potatoes, turnips, and cabbage were well advanced. The cause was continued drouth throughout May and June. The cold, wet weather in September and frosts about the middle of the month banished all hopes of a crop, except potatoes, turnips, and cabbage.

We left for Lesser Slave Lake the following Tuesday afternoon, dropping some twelve miles down the river to Mr. McKenzie's farm, a retired Hudson's Bay Company officer, where we spent the night. His farm also was an entire failure, with to him the added misfortune of a recently imported steam flour mill lying idle.

At the Forks we experienced some difficulty in crossing the horses, with which our party, consisting of ourselves, Mr. Robinson, and Mr. Currie, proposed travelling over the road to Lesser Slave Lake. The obstinacy of one horse in particular, who seemed to prefer suicide by drowning to crossing, lost us the best part of a day. Only early on Thursday morning did we ascend the steep hill behind the landing.

The view from the heights is admired by all who have seen it. It was first brought to my notice by a remark of Mr. McDougall of the Hudson's Bay Company, when speaking of the scenery around Edmonton. "Wait," he said, "till you see the view of the Peace River above the Forks." My first opportunity was drowned in rain, as drenched I trudged through the mud down to the Forks, accompanied by Mr. Buck, in 1884. I have, however, frequently revelled in it since. Beneath one's feet, in a deep ravine, flows the Hart River. In the near distance the valley of the Smoky River is seen. The river itself is not visible, being hidden behind a high ridge separating the valleys. A yet higher and still narrower ridge divides the latter from the far-reaching valley of the Peace River. This river, broad, sweeping, and studded with islands, can be traced by the naked eye far up its course to the west, while