

reached New York early on May 9th, and left the same evening for Quebec, in order to attend a missionary meeting there on the 11th. It was the annual meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary, which I had the privilege of addressing, having been invited to do so at the request of their late bishop, whose death all were mourning. *In memory of him I have since received a handsome silver communion set from members of the Auxiliary, and trust there will be a continuous bond of sympathy between the dioceses in the two extremes of this great Dominion.*

In a place of such historic interest a stay of two days was much too short, but I was obliged to hurry on to Toronto where on the 15th I ordained to the diaconate two graduates of Wycliffe College, one for the home, the other for my own diocese. For the latter a farewell missionary meeting was held the following night at the college, at which we both spoke, and at the close started immediately for the far north. Late though it was, quite a number of students and others accompanied us to the depot, and sent us off with the farewell hymn, "God, be with you till we meet again." At Winnipeg we received another encouraging "send-off" at the house of a warm-hearted friend of missions.

As it was necessary to be at Athabasca Landing not later than June 1st, I sent my companion on ahead with another co-worker from the same college to look after their baggage and supplies. I followed a few days later, and joined them there on that day. We were now on the verge of civilization. Edmonton, our frontier town, railway terminus, telegraph station and post-office, a hundred miles behind us. Before us the wild north land stretching away to the Arctic Ocean near to which the young deacon is to labour amongst the Esquimaux (D.V.). No more letters or papers now for at least two months, no more crowded cities, no more farmsteads dotting the prairie, no more luxurious palace cars, no more missionary meetings, but missionary work now—careless souls to be aroused, indifference to be overcome, sinners to be awakened, converts to be strengthened, *Christ's work to be done. Behind us, wife and children, parents, sweethearts, brothers and sisters; before us, Jesus.*

The Grand Rapids, our next point, was reached on June 3rd. The steamer *Athabasca*, which carried us thither, also conveyed the year's outfit and supplies for the Hudson Bay Co.'s fur trade; and for the missionaries in Mackenzie River, flour, tea, sugar, guns, ammunition, blankets, traps, tobacco, etc., etc. A series of rapids, nearly ninety miles in length, extend from here to Fort McMurray, and as they are impassable for a steamboat, all these goods have to be conveyed over them partly by tramway, but chiefly in flat-bottomed barges. This is a work of much labour, some danger,

and considerable time. To my mind the most dangerous part of the whc's journey was at the "Cascade," where, as the name implies, there is a small waterfall. The boats had to be partly unloaded, and several of them were broken by the force of the current sweeping them against the rocks and crushing in their sides! *The male passengers had to scramble along the face of the bank where the footing was very insecure. I was really afraid of slipping into the boiling current below, and of being swept away before any assistance could reach me. We all passed safely, however; the boats were repaired, and we reached McMurray on the 16th, where we found the steamer *Grahame* awaiting us. The boats discharged their cargoes into her, received a load of furs in their place, and returned to the Grand Rapids for more goods whilst we went on to Fort Chipewyan. This had been my home and mission for ten years, and we hoped to spend a quiet Sunday with my successors, Messrs. Lucas and Warwick, and have service in our nice little church with my late parishioners, but were doomed to disappointment. A storm of wind detained us on the opposite side of the lake for four days, and when, at length, we did reach the fort there was barely time to shake hands with them all before the whistle summoned us on board, and shortly after midnight we started for Fort Smith. Fort Chipewyan is one of the prettiest places along the route, and is the headquarters of the Hudson Bay Co. in the Athabasca district. The Roman Catholics have a large mission close by.*

At Fort Smith another break occurs in the navigation. Over the "portage" of fifteen miles the goods are conveyed by oxen and carts which are kept thus employed all the summer. In wet seasons the road, for half the distance, is little better than a bog, and the mosquitoes are something "awful." This year both were at their best. We had the choice of riding in one of these ox-carts, or walking. We chose the former for most of the way. I mounted a cart for a short distance, but my poor ox slipped between the logs on a corduroy and fell, and having a decided objection to being pitched *headforemost into a slough, I hastily descended and trusted to my own legs for most of the rest of the way. My companions did the same. The detention here was somewhat longer than at the Grand Rapids and much more trying, owing to the heat and mosquitoes. We were very glad, therefore, when the *Wrigley* arrived, and we were able, on July 5th, to enter upon the last stage of our journey. We had accomplished but 555 miles in five weeks!*

Fort Smith is on the northern border of the Athabasca Diocese, so, immediately upon leaving it, we enter that of Mackenzie River. From this point to our most northern station, following the course of the river, is a distance of 1,300 miles; the diocese extends 200 miles farther.