

such it was for ten years after Charles I. paid the last penalty on the scaffold. The sufferings of Church people were great, especially of the clergy, who, deprived of their livings, were driven to great poverty and distress.

But this came to an end. Oliver Cromwell died—died after a wretched life of turmoil and fear—in constant dread of assassination, and there was no one to take his place. Then the nation arose in its might and cried out as one man, "Give me back my king;" "Give me back my bishops and my Church;" and the second Charles Stuart was called from beyond the seas and placed upon the throne of his ancestors. Merrily rang the bells all over England, and the pathway of the king was strewn with flowers. England was something like her old self again. Churchmen were wild with joy as they took out their hidden prayer books, and with them went to church to return thanks to God.

And in due time all things were restored; bishops went back to their sees, and clergy to their parishes, and England's reign of terror was over.

In a quiet little spot in Gloucester an old man dwelt in safe seclusion, hunting occasionally as a pastime in the forest around him. Tears of joy rolled down his cheeks as he heard of Charles Stuart being once more King of England. And soon to this aged man there came the message that he was to be Archbishop of Canterbury. Archbishop of Canterbury! The words were nearly forgotten, but now they came as a reality. With a voice trembling with joy the old man accepted the post. It was a most appropriate selection. It was William Juxon, who had watched the head of the first Charles Stuart roll from the block to satisfy foes whose tyranny knew no bounds.

(To be continued.)

A TRIP IN ATHABASCA.

(Continued.)

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



NOTHER aged couple, baptized in a distant part of the country many years ago, have now for some years been under Mr. Scott's pastoral care. They both manifest a humble faith in Jesus as their Saviour. They are true Indians. For months previous to our arrival the wife was constantly at death's door. On several occasions Mr. Scott had been sent for, as they thought she was dying. One day the old man came to the conclusion that she would be better if she could get plenty of meat. Wrapped in her blanket, he helped her down to his canoe, and started on a bear hunt and killed his bear.

He was giving a graphic account of his hunt; I thought at first, like many old men, he was fighting the battles of his earlier years over again; but it was not so. When an Indian recounts his exploits, he is a true orator. You

seem to have the whole scene vividly before you; the crouching hunter, the unconscious bear, the successful shot, the flight, attack, or falling never to rise again of the victim, as the case may be. Now and then the narrator can show scars and lacerations, evidences that the bear does not always get the worst of it.

On Saturday, July 27, we held a very pleasant reunion of one little Protestant community.

To provide meat for the occasion, the fatted calf was to have been killed. The calf, however, shrewdly fell sick a day or two before, and did not recover till too late, and so saved its life for a while. Dinner, a spread our friends in the east would not have despised, was enjoyed in the schoolroom. Hymns, interspersed with a few addresses, followed.

Afterwards the women held a meeting, and a branch of the Woman's Auxiliary was formed. The interest evinced and the officers named appeared to promise a vigorous association.

On the following day, Sunday, July 28, assisted by the Rev. M. Scott, I admitted the Rev. A. J. Warwick to priest's orders. I am looking forward to Mr. Warwick working more especially among the Beavers. Mr. Scott, who speaks and preaches in Cree readily, is working at the Beaver language, but feels that it is more than he can do to become master of it.

Some difficulty occurred in arranging a passage for Mrs. Young and myself for the 300 miles up stream that intervenes between St. Luke's mission and that of Christ Church. After some careful calculations as to stowage and a few interjunctory "didn't I say so's?" anent our too liberal wardrobe, I decided to be my own pilot, and to make use of my old Toronto-built canoe, "Ripple," 15 ft. x 30 in., not a big conveyance to carry us, a stout young bow's man, tent, bedding, and ample provision for at least a month, as in case of sickness or any delay there are no stores or hotels by the way. The canoe, with everything on board, was a marvel of close packing, and left little room to stretch our weary legs, and compelling us to sit rather higher than was altogether consistent with safety.

Weeks of cloudless skies ended, the afternoon we started, with a heavy thunderstorm, accompanied by a high wind. Our heavily-laden craft was nearly swamped by the waves that kept breaking into the canoe.

We had barely escaped this discomfort by turning a point when rain began; an hour's sharp paddling in the increasing rain, and the approach of night, made us only too thankful for the shelter the one-roomed shanty of a settler afforded us.

Our clergy, Messrs. Scott and Warwick, with Mrs. Warwick, had followed us overland to this point.

The rain held us all prisoners. The accommodation our kind host made us welcome to