

he asked God's blessing on the flag, that it might always fly over an empire, "exalted by righteousness and be an emblem of freedom and justice and help humanity toward the attainment of universal brotherhood and peace." The Bishop also prayed for God's protecting care for those who were going forth to fight and for the families left behind. At a given signal, the two ropes, which appeared as silver strands in the sunlight of mid-day, were pulled by Capt. Rowley and the ball of flag on the pole of the tower became unloosed and a beautiful silken Canadian ensign fluttered and struggled in the strong breeze, the bugles gave a lusty blast as a salute—the flag was unfurled. Immediately the flag had been unfurled, the Lieutenant-Governor stepped forward and proceeded to give a fervid patriotic address, instinct with a strong sense of the empire's need at the present moment. The address in its appeal for practical patriotism was echoed in the hearts of the large assembly.

SASKATCHEWAN.

Jervois A. Newnham, D.D., Bishop, Prince Albert, Sask.

SASKATOON.—Because of the inclement weather, the drumhead service for the volunteers, which was to have been held at the City Hall square, August 23rd, took place in the old Knox Church. After a regular church service had been observed, some addresses and presentations were made. Capt. Rev. Canon Smith, of the 29th Light Horse and Capt. Rev. B. W. Pullinger, of the 105th Saskatoon Fusiliers, officiated during the service. Special prayers for the safety of the Saskatoon boys and for the protection of the empire and its success in the present conflict, were offered.

CHRIST CHURCH.—A special service of Holy Communion was held at this church, August 23rd, at 8 o'clock for the men of the 105th Fusiliers and 29th Light Horse, together with their friends who availed themselves of the privilege before going to the front.

EDMONTON.

Henry Allen Gray, D.D., Bishop, Edmonton, Alta.

EDMONTON.—HOLY TRINITY.—A handsome gift has been made to this beautiful church in the shape of a large west-end window depicting the Ascension. The window is 17 x 12 ft. and of fine panels. The first panel is in memory of Rev. Jones, sometime Rector of Holy Trinity, and donated by his friends in the parish. The three centre panels are in memory of Mrs. J. J. Mellon, given by her husband, and the fifth panel is in memory of little Fred Grundy, given by his parents. The figures of our Lord and the Disciples are admirable and the whole window is a work of art. It was made by the Luxfer Prism Co., of Toronto.

Another handsome gift to Holy Trinity is that of a chancel screen, Bishop's and Rector's chairs and reredos, all in solid oak and beautifully carved. The reredos especially is greatly admired. These gifts were made by Miss Orde, a faithful and generous member of the congregation and the work was executed by the Valley City Seating Co., of Dundas.

Miss E. Moreland, who has been doing most faithful work as a deaconess in the parish, left for England on August 7th, on the urgent call of her parents. Before leaving Miss Moreland was tendered many farewell receptions and given many gifts by the vestry of the church, the W.A. and personal friends. She has done a great deal of good and lasting work in the parish and will be much missed indeed. She came out under the auspices of the C. and C.C.S. Miss Field, of Saskatoon, may succeed her.

The Lord Bishop of Toronto was the morning preacher in this church, on August 23rd. On the same Sunday evening he preached in All Saints' Pro-Cathedral.

A fine new church has been opened in the southern part of Holy Trinity parish and called St. John's. This is a rapidly-growing district and the church is well attended. It was opened by the Rector of Holy Trinity, Rev. C. Carruthers, on the first Sunday in June last and was later formally dedicated by the Bishop of the diocese.

ATHABASCA.

E. Robins, D.D., Bishop, Athabasca Landing.

BISHOP'S VISITATION, 1914.

The journey from Athabasca (formerly Athabasca Landing) to Lesser Slave Lake Mission was not lacking in interest. The scenery typical of the beauty of these northern rivers, was richly set off by the racing force of full flood. About 50 miles up we pass Moose Portage, a district at present with very few homesteaders, but on which oil speculators have fastened their eyes, and we wonder what claims on the service of the Church might soon be advanced if that valuable liquid should be found in quantity, and the people hasten hither in numbers. Oil is as much talked about now as real estate was a year or two ago. Great activity in the search is maintained, and strong belief prevails as to its presence. Machinery with experts to direct operations is being brought in. Just above the confluence of the Little Slave River with the Athabasca, the first steel bridge of the Northland spans the width of the Athabasca. It was not quite completed, and the high flood of the river was delaying the engineers. A few weeks more and heavily-laden trains were crossing and returning above those flowing waters. A townsite called Smith is laid out by the Edmonton, Dunvegan and British Columbia Railway, but the residents so far are fewer than might have been expected. Smith is on the east bank of the river. Opposite is Mirror Landing, aptly so called some years ago, when travellers for the north and west left the main river there, and landed to avoid the rapids of the Little River, and often must have been impressed with the exquisitely perfect reflections of the forest mirrored in the unruffled surface of the stream. Mr. T. W. Scott, a student from Wycliffe College, Toronto, is holding services at the three places mentioned.

Sixteen miles of portage formed our next experience. It was not so muddy as in some former years, but the holes in which the mud accumulated seemed, if anything, deeper. We set out in a springless wagon, the safest kind of carriage for such a trail, but found it wiser to walk considerable portions of the way. A strong wind reduced the attention of mosquitoes. A small comfortable steamer accomplished the next part of the journey. Shallow in draught, and quick in responding to the wheel, it manages the numerous twists of that tortuous stream very cleverly. The boisterous head wind which confronted us at the entrance to Lesser Slave Lake necessitated 12 hours' delay, but it was not lost time. The Rector of Athabasca, the Rev. A. S. White, accompanied me and we found a small camp of Indians, some of whom were our own Christians from a distant Mission. We visited also the white people, many more in number than at any former time. A most cordial welcome was extended to us. Sharing the mid-day meal with the family of a storekeeper—store and home alike being of canvas. We learned that the two children had not been baptized and with the consent of the parents the Sacrament was forthwith administered. I also baptized another infant at this place. The wind abated at sunset, and the 80-mile journey across the lake was accomplished during the night. Finding it impossible to proceed by road the six miles which separate the Mission at St. Peter's and that at Grouard, we sought the help of Mr. Abbott, the young clergyman in charge of the latter place. It was scarcely 5 in the morning, and we were not surprised to find him still asleep, sharing his shack with another young deacon, the Rev. W. J. McDonald, both of whom I admitted to Priest's Orders the next day. A motor boat was engaged to take us to our destination at the Indian Mission of St. Peter, where we arrived in time for breakfast, our second.

The next day, Sunday, witnessed the Ordination Service just referred to, and in the evening a Confirmation Service at the Indian Mission, only one candidate being white. One of the most interesting and sincere Christian Indians is a poor old man of remarkable intelligence, but unfortunately totally blind. I was much impressed to see a young boy, named Arthur, who but a year ago was brought to our school, knowing not even the simplest rudiments of Christianity, but whom I shortly afterwards baptized, leading by the hand, through the steadily-falling rain, the poor blind man, to church; to worship and to be present at the Confirmation. The child so recently brought to Jesus that He might bestow His blessing, and the aged follower of Jesus, hand in hand, through the sodden grass to church, the child leading! Was it not a vision of

the triumph of the Christian faith? All that night, and the following day the rain fell continuously, not gently, but in soaking downpour. Deeper and deeper the flood increased until the trails became all but impassable, and the frail wooden bridges floated away wholly or in section, and in those few days my plans for this summer received much enforced modification.

Monday, in spite of the cheerless rain and leaden skies, was a day of singular happiness. We observed it as a quiet day with three services at intervals following the early Celebration. In the afternoon we attended the dispersal for the summer holidays of the Indian Boarding School. It evidently was a profitable school year for some who had not before seen the efficiency of an Indian school. "The Better Land," was recited to advantage when an Indian school girl rendered its exquisite words, "Shall we not seek it and weep no more?" Would that all these simple people of the forest and lake might land for eternity on its "Radiant shore." Unusual power of memory was shown by a prose recitation on the "Discovery of the Mackenzie River," by one of the big boys. May earnest intercession be made that the Holy Spirit may lead some of the boys to devote themselves to the work of Almighty God as Catechists or to the higher office of the ministry.

Although persistent rain and cheerless weather prevailed they did not diminish the deep interest and ardour of the Synod. Holy Communion was celebrated each morning at 7.30, with the attendance of all members. At 10.30 on Tuesday, after Morning Prayer, the Bishop read his charge, and before the conclusion of the service publicly appointed the Rev. A. S. White to the office of Archdeacon of the Indian Missions. Tuesday and Wednesday were given up entirely to Synodical affairs, and throughout each session a spirit of much earnestness and sincerity marked the discussions. It was feared that the Rev. H. Spoke had found the trail from Peace River Crossing too seriously bad to admit of his arriving in time, but the expectation of his coming was not abandoned. Hope was fulfilled when within ten minutes of adjournment of the Wednesday evening meeting he was seen in the distance. Many hands clasped his in warmest welcome, nor did it stop there, for without pre-arrangement some of the younger clergy, frock-coated, black-coated, in their best, suddenly had him, mud-bespattered, travel-stained as he was, shoulder high, and thus he was carried in triumph to the house of our kind host and hostess, the Rev. W. G. and Mrs. White. When on the Peace River trail we heard further of the reasons of his delay, in his care for a sick man, and in saving by jumping into a swollen torrent, a wagon and horses from being swept away.

Friday and Saturday were spent in conference with the clergy and workers. Sunday in the Church services, and on Monday a happy party of four, consisting of the Ven. Malcolm Scott, formerly Archdeacon of the diocese, the Rev. H. Spoke, the Rev. J. W. McDonald, and the Bishop, set out for the Peace River. Reports of the terrible and dangerous condition of the trail were not entirely justified, although it was indeed bad enough, and involved much weary walking through heat, and clouds of mosquitoes, and sand flies, and other trying conditions. However our spirits were not to be daunted by such incidents, and so happy was the journey, that probably all of us will look back to it with most pleasurable recollections.

The worst place on that 90-mile trail was called Heart River. It had overflowed its banks till all the country was submerged, like a great lake. All freight was unloaded and horses were driven until they could not stand for the depth. Then the driver unharnessed them and they were led, swimming, by Indians, and the conveyances afterwards rafted across. We ourselves were punted over sitting on baggage in a small home-made scow, which resembled one of those oblong wooden wash-tubs to be seen in some parts of the west of England.

Many are the happy memories of those camps and conversations. The Archdeacon, our senior in years, was particularly energetic and by his deeds afforded excellent instruction to less experienced men. From his choice of dry limbs of trees for fires, the lighting of them, the cooking par excellence of bacon and tinned sausages, to the carrying of sufficient bedding and the demonstration of early rising. Morning and evening prayer under the canopy of heaven, meals by the curling blue smoke of the camp fires, many a mirthful joke or happy story, even the mudholes, afforded varied and happy influences. The Archdeacon, after one very exacting evening amid the distractions of negotiating the interminable mire