



ST. LUKE'S CHURCH, VERMILION,
Diocese of Athabasca.

own language. The rivers here flow downwards to the north. Some distance to the northeast the Smoky River, flowing from the south, joins the Peace River. To this point Mr. Young and his companion floated down stream on a raft, and from there, in a canoe paddled by themselves, they made their lonely way northward, till at length, after five or six days' paddling, they reached Fort Vermilion. Here it is that St. Luke's Church (shown in our illustration) stands. The missionary now in charge is the Rev. Malcolm Scott, who superintends the Irene School for Indian children. It is an industrial school, instituted some years before by Bishop Bompas for the benefit of the Cree Indians who frequent that region.

The travellers pursued their journey down the Peace River in an Indian canoe, making their way eastward towards Lake Athabasca, where the long, winding river at length finds an outlet. At this point is situated Fort Chippewyan—pronounced, we believe, Chippew-y-an, the y being sounded as if spelt wye. At the time we speak of it was in charge of Archdeacon Reeve, who has since been made Bishop of Mackenzie River.

After a journey up the Slave River in the Hudson's Bay Company's steamer, Mr. Young left Chippewyan on his homeward journey on August 27th. His route was by steamer across Lake Athabasca to Fort McMurray, thence by the Green Lake route to Carlton and Qu'Appelle. Qu'Appelle itself seems far enough away from Eastern Canada, yet it was home to Mr. Young after such a journey as that he had just taken. In the autumn, the reverend gentleman was consecrated in Winnipeg Bishop of Athabasca, and, after spending a year in England, commenced his lonely episcopal duties, arriving at Fort Vermilion in the spring of 1886. The journey we have described gives some idea

of the territory under his charge, and of the nature of his work.

The bishop has kindly given us a brief description of Fort Chippewyan, which we append:

The first resident missionary was Mr. T. Beeson, in charge from 1876 to 1879. He occupied a small log house, still standing and used as a store, near the site of the present house. Rev. W. D. Reeve commenced residence in 1879, and was made Archdeacon in July, 1883, with the title of Archdeacon of Chippewyan. During his occupation the present mis-

sion buildings were erected. The church is a substantial log structure, consisting of nave and chancel. The interior is neatly finished and appropriately decorated. Next to and in a line with this stands the schoolhouse, a square log building of two storeys. The mission house is a long one-story building, with verandah. The mission stands in line with the street of employees' houses and the Hudson's Bay post itself. The whole stands on a rocky peninsula that juts out into the lake. Immediately behind rises a granitic hill, pierced by valleys running in a northerly direction. It has a south aspect, and so secures all the sun that is possible during the short days of winter. Between the lake and granite hill there is a flat of light soil, affording opportunities for gardening, mainly confined to the raising of potatoes.

Archdeacon Reeve's elevation to the bishopric of Mackenzie River has deprived the mission of his services and valuable experience and knowledge of the Chippewyan language. His place is occupied by the Rev. J. R. Lucas, who has shown aptitude in acquiring the Chippewyan. His knowledge of medicine has also gained for him a ready entrance to the Indian tents. The results of the work are, up to the present, less evident among the Indians themselves than among the Halfbreeds, who form a more or less permanent resident population around the fort. The outlook, however, for the future is not without its hopes.

The only access to the fort and mission during the open season is by water. The Chippewyans are thorough canoeists, and handle their canoes on the rough water of the lake with great dexterity. They appear, perhaps eight or ten canoes at a time, like little specks far out on the blue waters of the lake, the sun gleaming on the deftly-wielded paddles. They generally steer for a point of hollow ground a little to the

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