THE ALASKAN MISSIONS

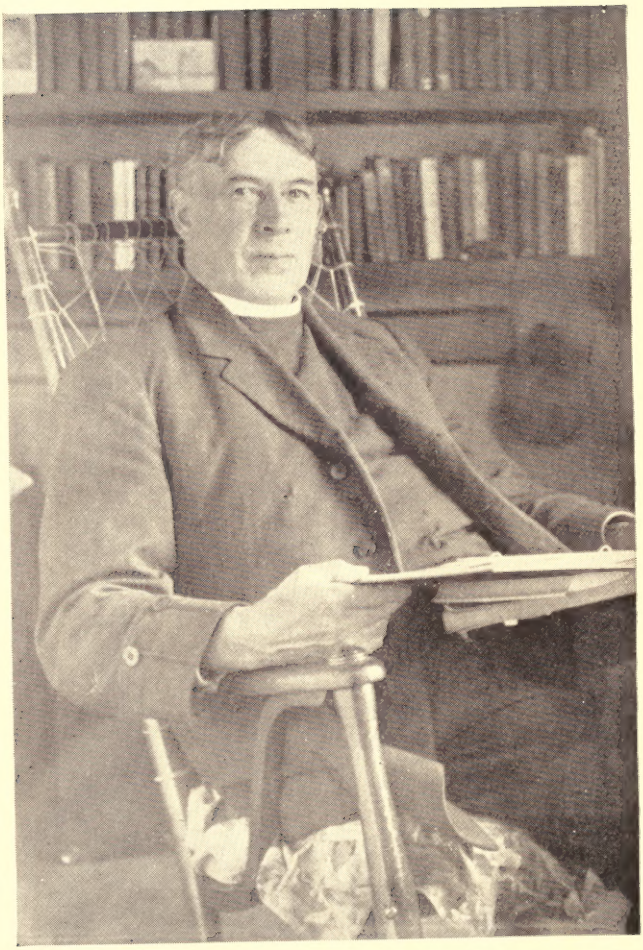
OF THE

EPISCOPAL CHURCH

HUDSON STUCK

Gilbert

THE ALASKAN MISSIONS OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH



PETER TRIMBLE ROWE, D.D., FIRST BISHOP OF ALASKA
Consecrated November 30, 1895

THE ALASKAN MISSIONS
of the
EPISCOPAL CHURCH

A brief sketch, historical and descriptive, by
HUDSON STUCK, D.D., F.R.G.S.,
Archdeacon of the Yukon

Author of
Ten Thousand Miles with a Dog Sled, The Ascent of Denali (Mt. McKinley), Voyages on the Yukon and Its Tributaries, A Winter Circuit of Our Arctic Coast

With a preface by
THE RIGHT REVEREND
PETER TRIMBLE ROWE, D.D.,
Bishop of Alaska

DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY
281 FOURTH AVENUE
NEW YORK, N. Y.
1920

Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society

281 Fourth Avenue

New York

1920

PREFACE

I REGARD it as a great honour to be asked to contribute a preface to this book on our Missions in Alaska. The book is itself a preface from the fact that it opens the door to the beginnings of Christian work in Alaska upon which the structure of the Kingdom of God is now being built.

The scholarly author knows whereof he writes. For sixteen years he has been in Alaska, interested in its welfare, sympathetic in the needs of its people, a keen observer and investigator, and an enthusiastic builder in the growing Kingdom of God.

The public has already become charmed with the author's literary ability in the books which he has already written and published on Alaska, and I am sure that it will be equally interested in this narrative of our Missions.

As it is always most interesting to see and study the beginnings of anything, whether it be the source of some mighty river or the cause of some invention that has resulted in the world's progress, so must it be in the affairs of the Spirit, which, though silently, are no less surely, working out God's will in the upward movement of mankind.

Archdeacon Stuck has given the Church, in this book, an interesting, lucid and vigorous narrative of Missons in Alaska which in our study classes will be inspiring, and I heartily beg to commend the same.

P. T. ROWE.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

CONTENTS

AUTHOR'S NOTE

THIS book is sent forth with the full realization of its weaknesses and limitations. While its author has received every possible assistance from the officers of the Department of Missions, yet much of it was written remote from any books of reference and at such intervals of time as have worked against its organic homogeneousness. The author is conscious that the book lies open to the criticism that the work in the interior has been overstressed as against the work on the coast. He would plead that at the hand of one who has spent his whole Alaskan ministry in the interior, this could not be avoided however he might strive. While the author is one of the only two persons—the other being the Bishop—who have visited every mission station of the Church in Alaska, yet his stay at the ice-freed towns of its Pacific coast—the most important points in the whole of the territory—has been brief, and at some of them he has touched only once.

The plan of the book, which sought in the main to be chronological, presented another difficulty, for places once mentioned had either to be done with out of hand or else returned to again and again. Thus it has come about that

the book is much more without consistent plan than was desired, for which, after all, inherent weakness in the organizing of material may be more responsible than the causes above alleged, the limitations of the book thus reflecting the limitations of its author.

THE ALASKAN MISSIONS OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH

CHAPTER I.

THE PURCHASE—BEFORE AND AFTER

WHEN, in 1867, the senate of the United States ratified the treaty with Russia, negotiated by Mr. William Henry Seward, whereby Alaska was purchased by the United States for seven million dollars, a beginning of the Christianizing of the country had already been made in two directions, by two agencies. The Russian or Orthodox Greek Church had established missions along the southwestern coast and the Aleutian Islands, and the Church of England had sent its pioneers from the Northwest Territories into the valley of the Yukon.

The Russian Church began work in Alaska in 1794, when eleven monks were sent to a settlement on Kadiak Island. Five years later a ship coming from Russia with a bishop and a number of clergy was lost with all hands.

Frightful ravages had been committed among the natives of the coast by the Siberian fur hunters, and the Aleutian Islands had been half depopulated, when the most noted and vigorous of the Russian missionaries, John Veniaminoff, went to Unalaska in 1824. His active intervention on behalf of the Aleuts, his devoted labours amongst them, his writings and translations, justify the very honourable place that is given him in Alaskan history. Ten years later he was made Bishop and removed to Sitka, was later translated to the see of Kamchatka, and thence to the patriarchate of Moscow, the highest office in the Russian Church. At the time of the Purchase, the Russian Church had eleven priests and sixteen deacons at work in Alaska.

The Church of England missionaries entered Alaska from the east, following the building of the Hudson's Bay Post at Fort Yukon in 1847. In 1861 the Rev. William Kirby, afterwards Archdeacon, crossed the Rockies from the McKenzie country and made the first visit of a missionary to the upper Yukon. The next year Robert McDonald began his work amongst the Yukon Indians. The name of this man, afterwards made Archdeacon of the Yukon, is as notably associated with the middle part of that great river as is the name of Veniaminoff with the Aleutian Islands. He travelled far and wide upon the Yukon and

its tributaries, evangelizing the Indians; he translated the whole Bible, the Book of Common Prayer and the Hymnal, into the Indian tongue, and he is still remembered with reverence and affection by the Indians of many thousands of square miles.

For twenty years after the purchase the American Episcopal Church did nothing for Alaska. The Greek Church continued its operations along the southeastern and southwestern coasts. There was a cathedral at Sitka, and churches at Wrangell, Kadiak, Unalaska, St. Michael; one mission on the Kuskokwim river and one on the Yukon, near its mouth.

The English Church maintained its labours in the Yukon Valley under the devoted superintendence of Bishop Bompas of the diocese of Selkirk; another name that will never be forgotten on the Yukon. The Rev. Mr. Canham was at Núclacayétte (now Tanana) more than half way down the Yukon; the Rev. Mr. Hawkesley at Fort Yukon; the Rev. A. V. Sim died teaching on the Porcupine River: all three agents of the English Church Missionary Society.

Metlakahtla

It is not easy to speak of the beginnings of work in southeastern Alaska without going a little further south and invading British Columbia. In 1856 Capt. J. C. Prevost, of H. M.

S. *Virago,* returned to England from a four years' cruise off the coast of British Columbia. Since Vancouver's voyages of the last decade of the previous century these coasts had been frequented by traders of all kinds, with the usual unfortunate results, and nothing whatever had been done to Christianize the natives or to counteract the degrading influences. Captain Prevost made strong representations to the English Church Missionary Society, and in consequence William Duncan was sent out to Fort Simpson in 1857, to begin one of the most strikingly successful missionary enterprises of modern times. When, five years later, a number of converts had been made, Duncan transferred them to an island near the coast, the name of which, Metlakahtla, was to become known throughout the world. Here, in an exclusively Christian and exclusively Indian community, the people made astonishing advances in civilization under Duncan's masterful leadership; all sorts of industrial enterprises were successfully established, and for many years the cleanly, orderly, busy village was the shining example of what can be done with Indians under the influence of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and under favourable circumstances of environment and direction. Some of the bloodiest and most turbulent of American Indians had been transformed into peaceful, faithful Christian people.

The effects of the work done at Fort Simpson were not confined to that locality. Parties of Indians who had received instruction passed over the boundary carrying their teaching with them. When the United States took possession of Alaska in 1867 and established a military post at the old Russian Fort Wrangell, the soldiers were surprised to find Indians who would not work on Sunday but gathered for their own Christian worship. The Canadian Methodists also began a work at Fort Simpson in 1874 and the influence of their teaching spread across the boundary. Appeals from Wrangell were made to several missionary boards and in 1877 Dr. Sheldon Jackson—another great Alaskan name—visited the place in company with Mrs. A. R. McFarland, the widow of the first Presbyterian missionary in New Mexico, and left her there, to start a school. In the following year Dr. Jackson returned accompanied by the Rev. S. Hall Young, under whom a regular mission was established at Wrangell. Dr. Young has been actively connected with Presbyterian missions in many parts of Alaska ever since, and is the oldest Alaska missionary of any name. From this point the work was extended to Haimes on the Lynn Canal, and to Sitka, at that time the capital, on Baránoff Island. In 1885 the Presbyterians reported six regular stations and sixteen missionary teachers in Alaska.

The American Episcopal Church had not yet set hand to work at all.

Duncan's work had, it is true, been transferred to Alaskan territory, but it had ceased to have any connection with the Church. In fact it was his refusal to submit to the ecclesiastical authority of British Columbia that led to the transfer. The long series of acrimonious disputes, the tenacious hold which Mr. Duncan kept upon his sole personal rule, culminating in the severance of his connection with the missionary society which had sent him out and supported him, and the removal of himself and some five hundred Indians to Annette Island in Alaskan waters, all this has been told repeatedly, with much exhibition of partisan feeling. According to promise, when the excitement had had time to die down, Congress, in 1891, set aside Annette Island as a reserve for the Metlakahtla Indians "under such rules and regulations as shall be from time to time prescribed by the Secretary of the Interior." In 1914-15 the Secretary of the Interior prescribed such rules and regulations as to take from Mr. Duncan, in his old age, the authority to which he still passionately clung, and to vest the whole control of the place in the Bureau of Education. If the conspicuous success of William Duncan's early work be an illustration of the value of the "one man power" in missionary enterprise, so its

subsequent vicissitudes and its unhappy conclusion are an illustration of the danger thereof. Duncan died at Metlakahtla in October, 1918, after having continued at the place for some years purely on the sufferance of the government school-teacher.

An Unknown Land

Efforts were not wanting to induce the Church to take up its task. In 1882 Bishop Paddock, Missionary Bishop of the Territory of Washington, made a visit to southeastern Alaska and came back telling of the wonders of the land and urging the sending of missionaries. Many other voices were lifted to the same effect; resolutions were offered at Church gatherings; from time to time pleas were made by the Church newspapers. Bishop Bompas of the Canadian Yukon made repeated appeals to the Church at large and to the House of Bishops to consecrate a bishop for Alaska. It is never easy to arouse the Church to assume new responsibilities. So many undertakings already on foot are crying out for more vigorous support; the missionary treasury is always exhausted. "Let us do what we have set our hands to with some reasonable adequacy before we launch out into fresh enterprises" is a never-failing counsel of expediency that has all the maxims of proverbial philosophy behind it. But the history of the Christian Church

displays a long succession of instances to show that the ordinary prudential considerations that should govern human affairs are out of place when they are brought forward to govern her affairs. Her work is a venture of faith. She has a right to take chances. It is scarcely too much to say that whenever a new opening is presented to her she has no right to refuse it.

Moreover it was long before the people of the United States came to look upon Alaska as anything else than a wilderness of ice and snow. Bret Harte's lines written at the time of the Purchase still represented the thought of the average American about the country. It was still the land

> Where the short-legged Esquimaux
> Waddle in the ice and snow,
> And the playful polar bear
> Nips the hunter unaware.
>
> . . . . .
>
> Segment of the frigid zone
> Where the temperature alone
> Warms on St. Elias' cone.

The echo of the ridicule that had been heaped on "Seward's Folly" had not yet died away.

Geography has never been a favourite study in America, and a high level of general knowledge is often found compatible with a surprising ignorance of a science which touches all other sciences most intimately and exerts a

profound influence upon arts and letters. At a dinner of the élite of one of New York's most fashionable parishes, the writer was once asked if the Yukon were not in China. People will look at pictures of a country but they will not look at maps, although to those who have acquired the small knowledge necessary to read them, maps are far more interesting. It follows that, setting aside the work of the government surveyors, American maps are the poorest in the world, and there is no such thing as an even moderately good American atlas.

So though much had been written about Alaska, its inhabitants, its resources; though not only had its whole coast line been delineated but the whole course of the great river that runs through the midst of it had been described, yet to the great majority of educated people it was an unknown land, only slightly more interesting than Greenland or Spitzbergen because the United States flag waved over it.

The government of the United States was not less indifferent to its new possession than the general run of Americans; perhaps the attitude of the government may be broadly regarded as an index of the attitude of the people. Upon the acquisition of the new territory a force of soldiers was sent to Sitka and Wrangell, but nothing else was done save to make the territory a district for the collection of customs. In 1877 the soldiers were withdrawn

and for seven years thereafter there was no sort of government, no sort of authority whatever, in Alaska. There were no courts, no officers, no laws and no means of enforcing laws; no means by which anyone could acquire title to land.

The United States was otherwise occupied. It was the period of reconstruction following the Civil War. Economically it was the period of rapid expansion, of transcontinental railway building, of great grants of national money, of opening up and developing of new regions, when, as William Henry Seward said in a tribute to the influence of the McCormick reaper, "the line of civilization moves westward thirty miles each year." Politically it was the "era of good stealing" of which Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner wrote in "The Gilded Age", when public office was not regarded as "a public trust" but as the spoil of political success. There was nothing in Alaska to interest politicians.

Sheldon Jackson

So no less than twenty-five bills attempting to set up some sort of civil government in Alaska failed of passage by Congress, until in 1884 an inadequate measure of the sort was enacted. As a part thereof an appropriation of $15,000 a year for general education was made. A year later the post of General Agent

BISHOP BOMPAS

SHELDON JACKSON, D.D.

RUSSIAN CHURCH AT UNALASKA, ALEUTIAN ISLANDS

for Education in Alaska was created, and the Reverend Dr. Sheldon Jackson, the Presbyterian missionary already mentioned, was appointed thereto.

There is no escape from the fact that to this appointment is due the beginnings of missionary work in Alaska by the American societies other than the Presbyterian; and I do not know that anyone would wish to escape the giving of honour where honour is due. The fact that I should like to escape is that it took the solicitation and pressure of a government official, and the offer of government subsidies, to set the heavy wheels of our own missionary society working ever so slowly. Until I had dug into the documents and dates I thought it might be escaped.

Dr. Sheldon Jackson was a very remarkable character. For many years he had been a sort of free lance general missionary in New Mexico and Arizona and the western territories, "the missionary mustang of the Rockies, cantering from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic Circle", as one of his own Church papers described him. Always "on the edge of things", blazing out a way that others should follow, it is said that about one hundred churches were organized in the West as the direct result of his labours.

I do not know that he was particularly eloquent: we do not read of thousands hanging

upon his lips; nor particularly scholarly: his writings are but journalism. But he was a man of bold, outreaching conceptions and great resourcefulness in executing them; a man possessed with the momentum of a restless energy that, debarred from one avenue to the attainment of a purpose, instantly found an alternative, and, the immediate purpose achieved, flung itself promptly, with unchanging vigour, upon another; a man that *would not be denied;* the type that has advanced so greatly the outposts of Christianity in all ages of its progress.

Alaska owes very much to Dr. Sheldon Jackson, and it is grateful to the present writer to take this opportunity of paying tribute to his memory. Misrepresented and calumniated, withstood to the uttermost by venal officials, attacked by all those whose interests lay in degrading the native peoples, he went straight forward with his beneficent projects, perhaps not always in the most tactful way—men burning with zeal have not always time to be tactful —but inflexible, indomitable and, at last, to an amazing degree, successful.

The heathen, degraded condition of the natives of Alaska had made strong appeal to the Christian sympathies of Dr. Jackson long before. Now that he was charged with the administration of the government funds and forces on their behalf, he resolved to summon to his aid the Christian organizations of the

United States, well knowing that without them the government could do very little indeed. From that resolve sprang not only the beginning of the work of the Episcopal Church in Alaska, but of the Moravians, Methodists, Baptists, Swedish Evangelicals and The Society of Friends. A meeting of the secretaries of the principal missionary boards was held at which an informal working agreement as to the allotment of certain regions of the vast field to certain organizations was reached, an agreement which—referring only to the work amongst native peoples—has, in the main, obtained to this day. It was a wise, statesmanlike thing to do; it has resulted in an almost complete absence in Alaska of the unfortunate, discreditable conflicts between rival religious bodies which have not been unknown elsewhere.

Because of the work of the Church of England along the Yukon River the natives of the whole interior were left to our Church. And before we pass on to the story of our own missionaries in Alaska, it is well to pause for a moment and think of the debt we owe to the pioneers of our Mother Church who broke the trail for those who were to come after them. The interior of Alaska now, with its steamboats on the rivers, its stores and roadhouses, its telegraphs and mails, is a very different place from what it was when the first Canadian missionaries crossed the mountains from the Mac-

kenzie River and descended to the Yukon, sixty years ago, when the country was still Russian territory. I have the most profound respect for the memory of those men who, living in the land when it was a purely Indian land, not only carried the gospel to the Yukon natives, but translated the whole Bible and much other devotional literature into their language, which translations we are using today. Our easier, if ampler, efforts take in my mind a much lower place in the roll of missionary activities.

THE REV. JOHN W. CHAPMAN, D.D.
Dean of the Alaskan missionaries

THE REV. JULES L. PREVOST

ANVIK WHEN OUR CHURCH WENT TO ALASKA

CHAPTER II.

OUR FIRST ALASKAN MISSIONS

BEFORE we embark on our study of the Alaskan missions, it becomes necessary to convey to the reader, unless he be of the few who are geographically minded and read, some general notion of the country. It is not possible to understand Alaskan problems nor to form an intelligent opinion about Alaskan matters without a knowledge of the map, and unless the reader be willing to take the trouble to refer to the map now, and to repeat such reference from time to time when fresh place-names occur, the time spent in reading will be largely wasted.

Alaska on the Map

Alaska is that northwestern extension of the North American continent which, approaching closely to the shores of Asia, was discovered by the Russians and was known for upwards of a century as Russian America. It consists of a compact central mass with two straggling appendages running from its southwest and southeast corners respectively, the first the southwestward-stretching chain of the Aleutian Islands, 1,200 miles long; the second, the nar-

row southeastward-stretching strip of mountainous coast line about 400 miles long, known as "the panhandle". It embraces, all told, more than sixteen degrees of latitude and fifty-eight of longitude and has an approximate area of 590,000 square miles, with a general ocean coast line of some 4,750 miles, or, including islands, bays, inlets and rivers to the head of tidewater, of some 26,000 miles.

It is evident that such a wide-stretching country will afford great variety of climate and resources, but it is not evident at first how very greatly its parts differ from one another nor by what tremendous natural barriers they are separated.

The narrow southeastward-stretching "panhandle" extension, with its clusters of islands, is a region entirely by itself. It is cut off from its hinterland of British Columbia by impassable rugged mountains as well as by the international boundary, and is simply an isolated strip of deeply-indented coast line rich in minerals and fisheries and forests. It constitutes about one-twelfth of the area of Alaska.

The continental interior, again, is cut off not only from this strip of coast but from its own proper southern coast line by lofty rugged mountain chains heavily glaciated, penetrable only in two or three places and then with great difficulty. The western coast lies on the foggy waters of Bering Sea or the ice-encumbered

waters of the Arctic Ocean, the chain of the Aleutian Islands making an effective division and barrier between them and the open north Pacific.

Right through the midst of this continental region of Alaska, almost bisecting it, runs the Yukon River, which, with its many great tributaries, constitutes one of the world's capital drainage systems. Near where the panhandle extension joins the continental mass, a bold mountain railway of an hundred and twenty miles connects tidewater with the head of Yukon navigation, and affords one of the two main entrances to the interior country. The mouth of the Yukon in Bering Sea, 2,200 miles away, affords the other. When the railway train has made the exciting climb over the White Pass and begins its descent to the Yukon, or when the ocean steamship has felt its way in the fog through Unimak Pass into the shallow stormy waters of Bering Sea, the traveller is "inside" in the language of the country. All the rest of the world is "outside".

We have, then, the southeastern coast as one separate Alaskan province, the southwestern coast as another; marine climates both with enormous precipitation of moisture and a corresponding vegetation; then we have the dry continental interior, in area about one-half of the whole, with greater warmth in summer and immensely greater cold in winter; then we have

the province of the arctic coasts with a marine climate again, but a marine climate of the arctic regions. And these provinces differ from one another so widely and are separated so completely that they are indeed different countries.

The Native Inhabitants

Now we shall be prepared for our narrative after one word about the aboriginal inhabitants. They are broadly divided into two groups, those who inhabit the interior and those who inhabit the coasts, and it is well to keep this main division in mind. Nowadays ethnologists seem to incline to regard all the American aborigines as of one original stock, but many ages of differentiation must have elapsed to bring about the wide separation between the Eskimos and the Athabascans, or between the Athabascans and the Haidas, in language, culture, and even in physical characteristics. Pronouncements about the origin of the native peoples of America are little more than speculations and conjectures. No one for instance has yet given a reasonable explanation of the fifty-eight or fifty-nine different language *stocks* found amongst them, from which arose hundreds of different languages.

The natives of the interior of Alaska belong to the great American family of Athabascans, so widespread throughout the continent in many branches. The natives of the arctic and

THE FIRST HOUSE BUILT BY OUR CHURCH IN ANVIK

THE ANVIK MISSION IN 1920

sub-arctic coasts are Eskimos, with whom also the Aleuts are classed; those of the southeastern and southwestern coasts are of Indian stock, apparently, though differing widely from the Indians of the interior. The lower regions of the great rivers, and the whole courses of the lesser rivers debouching on the western coast, are Eskimo in their population; the last 300 miles of the Yukon and Kuskokwim, the whole of the Kobuk and the Noatak. The coast people prevailed upon the interior people to the extent of this occupation of the lower reaches of the Yukon. Between the coast and interior natives there existed a secular antagonism which often broke into hostility and effectually debarred the latter from the ocean shores. Trade, however, managed to find openings between them; indeed the relations between the people of the two regions may be described as a series of alternate barterings and butcherings.

Anvik

In July, 1886, under Dr. Sheldon Jackson's urging, the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church entered into a contract with the United States Bureau of Education to provide a teacher for a school in the Yukon valley, and the Rev. Octavius Theodore Parker, a missionary of Oregon, volunteering, was sent out to St. Michael at the mouth of the Yukon.

At that time the upper Yukon was the scene of scattered prospecting for gold. That same summer was marked by the discovery of coarse gold on the Fortymile River, followed by the first mild "rush" to the diggings. The traders from one or two supply posts far up the river came down to St. Michael every summer to obtain their stock of goods and ship out their furs, and a small stern-wheel, wood-burning steamboat was already plying the Yukon for some fifteen hundred miles, making one round trip in a season, to carry up the miners' supplies. Most of the men had entered the country by the difficult foot trail over the Chilkoot Pass, and by boat or raft from the headwaters of the Yukon, but they were dependent for the importation of all their necessaries upon the Bering Sea and lower Yukon route. Upon this means also were the missionaries from the first dependent.

It was however to the native peoples of the Yukon that the mission was sent, and after a winter at St. Michael, during which journeys were made to discover a suitable location, Anvik, a village between three and four hundred miles up the river, was decided upon, and the next summer a settlement was made there. The Rev. Mr. Parker was shortly compelled to withdraw from the work for family reasons, and the Rev. John Wight Chapman, having served his diaconate as a city missionary in

New York, took priest's orders, and going out that summer to assist Mr. Parker, remained to replace him. It was under Mr. Chapman that the definite beginnings of the mission were made, and there, ever since, he has remained, giving his life work to the Indians of that region, the dean of all missionaries of any name now at work in Alaska. In 1912 a gathering of the clergy and other workers of Alaska who could possibly attend was held at Anvik, and Dr. Chapman's colleagues joined in presenting him with a silver loving cup to mark the completion of his twenty-five years' service.

The natives at Anvik are described by those who visited the Yukon at this period as amongst the most degraded in all Alaska. They lived the winter through in underground huts in a general surrounding of filth; they were perhaps more completely than in other regions under the domination of the "medicine man", sunk in subserviency to gross superstition; there was much distressing sickness amongst them and many cases of blindness and deformity. While some four hundred miles from salt water by the course of the river, Anvik is not more than an hundred and fifty miles by cross country from the shores of Norton Sound, and the more vigorous and enterprising Eskimo people of the coast are described by the early travellers as making incursions hither, overawing the Indians and compelling them to part with their

furs at whatever price might be offered; so that to the other factors in their degradation must be added these periodic oppressions. It would have been difficult anywhere in the world to find a more unattractive people or a more unpromising field of labour.

Amongst these people Mr. Chapman cast his lot and made his home, gradually and slowly seeing their condition and their character change as the teachings of Christianity and the influence of his example made themselves felt. Here is perhaps as good an example of the result of a life of quiet, loving devotion as will be found anywhere in the world. A rude schoolhouse and dwelling were the first buildings to be erected; in 1889 a sawmill was sent in, and "a carpenter with some knowledge of pharmacy" named Cherry came to help in the erection of the buildings. Not until 1894 was the church built, from a part of the first United Offering of the Woman's Auxiliary. Since it has now been standing twenty-five years, I know not if there be any older building in the interior of Alaska. A sentiment connected with its origin has retained it when it might well have been replaced.

The sawmill greatly aided the natives in the construction of better dwellings; dormitories for boys and girls were built in which boarding scholars might be received; gardens were planted and the people taught to supplement

their hitherto almost exclusive diet of fish by potatoes and turnips and other vegetables.

As a centre for influencing the native people of a wide region, Anvik was a wisely-chosen spot. That curious arm of the Yukon River known as the Chageluk Slough re-enters the Yukon about forty miles below, having received the waters of a very considerable tributary, and is accessible in the winter, across the island which it forms, in a day's journey. The natives of the Chageluk Slough, isolated from all contact with other peoples, remained until lately the most primitive folk of the interior of Alaska. To them, with much itinerant preaching, the gospel was carried from Anvik; their children were received into the Anvik school, and gradually the same changes were effected in their condition that had been brought about at Anvik itself.

There is a certain phraseology which a missionary is likely to become accustomed to (as George Borrow when distributing Bibles in Spain became accustomed to "the dialect of Earl Street"), a sort of sanctimonious terminology almost as technical as the terminology of science, a pious convention of expression, which a man who is conscious and careful of the sincerity of language will avoid, because, when so used, it differs little from cant. There is, I think, little of it in the really great missionaries; there is very little of it indeed in

David Livingstone, for instance, whom I hold to be of the very greatest, but in general missionary writing it is common enough. Of such are the expressions about "the light of the gospel" and "the darkness of heathenism". They are written almost unconsciously, I suppose, ten times, for once that they are written with realization of their import. Yet figurative as they are, if they were not so hackneyed, so much a part of the *patois* that everyone who says anything about missions feels must be employed, no better figure could be found to illustrate the contrast which it is intended to illustrate. And few places in the world could be found where the contrast was more marked than it was in those early days at Anvik.

The "animism" of the Yukon Indians was a gloomy and degrading superstition. It had not anywhere, I think, the horrible accompaniments of human sacrifice and cannibalism found elsewhere, but it lived in a constant dread of the baleful activities of disembodied spirits, and in constant subjection to the *shaman* or medicine man, who possessed the secret of propitiating these spirits and of subjecting them to his own commands. Witchcraft was the great power in the world; sickness and death were caused by it, and by it alone might be cured or prevented; the forces of nature were controlled, floods and storms provoked, good or bad seasons brought about, personal disasters

induced or averted, children obtained or denied, by the charms and incantations of the medicine man. Many of the thaumaturgic stories told of these conjurers suggest the possession of clairvoyant and hypnotic powers. The people, without exception, cowered under this sordid tyranny, a prey to its panic terrors. Each death added one more to the ranks of the unkindly spirits, and while the immortality of the soul was not doubted, it was such immortality of maleficence alone that could be expected.

In every village of this region there was a large underground chamber called the "Kazhime", which, besides serving certain purposes in the village social economy, was the house of heathen rites and superstitious ceremonies. Here the wrath of departed souls was deprecated; here the medicine men fell into their trances; hence their spirits took supernatural flights while yet their bodies lay bound in the darkness; hither the new-born children and the bodies of the dead were brought for magic charms of initiation and dimission; nor were there wanting, on certain occasions, frenzied cuttings and gashings, and orgies of promiscuous lasciviousness. Whatever passed within these cave-like chambers was kept profoundly secret. Yet the people were not idolaters; I have never heard of images being worshipped; I do not think they had any notion of worship, as other races entertain it, at all.

The teaching that there is one supreme God whose name is Love, whose nature is Love, Who designs good for his children in this life and has prepared abodes of bliss for them in the life to come; Who so loved the world that He sent His Only Begotten Son into the world to be an example of such living as is well pleasing to Him and an atonement for such living as is displeasing to Him—this teaching may indeed aptly be described as light shining in darkness.

Little by little the deeply-intrenched influence of the medicine man was overcome. Tenacious of life as a turtle, the old animistic superstition still writhes and wriggles, although decapitated and dismembered, but its power is broken and its days are numbered.

With the many ameliorations of the missionary's lot which the process of time has brought in Alaska, with weekly steamboats in the summer and monthly mails in the winter, with a general diffusion of Christianity and of smatterings of English, it is difficult to realize the complete isolation of these early workers, their complete immersion in the native environment. The severities of the climate they learned gradually to protect themselves against, after much preliminary suffering; the incredible swarms of venomous insects of summer being as great an affliction as the extreme cold of winter. Their resourcefulness developed as unanticipated

POINT HOPE WHEN DR. DRIGGS BEGAN WORK

CONGREGATION OUTSIDE ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH, POINT HOPE

exigencies of their situation threw them back more and more upon it; they learned themselves painfully to supply simple necessaries which aforetime in their lives had come without effort, and to do without what themselves were unable to supply. In some respects they had to learn from the natives as much as the natives had to learn from them.

In 1893 a woman physician, Dr. Mary Glenton, was sent out to Anvik and effected a great improvement in the native health; always there was a trained nurse maintained, but sometimes a teacher failed and Mr. Chapman had to spend in the schoolroom the long winter hours that he would rather have spent travelling amongst scattered bands of Indians in his wide neighbourhood.

In the same year Deaconess Sabine began her long connection with this mission, and in 1902 Mrs. F. B. Evans began hers, two devoted workers who have earned honoured names on the Yukon.

Point Hope

The scene of the establishment of our second Alaskan mission is very different. Instead of the thick-set scrub forest of the sub-arctic interior, with its dense undergrowth, we are transported to the naked shore of the coast, more than a degree of latitude within the arctic regions; instead of the great river, we have

the ocean; instead of a fish-eating people we have a seal-and-whale-and-walrus-eating people; instead of Indians, Eskimos.

The immediate occasion of the occupation of the northwestern coast of Alaska by mission stations, was a letter written by Lt. Commander Stockton, U. S. A., who had spent the season of 1889 in a cruise in these arctic waters in command of the *Thetis*. This cruise of the *Thetis* is memorable in many ways. The whole coast of Alaska was traversed, not only from Dixon entrance around into Bering Sea and up to Point Barrow, but from Point Barrow eastward to Herschel Island, this last a remarkably bold venture for a revenue cutter. Commander Stockton was much moved by the desperate condition in which he found the Eskimos, and upon his return he wrote to Dr. Sheldon Jackson, the General Agent for Education in Alaska, pleading that something should promptly be done to save them from destruction, and to the Board of Missions of the Episcopal Church, of which he was a member; afterwards appearing in person before the Board on the same errand.

From the point of view of modern, cold-blooded, scientific philanthropy, though of course not from any Christian point of view, it is possible to contend that the little, remote, heathen peoples of the world were better left entirely to themselves, if such continual isola-

tion were any way practicable. But it is not, and those who plead for it know perfectly well that it is not. The trader, the beach-comber and the squaw-man have always been hard upon the heels of the explorer. No sooner had Vitus Bering discovered the Aleutian Islands than the Kamschatkan "Promyshleniks" began their devastating intercourse with the natives which ended in the destruction of the greater part of them and would probably have depopulated the islands but for the vigorous efforts of the great missionary Veniaminoff, whose impassioned intervention on behalf of the Aleuts recalls the memory of the heroic Las Casas and the ceaseless battle which he waged for the Indian of South America three centuries before.

Fourteen years after Cook discovered the Sandwich Islands, Vancouver found them the resort of "a banditti of renegadoes that had quitted different trading vessels in consequence of disputes with their respective commanders," and had "forgotten the rules which humanity, justice and common honesty prescribe"—Portuguese, Genoese, Chinese, English and Americans. The same commander, a magnanimous and kindly spirit, grows so indignant over "the very unjustifiable conduct of the traders" on the shores of the Alexander archipelago that nowadays the local newspapers would certainly denounce such a writer as "slandering the white men of Alaska."

The remotest and last-discovered people of the earth, the Copper Eskimos, about whom the newspapers grew so sensational a few years ago, have already suffered an invasion of the same sort, and when I was at Herschel Island in 1918 I saw a degenerate Russian Jew serving a sentence at the Northwest Mounted Police Post—not because he had outraged these simple, sturdy folk, but because he had impudently violated the Canadian customs laws in doing so.

But one need not go out of these western waters for overwhelming testimony to the havoc wrought by white men. When John Muir made the cruise of the *Corwin* in 1881 he found that the inhabitants of St. Matthew's Island, to the number of several hundreds, had "died of starvation caused by abundance of rum which rendered them careless about the laying up of ordinary supplies of food for the winter", and on St. Lawrence Island nearly a thousand people had died, we know from other sources, of the same cause. "The scene was indescribably ghastly and desolate. The shrunken bodies with rotting furs on them, or white, bleaching skeletons, picked bare by the crows, were lying where they had been cast out by surviving relatives while they had yet strength to carry them."

Shall the primitive peoples of the earth know nothing of the white man save of the "banditti

of renegadoes" which quickly infest newly-discovered shores? Shall such reckless and unprincipled wastrels work their will unhindered? Shall drunkenness and lust and fraud and trickery and violence be the only teaching received from the white man's "civilization"? I am content to rest the cause of missions upon the inevasible answer to that question—for anyone who is read ever so little in the history of exploration knows that word of newly-found tribes brings a flock of predatory bipeds just as surely as the scent of new carrion brings a flock of vultures.

Whaling began north of Bering's Straits well before the middle of the last century, I think, very shortly after the publication of Beechey's narrative in 1831, in which he mentions the whales of these waters; and just as the fur of the sea-otter was the object of desire that brought about the ruin of the Aleutian islanders, so whalebone was the curse of the Arctic Eskimos. Collinson in the *Enterprise,* returning from the Franklin search in 1854, finds whaling in full swing, and writes that "rum and brandy were the articles most coveted by the natives in exchange for their furs and walrus-teeth."

The first cruise of a revenue cutter above Bering's Straits took place in 1880 and it may be gathered that the early cruises of revenue cutters did not bring much protection to the

natives. There are stories still to pick up along the west coast of liquor carried by such craft and of eager profitable trading by both officers and men. At any rate, for thirty or forty years the whalers with crews of the sweepings of San Francisco had unchecked, almost unnoticed, scope to work their will along the coast. Point Hope was one of their chief resorts, for trading, for securing native hands to replace deserters or eke out their scanty companies, and often, beyond question, for procuring native women to serve the uses of officers and men; this last sometimes by liquor and cajolery, sometimes by simple kidnapping.

Beechey was the first white man to land at Point Hope and to come in contact with its natives. The underground habitations were however deserted save for a few old men and women and children—the men gone on their hunting excursions; "some were blind, others decrepit, and, dressed in greasy, worn-out clothes, they looked perfectly wretched." He describes "the heaps of filth and ruined habitations, filled with stinking water." I have never seen an Eskimo village in the summer time, but I know how abominable an Indian village can become when the melting snow brings the ordure and garbage of winter to life. If, as I suspect, though the narrative is not clear, Beechey landed on the north side of the point, he would pass through the abandoned

part of the village, which has been so long abandoned that I could find no knowledge of the time when it was occupied. It is now a quarry for Eskimo antiquities as well as a sort of coal mine, for I have often seen men digging around it and removing the upper layers of soil, saturated with immemorial blubber and seal-oil, for fuel.

It was not until 1890 that the first missionary establishments were set up on this coast, at Cape Prince of Wales, at Point Hope and at Point Barrow simultaneously, at the joint charges of the Bureau of Education and the Congregational, the Episcopal and the Presbyterian Churches respectively. The chief praise for the work lies with that remarkable man Dr. Sheldon Jackson, whose appointment to the educational superintendency of Alaska was so wise and fit as to seem accidental to our system.

Immediately upon receipt of Commander Stockton's letter, Dr. Jackson began negotiations with the several missionary societies of Protestant bodies to secure the simultaneous establishment of missions to the Eskimos at the three points mentioned along the western arctic coast. Since the letter dealt especially with Point Hope, the work at this place was urged upon our Board of Missions and accepted by it. The Congregationalists accepted Cape Prince of Wales, the most westerly point

of the continent, and the Presbyterians Point Barrow, the northern extreme of Alaska, and appeals were made for volunteers to man these stations, setting forth all the difficulties and privations that would be involved in order to discourage those who had not the necessary hardihood.

No less than twenty-four persons responded to the call, amongst them John B. Driggs, M.D., of Maryland, who was selected for Point Hope and appointed by the Board under a contract similar to that entered into with regard to Anvik.

The year 1890 is a memorable date in the history of the arctic Eskimos, for in that summer these missions at the three most populous places on the coast were simultaneously established. A schooner sailed from San Francisco with materials for the three schoolhouses, the revenue cutter *Bear* took up the men selected to have charge of them, and the crew of the ship helped in the hasty setting up of the first buildings.

The situation at Point Hope was distressing and dangerous. A savage drunken old autocrat, Ah-ten-ow'rah, with half a dozen wives, had managed to make himself lord of the place, and ruled by terrorizing the people, forbidding any trade unless it passed through his hands, and enforcing his authority by killing any who defied it. When his tyranny had become in-

supportable the principal Eskimo men decided to put him to death and drew lots to determine his executioner. The man on whom the lot fell shot at him through the seal-gut window of his igloo, knowing just where the old man was wont to lie, and as soon as the shot was fired one of his wives, who was in the plot, plunged a knife into him. Every visit of a whaling ship was followed by drunkenness and riot; the women were carried off to serve the lusts of the sailors, and, as Commodore Stockton says, "although under the flag of the United States there was nothing but chaos and paganism."

In the midst of this inflamed and licentious population, without any knowledge of the Eskimo tongue, with no arctic experience, Dr. Driggs was set down; a shack was hastily erected, his supplies were dumped on the beach, and the ship sailed away leaving him to his task. For eighteen years, with only three visits to his home in Baltimore, most of the time without any colleague or assistant, he devoted himself to it. He began with the school, and he secured his first pupil by giving little cakes or candies to those who would come; he applied himself to the native language; he seized careful, favourable opportunities of ministering to the sick. That his life was often in danger there is no question; nothing but the quiet, unobtrusive character of his work, the patience and

tact which he employed, the watchful waiting policy which he adopted, saved him from attack.

Three years after the establishment of these missions Mr. Harrison Thornton, who went with Mr. Lopp to the charge of the station at Cape Prince of Wales, was murdered by drunken natives—called to the door at night and shot with a whale-gun—and Mr. Lopp also was shot at.

So far as I know the Russian priest Juvenati, who was murdered on the Kenai peninsula in 1796, for seeking to suppress polygamy, and Harrison Thornton of Virginia, Congregationalist missionary at Cape Prince of Wales, murdered by drunken Eskimos in 1893, are the only men whose blood has been directly shed for the Christian faith in Alaska. These early ventures on the arctic coast were undeniably perilous to an extent that a visitor nowadays finds it hard to realize, a difficulty which is the result of the change which they have wrought.

It would be wrong to think of the Eskimos as naturally bloodthirsty and violent; there were never gentler or more peaceable people; but crazed by liquor and remembrance of old wrongs and oppressions, the recollection of a long series of outrages tamely endured by an overawed and bewildered people, fired their passions to the readiest vengeance at hand. Mrs. Thornton, writing just before the dread-

ful affair at Cape Prince of Wales occurred, says they never feared the natives when sober, but that, when drunk, "a vague recollection of the Gilly affair in 1877 when thirteen natives were killed by white men, might cause the death of some of us"—an apprehension justified only too sadly and soon.

Dr. Driggs wrote very little about himself. One of the most vivid pictures of the life of the missionary at Point Hope is from the pen of the Rev. E. N. Edson, who went up to take charge for a year while Dr. Driggs came out on his first furlough. Writing in 1895 he says, " 'It is not good for man to be alone,' and these words have more meaning than they bear on their face. The effects of the isolation of this field on the mind, and, by reflex action, upon the body, are terrible. To do one's own housework, cook one's own meals, wash dishes, sweep, cut firewood for living rooms and school, teach a school of forty or more natives without a common language; to be on a restricted allowance of drinking water, to obtain which meagre supply a journey in summer of one and a half miles and in winter of sixteen miles, must be made; and coupled with all this for ten months in the year to face the rigours of an arctic winter—this is a severe test for any man. A whole year without a sight of dear ones, or even a letter, is a hard trial." Dr. Driggs had endured it for four consecutive years.

Mr. Edson does not mention, except in his general reference to the rigours of the arctic climate, what seems to the present writer the greatest affliction of the place, the frightful wind storms that sweep over the unprotected sandspit for days at a time during which it is not possible to leave the dwelling without suffering and even danger. The effect of these blizzards, charged with driven snow, and even with sand, lasting sometimes for a week continuously, is exceedingly depressing to the mind, as well as painful to the body.

Dr. Driggs had been seventeen years at Point Hope when Elnar Mikkelson, the arctic explorer, returning from his attempt to penetrate the region north of Alaska, writes thus of him: "His work had brought its own reward; he is beloved in the village, and the young men and young women look upon him as a father, wiser and better than their own, who does all he can to make the people for whom he has sacrificed his life a useful and self-dependent race."

In 1903 Bishop Rowe ordained Dr. Driggs to the diaconate that his usefulness might be increased by the authorization to baptize and marry.

Several times during those eighteen years the annual supply ship bringing provisions was wrecked, and the missionary reduced in the main to the native subsistence of seal meat and

whale meat. The isolation and solitude of his life at last told on Dr. Driggs's mind. He began to grow eccentric and absent, and it was thought wise that he return to the United States. But Dr. Driggs was wedded to the arctic and to the Eskimos; long absence had made him strange to civilization; the very causes which rendered necessary his removal from this solitary life seemed also to render it impossible. He withdrew from charge of the mission when it was made plain to him that the Bishop and the Board of Missions deemed it best, but withdrew only a little way up the coast, and there, a few years later, died.

His place was taken and his work carried on by the Rev. A. R. Hoare, who for ten years had charge of the mission; who built new church, new residence, new schoolhouse, and —for most of the time without colleague or assistant—was priest and teacher, physician and nurse. For two years, ending in the summer of 1919, the Rev. W. A. Thomas was in charge, and for the latter of those years his sister, Miss Virginia Thomas, was with him as teacher and housekeeper. Then Mr. Hoare returned, and as this book is making ready for the press comes the dreadful news that on 27th April, 1920, Mr. Hoare was shot and killed by a demented young white man whom he had taken up as an assistant. We have no more than the bare news mentioned, nor can have

for some time. Mr. Hoare has ended a devoted, self-sacrificing life by a violent death at his post of duty, and if he may not be classed with Harrison Thornton as a martyr, his name will stand with Miss Farthing of Nenana as faithful to death.

It is not right that one man should ever be left to conduct the manifold activities of this place. In addition to the duties of the place itself there are distant communities of Eskimos who have been evangelized and baptized by clergy of the Church and who look to us for all the ministrations they can receive. As far as Icy Cape and Wainwright to the north, as far as the mid-length of the Kobuk River to the south, it is necessary for the priest at Point Hope to travel.

Point Hope is now a peaceful, quiet, highly-respectable place, with a people really trying to lead Christian lives. The church is thronged at all services; there are an hundred communicants; the children are all at school; the affairs of the village are handled with conscientious effort at the enforcement of clean living, by an elected council. The present writer spent Christmas, 1917, and six weeks following at Point Hope and was impressed by the gentleness and devotion of these people, their industry, and their eagerness to learn. The docility and interest of the school children were remarkable, and their intelligence, he thought,

BISHOP NICHOLS DEDICATING THE *NORTHERN LIGHT*
San Francisco, August 29, 1895

THE CHURCH OF OUR SAVIOUR.
TANANA (Native Village)

CHURCH OF ST. JAMES, TANANA

quite equal to that of the average white children of a country school. Day after day they fought their way for more than a mile against raging blizzards in order to attend school, and they were always present long before the appointed time. Point Hope should have a physician and a nurse and a small hospital. This whole coast is sadly lacking in medical care.

Tanana

Our third establishment in Alaska was again on the Yukon River and introduces the third of the trio of missionaries whose long faithful service may be said to have laid the foundations of our native work. While a student at the Philadelphia Divinity School, Jules Prevost had been strongly drawn to missionary work in Algeria, and for two years studied Arabic with that end in view. One day, however, he heard William Duncan of Metlakahtla speak, at that time seeking funds for the removal of his Indians from British Columbia to Alaska, and was much impressed and roused. When he had finished his theological course in 1890 Mr. Prevost was sent by the Indian Rights Association of Philadelphia on a visit to the southeastern coast of Alaska, to investigate conditions amongst the natives, in connection with this Metlakahtla trouble, and came back from that visit determined to devote himself to the natives of Alaska. Accordingly he entered

himself at the medical school of the University of Pennsylvania, the better to fit himself for the work, and took a year's lectures, intending to graduate in medicine before carrying out his purpose, but was persuaded to offer himself in 1891 in answer to an urgent appeal set forth by the Board of Missions for a priest to relieve the English clergyman at Nuclacayette.

The Yukon River flows for six or seven hundred miles of navigable course through Canadian territory, and then for fifteen or sixteen hundred miles through Alaska. About midway of its Alaskan course it receives its largest southern tributary, the Tanana, and the neighbourhood of this important confluence had always been a chief gathering place for natives, the name, Nu'cha-la-way'a (the land between the rivers) corrupted to "Nu'cla-cay'ette" by the white men, and thus figuring in all the early narratives of exploration, being given to the locality. A trading post known as Fort Adams had been maintained for a number of years a few miles below the junction of the rivers, and Archdeacon McDonald had visited the natives of the parts from Fort Yukon, three hundred and fifty miles above. To the ground thus broken the Rev. Mr. Canham and his wife had been sent by Bishop Bompas in 1888, and it was to the insistence of that Bishop that the American Church should assume the care of its own people within its own territory that the send-

ing out of Mr. Prevost was due. A contract for school teaching was entered into with the Bureau of Education, so that our first three establishments in Alaska were joint enterprises of the Church and the Government.

Nu'clacay'ette, or Tanana, as this settlement moved back to the actual confluence is now known, is one of the most important centres in the interior of Alaska. Several other tributaries are confluent with the Yukon in its vicinity, and the upper waters of the Koyukuk, the largest northern tributary of the Yukon, are reached by a winter trail of one hundred and twenty miles, although the mouth of the river is two hundred and twenty miles below. These two large rivers—the Koyukuk and the Tanana—have a considerable Indian population which was first reached and converted from this centre.

Mr. Canham had begun translating the Prayer Book into the native tongue of these parts, which is also the tongue of the Koyukuk and the greater part of the Tanana, though not of the upper or lower Yukon; the baptismal and marriage offices were done and much of Morning Prayer, and there had been already three hundred baptisms. For a year Mr. Canham and his wife remained with Mr. Prevost and together the two priests prosecuted this work and made extensive journeys. Then Bishop Bompas recalled his clergyman and

in 1892 Mr. Prevost was left alone. His knowledge of medicine stood him in good stead, and an operation upon a man's eye, which he was enabled to perform so successfully that the sight was restored, brought him great prestige.

In the winter of 1892-3 Mr. Prevost made a remarkable journey up the Tanana far beyond the site where Fairbanks was built ten years later, then across by the Goodpaster river to the upper Fortymile, and down that stream to its mouth at the town of Fortymile, where Bishop Bompas was at that time resident. The Fortymile camp was then the important gold camp of the north. Returning by the same general way, the Ketchumstock country was passed through and a visit made to the neighbourhood now known as the Tanana Crossing, where seventeen years later, St. Timothy's mission was established. Altogether, on this journey Mr. Prevost visited thirty-two Indian villages, large and small, and counted six hundred and eighty-nine natives inhabiting them.

In those days there was a mail once a year, and unless a man went down to St. Michael to meet the single ocean steamboat that visited the place, he could not answer a letter until a year after it was received.

After three years' service Mr. Prevost went out to be married, and returning he brought back the missionary stern-wheel steamboat

Northern Light, that he might be able to bring up the supplies from St. Michael. She plied the Yukon for nine seasons. But much more important than the river steamboat was Mrs. Prevost, whose sweet, gentle character, unfailing sunniness of disposition, and general domestic resourcefulness were of the greatest assistance to her husband's work. Mrs. Prevost will always be remembered with affection by the natives of the middle Yukon.

There was now left on the Yukon only one post in American territory served by a Canadian clergyman, Fort Yukon, where the Rev. Mr. Hawkesley, with permission of Bishop Bompas, continued to reside.

But in 1894 things began to happen on the Yukon. In that year gold was discovered in the creeks tributary to Birch Creek, or rather was rediscovered, for twenty years previously Archdeacon McDonald had scooped it up with a spoon at one of his camping places. The Yukon country was then a fur country only. The first gold prospector, Arthur Harper, had not yet reached it, and no one took much notice of the archdeacon's discovery. The Hudson Bay Company was in possession of the land. Harper heard of it and remembered it, however, and a good deal later, when the Fortymile store provided a base of supplies, he "grubstaked" prospectors to go in search of it, and they found it.

Circle City was immediately started on the Yukon at the nearest point to the new diggings, not on the arctic circle by some fifty miles—though its founders thought it was—and grew rapidly to be the largest white man's town in the north, and, as it was claimed, the largest "log-cabin-city" in the world. This was the first discovery of placer gold within the interior of Alaska and it brought a great influx of men. Within two years Circle City had a population of three thousand, and prospecting for gold received a great impetus all over the interior.

* * * * * * *

We have therefore, by this time, three missions established in Alaska: two on the Yukon to Indians and one on the arctic coast to the Eskimos; Christ Church at Anvik, Saint James's at Fort Adams (near what is now the town of Tanana) and Saint Thomas's at Point Hope; and there was a clergyman of the Canadian Church, maintained by the English Church Missionary Society at Fort Yukon. Such was the situation when a Bishop was elected and consecrated for Alaska.

SITKA, THE RUSSIAN CAPITAL OF ALASKA

BISHOP ROWE IN TRAIL COSTUME AND THE TRAIL OVER THE CHILKOOT PASS

CHAPTER III.

THE COMING OF THE BISHOP

THE General Convention of 1895 met at Minneapolis, and the matter of a bishop for Alaska was again brought up, having been mooted at Baltimore in 1892 and an abortive attempt to elect by the House of Bishops made in the interim. Even then it was resisted. Several amendments to the motion to elect were offered, one asking the Bishop of Selkirk (Canadian Yukon) to continue his supervision at "some proper compensation", one (brilliantly conceived) that the district of Alaska be placed under a retired, invalided bishop from Africa, one adding Alaska to the Missionary District of Olympia and calling the bishop thereof by the double title. This last was indeed actually adopted, but was next day reconsidered and the original motion to elect a Bishop for Alaska was carried. The House of Deputies concurring, the Bishops nominated the Rev. Peter Trimble Rowe of Sault Ste. Marie in the diocese of Michigan, and he was elected and consecrated on St. Andrew's Day following. Thus Alaska issued from the anom-

alous position it had occupied for eight years and became a part of the ecclesiastical system.

The Bishop of Alaska had served an apprenticeship in the wilderness that fitted him for the duties which his new responsibility involved. The son of a missionary to the Indians, he had been brought up in a settlement of Indians in Ontario, and after his graduation from Trinity College, Toronto, and ordination, had served as a missionary to the Ojibways from 1878 to 1882. For fourteen years thereafter he had charge of eleven widely-scattered missions amongst white people with headquarters at Sault Ste. Marie in the diocese of Michigan, from which charge he was called to the episcopate. Familiar all his life with canoe and snowshoes, with axe and rifle, inured to all sorts of pedestrian fatigue, he entered his fortieth year a few days before he entered his new office, and brought the vigour of his prime to the strenuous task that lay before him.

Bishop Rowe did not delay entrance upon his territory nor stand much upon the order of his going. In the spring of 1896, that is, as soon as Alaskan travel was practicable, he began his first memorable visitation.

Bishop Rowe sailed from Seattle in March, taking with him the Rev. Henry Beers for settlement at Juneau. The place was bustling with men fitting out for the new gold camp at

Circle, and was so overcrowded that it was difficult to secure any accommodation at all. A hall was rented for services and some arrangement made for Mr. Beers's lodging. An old friend of the Bishop, Dr. Campbell, clergyman and physician, came out shortly after to Douglas Island, which lies just off Juneau, built the first Episcopal church on the coast for the use of the men working at the important Treadwell mine on the island, and made visits to Ketchikan on Revillagigedo Island, which were the beginning of Church work at that place.

A visit to Sitka, then the capital, followed, and at this old, interesting, and very beautiful place, with its gaily-coloured cathedral of the Greek Church and its remains of massive Russian log structures, the Bishop decided to make his home and bring his wife and family. It remained his residence for a number of years. A beautiful little church was built later, and, later still, an attractive episcopal residence. But, to be done at once with Sitka, these picturesque buildings on a most picturesque island lost their importance with the decline of the place, and when the capital was removed and all the courts and officials, the Bishop found it necessary to remove also. There is perhaps no fairer scene on the coast of North America than Sitka presents; it is a pity that the inexorable movements of people and trade should have shorn it of most of its importance.

The Bishop's First Visit to the Interior

But this visitation of the coast was but the necessary preliminary to his penetration of the interior, and April, 1896, found him at Dyea at the head of the Lynn Canal, prepared to attack the Chilkoot Pass and make his way over the mountains to the headwaters of the Yukon River. Two years later thousands of men were following this route to the Klondike, but the startling discoveries in Canadian territory had not been made when the Bishop braved the snowslides and the glaciers and the rapids of this laborious, perilous route. Waiting as long as they did, I have always been glad that the fathers of the Church did not wait two years longer before consecrating a bishop for Alaska. When I have heard ignorance and prejudice sneering that the Church always follows gold discoveries, and that "it took the Klondike to bring the preachers", I have rejoiced that I could point to the figure of Bishop Rowe climbing the Chilkoot Pass with a pack on his back two years before.

There were others on the trail that spring, bound for the Fortymile and Circle City, hardy pioneers of a very different type from the men that were to follow on the great stampede, men most of whom had learned prospecting and placer mining in California. Amidst these seasoned adventurers the Bishop took his place and bore himself with the best. The pass sur-

mounted, there was the chain of lakes and connecting streams, over the still frozen surface of which it was necessary to pull a heavy sled "by the back of the neck". At Caribou Crossing, where timber was reached, was an end of such travel, and here the "break-up" must be awaited, meanwhile felling trees, whipsawing them into lumber, shaping and fastening and caulking the lumber into a rude boat. Then when the ice was gone and the waters ran full with the melting of the snows, the loaded boat must be launched upon its hazardous course through cañons and rapids to the Yukon River. I have been told that the Bishop's boat led the whole flotilla that season; I have heard not only of his capable experienced handling of his own craft but of his frequent assistance of others. And I know that his hardy companions of voyage gathered eagerly to the frequent services that he conducted, many of them unused to religious exercises for many years, or even all their lives. Here was a boatman preaching to boatmen, a "musher" to "mushers"; here was the equal in strength and skill and endurance of any of them to listen to. That he was also a bishop doubtless made appeal to some, but to others meant no more than if he had been a colonel. And, whoever or whatever he might be, here was one always patient and gentle, always unassuming, always quick to be a comrade, always sweet-tempered

and genial. Where under the sun will not such an one gather a congregation? They came again and again and listened and were glad to listen. The fastnesses of the ice and the snow, the great rock-shoulders of the soaring peaks, became temples of the living God, as stage by stage the mountains were crossed. The word of the gospel of Jesus Christ was wafted over Lake Lindeman and Lake Bennett, as for awhile axe and saw ceased. Men who had forgotten all about it remembered once more that they had immortal souls, and that some day they must give an account of the deeds done in the body.

While the great labour of the journey perhaps ended with the embarcation, it was only then that its chief hazard began. It took a cool head and a sure hand to guide heavily loaded craft through the boiling waters of Miles Cañon and the Whitehorse Rapids. Many a painfully transported "outfit" was swallowed up therein; not a few lives were lost; but the Bishop's boat went safely through, leading the way. These sensational dangers past, they could not yet pursue the long voyage down the Yukon, for the ice of Lake Lebarge was then as now the obstacle to the early navigation of the river. When all above and all below the water runs free, even to the mouth in Bering Sea, the ice of this thirty-mile lake still holds for three weeks or even a month, the average

time being twenty days. So the sleds were not abandoned at Caribou Crossing, but were piled on the already heavily-laden boats, and when the upper end of the lake was reached the positions were reversed, the boats, drawn out of the water, were loaded on the sleds and were thus drawn across the rotting, treacherous ice to a re-embarcation at the foot of the lake. The Five Finger Rapids and the Rink Rapids were not formidable to one who had shot the Miles Cañon and the Whitehorse Rapids, though alarming enough to the novice.

The present white settlements were, of course, non-existent; a few encampments of Indians were the only signs of human occupation. The ruins of Fort Selkirk showed where the Hudson's Bay post had been built nearly fifty years before, and destroyed almost immediately by coast Indians who resented the loss of their valuable trade-intermediation; the mouth of the Klondike River, the site of the city of Dawson beneath its mountain notably scooped out and scarred by an ancient landslide;—these lay silent and vacant with no hint of the wealth that the one was to produce or the multitudes that the other was to gather.

At Fortymile, more than five hundred miles down the river, the first white men were encountered, and here there must have been a joyful meeting with that veteran of the North, Bishop Bompas, who for more than a quarter

of a century had been living and working among the natives of the Mackenzie and the Yukon. The many stories that still linger enable one to form a vivid picture of this stout old soldier of God, so long accustomed to Indian life that he had become more Indian than white. His soiled episcopal garb, his dusty leggings and greasy apron that only by strategy his wife was able to clean, his tender regard for his children of the wilderness and his resentment at the evils which the irruption of the white men brought, these stand out in the remembrance of both races. It must have been with keen satisfaction that he hailed the coming of a Bishop of Alaska whose appointment he had so long urged, that he relinquished an extra-territorial jurisdiction, in fact if not in form, that he had again and again pleaded to be relieved of.

Circle City

In the early summer of 1896 Circle City was the only white man's town in the interior of Alaska, and perhaps the largest in the whole territory. It was a mining town of a type that California first accustomed the world to, with such changes as its sub-arctic situation involved. Placed on the edge of the Yukon Flats, to the right as one stood on the bank, rose the mountains out of which the river had issued, to the left, stretched away interminably the

AT THE DOOR OF THE HOSPITAL, CIRCLE CITY

ST. SAVIOUR'S CHURCH AND CLERGY HOUSE, SKAGWAY

wide level forested region through which it would spread itself in many channels for two hundred and fifty miles.

A row of saloons and gambling houses and dance halls and general stores lined the water front, with flaunting signs rudely painted on canvas tacked to them. For a number of rows back there straggled little one-room cabins, four or five hundred of them. A sawmill with sprawling, unsightly heaps of yellow sawdust marked the lower end of the settlement; a stranded, wrecked, stern-wheel steamboat lay in a dry slough at the upper end. Beyond the sawmill huddled ten or twelve cabins of Indians, drawn to this place for their destruction, as Indians are always drawn to mining towns. All the buildings were of logs chinked with moss, stovepipes thrust themselves through all the roofs, but glass windows were very scarce and cotton cloth covered many openings.

The actual mining that was in progress was, of course, many miles away, back in the hills; the population of the town consisted of those who catered to the miner's wants and those who preyed upon his vices. But every man in the hills had his cabin in the town, used when he resorted thereto for his occasions of business or pleasure. Sounds of revelry rarely failed, day or night; crowds hung around the gambling places; painted faces leered above muslin-curtained windows or boldly promenaded

on the river front with men in boots and flannel shirts; tin-pot pianos were banging continually and fiddles screeching.

Although the town was nearly two years old Bishop Rowe conducted the first public worship that had ever been held there, and the whole community turned out. He quickly formulated plans for permanent work and gathered the miners and secured their co-operation. He bought a lot on the river front with a log building already upon it for $1,800, and arranged to secure two other lots for a hospital, which the miners undertook to pay for as soon as work began on the building.

The Bishop found the Indians at Circle City all baptized, many of them familiar with their native Prayer Books and hymn books and Bibles, and all eager to attend Divine Service. He held many services during his six weeks' stay, both for whites and natives, and left, much encouraged and elated, vowing that he would leave nothing undone to send a resident missionary immediately, and, indeed, planning to transfer Mr. Prevost thither from Fort Adams. When this proved impracticable he turned to Bishop Bompas and begged for the loan of one of his men, and that bishop sent the Rev. Mr. Bowen, intended for the Rampart House; so Circle City had its clergyman and regular services of the Church during all the following winter.

To anticipate, for I wish to be done with Circle, the transfer of Mr. Prevost was accomplished next summer, the hospital was built, a physician and a nurse sent in, and the work of the Church firmly established. Then the marvellous gold discoveries of the Klondike were made, and a rush thither began, first from Fortymile and Circle, that did not cease until it had drawn men from the very ends of the earth. In 1898 Circle City was almost abandoned, the diggings across the border proving enormously richer than anything on the Circle City creeks of Mastodon, Deadwood and Eagle. By and by some of the Circle people returned and work on the older diggings was resumed, but the glory was departed and Circle entered upon a period of slow gradual decay which is not finished yet, though there are left but fifteen or twenty white people at the place and perhaps twice as many Indians. Placer mining is still carried on, hydraulicking and dredging have succeeded to the older methods in some places, and for years to come there will be a small, dwindling output of gold. But there is no chance that the town will ever revive, ever again be a considerable centre of population.

The history of Circle is, broadly, the history of every placer-mining town in the interior of Alaska, and the reader may judge of the difficulty which the Church confronts in any attempt at ministration to them. There is no

guarantee, there is not any reasonable prospect, of permanence, yet how shall the largest aggregations of white men in the country be left without religion? Ten years is perhaps the average term of the active life of such a town, yet Dawson is more than twenty years old and Fairbanks already sixteen, and they are still centres of population, though much reduced. In other lands there are other resources that, when the gold is gone, take its place in large measure, but in the interior of Alaska all other activities of the white man are ancillary to gold mining. Agriculture is possible beyond what is commonly supposed by outside people, but not to the extent of depending upon itself. With the mines for a market, "truck-farming" pays very well; without that market what is the use of raising the finest cabbages and turnips and potatoes?

Bishop Rowe left Circle to continue his visitation of the Yukon, glad that he had been able to lay foundations in what seemed the assured metropolis of the wide interior country teeming with new and vigourous life. The roistering drunkenness, the orgies of sensuality, the fevered gambling, these prominent characteristics so much dwelt upon by the story-writers (Jack London and Rex Beach will give the reader all he can desire) were indeed prominent enough, yet the Bishop knew that in a community without courts or judge or con-

stable, without school or church, without family life, the evidences of vicious indulgence always assume an undue, and in relation to the life of the place, an unreal prominence, which, as the town settles down and decent men find time to attend to other than their own immediate affairs, presently subsides in large measure, as froth subsides when shaking ceases. It is not in doubt, from the Bishop's reports, that he felt that here on the edge of the frigid zone was the beginning of a large, permanent settlement of white men. Yet the next year, when Sister Elizabeth had gone there as nurse, and a building had been secured for a hospital and the Bishop again visited the place, he found it deserted, a "silent city" as he describes it, the men all gone to the fabulously rich discoveries of the Klondike. "There was not a place left in the town where a man could buy a cup of coffee."

Fort Yukon

His next stop, resuming the account of the original journey, was at Fort Yukon, and here he found some three hundred Indians, with one white man's store and the ruins of the Hudson's Bay establishment, abandoned shortly after the Purchase nearly thirty years before. Always gentle and tender with natives, as with whites, Bishop Rowe won the hearts of the Indians from the first, and has held them ever

since. It is not possible to stop at an Indian community within his jurisdiction and tell them "the Bishop is coming" without seeing their eyes light up and their lips break in a smile.

But Fort Yukon presented no such promise to him as Circle, nor assumed any such importance. Without a single substantial or outstanding structure of any kind, a long row of hovel-like cabins followed the curve of the river bank. The salmon were running; many of the natives' tents were dotted here and there; scores of cur dogs rushed down to the water's edge as the steamboat approached (as they do still) to fight over the scraps flung them from the galley.

Yet so far as our work is concerned it has become perhaps the most important place on the river. For the white men come and go. They come with much excitement and bustle; the world hears loudly of the towns they build, of the riches they expect, and in some measure, perhaps, acquire. They come in steamboat loads. But they go away by twos and threes when their expectations are realized—or disappointed. They slip away unnoticed, drawn by new discoveries elsewhere or by that restless prospectors' spirit that can never "remain in one stay". The predatory and parasitical classes may be depended upon to depart as soon as money ceases to be plentiful; one by one the saloons close, until some day the storekeepers

wake up to the disquieting certainty that "the diggings are played out and the town is on the bum", and they also get away—if they can.

The white men come and go, but the natives remain. So far as the interior is concerned our permanent work, though not necessarily our most important work, is amongst the natives.

It has been explained that there had long been missionary work at Fort Yukon, but upon the Bishop's first visit there was no clergyman residing. He appointed a well-instructed Indian, William Loola, one of Archdeacon McDonald's pupils and companions, to conduct regular worship, as indeed he was already doing, and arranged for the erection of a small building. Bishop Rowe on his first visit laid out $1,800 at Circle and $2500 at Fort Yukon; his first annual report gives three pages to the former place and half a page to the latter. As the years passed by these proportions were reversed.

Fort Adams

The Bishop's next visit was at a place some 350 miles further down the river, where Mr. and Mrs. Prevost were eagerly awaiting him, Fort Adams. Mr. Prevost's visit outside, from which he returned with his wife and his steamboat, had brought other support also. A generous lady of New York, Miss Mary King,

had given him the money for a church, and much of the material for its construction had been brought in. But a question that had arisen early in the work at this place pressed for settlement before any building could be begun; a question as to the eligibility of the site of the mission. Mr. Canham had sat down there to his teaching and preaching and translating because the trading post had attracted the Indians; Mr. Prevost carried on what was already begun.

But rivers are uncertain things and the Yukon is not merely uncertain, it is capricious and incalculable. A shoal had formed in front of Fort Adams which grew with each season, so that it was continually more and more difficult for steamboats to land. Moreover the place was too far removed from the mouth of the Tanana for the natives of that populous stream to frequent the mission with convenience. So the Bishop and Mr. Prevost took a canoe and paddled twelve miles up the Yukon seeking a new site; finding what seemed a favourable spot in the neighbourhood of its confluence with the Tanana. Here, on a fine forested bench, the mountains rising steeply behind it, at the original Nuchalaw'oya or Núclacay'ette, from which, for some reason which I have never been able to understand the early traders removed their post, it was determined, when the consent of the Board of Missions was

obtained, to start a new mission station, abandoning, of course, the buildings already standing at Fort Adams, but transporting the new material sent in for the church.

This decision, momentous in several ways, being approved in New York, was carried out in 1900. Meanwhile, following the great influx of white men of the Klondike years, the U. S. army returned to Alaska and selected sites for two posts along the Yukon, one of them three miles below this new mission. A town of white people soon sprang up adjacent to the post. So the town of Tanana, the army post of Fort Gibbon and the native village of St. James's mission, came to be cheek by jowl, to the great prejudice of the Indians; indeed to the ultimate destruction of most of them.

Amongst the other aids which Mr. Prevost received was a printing press, and for some time thereafter he printed and published a small sheet, the first newspaper ever published in the interior of Alaska, called *The Yukon Press*. Upon it also was printed the first result of the translations he had made into the native tongue. The only known file of *The Yukon Press* is now in a museum at Fairbanks.

One cannot read the early reports of Bishop Rowe, and particularly his first report from which I have been largely drawing, without being struck by the warm sympathy of his feel-

ings for the native people, his commiseration of their forlorn, neglected condition, his anxious thought and care for their welfare. Moreover, reading twenty-three years after the writing, it is easy to see how much foresight and good sense some of his earliest recommendations carry. And there comes, on top of these impressions, a feeling of the general futility of all reports. It has been recently the task of the present writer to read over files of reports of the governors of Alaska, of the chiefs of the Bureau of Education, of special agents with no reason for official existence save the reports they produced, covering a quarter of a century of Alaskan affairs, and when they are all read and done one feels that they might as well never have been written for all the effect they produced. A cherished hope that it might be otherwise with missionary reports does not survive a reading of them.

Here is one recommendation that, had it been acted upon, would have brought admirable results. The Bishop was quick to see that this station at the junction of the great rivers was a vantage point, and he recommended that two itinerant missionaries be associated with Mr. Prevost who should travel up the Tanana, with its many native villages, and across to the Koyukuk, where also were many Indians; that of the three each should take a turn of residence at the mission, leaving the others free

CHRIST CHURCH, ANVIK

THE SECOND AND THIRD GENERATIONS RETURNING TO A MISSION FOR CHRISTMAS

to travel. But it was not done, and the Tanana natives along five hundred miles of their river, and those of the Koyukuk far up theirs, had to wait ten years more to receive other than the most casual ministrations in the one case, and in the other, any at all save what rare visits to St. James's mission might allow.

So Fort Adams was abandoned and disappeared so completely that a short while ago the postmaster at an Alaskan postoffice showed me an advertising circular addressed to "The Missionary in Charge, Fort Adams, Alaska", and was at a loss to whom it belonged. I have read that when Cardinal Manning was an old man he received a circular addressed to Lavington, of which parish of the Church of England he had been rector fifty years before. It seems there are some American tradesmen who do not revise their mailing lists much more frequently.

The energetic itinerant work of Mr. Prevost is illustrated by the five hundred odd names of baptized Indians which the Bishop found in the register at Fort Adams, none of the adults, we may properly assume, having received that sacrament without reasonably adequate instruction. His five years had indeed been fruitful.

First Visit to Anvik

Two days further on that first journey down the Yukon brought the Bishop to Anvik, and

some of the most enthusiastic passages in his report are devoted to this place. Nine years had passed since Christ Church mission was established, nine years of quiet, patient, unremitting labour. The soil had been most unpromising, but the tillage had been faithful and the harvest was already begun. With surprise and pleasure the Bishop heard the people taking part heartily in the worship of God in their own tongue; with deep emotion he laid his hands in confirmation upon the heads of sixteen well-prepared Indians. He writes that his soul is comforted and refreshed.

How shall we enter into the feelings of Mr. Chapman, with these first-fruits of his labours in his hands—"bringing his sheaves with him"? He had sown in tears, now he was "come again rejoicing"; he had cast his bread upon the waters, nothing doubting, all these many days of many years; now it was returned to him. The slowness of response had been trying and discouraging, but his patience and faith had been equal to the task and he saw with reverent joy and gratitude the blessing of God upon his perseverance. One more proof of the abiding power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ was vouchsafed to mankind.

The church, the schoolhouse, the mission-house, the sawmill, the storehouse, the tool shop, rose around; another building was already begun, the dormitory for boys; the cabins of

Christian Indians clustered near the mission, separate from the village that still adhered to heathenism, or that, at any rate, would not yet break openly with it. One by one the natives, as they made profession and received baptism, moved across the slough from the village and the medicine men and built new cabins. None might build in the new village unless he broke openly and publicly with the medicine man and his conjurations. The new cabins were above ground and clean. Little garden plots began to surround them, some pride of neatness to appear. The children were attending school regularly, their bodies kept free of vermin and acquainted with soap and water; they were slowly learning English, not to the superseding of the native tongue but to the supplementing of it, bilingualism being the proper present goal of the Yukon Indians.

Let me return to the figure of darkness and light, and I think any reader will agree that it may be used with full sincerity. On one side of the slough, the gloom and grime of underground chambers, the walls and floor saturated with filth and infested not only with body parasites but with the accumulated germs of all manner of diseases, the heavy air reeking with ancient fish and mildew; minds still cringing in terror before the senseless jabber of sorcery, apprehensive at every turn of some ghostly evil to be practiced upon them; children with

matted hair and old impacted dirt running about in greasy rags never taken off day or night from the time they are put on until they fall off by their own disintegration of decay. On the other side—the church and schoolhouse side—new log cabins with doors and windows, even a little paint showing here and there; potatoes and turnips and cabbages growing behind a picket fence; children, I will not say clean children, as though any such miracle were possible, but children periodically cleaned, regularly washed and their clothes regularly washed, children that go to school each day with shining faces and combed hair; parents with a new gleam and a new confidence in their eyes, even a new pride in their port, the crushing weight of the old spiritual tyranny thrown off, a new dignity of manhood coming with the new freedom and faith and hope. There seems no extravagance, no perfunctoriness in the use of the figure.

I would not imply that there were no halftones, no gradation in the contrast, that the change was always so decisive. I would not imply that there was no Mr. Facing-both-ways, no Pliable, no Littlefaith amongst them—"that helpful set John Bunyan met in Charles the Second's reign." The observer of primitive peoples is of course first struck with their difference from civilized peoples, but after awhile the points of diversity cease to make the strong-

est impressions and the points of similarity stand out, until at last what strikes most forcibly is the entire identity, so far as fundamental traits of human nature are concerned, between the two. And this is why Christian experience anywhere is, when justly interpreted, valuable anywhere else; why the lessons of missions in one land fortify the wise missionary in another, though ever so remote; why the Bible has its appeal without any bounds of race or region; why Bedford gaol touches the Yukon. But there were also those in whom the change was open and pronounced and whose daily life bore evidence of their regenerated spirits.

Miss Bertha Sabine, afterwards set apart as deaconess and better known as Sister Bertha, had already begun the twenty years' work as teacher and Biblewoman which has given her distinction even amongst the devoted women of the Alaskan mission. The "carpenter who knew something of pharmacy" had served and gone, the buildings testifying to his capacity as an artificer at any rate. A female physician, Dr. Mary Glenton, had also come and gone, and to this day has never been replaced. We had a physician at Anvik for two years, whereas we should have had one for thirty. But only those who have sought for medical missionaries know how terribly scarce they are, scarce as pearls, and almost as many empty shells are brought up in the search as the pearl-diver

finds. But how precious a jewel he is when found!

Mr. Chapman had also long since gone out and married and returned, and the delights of domestic and family happiness ameliorated the loneliness and hardship of his situation.

It was not possible for the Bishop to visit Point Hope on this memorable first journey; it is not to this day possible to visit the missions of the interior in the same season that Point Hope is visited owing to the shortness of the summer and the lack of means of transport. Yet what a change Mr. Chapman had already seen in the traffic of the country! Most people at all cognizant of these matters date steamboat activity on the Yukon from the Klondike stampede, but the discoveries in the neighbourhood of Circle City had already given a great impulse to navigation. When the mission at Anvik was started, even when Mr. Prevost went to Fort Adams, one boat a year made a round trip between St. Michael and Fortymile. But in this year thirty steam-driven craft, large and small, public and private, went up the Yukon—and the historic "rush" to the Klondike was yet to take place. The old order had passed.

And things began to move so fast in interior Alaska and on the southeastern and southwestern coasts that not for three years more was the Bishop able to visit the remote Eskimo mission at Point Hope.

STAMPEDERS PASSING THROUGH SKAGWAY

TRANSPORTING BOATS OVER FROZEN LAKE LEBARGE

CHAPTER IV.

THE INVASION OF THE GOLD SEEKERS

IT was in 1897 that news came "outside" of the wonderful discoveries of placer gold on the upper Yukon and that the excitement began which spread all over the world and drew scores of thousands of people to the sub-arctic wilderness. The Klondike discoveries do not directly concern us for they were in Canadian territory, but they exerted an immense influence upon Alaska, not only upon the country contiguous to the border but upon the whole territory. They turned the attention of mankind to the northwestern corner of the continent and changed the estimation in which that region was held. They opened up the country almost at a blow, as it would have taken many years to open it up in the slow progress of ordinary development. They turned loose upon it thousands of men, and amongst them hundreds of skilled, experienced prospectors, who scattered throughout its immense area and in the course of their search for placer gold found copper and coal, cinnabar and tin and gold-bearing quartz. Many com-

panies of men bound for the Klondike never reached it; detained by news of fresh prospects and discoveries along the route, they turned aside to try their fortune rather than add to the congestion at one spot of which they were constantly hearing. Thus the camp and town of Nome sprang up on Bering Sea, of Rampart on the middle Yukon; thus the Copper River diggings and the town of Valdez on Prince William's Sound. Even away up to the headwaters of the Koyukuk, that great northeastern tributary of the Yukon, such companies penetrated, building the towns of Bettles and Coldfoot; even up that arctic river the Kobuk, emptying into Kotzebue Sound, and made the settlement of Shungnak.

Much of the great tide of immigration—most of it indeed—ebbed again. Thousands of men returned to the United States poorer in everything but experience, to resume a steady round of toil from which the adventure of the northern gold fields had lured them. But some remained, adapted themselves to the country and carried their investigations of its mineral resources far and wide.

Our scene changes to the headwaters of Yukon navigation and the difficulties of access thereto from the sea.

While the goal of the great pilgrimage was in Canadian territory, it must pass through territory of the United States, and at the usual

point of transfer from sea travel to the toilsome mountain crossing, a point also near the border, there sprang up two towns on the Lynn Canal, Dyea and Skagway, one at the foot of the Chilkoot Pass and one at the foot of the White Pass, the alternative routes, the latter swallowing the former when the railroad was built, only to be itself in great part swallowed when that railroad rendered obsolete all the elaborate packing outfits and necessary stopovers. The railroad completely killed Dyea and "made" Skagway—and presently turned round and destroyed most of Skagway too. But this was not until 1899-1900.

Second Visit to the Interior

When the Bishop visited the Yukon the second time by way of St. Michael in June, 1897, neither Dyea nor Skagway had been heard of; when he returned to southeastern Alaska in October of that year, each town had thousands of inhabitants. It is not surprising that with the congestion of population and the total lack of all sewerage, or indeed of any hygienic measures whatever, there should have been much sickness. So the Bishop withdrew Dr. Campbell from Douglas Island and Mr. Beer from Juneau and sent them to Skagway. Shortly thereafter a hospital was built, and shortly after it was built there broke out an epidemic of spinal meningitis which taxed all resources

to the utmost and from which there were more than an hundred deaths. The Bishop was asked by the trustees of the hospital to take over the institution and he did so, and forthwith enlarged it, making an appeal to the Church for help in this emergency which was quickly and generously responded to, Bishop Barker of Olympia acting as commissary for the Bishop of Alaska, providing funds and procuring material. In 1899 Dr. Campbell dropped dead on the street in Skagway.

The wild rush to the Klondike reached its height of numbers and recklessness in the spring of 1898, when Bishop Rowe crossed the Chilkoot Pass a second time on his way to the Yukon, accompanied by Mr. A. A. Selden, going in to be assistant to Mr. Prevost and to put up the new buildings at Tanana. His route was the same but conditions were very different. It is moderately estimated that not less than ten thousand men, each with his outfit of supplies, were upon the trail at one time. For miles up the hillside, wherever it was not too steep, the trail was lined on both sides with tents, containing gambling games and tables of hucksters of all sorts, while all along the trail itself one was constantly stepping over dead horses and mules and dogs and a litter of abandoned stuff thrown away when it grew too heavy. At one point of the ascent, known as "The Scales", an avalanche had buried seventy

men a few days before. Upon reaching the summit the Bishop says, "a wonderful sight presented itself to our eyes." Upon a little sheltered plateau just beneath the summit were over a thousand men, moving to and fro amidst immense piled-up heaps of stores, loading their sleds, and at the edge of the plateau was a long line of men, each at the head of a loaded sled, holding its "gee-pole", waiting his turn to make the descent into the valley. Every moment one of them launched upon the steep slope, guiding his sled by the "gee-pole" as best he could, often carried off his feet by its momentum so that the bottom was reached in a tangled mass of man and sled and outfit. At each of the accustomed stopping places along the route was a similar gathering, a similar congestion. At the head of Lake Bennett, the beginning of navigation until the railroad was built, a considerable town had arisen, the ruins of which the traveller sees today. Amidst all these successive throngs the Bishop moved, making acquaintance with the men, working by their side, talking around camp-fires, holding service whenever opportunity presented.

At the foot of Lake Tagish trees were felled and whipsawed and the boat was built. Boats indeed were for sale here—at $250 apiece; lumber also was for sale—at twenty-five cents a foot; but the Bishop says his boat cost only time and labour. Again the Miles Cañon and

the White Horse Rapids were run in safety, though the banks below were strewn with wrecked boats, ruined outfits, and, too often, drowned and battered bodies of men. One such body the Bishop recovered from the water and gave Christian burial to.

Upon the journey down the Yukon the Bishop and his companion came within an ace of the same fate. The river was in high flood and continually rising, the boat was heavily laden and his companion was not his match in water-craft. Within forty-five miles of Dawson the boat was caught in some furious "boilers," caused by cross currents, and, in spite of the greatest exertion, was carried under some "sweepers"—trees undermined by the current and leaning over within a foot or two of the water. He saw the danger, realized that it meant death, told his companion so and prepared for the dread moment, but in some extraordinary manner the boat passed under the sweepers and emerged in safety. There is scarcely a year now when some men are not drowned in just this way. In swift parts of the river, at high water, the banks are lined by such prostrate or nearly prostrate trees, renewed continually as they are detached and carried off. Says the Bishop, "God in His merciful providence brought us safely through this peril because He had some further purpose for our lives."

On the 4th June he found the new town of Dawson, the metropolis of the Klondike, under a couple of feet of water. Indeed the disastrous floods that accompanied the "break-up" of '98 are remembered to this day all along the Yukon and its tributaries. Thousands of tents were huddled together wherever level ground allowed, amidst log houses of every size and in every stage of construction; the fevered haste of building and buying, of dancing and drinking and gambling, went on without cessation under the perpetual daylight of the sub-arctic summer, in the mud and the flood; and a ceaseless stream of men with shovels and packs on their backs passed out to the diggings twenty-five miles away across the reeking tundra. It is thought that there were twenty thousand people in Dawson and its neighbourhood that summer. Never before in history was such invasion of such country, nor is it likely that there will ever be again.

A five days' rest was taken here, and the boat was launched again. "Almost afraid to trust myself to the Yukon again in its then flooded condition, yet hearing that Bishop Bompas was dangerously ill with scurvy, I started for Fortymile and reached it that night." The young Bishop in health ministered to the old Bishop sick for five days, and left him much improved. There is a tenderness and a respect, almost a veneration, in all the references of the

one to the other that becomes the recruit to the veteran. Indeed in all these reports there is a personal humility, an absence of self-assertion, that is very attractive and pleasing. Never was a Bishop with less parade of authority, less occupied with the dignity and deference due to his office. The office itself is sunk in the anxious exercise of the office.

Two years had brought changes not only to the Canadian but to the American Yukon. Just across the boundary line which Ogilvie had surveyed a decade before, a new settlement had arisen named Eagle. On American creek in the neighbourhood a few rich claims had been found, and a townsite had been laid out on the river, one of the most attractively situated in the whole country. In 1900 a two-company army post was placed here, and the town grew and flourished, though the mining never amounted to much, and for awhile was the important American town of the Yukon, the seat of the superior law court. The Bishop on his visit staked out lots and later built a church for the whites, and, three miles away, another at the native village, and sent first a clergyman—the Rev. A. R. Hoare—and then a lay-worker. But in 1904 the court was removed to Fairbanks, and in 1910 the army post was abandoned, and the town dwindled in the familiar way to a handfull of each race. Our missionary, the Rev. G. E. Burgess, who has given eleven

THE TOWN OF DAWSON

The mouth of the Klondike River is seen in the center, just beyond the city

THE BISHOP ROWE HOSPITAL, SKAGWAY

years of faithful service, has just been succeeded by a layman.

Circle City the Bishop found somewhat recovered from its Klondike evacuation, three hundred men having returned. Mr. and Mrs. Prevost had been transferred here temporarily, and Miss Deane (Sister Elizabeth) had been caring for the sick at the hospital. A physician, Dr. James C. Watt, was under appointment for the place, the reviving fortunes of which seemed to justify a complete staffing.

At Fort Yukon was the Rev. Mr. Hawksley, come hither again from the Rampart House on the Porcupine River, lent by Bishop Bompas, since most of the Rampart House Indians had descended to the Yukon attracted by the trade and the higher price for furs which accompanied the white man's influx. And indeed it was well that there was a clergyman in residence, for during the previous winter several hundreds of white men had wintered here, from steamboats unable to reach Dawson. The influence of that winter was potent and persistent of evil to the Indians.

Between Fort Yukon and the mouth of the Tanana the Bishop found another new white man's town sprung up, with gold-bearing creeks behind it and the usual native village adjacent, called Rampart City (from its situation within the lower ramparts of the Yukon). There were a couple of thousand men in the place at

the time of this visit, although only six or seven rich claims had so far been found. The feverish life of a new gold camp, with its great expectations and its sensual indulgence, was in full swing. Lots were staked for a mission site and Mr. Prevost once more transferred. Later, a layman, Mr. E. J. Knapp, gave four years' energetic and devoted service at his own cost at this place; a hospital building and a church were erected—and they stand there yet, conspicuously on the hillside, the site patented to the Church by the Land Office, the church formally consecrated. But the people are gone, save a handfull of whites and a sprinkling of native wives and half-breed children; another of our problem places, visited occasionally by the missionary at Tanana and by the archdeacon on his rounds.

Already the Bishop begins to see the great drawback to all ministrations to the white communities of the Yukon country. He writes of this place, "With regard to its future I cannot speak; it may suffer the fate of similar camps, here today and gone tomorrow. It is this feature that makes the work so trying and discouraging. It is a mission to a movement, to a procession." Yet if missionary work is to be done in the district at all, how shall great gatherings of white people, with the fringe of natives that such settlements draw, be neglected? These towns are always founded with

the utmost confidence in the richness and durability of the adjacent gold deposits, and it is possible for a missionary to be infected by this prevailing confidence even against his own judgment. Indeed it is hardly possible to resist it without dropping out of sympathy with the people and the place. Every new "strike" may be the beginning of a new Klondike; only prolonged digging will reveal what lies under the beds of the streams; all that is known for certain is that gold is there! And tradesmen who are boldly risking their capital, miners their labour and money, are apt to be impatient of caution and of doubt. Missionary work in such communities is always expensive; a certain recklessness characterizes the general expenditure, a certain disdain of economies. Wages and merchandise alike are high, freight rates, at first, excessive. The "boom" time of a new camp is a time of inflation, and the missionary work if it be established at all must be established under such conditions.

Nome

In the next year (1899) two more important missions were established at two widely separated points—Nome and Valdez, both by the same energetic and willing pioneer, Mr. Prevost. A letter from the Bishop, and he was gone a thousand miles to open up new territory, to drive fresh stakes. Few men have more

promptly left home and wife and family, more cheerfully undergone hardship and fatigue, more zealously laboured at the difficult task of the original planting of the Church. He was a most valuable instrument to the Bishop's hand.

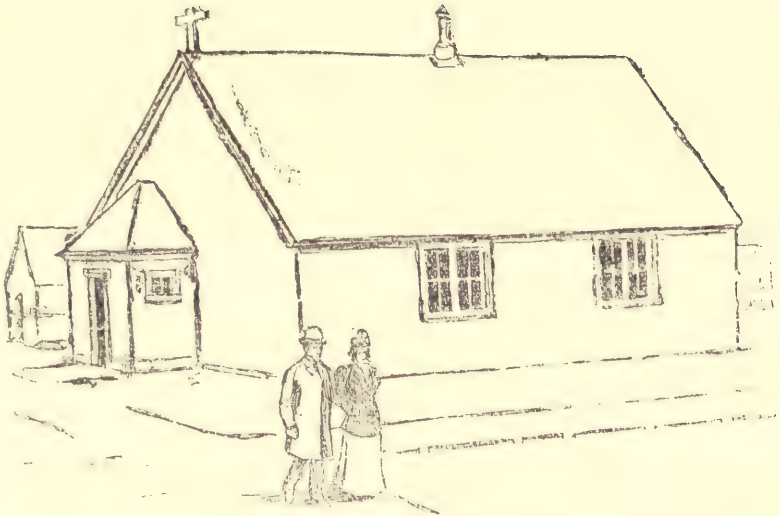
The "rush" to Nome takes rank second only to the rush to the Klondike in the history of the North. The discovery of gold in the sands of the beach itself where anyone might sit down and rock it out, made a sensation throughout the United States. This time the diggings were in United States territory and there was no very arduous journey necessary to reach them. When navigation is open Nome is a fairly accessible place, ships making the voyage from Seattle direct in from eight to ten days, and freight rates are correspondingly reasonable. But during the eight months of the year when navigation is closed Nome is more inaccessible than any point in the interior of Alaska, since the whole interior of Alaska must be traversed to reach it. The rush from the "outside", therefore, did but feed upon reports and gather momentum during the winter of 1899-90, to launch itself upon the Pacific in the summer. But from all the older camps in the interior the rush took place during the winter and spring. Never before or since was such a trail down the Yukon. From Dawson to Kaltag (at which point a portage of ninety miles

is made direct to Norton Sound, whereby the long detour of the lower river is avoided) road-houses sprang up all along the banks at intervals of twenty or twenty-five miles, so that there was a stopping place every night. The country was scoured for draught animals; horses, mules and dogs were pressed into service. Dogs rose in value so greatly that two or three hundred dollars was sometimes paid for one, and the interior was almost stripped of them. Late in the spring men even made the whole journey on bicycles, so hard-beaten was the snow. From Dawson, from Fortymile, from Circle, from Rampart, the stampede drew thousands of men, all eager to be on the spot before the new multitudes from the States could arrive.

Into this stampede Mr. Prevost was precipitated by the letter from the Bishop, stirred by the excitement outside. He had no money and the Bishop had little or none to send, or indeed any safe way of sending. Mrs. Prevost had gone out, sick, in the summer, and there remained on hand the greater part of the year's supplies. These he sold, together with many personal effects, and with the proceeds was able to join himself to a band of pilgrims from Rampart, contributing an old horse and a dog team. There is a story that at some point of the journey the horse fell lame and was shot and abandoned beside the trail; that there came along immediately behind some enterprising

chaps with a dog team, who skinned and butchered the carcase and, overtaking Mr. Prevost, sold some of it to him as moose meat. I have heard Mr. Prevost indignantly deny it, but I have also heard one of the vendors unblushingly admit it.

The journey of nearly 700 miles was accomplished in forty-three days, and about the middle of April Mr. Prevost found himself amidst the throng camping on the tundra near the auriferous beach. By solicitation amongst the storekeepers and miners he managed to raise money enough to purchase two lots for mission purposes and to provide the material for a tent church with a lumber floor and framing. This he erected on his lots and immediately began conducting divine service. On the 15th July Bishop Rowe arrived, having reached the Yukon with ease and comfort by the new White Pass railway and descended it with but brief stops at his mission stations. His description of the scene on the beach as he approached it by the steamer from St. Michael, is vivid. "There lay the wonderful new mining camp, one dazzling gleam of white stretching for miles and miles along the store, the tents so closely packed as to make an unbroken line. Here and there rose some wooden buildings, with skeletons of others, for building was going on, and so rapidly that in a few hours the outlines of a house would appear. All



ST. MARY'S CHURCH, NOME.

Built in three weeks by Bishop Rowe, Mr. Prevost, Mr. Bloor and volunteer helpers

THE MOUNTAINS ALMOST PUSH VALDEZ OUT TO SEA

around us lay vessels at anchor. Nearer shore lay wrecks which told of the furious storm of two weeks ago. The beach was strewed with wreckage and merchandise of all sorts was piled high on the tundra."

The revenue cutter *Bear,* on which he was to make his long-expected visit to Point Hope, lay at anchor, but as three weeks elapsed before she sailed for the north, he set to work helping Mr. Prevost to turn the tent church into a permanent structure. Three days later the Rev. C. H. H. Bloor arrived, appointed to the charge of the mission, and at once joined his efforts to theirs. The Bishop and Mr. Prevost worked on the building, with such assistance as they could procure from time to time, while Mr. Bloor cooked for the party and washed the dishes. Says the Bishop, "It was a sight; from four to six men sitting on the floor in the tent, satisfying hunger, using three tin cups, one bowl, three 'schooners', four knives and three forks."

So St. Mary's at Nome arose, the first, and at that time, the only church in the place, though others followed very shortly. It is necessary to have knowledge of the coast and climate to fill in the narrative to its due proportions; the rains that turn the tracks over the tundra to bottomless muck, the high chill winds that at times, even in summer, sweep over the naked flats, the swarms of mosquitoes that descend

upon man and beast whenever the winds cease. The mere incident of landing at Nome is an adventure; there is no harbour at all; it is an open roadstead and vessels sometimes lie at anchor for a week or ten days before they are able to discharge cargo or passengers, tossed about in the choppy waters of Bering Sea. You might search the coast lines of the world in vain to find a more ineligible site for a town than Nome occupies. On the Bishop's first visit to the *Bear* the open boat in which he landed from the ship was swamped and capsized in the surf of the beach. He jumped when he saw what was about to happen and was thus able to rescue the two men he had hired to row him out, who were imprisoned within the overturned boat. A thorough wetting is still a not uncommon accompaniment to landing at Nome. One of the things that struck the present writer most forcibly upon his first visit to Nome, five years later, was the mass of strange-looking rusty machinery that still burdened the beach. All sorts of ingenious complicated engines had been devised for the quick and easy extraction of gold, and there they yet lay as they had been landed, their uselessness so evident that no attempt was ever made to employ them.

What a story it is, and what reflections arise when it is recalled! The mad eagerness for wealth which was of course the original motive, led in its train a spirit of high enterprise that

often overrode its prime incentive entirely and flung itself gleefully at the conquest of obstacles for sheer love of the conquest. A superabundant animal vitality found outlet in animal ways, in foolhardiness, in licentiousness, in reckless temptings of fortune. A ready sloughing of irksome conventions often stripped off with them all the restraints of conscience in an environment that did not attempt much discrimination between the two. Into such principality of the flesh, the devil jubilantly enters and works his will of sin, and into such it was the mission of the Church at place after place in Alaska to enter with the solemn reminder of spiritual truth and spiritual responsibility; with the solemn reminder that the wages of sin is death. There was, I think, always a response, sometimes a surprisingly eager response; the religious instincts of mankind are ineradicable, however overlain with things of the world and the flesh. There is always respect for the office of a minister of religion, though that respect is largely conditioned upon the person, upon the general judgment of his sincerity and manliness. And there was never such community yet where a company could not be gathered that would take a stand for righteousness and clean living.

The Bishop made his visit to Point Hope and returned, and Mr. Prevost and Mr. Bloor were still working at building, for a residence must

be erected against the winter as well as a church. Then Mr. Prevost, on his way outside on furlough, at the Bishop's request stopped off at the new town of Valdez at the head of Prince William's Sound, and laid the foundations of the Church there also.

Valdez

There could be few greater contrasts than that between the situation of Nome and Valdez. In a bay at the head of Prince William's Sound, one of the two great arms of the sea that break into the southwestern coast of Alaska, the port of Valdez is surrounded by lofty glacier-bearing mountains, while right behind the town rises abruptly the rugged ice-masses of the Valdez glacier itself. The whole region is exceptionally bold and difficult, and, owing to the immense annual precipitation, the jagged mountain-walled inlets into which the coast is vandyked receive the ice-discharges of hundreds of glaciers, large and small. The Kenai peninsula which separates the sound from Cook's Inlet is almost entirely occupied by the Kenai mountains, ice-capped and in great part still unexplored. On the other side of the sound the Copper River cuts its way for an hundred miles through the bluffs and precipices of the Chugach mountains, some of the glaciers from which discharge into that river and at times dam its turbulent stream. It is a region

of soaring black rock and gathering-basins of snow from which the glaciers issue; a region of gloomy majesty, though it can sparkle with hard dazzling beauty when its overcast skies give place to the splendour of the sun.

Besides being the nearest port to a richly-mineralized country, Valdez at that time promised to be, and for a number of years proved to be, a gateway to the interior. The port of Valdez was so named by Don Salvador Fidalgo, a Spanish navigator who visited these parts in 1790, and is one of our few coast place-names not derived from Cook, Vancouver, the natives or the Russians. Cordova is another. Over the difficult Valdez glacier it is said that three thousand prospectors toiled on the way into the interior in 1898; most of them returning discomfited by the same laborious and dangerous way; from which it may be seen how difficult it is to penetrate to the interior from the southwestern coast. Nevertheless, when Fairbanks arose to dominant importance in the interior, a practicable stage route was constructed with much engineering skill, and a regular service maintained, on wheels in summer and on runners in winter, something like a million dollars being expended by the government upon this highway. At this time (1900), when Fairbanks was not yet existent, much interest was displayed in an "all-American route" to the Yukon, which began at Valdez and was to

pass across country to Eagle. The discovery of the Keystone Cañon avoided the passage of the Valdez glacier and rendered the route practicable, the trail was "swamped-out" along the whole distance and in the easier portions some grading work was done, but it was never put to real use because the White Pass railway soon afforded an incomparably easier approach to Eagle and its neighbourhood. A military telegraph was constructed along the whole line of this "all-American route" inhabited only by scattered bands of Indians, and for years was maintained "for strategic reasons" at enormous expense, with detachments of the Signal Corps every forty miles. It may be doubted if the crimes that have disgraced the name of liberty be any more numerous than the futile extravagancies that have been justified by the word strategy.

The towns that have sprung up along the southeastern and southwestern shores of Alaska, open to navigation the year round, are far more substantially founded than the towns of the interior or of the arctic shores, chiefly because they have other resources and dependence than placer gold mining. Rock, bearing veins of gold or copper, has been found and worked near all of them, in some places in a very extensive way; fishing for packing and export gives employment to many hands; permanent industries have brought permanent

population, and these towns, however they may fluctuate from time to time, need not fear the coming of the day when the wilderness will reclaim their sites and the fox and the wolf roam undisturbed through them.

Valdez, indeed, has been unfortunate in that the Copper River railway, built at a cost of $20,000,000 by the Guggenheim-Morgan syndicate to bring the wealth of the Kennicott copper mine to tidewater, finds its outlet at Cordova, one hundred miles to the east, and that the government railway to the Matanuska coal field and to navigable water of the interior, built at more than twice the cost mentioned, has its terminus at Seward, two hundred miles to the southwest. The former has already displaced Valdez as the ocean end of the Fairbanks highway, and the latter will replace them both as the port of entry for the interior when the railway is complete.

But all this was in the womb of the future when the Rev. Jules Prevost arrived late in August, 1900, and built a small chapel at a cost of $600, on lots given him by the townspeople, naming it for the Epiphany. The Bishop had no clergyman to send, so when Mr. Prevost left he licensed a lay reader and Sunday services at least were maintained.

This, then, was the fourth important mission started by Mr. Prevost: Circle City and Rampart on the Yukon, Nome and Valdez on the

coast, owing their origin to him. In all of them his buildings were the first church structures of any kind, and in most—if not all of them—the services he conducted were the first religious exercises ever held.

The Bishop "Freezes In"

Meanwhile the Bishop had gone from Nome into the interior by way of St. Michael and the Yukon, "freezing in" at the new mission site at Tanana, working with his own hands for a couple of months with Mr. Selden at the building of the new church, and spending the following winter in a long journey with a sled from post to post. An epidemic of measles wrought havoc among the natives of the lower river, the germs doubtless introduced into the country with the rush to Nome.

Smallpox had ravaged the people long before, the first epidemic being of Russian origin away back in 1836, and diphtheria was yet to come. But this scourge of measles was probably more fatal along the coast and on the lower Yukon than either the one or the other. It is thought that as far up as Holy Cross half the natives died. Anvik suffered severely, and although the infection diminished in virulence as it ascended the river, it was felt along the whole course. The Bishop's reports are full of tender compassion for these people, and of his efforts to ameliorate their condition. Al-

A HALT ON THE TRAIL

A TYPICAL ALASKAN ROADHOUSE

ready he has begun his almost fruitless appeals to the national government to provide medical relief. Already at station after station small makeshift hospital buildings are in charge of nurses—at Anvik, at Rampart, at Circle; the state of transition at Tanana having temporarily intermitted such work there.

The winter was a severe one, extreme cold accompanying heavy snow, and the Bishop was on the trail through its periods of greatest severity. There was scarcity of money as well as scarcity of dogs, and for a part of the winter he was pulling his sled with the aid of only one dog, and that one a gift from a trader, who told me long after, "I needed the dog myself, but I couldn't see the Bishop start out through the Yukon Flats pulling his sled by the back of his neck." Much of the time, also, he was without any companion. It is evident that the Bishop took tremendous chances during that first winter on the trail, and it is evident in the retrospect of his report that he recognizes it himself. "Humbly and gratefully do I acknowledge the loving kindness of God Who has kept and preserved me in all safety," he writes. With a temperature ranging for weeks between 50° and 60° below zero, with the dangers of "blow-holes" and open water, with the chance of being entirely lost amidst the maze of channels in the Yukon Flats, the thick mist of condensing evaporation hanging low over

the ice as it does at such temperatures, when to reach a cabin for the night was essential to the preservation of life—to travel alone or without a companion having local knowledge under such conditions is risky in the extreme. The present writer has travelled under such conditions, but not alone; he has travelled alone but not under such conditions; increasing experience has brought increasing caution and he will not now travel under such conditions at all, if he can help it, nor alone on the winter trail under *any* conditions short of a life-or-death matter. The Bishop never, I think, travelled alone again, though he sometimes had companions who were little use to him. The first winter is not usually so fraught with danger as the second; by that time the "musher" begins to have a delusion that he is a veteran, begins to rely upon his judgment and quote his experience. It is most commonly at this stage that his pride has a fall.

The snowshoe brings into play unaccustomed muscles, like mountain climbing, and the Bishop was on snowshoes the whole winter through, often lame and painfully stiff, hobbling ahead of his dog with a line around his shoulders. The reader can imagine with what joy the weary traveller was received at the mission stations, how eagerly the people, especially the native people, crowded around him, how the church bell rang in welcome and rifles were

fired for joy. But unless the reader himself know the fatigue and the hardship of such travel he would scarcely realize how rarely a man keeps temper and speech sweet, keeps amiability undiminished, under its stress. Yet no one in Alaska ever saw Bishop Rowe lose his temper or heard him other than gentle and kind of tongue. The occasions of these visits, long ago, are still recalled, and some of the old Indian women can at any time tell you to a day how long it is since the last visit of the Bishop.

* * * * *

The end of the century, which saw the Bishop in the sixth year of his episcopate, saw the Church well established in Alaska, both on the coast and in the interior, and with the end of the century we may bring this chapter to a close.

The following missions had been founded and were in operation: Christ Church, Anvik; St. James's, Fort Adams-Tanana (for it was in part at one place and in part at another); St. Andrew's, Rampart; St. Stephen's, Fort Yukon; The Heavenly Rest, Circle City (I know not who was responsible for that name, but it does not sound like the Bishop); St. Thomas's, Point Hope; St. Mary's, Nome; Epiphany, Valdez; St. Peter's-by-the-Sea, Sitka; Trinity, Juneau; St. Luke's, Douglas Island; St. Agnes's, Ketchikan; Our Saviour,

Skagway—thirteen churches in all, with a number of dependent stations. There were seven clergy canonically resident, one postulant (Dr. Driggs) and one candidate for Holy Orders (Mr. A. R. Hoare). There were ten licensed lay readers (white) and six natives. Seven white women workers were employed. One boarding school (Anvik) and seven native day schools were maintained. There were three hospitals in the jurisdiction. A monthly missionary paper, *The Crossbearer*, was issued by the Rev. James G. Cameron at Skagway.

THE TOWN OF WRANGELL

THE CHURCH, RECTORY AND PUBLIC SCHOOL AT SEWARD

CHAPTER V

EXPANSION AND CONTRACTION

AFTER attendance upon the General Convention of 1901, followed by a speaking tour throughout the United States, the Bishop brought back with him in the summer of 1902 a notable company of recruits, both men and women. The Rev. Thomas Jenkins, taking up residence at Ketchikan, began a vigorous work upon the southeastern coast which will long be remembered. The Rev. F. C. Taylor, with headquarters at Valdez, carried his ministrations around the shores of Prince William's Sound and across into the Copper River country and firmly established what Mr. Prevost had founded. The Rev. C. A. Roth went to Juneau, now steadily rising in importance and presently to become the capital of the territory, and included the quartz miners of Douglas Island in his charge. The Rev. John Huhn went to Rampart to relieve Mr. Knapp and the Rev. C. H. Rice to Circle City.

These men illustrate the breadth, and in a proper sense the indifference, of the Bishop's policy as regards Churchmanship: Roth was from the General Seminary, Rice from Nasho-

tah, Huhn from the Virginia Seminary. Already the Seabury Divinity School and the Philadelphia Seminary were represented. The Alaska mission has never been committed to a school in the Church; perhaps there never was an episcopal jurisdiction where earnest men were less interfered with. Indeed in the face of great and crying need, in the utter absence of all religion, the differences not merely between Churchmen but between Christians tend to sink into insignificance, and even extremists recede from their extremes. The Presbyterian Dr. Sheldon Jackson, after long voyaging amidst villages of heathen Eskimo, met a Jesuit priest at St. Michael and "was constrained to hail him as a brother." Many a missionary of the Episcopal Church has had deep joy over the discovery of a devout Methodist or Baptist; has been received with open arms by some loyal Roman Catholic, long disused to any sound of Christian worship. "Sometimes I'm afraid I'm the only person that's praying to God on this creek," said one such; "it's good to see anyone who believes in Jesus Christ and prays to Him." I have known of Roman Catholic priests, who, under such circumstances, while they could not explicitly permit, yet refrained from forbidding, attendance upon other worship than their own.

The work of God in the wilderness tends to soften the asperities of our unhappy divisions.

It is not always so; narrowness and exclusiveness are in some people proof against all expansive influence, but on the whole it is markedly so, and it may safely be said that no missionary ever spent a term of years in Alaska—or any similar field—without learning greater respect and tolerance for those of other opinions and training. It was a Roman Catholic mine operator who repeated to me with a twinkle in his eye Sir Horace Plunkett's appeal to the Irishmen: "Since we are certain that those who differ from us in religious belief will be properly punished for it in the hereafter, why be so bitter now?"

The new women workers were not less notable. Already, a year before, Miss Annie Cragg Farthing had gone to Anvik, and had narrowly preserved from a fire, which destroyed the girls' dormitory in the depth of winter, a life which was to be heroically laid down elsewhere in the jurisdiction ten years later. With the Bishop came Deaconess Clara M. Carter, a stimulating name to all acquainted with the Alaskan mission, occurring henceforth again and again in its story, and each time with fresh stimulation; Miss Lizzie J. Woods, inseparably connected with the trying times of the diphtheria epidemic on the upper Yukon; Mrs. Evans, for so many years the devoted foster-mother of Indian children at Anvik; Miss Harriet Mason, who lavished her strength and her means at Tanana—

all these trained, graduate nurses; and Miss Florence G. Langdon, the capable and useful manager at four or five different stations in the years to come. It was an accession of workers who stayed, and there followed a work that grew and spread.

Arthur Yates Memorial Hospital

Ketchikan on the Tongas Narrows was becoming a centre for outlying quartz mining, and was beginning the shipment of halibut in ice to Seattle for distribution throughout the United States that has now reached such considerable importance. The place was growing steadily and the need of an hospital was pressingly felt. Giving up the mission residence for this purpose, Mr. Jenkins moved his family into a rented cabin and the work of caring for the sick, that in so many places fell into our hands because there were no others, began with Miss Isabel Emberley in charge. Two years later the Arthur Yates Memorial Hospital was built.

A gasoline launch provided by Mr. A. A. Low of New York enabled this missionary to visit settlements both white and native on the many waterways of this picturesque fjord region—on Prince of Wales Island, Carter Bay, Thorne Arm, the Annette Islands. The native school, with which the name of Miss Edmond and her revival of native basketry will always be associated, enlarged and developed

its work among the Haidahs. Two different congregations used the church, Indian and white, and the accommodation had long been insufficient. So Mr. Jenkins undertook the building of a new place of worship, and, in part under his own hands, an attractive and churchly building arose, costing some $3,000, dedicated to St. John.

Seward and Cordova

On the shores of Prince William's Sound there was a similar growth, together with the starting of quite new work. An ambitious railway project to connect the interior with tidewater was started at the extremity of the Kenai peninsula, and the town of Seward sprung up on Resurrection Bay in 1903. Besides the interest of the stern and sombre majesty of this arm of the sea, hemmed in by peaks of glacier-bearing mountains, the waves of its gorge-like mouth dashing themselves against immense lowering granite precipices so that I know not where in the world may be found more impressive, I will not say more forbidding, scene, this bay has early and keen interest in the history of the country. Into this bay in 1792 came Baránoff, governor of Russian America, on a Sunday (hence the name) and selected it for the site of a shipyard, and here, with the aid of English carpenters from trading vessels, he built the first vessels other than native canoes

ever launched into Alaskan waters, the *Fenie* (Phoenix), followed by the *Dolphin* and the *Olga.* A few years later the *Fenie,* with the newly-consecrated Bishop Joasaph, a company of priests and monks and many other passengers, was lost with all hands, depriving the Russian settlements at a blow of nearly all their clergy.

So soon as the new town was started Mr. Taylor went thither from Valdez and began holding services in a tent, passing back and forth the two hundred miles between the two places repeatedly. The people were attracted and interested and made contributions towards a church building soon begun, dedicated to St. Peter, the basement long serving all purposes of gathering while yet the superstructure delayed. Forty miles of railroad was built and the grading carried much further, but the project was not adequately backed and it was intermitted for years. The feverish period of Seward settlement passed, the languor of hope deferred followed, and though there was a slow, steady development of local trade and enterprise, it was not until the United States government took over the railway project and designated Seward as its ocean terminus and resumed active construction that the town became fixed upon the map and of assured importance. The church is now handsomely finished and an attractive parsonage was built adjoining in 1917 by the Rev. George J. Zinn.

At Cordova, an old centre of the Russian church on Prince William's Sound, the building of a railroad to develop the copper industry led to the opening of a work among white people which is well known throughout the Church. In the summer of 1908 the Rev. E. P. Newton went out from New York to assist Bishop Rowe in southeastern Alaska. He succeeded Mr. Taylor at Valdez, and, reaching out from there as Mr. Taylor had done in the case of Seward, he visited Cordova and was struck by the need of a place where the numbers of young men from the States in the employ of the mining company and the railway might spend their leisure. Bishop Rowe had been early on the ground and had selected one of the best sites in the town, but in the uncertainty which accompanied all new mining developments in Alaska he hesitated about building a church. Mr. Newton solved the problem by putting up the Red Dragon Club House, which not only served as a place of worship on Sunday but was at all times a homelike refuge for those whose tastes did not lead them to the saloon or the gaming house. In the following year Mr. Newton was succeeded by the Rev. E. P. Ziegler, whose continuation of this work will be told in a later chapter.

But if Ketchikan, Juneau and Cordova were growing and the Prince William's Sound country developing and opening up, Skagway was

steadily declining. Its fortunes had been the fortunes of the Klondike, and since the building of the railway it had become a transfer and shipping point for the goldfields of the interior —and not much else. Convenient church and parsonage had been built largely through the generosity of Mrs. J. Hull Browning of New York, and the Rev. J. G. Cameron maintained regular services and edited *The Crossbearer.*

Deaconess Carter and Miss Langdon took vigorous charge of the "Bishop Rowe Hospital," but shortly thereafter the all-important influence of the place, the White Pass and Yukon Railway Company, decided to build its own hospital for its employés, according to a very general railroad policy, and when this was accomplished the need for the Church hospital became much less pressing.

Wrangell

In 1904 there was an interesting occurrence at Wrangell which brought about the establishment of a mission at that place. The minister and most of the congregation of another religious body having some long-standing quarrel with their national organization, made application to Bishop Rowe to be received into the Episcopal Church. After due enquiry, and with the advice and consent of his standing committee, the Bishop consented, confirmed and afterwards ordained the minister and con-

PLACER MINING IN ALASKA

The bucket at the top is dumping earth just hauled out from the mine, and the man with the hose is sluicing out the dump that has accumulated all winter

ST. MATTHEW'S MISSION, FAIRBANKS

firmed a number of the people. So St. Philip's, Wrangell, sprang into being on our records and the Rev. H. P. Corser still maintains a charge which he has carried for nearly twenty years, having spent a year in study at the General Theological Seminary soon after his accession to the ranks of our clergy.

This old town, named for Baron Wrangell, one of the Russian governors, and in those days a place of much importance, is a mixed white and Indian station, near the mouth of the Stikine River, its activities being chiefly fishing and canning. The native village is adorned with many carved and painted totem poles, into the heraldic lore of which Mr. Corser has delved deeply and about which he has written an explanatory pamphlet much sought after by interested tourists. Mr. Corser has built a gymnasium and clubroom in connection with the church, chiefly used and much appreciated by the Indian youth, and he has the distinction of having organized the first Boy Scout troop in Alaska amongst them.

Beginnings at Fairbanks

The story now passes into the interior again and very soon connects itself with another great gold strike, the last of the really great discoveries. In the fall of 1903 Bishop Rowe had found himself in the interior, "freezing-in" at Tanana once more, helping in the completion

of the church, and when the snow had come the winter saw the second of his long, arduous sled journeys from mission to mission up the Yukon. From Circle he made his way across country over two difficult mountain passes still traversed by that trail (since there is no way around them) to the new town and the newly-discovered diggings of Fairbanks on the Tanana River, some three hundred miles up that stream.

The gold discoveries in the north, and, one supposes, in any wilderness country, are made in sequences, one dependent on another. The Stewart River bars of the early eighties led to the Sixtymile and the Fortymile, and the Sixtymile and the Fortymile led to the Klondike. The Circle City camp, again, was a direct offshoot from the Fortymile, and the Fairbanks camp could not have come into existence without Circle. Each new camp brings a trader's store, and the new store becomes a base of supplies from which country beyond may be prospected. The prospector wanders widely, yet within limits. The length of his tether is the distance he can haul his flour and bacon.

So soon as the Fortymile store was established Arthur Harper remembered the story of Archdeacon McDonald scooping up gold with a spoon on "Preacher Creek" and sent men to find the spot. So soon as their discovery brought about the Circle City camp, men began to outfit for trips across country to the

Tanana. There was another element in the placing of the town of Fairbanks, it is true—the adventure of a trader who, baulked of his purpose to reach the fur-and-Indian country about the uppermost part of the Tanana, and compelled to start business in the unpromising locality where the steamboat dumped him and his stock, upon learning of some minor gold fields in his neighbourhood sent messengers to Dawson heralding a great "strike". The production of the Klondike had already begun to decline heavily, the population of Dawson was greater than the output of the creeks required or could maintain. Any rumour of new discovery was enough to start a stampede. The men came flocking and he disposed of his stock at high prices—and narrowly escaped lynching, it is said, when the meagre basis of his message was learned. But the men thus drawn to the Tanana by false pretences started prospecting and themselves discovered the rich creeks which established the camp and made Fairbanks for a decade the largest town in Alaska.

The winter of 1902-3 was the "starving-time" on the Tanana, when the newcomers had eaten up the traders' supplies and no more could be obtained—the usual concomitant of the first winter at a new camp. The next summer brought a multitude of people and abundance of merchandise, and when early in February,

1904, the Bishop reached the place he found a bustling eager throng, anxious to make good the advantage of early arrival at a new camp that promised so largely. Already a townsite had been laid out and the best lots had been staked. The usual flamboyant viciousness of such places was in full swing, naked and unashamed. The Federal judge had already come across from Eagle and had promised the transfer of the court and the building of a courthouse. Yet, with his experiences at Circle and Rampart in his mind, it took some faith on the part of the Bishop to throw himself and the utmost of his efforts into the fortunes of this new camp. So far the wealth was still "on bedrock". Rich discoveries had been made on several creeks, but the diggings were deep and much machinery was necessary to work them, and none knew whether drifting would "develop a pay-streak" or if the few shafts that had been sunk to bedrock and had yielded such rich "pans" had happened to strike "pockets".

The Bishop saw that the prime need of the place was an hospital; there were sick and injured already and no place where they might be cared for. He gathered the leading men at a meeting and organized a committee. Two of them gave up adjoining lots that they had staked and a third was purchased, so that an adequate site for hospital and church along the water front was immediately secured. Then

he left $1,000 with them to procure material for the hospital and promised to send in nurses and equipment the following summer. There was no money in the camp, but the meeting pledged itself to the labour of building.

A Hazardous Journey

When a week or two had been spent in and around Fairbanks the Bishop decided to reach the coast by a bold overland journey to Valdez. The four hundred miles of exceedingly difficult country between had indeed previously been traversed, but no definite route had been established and there was no trail at all. It involved crossing the great Alaskan range that divides the drainage of the Yukon from the streams tributary to the southwestern coast. His many friends at Fairbanks strongly dissuaded him from the attempt, but he was resolved upon it, and despite deep snow followed by intense cold he started from Fairbanks on the 13th February, with nine dogs and two sleds and his companion of the winter. The Bishop, on snowshoes, was in the lead, and at the end of the first day's journey, when he had reached a camping place and pitched his tent, presently his companion came up without his team, declaring the dogs too tired to bring the load, and the Bishop had to go back some miles and bring them up; an illustration of how useful that companion was.

Up the Tanana River amidst the many channels and the drift-covered bars of the Bates Rapids, to the Salchaket and the mouth of the Delta, approaching nearer all the time to the lofty, beautiful peaks of the Alaskan range; up the Delta River, the ice in many places covered with overflow water, pent up until it heaved the ice into mounds and at last burst through, which it was difficult and yet imperative to avoid,—for the thermometer stood around 60° below zero and at such temperatures wetting the feet of man or dog meant the certainty of frost-bite,—past places where the tremendous force of the water had broken the ice completely away and rushed in an open black stream overhung by dense mist until it plunged beneath the ice-crust again; crossing and recrossing wherever the ice seemed safe and the surface dry; getting above the timber line at last, where in the summer the river receives the discharge of living glaciers coming down from the mountain snow-basins—they reached the Delta Pass at last and made camp in a storm amidst some scrub alders and willows.

They were now upon the watershed between the Copper River flowing into Prince William's Sound and a tributary of the Tanana flowing into the Yukon and Bering Sea; the watershed between Pacific Ocean and Atlantic Ocean drainage, and they were in the heart of the great Alaskan range, its peaks and precipices

and glaciers rising all around them. Eight days out of Fairbanks, the consumption of food had so diminished the load that one sled could now be abandoned. Moreover, dog-food was already so far gone that, reluctantly enough, the Bishop was compelled to shoot three dogs. The mountain pass made the usual contribution of northern mountain passes; they bagged twenty-three ptarmigan, but "grub" already began to be a very serious problem and they limited their eating to a scant ration.

Those who have gone through a similar experience in the crossing of the wide unmapped areas, who have pushed up one stream to its head with the intent of dropping down another to its mouth, will understand the perplexity of the party as they stood upon this watershed. To right and to left and in front gullies descended from the glacier-laden mountain side, the earliest beginnings of streams, the ultimate sources. Not only the success of the journey but the lives of the travellers depended upon selecting the right gulch. The Gulkana, the Gokona and the Chestochina are all tributaries of the Copper River, heading in the same glaciers, but the Gulkana afforded the shortest, most direct route. The Bishop knew that from the postoffice at Valdez on the coast three men had been sent out to attempt to reach Fairbanks by way of the Gulkana and thus avoid a long circuitous route by which a little mail

had already been brought in; indeed this knowledge had influenced him in resolving on his journey. He expected to meet these men somewhere about this pass by which they must cross the range—there is no other within an hundred miles—and, despite the shortness of food, he waited two days. But the pioneers of the mail service did not arrive; as it turned out they went up a wrong fork of the Gulkana and two of the three starved and froze to death. So, on the 25th February, the Bishop chose what he believed to be the source of the Gulkana and the descent was begun.

The glacial stream led to a lake many miles long, from which proceeded a river. Their safety depended upon that river being the Gulkana. For three days of long forced marches with starving dogs they followed its sinuous course, uncertain, and then, almost in extremity for subsistence, they reached an Indian camp and found that their decision had been right; they were on the Gulkana and only fifteen miles from the Copper River by an Indian cross-country trail. A supply of moose meat recruited the failing energies of men and dogs, and they resumed the march after one day's rest. The high tableland along the west bank of the Copper River, with its noble distant views of great snow-covered mountains—Mts. Sanford and Drum and Wrangel and Blackburn—led them along until the crossing of the coast

range was necessary, and this, amidst violent storms and with excessive fatigue and exposure, they at last accomplished, reaching Valdez on 7th March, twenty-three days out of Fairbanks. At the foot of the Valdez glacier a thousand men were encamped, waiting for fine weather to attempt its passage, on their way to the new Fairbanks camp.

The whole route is familiar enough now. Until the Copper River railway diverted the travel to Chitina instead of Valdez, stage coaches traversed it regularly two or three times a week for years. At least a million dollars has been expended by the government upon the construction of a highway; automobiles pass back and forth along it—though they do not survive many round trips even today. But in the winter of 1903-4 it was unsurveyed and even unexplored. To the best of my knowledge the Bishop was the first to pass from Fairbanks to Valdez by the Delta-Gulkana route, and I have given the journey some detail and prominence because it was a notable piece of missionary pioneering. The journey over the Chilkoot pass was doubtless more spectacular and impressive and gathered around it much sensational journalistic writing from the mishaps of the multitude who essayed it, but one doubts if it were more arduous or perilous. There is perhaps no country in the world so difficult of access from its own coast-line as Alaska.

Arrayed in tattered garments of the trail, worn threadbare from the labours of the journey, his face weather-beaten and drawn, and disfigured by the scars of frost-bites, the people in Valdez did not recognize their Bishop. Worse than that he was crippled with a neuritis in his shoulder and almost speechless with a swollen throat. After some days' rest he recovered sufficiently to take services on Sunday, when the little church was filled to overflowing with congregations eager to hear of his journey. Two weeks were spent in Valdez, and "a week" in California "to recuperate", and then the Bishop started again for his field. "In spite of all fatigue," he wrote, "I feel that the joy of the work I was able to do amply justified it."

HUDSON STUCK, D.D., F.R.G.S.,
Archdeacon of the Yukon

ARCHDEACON STUCK READY FOR THE TRAIL

CHAPTER VI.

BY DOG-SLED OR LAUNCH

WITH the building of Fairbanks it became evident that the work of the Church in the territory was grown too large for the constant personal supervision of the Bishop, and in this year (1904) the present writer, then Dean of St. Matthew's Cathedral, Dallas, Texas, responded to an appeal of the Bishop, mainly with a view of relieving him of his winter journeys. He went to Fairbanks that summer with a commission as "Archdeacon of the Yukon and Tanana Valleys and of the Arctic regions to the north of the same" —a sufficiently wide scope for any man's wanderings and charge.

St. Matthew's Mission

Fairbanks itself was, of course, the first care, and thither the archdeacon bent his way. It has been explained that the hospital at Skagway had almost completed its work. Indeed had it done no more than succour the sick of the great stampede it would have justified itself. After the terribly fatal epidemic of meningitis, the

cases were mostly of men brought in from the trail, accident or frost-bite or pneumonia, the last always one of the most common and dangerous diseases of the north. During the building of the railway there was an outbreak of typhoid fever, and at times the capacity of the hospital was taxed to the uttermost. But now that the railway company was taking care of its own sick and the population of the town was steadily declining, there was no longer the great need that the earlier years had known. The institution was maintained for some time longer under Miss Florence Langdon, who had done valiant service at many different stations, but Deaconess Carter was transferred to Fairbanks, and, with a man and his wife designed as domestic help in the new institution, she passed over to Whitehorse by the railway and there the little company loaded their possessions and much hospital equipment on a scow and floated down the Yukon to the mouth of the Tanana River, proceeding thence by steamboat. Miss Farthing was sent from Circle, another nurse came from the outside and the Rev. John Huhn was transferred from Rampart. When the archdeacon joined them a few days later the staff of the mission was constituted and a new centre of Church activity set up in the interior.

The Fairbanks district proved second only to Nome and the Klondike in richness and extent; the only really large placer gold camp that the

interior has known. Almost immediately the town became the most populous in all Alaska, swollen by drafts from other camps as well as from the outside world; but from the first the predominant strain was the Klondike contingent. Indeed Dawson was largely depopulated in 1904 by the rush to Fairbanks of tradesmen and liquor dealers, caterers and gamblers, and the male and female parasites of the miners, as well as by miners and prospectors themselves. For years, until the religious and decent elements could organize themselves and make their influence felt for law and order, the town was "wide open."

The hospital was complete in only one story and the whole interior was to finish, but the money gathered had all been spent. Money was borrowed, materials purchased on credit, and the building was soon in use; indeed before the carpenters left there were already two or three patients within it, so pressing was the need Then a small log church was built, a picturesque structure amidst the wilderness of "frame" houses and stores, "the only building in Fairbanks worth making a picture of" as a visiting artist said.

It was an exceedingly expensive little church, for carpenters received a dollar and a half an hour, labourers a dollar an hour; raw, wet, native lumber cost $100 a thousand feet and nails cost twenty-five cents a pound; but it was an

exceedingly useful one. Although only 40x25 feet in dimensions, built of rough, unhewn logs with the bark on, and devoid of any interior lining, it cost upwards of $3,000, much of it gathered in the town. It had the distinction of constant usefulness outside its primary purpose of worship. Every day in the week and every night in the week, almost all night as well as all day, it was in use as a reading room, the little chancel screened by a curtain. Fifteen hundred books lined the shelves across the back, a good supply of periodicals was piled upon the tables down the middle, a writing desk and stationery were provided, the pews became benches, and there were few hours of the twenty-four that men might not be found availing themselves of the only place of common resort in the town that was not a liquor shop.

There was still, however, exceedingly little money in the camp, rich as the diggings were now known to be. Of actual metallic money it was estimated that there was only a few thousand dollars and that mostly in the hands of the gamblers who ran public tables in all the saloons. The paper money was chiefly Canadian, brought by the people from Dawson, and there was not much of it. The main currency was gold dust. Every shop of every kind had its pair of gold scales and received the dust that was presented at a flat rate of sixteen dollars an ounce, usually making a dollar or two

an ounce upon the transaction. A twenty-five cent piece was then, and is now, the smallest current coin in the interior of Alaska. But in those early days even gold dust was scarce, though the creeks were now known to be very rich, and most trading was on credit.

The hospital, that first winter of its activities, took care of more than an hundred men suffering from all sorts of injuries and serious complaints, and sixty of them had nothing wherewith to meet the expenses of their care. To anyone who knows the work of St. Matthew's Hospital during those early years when it was the only hospital in the camp, there is no reason to sing its praises. The devoted labours of Miss Carter and her colleagues saved many lives that would otherwise have been sacrificed And the camp at large so appreciated these ministrations that it was not necessary to appeal to the Church for funds, although, of course, the Church paid the stipends of the workers and many contributions were received.

The Church Periodical Club

A beginning was early made of that free distribution of periodical literature amongst the miners and prospectors that afterwards grew to such great proportions, and that constitutes, indeed, no small part of the benefit which the Alaskan Mission has brought to the white men of the country. That most admirable organi-

zation, the Church Periodical Club, lent its aid; Church people generally throughout the United States were brought into line, and a stream of weekly and monthly publications began to pour into Fairbanks, and to go out again to the remotest corners of the country, until the number handled annually rose above twenty thousand. Many an isolated prospector depends to this day for his winter reading upon packages supplied from the Fairbanks mission, and in the first year of the Iditarod stampede almost the only reading matter in the whole camp of a couple of thousand men, was thus supplied. It was impossible for the steamboats to get enough food into that camp for the winter; they had no space for magazines. So the *Pelican* carried in a cargo of five hundred monthly magazines and a number of sacks of weeklies, and upon this meagre diet the camp lived, intellectually, for the whole winter. I have often thought that the percentage of insanity in Alaska, abnormally high as it is, would have been much higher had we not been able to alleviate the loneliness and isolation of the miner's lot by the gift of reading matter. It is a man's own fault, now, if he go out into the hills for the winter without a plentiful supply of reading. And into each bundle there is slipped a copy of one of the Gospels, or a Prayer Book or other religious reading. Every mission in Alaska is a point of such distribution, but Fairbanks is still the

ST. JOHN'S IN THE WILDERNESS, ALLAKAKET
The "farthest north" of all vested choirs

A GROUP OF CHRISTIAN INDIANS IN THE INTERIOR

centre from which the greatest quantity is sent, to the remotest parts. The Alaskan mission, and the Alaskan population, are enormously indebted to the Church Periodical Club, and I will add, what cannot be said of all our helpful agencies, have never been made to feel the weight of the obligation. The heart of every Alaskan missionary warms towards the Church Periodical Club.

The establishment of the new centre at Fairbanks and the appointment of an archdeacon of the interior—in effect a general missionary with a roving commission and a sort of indefinite supervision (the need for the defining of which has never arisen)—gave opportunity for the further extension of the work of the Church and permitted the regular visitation, not only of our mission stations, but also of places where white men or natives were congregated, far from any such. The coming of the Rev. Charles Eugene Betticher to Fairbanks in 1905 relieved the archdeacon of any local charge and left him free for his general work. It did many other things also that will find their reference as the narrative proceeds, for Mr. Betticher's ten years' service looms large in the recent history of the Alaskan mission.

There began in 1904 a series of archdiaconal winter journeys with a dog sled, each covering from 1,500 to 2,000 miles, in which the populated parts of the whole Yukon basin were

reached and the whole Arctic coast was visited; twelve winters having been so spent at this writing. Since full accounts of the more interesting of these journeys are elsewhere available it is not necessary to refer to them in detail here. The starting of the Koyukuk mission, however—on the northerly part of the chief northern tributary of the Yukon; and of the mission at the Tanana Crossing,—on the southerly part of its chief tributary, were outcomes of these journeys, the former being built by the archdeacon himself in 1907, and the latter carried out under the direction of the Rev. Charles E. Betticher.

St. John's-in-the-Wilderness

On the Koyukuk River, nearly 500 miles above its confluence with the Yukon, there lives a band of some two hundred Indians, and 150 miles further up the river is the most northerly of Alaska's gold camps, perhaps also the most northerly in the world. The Indians had not escaped the almost inevitable contamination that comes from contact with the whites, and nothing whatever had been done in the way of school or mission for their benefit. Some few had been across country to Tanana years before and had received elementary instruction at that mission, of which only fragments remained. One old woman had learned what she supposed was a hymn, and every Sunday sang it religiously.

When she was asked to sing it she did so with much pride—and it turned out to be the alphabet set to music! I do not doubt that the faithful repetition of this unintelligible chant, as it was prompted by pure devotion and a desire to do God service, so was accepted by Our Father in Heaven for what it was meant to be. I am of opinion that many a Te Deum that swells through long-drawn aisle and fretted vault has less real devotion behind it; and for that matter, I have often heard chanting in imposing churches that was no whit more intelligible. Only this past winter I listened to a choral service in a great metropolitan church and never did discover whether the choir sang the *Magnificat* or the *Cantate Domino.* Anyway I am sorry for those who can see only something funny in this poor old Indian woman singing the English alphabet as an offering of praise and thanksgiving. I think it was as much this incident as anything else that stirred me to the resolve that the full gospel should be brought to these people of the arctic wilderness and a mission and school established. So the journey of 1906-7 was ended on the Koyukuk River at the spot previously selected,—where the Alatna River joins the Koyukuk, just north of the arctic circle—to which spot had been sent by steamboat the previous summer such building material as the country could not furnish, and with the help locally procurable the mission build-

ings were erected, and the church named for St. John-in-the-Wilderness.

The first steamboat of the summer brought Deaconess Carter, who having spent four years in hospital work amongst white people was at last able to satisfy the desire with which she had come to Alaska, of working amongst the natives, and her companion, Miss Clara Heinz of California. It was most fortunate for the success of this new venture that so capable and experienced and devoted a woman as Deaconess Carter was available. The work at the Allakaket (meaning "mouth of the Alatna" since it is situated at that confluence) has always borne the impress that she gave it during her five years' charge, and has been blessed with a succession of discreet and zealous women who have carried on her plans and maintained her policy.

In its degree, there are few mission stations anywhere that have more thoroughly justified themselves by results than that at the Allakaket. It has one unique distinction: it is the only mission in Alaska that serves two distinct races, the Indians and the Eskimos. For the enterprising Eskimos had pushed up the Kobuk River from their natural habitat on the Arctic coast, crossed the divide to the Alatna and descended that river to its mouth before the mission was built, and are established at a village on one bank of the Koyukuk, while the Indians are established on the other, in a new

village built when the mission was started. The language complication thus introduced into the work has been difficult; two interpreters are always necessary in church. But the influence exerted on both races has been very marked and beneficial; far down the Kobuk River, as well as far up the Koyukuk, that influence has penetrated. White men have been succoured again and again by the trained nurse always maintained there, as well as natives, and the thirteen years' work at this place has changed the nature of the neighbourhood.

The Tanana Valley Missions

If it were one of the archdeacon's long journeys that revealed the need of undertaking work amongst the Indians of the upper Tanana River (the chief southern tributary of the Yukon) it fell to the lot of the Rev. Charles E. Betticher to take the necessary steps to build St. Timothy's mission at the Tanana Crossing.

No sooner was this young and enthusiastic missionary priest settled at Fairbanks than he began to stretch out for work amongst the Indians inhabiting the Tanana River both above and below (for Fairbanks is situated about midway of its length). The care of the church and the hospital (this latter in itself engrossing), the organizing of the extensive magazine distribution already spoken of, the

periodic visitation of the adjacent creeks where thousands of miners were labouring, these did not suffice his appetite for work, and, little by little, one at a time, during those memorable ten years of his Alaskan residence, the string of missions that are now grouped under the head of "Tanana Valley" sprang into being—Nenana, Chena, the Salchachet, the Tanana Crossing. And that most effective advertisement and agency of the work, the quarterly *Alaskan Churchman,* was founded and soon grew to a subscription list of nearly three thousand. Of late years the Alaskan Mission has had no more valuable member than this slight, youthful-looking and delicate, but energetic and resourceful man.

Annie Cragg Farthing

In the list of missions started by Mr. Betticher, that at Nenana was mentioned. It has grown into one of the most important enterprises of the Church in Alaska, and brings on the scene one of the most notable of the many notable women who have been connected with the Alaskan mission, Miss Annie Cragg Farthing, sister of the present Bishop of Montreal.

Her first quinquennium of service was divided amongst different stations; she took the place of a worker at Anvik out on furlough; she was colleague of Miss Lizzie Woods at Circle City; when the Fairbanks hospital was

THE CONCRETE CROSS WHICH MARKS MISS FARTHING'S GRAVE

BISHOP ROWE, MISS FARTHING AND CONFIRMATION CLASS AT NENANA

started she became housekeeper there. But upon returning to Alaska for another period she was given charge of the newly-established mission at Nenana. It was under this opportunity of sole charge that the really remarkable qualities of this most competent and cultivated gentlewoman appeared. Five years in lesser responsibilities had given her experience and confidence; she had learned to know and to love the Indians. She lived to give only three years to this new work, but those three years served to stamp the impress of her lofty character indelibly upon it and to leave a decided and most unusual influence upon the native people.

For a long time there had been need of a native boarding school situated in the central part of the interior of Alaska. The school at Anvik was too far away, and the language there spoken differed widely from the language of the middle Yukon; parents were loath to send their children so far. Miss Farthing began such a school in a log cabin on the bank of the Tanana River, just above its confluence with the Nenana, in the fall of 1907. With five thousand dollars secured from the Men's Thankoffering made at the General Convention of 1907 a large house was built to serve as a dormitory during the next summer, and St. Mark's mission tract was laid out and outbuildings constructed. Thus there came into being an institution which has had a powerful

effect upon numbers of young Indians, both male and female.

It would be easy to give striking instances of the potency and stretch of this remarkable woman's influence amongst the native people, an influence—strange as it may sound to those who deem any half-educated, underbred white woman competent to take charge of an Indian school—due as much to her wide culture, her perfect dignity and self-possession, her high breeding, as to the love and consecrated enthusiasm of her character. It is no exaggeration to say that Miss Farthing's work has left a mark broad and deep upon the Indian race of this whole region that will never be wiped out. The writer on his journeys among the Indian missions found that a visit to Nenana was a cure for the discouragement that must sometimes come to all those who are committed heart and soul to the cause of the Alaskan native. To see tall, upstanding fellows of sixteen and seventeen, clean-limbed and broad-shouldered, wild-run all their lives, unaccustomed to any restraint at all and prone to chafe at the slightest; unaccustomed to any respect for women, to any of the courtesies of life—to see them fly at a word, a look, to do her bidding, to see them jump up and hold open the door if she moved to pass out of a room, to see the eager devotion that would have served her upon bended knee had they thought

it would please her, was wonderful. One sees in the mind's eye such boys, returned to their homes here and there on the Yukon and Tanana, after their two or three years at this school, carrying with them some better ideal of human life than they could ever get from those with whom they would be thrown, something of the keen sense of truth and honour, of the nobility of service, which they had learned of her whom they all revered.

When early in the school's history an old medicine man at Nenana had been roused to animosity by her refusal to countenance an offensive Indian custom touching the adolescent girls, and had defiantly announced his intention to make medicine against her, she resolutely, staff in hand, attended by two or three of her devoted youths, invaded the midnight pavilion of the conjurer in the very midst of his conjurations, tossing his paraphernalia outside, laying her staff smartly across the shoulders of the trembling *shaman,* and driving the gaping crew helter-skelter before her, their awe of the witchcraft overawed by her commanding presence. It gave a shrewder blow to the lingering tyrannical superstition of the medicine man than decades of preaching and reasoning would have done. No man living could have done the thing with like effect, nor any woman save one of her complete self-possession and natural authority. The younger villagers

chuckle over the jest of it to this day, and the old witch-doctor himself was crouching at her feet and, as one may say, eating out of her hand, within the year.

Once, on returning from a journey, the writer spent the night at a roadhouse kept by a white man married to an Indian woman. There was excellent yeast bread on the table, and good bread is a rare thing in Alaska. "Where did you learn to make such good bread?" I inquired of the woman. The answer was "Miss Farthing". Yet it was nine years ago, long before the school at Nenana was started, that this Indian girl had been under Miss Farthing's teaching at Circle City. The training there received was lasting.

They tell us there is no longer much place or use for gentility in the world, for men and women nurtured and refined above the common level; tell us in particular that woman is only now emancipating herself from centuries of ineffectual nonage, only now entering upon her active career. Yet I am of opinion, from such opportunities to observe and compare as my constant travel has given me, that the quiet work of this gracious woman of the old school, with her dignity that nothing ever invaded and her poise that nothing ever disturbed, is perhaps the most powerful single influence that has come into the lives of the natives of interior Alaska.

Miss Farthing's death was in keeping with her self-sacrificing resolute life. There was a Canadian half-breed of those parts who was determined to secure one of Miss Farthing's Indian girls in marriage; Miss Farthing was determined that he should not secure her, as much because of the girl's tender age as of the wild drunken character of the man, who procured clandestine liquor continually from an unscrupulous trader near by. One dark cold night in November, 1910, Miss Farthing was awakened by a thundering beating on the door. Arising and opening, she was confronted by this man, flown with drink and with a gun in his hand, who told her he had come to kill her because she would not let him have the girl. "You may kill me if you like, but you shan't have that girl," she replied. Her wits about her, the dauntless lady succeeded in pacifying him somewhat and in taking his gun away from him, and then, because the night was bitterly cold and she thought he might freeze to death in his intoxicated condition, she let him stay in the hallway and gave him some blankets to lie upon—by this time maudlin in his regrets. The children, some of whom had been awakened by the noise, were sent back to bed, and the man passed the night in the hall, and in the morning, thoroughly abashed and ashamed, was given some breakfast. When she was remonstrated with for refusing to

prefer a criminal charge against him she replied, "I will never allow it to be said that I am afraid of any native; he won't come again."

On the heels of this incident there followed a period of double labour and intense anxiety. Because a nurse who had volunteered for the hospital at Fairbanks had drawn back and failed when it was too late to procure another, it was deemed necessary to withdraw the nurse from Nenana to take her place. That left only Miss Farthing and the teacher at the mission. A child fell sick and grew rapidly worse. Miss Farthing attended to her domestic duties all day and sat up nursing the child most of the night for the best part of a week, refusing in her masterful way, to let the teacher share her vigil. "I won't have you sleepy in the schoolroom," she said. One night as it grew towards morning she made her way heavily upstairs and awoke one of the larger boys, bidding him come down as she felt ill. He jumped up and dressed hastily, noticing with what difficulty she went down again. When he was with her she asked him to open the door and help her out on the porch. It was a mild morning and just at the earliest dawn. Here she sat down on the steps and he beside her. She told him that she was praying to God to send someone to look after her children, and with that her head fell on the boy's shoulder and she became unconscious. It was her last utterance. Tele-

grams were sent at once to Fairbanks, nurse and doctor started without delay and made the journey of seventy-five miles without stopping, but when they arrived Miss Farthing was gone —and the little sick child was gone too. An autopsy revealed a clot of blood on the brain, and the doctor said she must have had some severe shock. The midnight ruffian with his gun and his threats was doubtless shock enough, and the intense strain that followed had, no doubt, its part in the fatal issue.

We begged her body from her brother (who had telegraphed instructions for its shipment to Canada), knowing her expressed soldier's wish to lie where she might fall, and we buried her high up on the bluff overlooking the mission, the little child beside her, within sight on a clear day of that Mt. Denali (or McKinley) upon which she loved to gaze; and we reared a celtic cross of concrete on the spot.

On that November day God took to himself a very noble gentlewoman and a great missionary. The Alaskan mission has not, I think, a dollar of endowment, but in the life and death of Annie Cragg Farthing has nobler riches than any amount of money can represent. Her spirit has impressed itself upon the school, has, in large measure, entered into each of her successors, and although at this writing ten years have passed since her death, she yet lives powerfully in memory and influence.

This school is supported largely by scholarships given by individuals and societies in many parts of the United States. It has been hard hit, in common with other institutions similarly supported, by the great increase in the cost of all supplies. For a number of years it proved possible to feed a child at this school for $100; last year the actual cost was $187. In some cases the donors of scholarships were able and willing to increase them from $100 to $200, but in many the original sum is all that can be given.

The removal of this school and village has become a pressing necessity, pressing more sharply every year, by the building of the railway town of Nenana within a mile of the schoolhouse. To hope for its continued success in the presence of a considerable white town is to ignore all the lessons of the past in Alaska. We have hoped, and some are still hoping, that the Government will make compensation for the buildings that must be abandoned; will take them over, together with the mission site, and enable village and mission and school to move to a site that has been selected some seventy-five miles away.

The Tanana Crossing

I could tell stirring stories in connection with the starting of St. Timothy's mission at the Tanana Crossing—made possible by a gift of

A SHIPWRECK ON THE UPPER TANANA

The boat is sinking, the missionaries have managed to salvage most of their goods and have taken refuge on an island

WHEN THE BELL WAS DEDICATED AT THE CHENA MISSION

$5,000 from the alumnae of St. Timothy's School near Baltimore. St. Timothy's has the distinction of being much the most expensive mission to maintain in all Alaska, owing to its difficulty of access. The upper Tanana is a bad river, winter or summer, owing to its numerous glacial affluents, and its navigation is fraught with difficulties and dangers in which our missionaries, men and women, have fully shared. Shipwreck is a common adventure on the upper Tanana. I once counted no less than seven steamboats, large and small, lying wrecked along the three hundred miles from Fairbanks to the Tanana Crossing.

I could tell of privations endured by those who have conducted that work. There was a period of several months when Miss Margaret Graves (now Mrs. Betticher) and her companion, were reduced to a diet of "rabbits straight" (it happened to be a good rabbit year) owing to the failure of repeated attempts to get supplies to the mission.

But I must not make this book a *rechauffé* of articles from *The Spirit of Missions,* nor would I in any case be able to render the files of that periodical other than indispensable to one who would form a full view of the Alaskan enterprise.

Some of those who have given their services to God and His Indians in the interior of Alaska may take to themselves no small part of St.

Paul's catalogue of endurances and adventures, and those who have served at St. Timothy's perhaps in fullest measure. Miss Mabel Pick and Miss Celia Wright on their way thither in 1914 had really sensational experiences that would have afforded thrills to the most hardened moving-picture habitué, could they have been put upon a film.

The very remoteness and difficulty of access of this place render it one of our most hopeful stations. The natives have had comparatively little intercourse with whites; there are comparatively few influences to counteract the influence of the mission; what may be done with them is limited only by the degree in which the missionary may be fit vehicle for the operation of the grace of God. At the present writing Mr. and Mrs. McConnell (she was Mrs. Evans until she married a colleague at Anvik), he a teacher and she a trained nurse, are carrying on the work of native improvement and development at this outpost.

Stephen's Village

St. Andrew's Mission at Stephen's Village on the Yukon River between Fort Yukon and Rampart, deserves a special word because its actual starting was the result of a really clamorous importunity on the part of the Indians themselves. So long as the white man's town of Rampart was large enough to

warrant a resident missionary, Stephen's Village, with its native catechist, was visited from that post, eighty miles away. It was on a Christmas journey thither that the Rev. John Huhn, our last resident clergyman at Rampart, contracted the illness from which he died, in 1906. He is buried on the hill above the old native village near Rampart, in the burying ground of the Indians whom he loved.

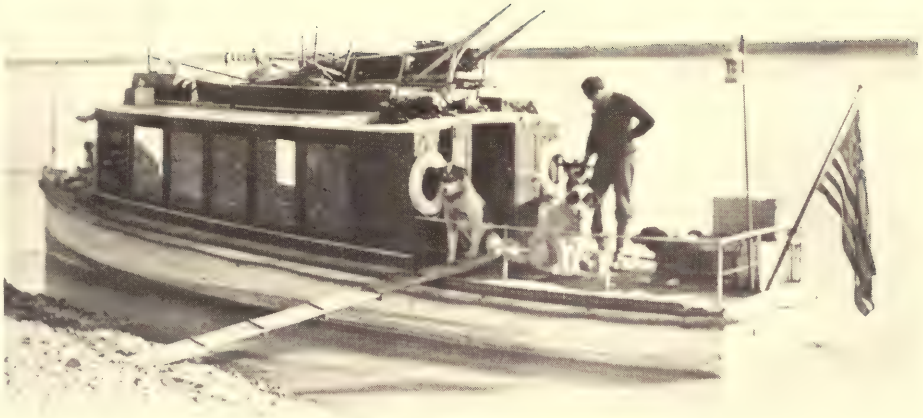
As Rampart decayed many of the natives who had flocked thither when it was prosperous (to their demoralization and general detriment) returned to the more eligible Indian residence at Stephen's Village, situate just on the edge of the Yukon Flats, ten or twelve miles above the abrupt beginning of the Lower Ramparts of the Yukon. The village thus grew by accretions until it numbered nearly an hundred souls. There had been a Government school there for a few years, but it burned down and was not rebuilt (for lack of funds) and the teacher was withdrawn. Every time that the Bishop stopped there on his visitations there were eager demands for a mission of their own. At length the Bishop told them that if they would build a church themselves (so far as the log structure was concerned) he would send a missionary, and the next summer the church was built and the missionary demanded.

So Miss Effie Jackson was sent and for two years taught school and held service in the

church, and a convenient cabin was built for her. She was followed by Miss Harriet Bedell, of long experience in Indian work, who for three years past has lived all alone in the village, exercising all the functions of a woman missionary and swaying almost undisputed influence over the native mind. Off the steamboat track in summer—for the steamboats do not like to cross the river amidst sandbars and make the turn necessary to reach the place unless they have freight to discharge—entirely cut off from communication in the winter, for there is now no mail route down the Yukon and the nearest postoffice is eighty miles away, this is one of the most isolated spots in interior Alaska, although it is situated on the main Yukon. And again this very isolation makes for more intensive educational and religious work. Such a post requires a missionary entirely absorbed and happy in the work, and such an one is Miss Bedell.

The Pelican

Of all aids in the direction and supervision of enterprises now widely scattered throughout the interior, the launch *Pelican,* built and brought to the Yukon in 1908, at an expense of nearly $5,000, has been the greatest; indeed without some such craft the visiting of all these stations in any one summer would be an impossibility. The *Pelican* at this writing has



THE PELICAN

Every summer this staunch little boat carries the bishop and the archdeacon up the rivers to visit the Indian camps

MISS EARTHING
She began her work at Nenana with two Indian children in a little log cabin

DEACONESS CARTER
At Allakaket she ministered to both Eskimos and Indians

made twelve seasons' cruises, ranging from 1,800 to 5,200 miles each summer, and has travelled an aggregate distance of upwards of 30,000 miles on the Yukon and its tributaries. She is a comfortable "glass cabin cruiser" with a draught of sixteen inches and a speed of about nine miles an hour, has accommodations for sleeping and cooking and a gasoline capacity of 250 gallons, depots of gasoline being maintained at several central points so that prolonged cruises lasting most of the summer can be made in her. The only mission in the interior that she does not visit is the Tanana Crossing, her one attempt to reach that point having been defeated by a violent sudden freshet which filled the river with driftwood. She has never had professional pilot or engineer, but has been handled altogether by native help. An appropriation of $500 per annum, which about pays for her gasoline and lubricating oil, is made by the Department of Missions; chiefly contributed by the boys at several well-known preparatory schools in New England.

This craft enables the Bishop and the archdeacon to visit, not only the mission stations but the scattered camps of natives all along the rivers, engaged in their summer salmon fishing; to stay at any place as long as may be necessary, to leave when it is convenient. The traveller dependent upon steamboats who should break his journey at mission stations

would spend most of the short season waiting for boats, and would not be able to visit the camps and riverside cabins at all. She has again and again been useful in conveying desperately injured persons to speedy medical aid, in taking children to the schools at Nenana and Anvik, and regularly transports quantities of reading matter for distribution.

Iditarod

In the roughly chronological order which has been observed in this narrative, this is the place to speak of the Iditarod, and since the history of the Church in that camp is in all probability a closed chapter, the complete incident may illustrate the difficulties in the way of undertaking religious work in a placer mining camp.

It is true of every such camp that, besides yielding up its own gold, it acts as a base of supplies for prospecting further afield; since the limit of the prospector's wanderings is the distance to which he can transport supplies by his dog-team. The region between the Yukon and the Kuskokwim rivers was late in being examined for minerals because there was no base of supplies save on the Yukon itself—too far away to be practicable. It was the discovery of gold on the Innoko, one of the southern tributaries of the Yukon, the establishment of the small town of Ophir near its headwaters, and the navigation of that river by steamboats,

that led to the gold discovery on the Iditarod River, one of the tributaries of the Innoko, and the great stampede that took place in the summer of 1910.

It was the last of the great stampedes. Word had been coming out all the winter of the richness of Flat Creek. Before the Yukon was open to through traffic from the United States, there was a constant stream of voyagers from all the upper river camps, and so soon as the through steamboats ran the gold seekers from the outside crowded them from stem to stern.

We took the *Pelican* up to Iditarod City in August with the Bishop aboard, and at that time I suppose Iditarod City had more population than any other town in Alaska. Great drafts had been made on all the towns of the interior. Many of the tradesmen of Dawson and Fairbanks had removed bodily with all their stocks of merchandise; some of the lesser camps had been quite depopulated; several thousand of people had come from the coast towns and from the States. Tents were already largely replaced by frame structures which rose from the glacial muck upon which the town was built with magical rapidity. A tramway was already constructing from Iditarod City to the creek ten miles away where the gold had been found.

The writer visited the place again in the winter, going in by the Kuskokwim, and spent a

week there, and left, having doubts about the wisdom of undertaking any building. But that winter a consignment of gold was sent overland by dog-team to Seward on the coast, in rather a spectacular way, and was shipped to Seattle with much trumpeting by the newspapers. One always suspects the transportation companies of doing all they can to increase any excitement that promises to be profitable to them. The sensational New York magazines were printing articles about "The Incalculable Riches of Alaska" all that winter, and much adventurous cupidity was stirred up.

At the opening of navigation in 1911 the archdeacon received a telegram from the Bishop, directing him to go into the Iditarod immediately, raise the necessary funds and build an hospital—nurses and equipment for which would come in on the first boat; which task was forthwith undertaken and that summer executed. The need of an hospital was certainly great, as is always the case in such large gatherings of men, but the task of securing the $3,000 that was raised locally was no small one. However the money was obtained, a building that had been erected for an hotel was purchased and partly paid for, the nurses and equipment arrived and the hospital was opened.

Flat Creek was not only rich, it was shallow; and that is unfavourable nowadays to the for-

tune of a placer mining camp, because it is such deposits that are most suitable for dredging. The Guggenheims sent an agent that summer who bought "options" on all the claims on Flat Creek and spent considerable sums in prospecting them with drills and pretty accurately estimating their value. At the conclusion of his operations all the options were thrown up, as being held at prices which their gold-content did not justify. But early in the next season the owners proved willing to sell at what the Guggenheims considered a fair valuation—and the whole of Flat Creek passed into their hands.

Now it may seem at first sight that it does not matter by what means the gold is extracted from the ground, so that it is extracted in sufficient quantity, but it makes a great deal of difference to the community. If fifty separate claims are working, each with a crew of men, there is much employment and much business catering to the miners. But two or three dredges will do the work that kept that whole population busy—and dredges do not eat, or wear clothes, or drink whiskey—or get sick and go to the hospital. Very little gold had been discovered save on Flat Creek itself; prospecting of the numerous neighbouring creeks had been unsuccessful. The dreams of a wide auriferous region of which Flat Creek was only a beginning, proved a delusion.

The dredges killed Iditarod City. Presently there was almost as great an exodus of people as there had been influx. The little town on Flat Creek itself was town enough for the reduced population; one by one the large buildings of Iditarod City were vacated, and the place began to assume the familiar melancholy aspect of so many decayed settlements in the interior.

The hospital at Iditarod City had to be closed. For awhile one nurse and part of the equipment were moved over to Flat City and sufficed for the reduced needs of the camp. Then some largely fictitious claim for services was made by an attendant, suit was brought in the local court, and before it was possible to enter plea in answer judgment was given and the equipment was sold at auction. There was legal redress had it been worth while resorting to it, but the people were gone and with them the need for the hospital, while to have removed the equipment at the freight rates prevailing in the Iditarod would have cost more than it was worth.

So Iditarod City stands, with our empty hospital, an empty Roman Catholic Church, an empty Presbyterian reading and club room; one more example (though perhaps the most striking, since Iditarod City lasted such a short while) of the unsubstantial and precarious nature of a placer gold mining town. At Fair-

banks Bishop Rowe took the chance—and it proved abundantly worth while. And it must be remembered that hundreds of others—merchants and tradesmen of every kind, long used to the country—also thought the Iditarod chance worth taking.

* * * * * * *

It was, I think, the upshot of the Iditarod venture that decided the Bishop not to embark the Church's money on any more hospitals in placer mining camps. For the medical needs of the natives had been pressing a long time upon the hearts of those concerned with the Yukon country. White men, where they congregate in sufficient numbers to require hospital service, are commonly able to pay for it, and, therefore, able to procure it. It is true that it is often the last thing thought of. It is true that the intense and universal preoccupation with getting, the feverish excitement of the early days of a new gold camp, leave no leisure for the contemplation of inevitable sickness and injury and the proper provision therefor; that what is everyone's business in general is likely to be no one's business in particular, and that the Church has served community after community in this matter very valuably and beneficially because she was the only present agency sufficiently detached and disinterested to foresee the need and take the necessary steps

to meet it. I do not feel that there is any need to defend or excuse the undertakings of this kind to which we have set our hands from time to time in Alaska.

But our white population is an exceedingly fluid quantity, as those who have read these pages will understand. A new "strike" anywhere draws the men away from all the older camps. The white men come and go; they rush in to new diggings, overwhelming the town, stripping its stores of everything, and then subsisting on half rations eked out with rabbits and ptarmigan until the reopening of navigation allows supply to catch up once more with demand. Sooner or later they depart, not usually with the rush that depopulated the Iditarod in 1912-13, but in driblets, until the population will no longer support the stores and the institutions and they close their doors and cease; while another town grows up, perhaps a thousand miles away, with the same pressing immediate needs—and the same temporary prospects.

TWO NATIVE HELPERS ON THE TANANA

Blind Paul (on crutches) has been visiting blind Moses (standing at his right) and is about to return home

ARCHDEACON STUCK HOLDING SERVICES AT AN INDIAN CAMP

CHAPTER VII.

SOME SPECIAL FIELDS

I. Fairbanks

ONE of the bright chapters in our work amongst white men in the interior has been the five years' charge (1915-19) of the Rev. H. Hope Lumpkin at Fairbanks; a pastorate filled with service in many varied forms. It is much to be wished that many more clergy would give such a period of their early ministry to the mission field. There is no more valuable apprenticeship for larger charge, and there is no reason why it should interfere in any way with the realization of further ambitions. In faithful pastoral work, in the careful preparation of sermons—often most unwisely neglected by missionaries who do not feel the pressure upon them of a high general level of literary culture—in visits to the creeks of the neighbourhood and the conduct of divine service amongst the scattered miners, in the organizing and training of a most successful Boy Scout troop, in constant and systematic attention to the large distribution of reading matter associated with this mission, in efforts for the education of illiter-

ate immigrants, and, later, Red Cross and war activities, Mr. Lumpkin found his five years slip rapidly away, and left Fairbanks as he would be the first to admit, a broader man, a more capable man, a more widely sympathetic and understanding man, and therefore a more useful man, for the experience, with the affection of all classes in the community.

II. Cordova and the Copper River

Cordova has much of its importance as the terminus of the Copper River Railway; the daring and picturesque road of an hundred and twenty miles or so, constructed by the Guggenheim and Morgan corporation at a cost, it is said, of $20,000,000, to reach the Kennicott copper mine. One year's output of the mine, during the great war, is said to have paid the whole cost of the railway building. This road connects at Chitina with the government highway to Fairbanks, on which a stage service is maintained the year round—by automobile in the summer and by horses and sleighs in the winter—carrying passengers and mails, so that Cordova and Skagway are, today, the chief gateways to interior Alaska. When the government railway now under construction from Seward, on the opposite side of Prince William's Sound, to Fairbanks is complete, Cordova will probably yield to Seward its importance in this respect.

Cordova has, however, salmon and clam canneries, and mining of many kinds, in its immediate neighbourhood; one of Alaska's coal fields and its chief known oil field, are not far off, and as a port its tonnage is one of the largest in the territory. The place came into being when the railway was begun in 1907; was visited from Valdez and the first services held that year, and in 1909 the Rev. Eustace Ziegler began his charge, which happily yet continues.

St. George and the Dragon

The situation of Cordova gives the resident clergyman opportunity for varied and abundant work. The Red Dragon, to which reference was previously made, with its billiard tables and magazines, remains a much appreciated resort for men of all sorts, and is a centre for the distribution of reading matter second only to Fairbanks itself. Men coming and going, men waiting for trains or ships, quartz and oil and coal prospectors, young engineers of mining companies, fishermen, lumbermen—all these find a warm welcome.

No longer is it necessary to clear away the benches and tables when time for divine service arrives, or to draw a curtain screening the altar when service is concluded. A beautiful little church has been built on the adjoining lot, dedicated to St. George, and the immemorial con-

junction of saint and dragon is thus preserved, without involving destruction or even conflict; indeed the dragon becomes a most valuable auxiliary in the fight against evil. The church was consecrated Easter, 1919, at the conclusion of ten years' work of Mr. Ziegler.

The church and the clubroom bear many evidences of Mr. Ziegler's artistic skill, for he has enriched the walls of both with paintings of great beauty and deep religious feeling. Nor is Cordova the only place so distinguished. At St. Stephen's Church, Fort Yukon, are two large canvases, a Nativity and a Crucifixion, copies of great masters, by his hands, and he has expressed his willingness, as his leisure shall permit, to paint altar-pieces for every church in Alaska. If someone of artistic sympathies would bear the not inconsiderable charge, nowadays, of pigments and canvas and frames, our churches, and even our Indian missions, might rejoice in such adornment and profit by such graphic representations of the Christian faith. The Indian mind is particularly susceptible to the stimulation of pictures, and repays such stimulation, not only in heightened devotion but in bringing forth its own hidden artistic aptitudes. And there is something admirably appropriate, something that links us with fervent spirits of the past, in an artist-priest devoting his scant leisure to the adornment of God's sanctuaries.

THE RED DRAGON, CORDOVA
The Rev. E. P. Ziegler in the foreground

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, ANCHORAGE

Scant leisure, indeed, the priest-in-charge of this work has. Periodic visits to the Kennicott mine, where large numbers of men are employed; visits up and down the coast to other scenes of activity, vary the local labours of Cordova itself. Chitina, Strelna, and MacCarthy's are settlements along the line of the Copper River Railway to which periodic visits are made.

III. Anchorage

The origin of the new town of Anchorage, its situation and its probable future, cannot be understood without consulting the map and grasping the scope of the government railway from salt water to the interior.

Anchorage is at the head of Cook's Inlet. The railway, starting at its designated ocean terminus at Seward on Resurrection Bay of Prince William's Sound, passes up the whole length of the Kenai peninsula and touches salt water again near the mouth of the Knik Arm of Cook's Inlet, before plunging into the wilderness of the interior. At this place, where the railway touches salt water again, the town of Anchorage has sprung up. There was no name of a place to which tickets could be sold when the rush to start the new town took place, so tickets were sold to the "ship's anchorage"—and a simple and beautiful town name thus arose. Sitting upon tidal water, why should

not Anchorage become the *real* as distinguished from the nominal terminus of the railway from which so much is expected? There were considerations that presented obstacles—but were they insuperable? The tides in Cook's Inlet are of very great height and sweep with tremendous force from its broad mouth to its narrow head, culminating in a "bore" or wall of water. At the reflux great flats of mud and sand are left bare. But the chief obstacle is that the head of Cook's Inlet is not ice-free all the year round as Resurrection Bay is; not every year, at any rate. For much the most of the year, for all of some years, ships can go right up to Anchorage for the embarkation and discharge of cargo, and the long railway haul up the Kenai peninsula would be avoided.

At any rate, railway construction began at Anchorage as a base; large numbers of workmen employed upon the road had their homes there; a fine new town was laid out by the government surveyors and lots were sold by auction in the summer of 1916. We have built a church, All Saints, have bought a rectory, have had a resident clergyman, the Rev. E. W. Hughes, since 1916, and an active work is carried on from this point along the railway that creeps gradually into the interior.

This situation on the coast is curiously paralleled by the situation at the other end of the line in the interior. The designated terminus of the

railway is Fairbanks. But the railway, pursuing the route that seemed to present the least difficulty to the engineers, will reach navigable water first at Nenana, seventy-five miles below Fairbanks on the Tanana River, right up against the site of our mission, building being carried on from both ends of the line simultaneously. Nenana became the chief interior construction camp. A new town was laid out by government surveyors, lots were sold by auction, and an important city—for interior Alaska—has already risen there, believing that it may count on being the real, as distinguished from the nominal, interior terminus of the line.

Whether Anchorage or Seward will ultimately reap the chief trade of the road at its ocean end, it is very hard to say; but it seems probable that Nenana will be the chief point of distribution for goods shipped to the interior—other than those designed for the immediate vicinity of Fairbanks.

The prospect just now for any great increase of commerce following upon the construction of the railroad is not very bright, but it will doubtless facilitate such development as the interior resources of the country are capable of, and afford a much readier means of entrance and exit than has hitherto been available.

Meawhile the little settlements that spring up in the wake of the railroad give good opportunity for the pioneer religious work from An-

chorage as a base, carried on (1920) by Mr. Hughes.

IV. Juneau and the South-Eastern Coast

A few years ago Holy Trinity Church, Juneau, was raised to the status of the pro-cathedral of the Missionary District of Alaska, and the Rev. Guy Christian became its first dean. The beautiful little residence and church at Sitka had shared the bad fortune of that place. When it ceased to be the capital and all the courts and officers were removed, it ceased to be an eligible place of residence for the Bishop, having infrequent mails and uncertain and incommodious communication with the mainland. Mr. Christian had spent five years in charge of the church at Nome before coming hither in 1915. Juneau was at that time the most populous and most important place in Alaska, and probably retains those characters today, though much reduced. A great wave of quartz mining activity had swept upon it. In addition to the famous Treadwell mine on Douglas Island, just across from Juneau, mines of great extent had been developed in the basin behind the mountains that rise up so steeply from the mainland shore of the Gastineau Channel, and tunnels had been driven through this mountain face so that the ore was transported by gravity to immense stamp mills clinging to the mountain side, from which the "con-

centrates" descended by gravity to ships riding at the base. Many millions had been spent in this development and operations on a grand scale were going on.

The decline in gold mining, due to the lessened purchasing power of gold, has affected these enterprises seriously. Many people think of a gold mine as a sort of Tom Tiddler's ground where wealth is literally "picked up". But gold mining is just like any other mining; there is a certain cost of production, there is a certain value of the product; and the difference between the two is profit, if the latter exceed the former. Where low grade ores are concerned—as they are in this Gastineau region—and the margin of profit is small per ton, any great increase in the cost of mining will wipe out the profit entirely, for gold mining is just like any other mining except in one respect—the value of the product is fixed by law. Gold is the one thing in the world that, under the present system, cannot rise or fall in price, though we have all seen how tremendously it can change in purchasing power. Mines and stamp mills are frequently kept going, at their minimum capacity, after they fall below the point of profitable operation, for the depreciation of the valuable and extensive machinery is very rapid when disused. When there is hope of a profitable future resumption and the loss of operation is less than the loss of depreci-

ation through disuse, the mining will be continued—and this is the present (1920) situation very generally throughout Alaska and indeed throughout the world.

Anyone can see, however, that the operation of plants in this minimum way is a very different thing from the busy populous stir of extensive mining pushed to its utmost capacity and reaping handsome returns.

Juneau and the whole region involved have suffered from the depression. Moreover the great Treadwell mine on Douglas Island—one of the show places for a generation on this coast—pushing its operations too far or too incautiously under the water of the Gastineau Channel, was inundated and destroyed past redemption in 1916, and the thousands of men it employed went elsewhere.

The throng of mining engineers and superintendents, clerks and accountants, their wives and families, that swelled the communicant list of the pro-cathedral in 1915-16 have left again for the most part, and Juneau is marking time, attending to present business and waiting for the return of gold-mining prosperity which will surely come by and by.

It will be seen that this condition, disappointing as it is, is quite another thing from the exhaustion of placer mines and the decay and death of placer-mining towns in the interior. With them the gold is gone and there is noth-

ing left. Quartz mining, though subject to fluctuations, is much more stable and permanent. It is said that there is ore in sight for an hundred years' work in the Gastineau region, whenever it shall prove profitable to mine it.

The church at Douglas Island—it was our first church on the coast—still serves workmen of other mining enterprises, although the great Treadwell mine with its famous "Glory Hole" is gone, and is one of the many outlying stations under Dean Christian's care. Thane and Perseverance are others, and places along the coast as far as Skagway are visited by steamboat. There was for a while, and there should be yet, a second clergyman associated with Dean Christian, for there are many little places of varied interest, fishing and lumbering and quarrying as well as mining, sprung up all along this coast, and the development is permanent and sure to go on.

Juneau is the capital of Alaska. The territorial legislature meets there every two years; the governor's mansion is there, and the offices and residences of the chief territorial officials. Its assured importance would warrant more extensive work than the church has been able to undertake.

V. The Tanana River

The charge of the native mission stations all along the Tanana River has been upon the

shoulders of the Rev. Frederick Blount Drane for the last five years. Making his headquarters at Nenana, where he has superintendence of the native boarding school and the onerous responsibility of its financial affairs, his duties call him to travel a distance of nearly five hundred miles upon this river, from the native camps at the Hot Springs, forty-five miles above the mouth, to the Tanana Crossing, near the headwaters. In the summer it is his custom to go up to the native village of Chena (twelve miles below Fairbanks) on a steamboat; taking his Peterborough canoe with him and launching it at that place, he visits every fish camp along the river to the lowest point that his work carries him, and then he puts himself and his canoe aboard a steamboat again and returns to Nenana; so that during the dispersion of the summer fishing season the spiritual welfare of the Indians is not neglected. In like manner he goes by steamboat (when such conveyance may be had, which is not every season) three hundred miles above Fairbanks to the Tenana Crossing, and descends the difficult and dangerous stretches of this upper river in an open boat, visiting all the camps. A youthful familiarity with boats and the water at his home on Albemarle Sound, North Carolina, has stood him in good stead in Alaska.

In the winter all these places are visited with a dog-sled; or sometimes, between seasons, on

AN IMPROVISED INDIAN HOSPITAL

ST. STEPHEN'S HOSPITAL, FT. YUKON

foot with a pack on his back and an Indian companion. The winter dispersion to the hunting camps in the foothills of the great mountain range which makes the western watershed of this river, is thus also attended with spiritual oversight. None but a young and active man of a frame inured to great fatigue, as much at home on the water as on the land, and of an entirely devoted spirit, could carry on this gallant and godly work.

Beginning at the uppermost point, the following stations are under Mr. Drane's charge: St. Timothy's, Tanana Crossing; St. Luke's, Salchaket; St. Barnabas's; Chena; St. Mark's, Nenana, and the villages at Hot Springs, Tolovana and the Coschaket.

Baptizing the babies, marrying contracted couples, burying the dead, visiting and tending and doctoring the sick (we all have to practice medicine more or less in Alaska), preaching and teaching continually, taking up cases where the Indians have been imposed upon, settling disputes and grievances against one another, the work is filled with varied interest and usefulness and the visits of the missionary are eagerly looked for and welcomed.

VI. Our Indian Hospitals

The white men come and go—but the natives remain. And the natives, with needs more urgent and appealing, are quite without re-

source for their own relief. The diseases which affect them are largely the importation of the white man. Whether or not tuberculosis, the chief scourge of the arctic peoples, be indigenous or exotic in origin is disputed, but the epidemic diseases that from time to time have taken sad toll of Indian life, are undoubtedly of white introduction—measles, smallpox, diphtheria, etc. The native people, though individuals wander widely within definite limits, is fixed and settled in its centres and established villages, and thus is more amenable to hospital treatment than the white. There is no danger that a native hospital, once properly placed, will find itself left high and dry without people to minister to.

It is not more than ten years ago that we began a systematic gathering and tabulating of vital statistics from our scattered missions, and so soon as it was begun the resulting figures were disturbing, for they indicated a small but general preponderance of deaths over births, due chiefly to the ravages of epidemics and to tuberculosis.

Our missionary nurses have done valiant service for the Indians. Many a babe has been saved alive that would have died but for their interposition; many a slight ailment has been prevented from becoming serious by prompt remedies; many an injury has been speedily healed. And the general village hygiene, the

painstaking and patient supervision and improvement of domestic conditions—all this has been of immense value and permanent import. But in the face of serious injury, in the face, especially, of epidemic disease, a nurse with her her little pharmacy, her few drugs and bandages, is a poor resort.

The general health of the native people had long been pressing upon those engaged in work for them, and it began to be felt that a much more serious effort to cope with the situation must be made. An ambitious plan was drawn up for the establishment of three hospitals on the Yukon River: one at Fort Yukon, one at Tanana, one at Anvik. During the winter of 1913-14 the funds were raised, chiefly by the Bishop and the archdeacon, for the building of the first two of them, and in the summer of 1914 they were constructed.

Dr. Grafton Burke has been at Fort Yukon since 1908. In 1910 he married Miss Clara Heinz, who, it will be remembered, accompanied Deaconess Carter to the Allakaket in 1907. A missionary's wife is not technically a missionary, yet few women who have served as missionaries in Alaska have been of more abundant and gracious usefulness than this self-sacrificing, capable lady. But Dr. Burke at Fort Yukon had been sadly handicapped by the lack of any place for the proper treatment of the sick. More than half of any medical treat-

ment is *regimen,* and regimen can only be satisfactorily applied in an hospital; especially is this true of Indian people who frequently do not understand, and more frequently will not carry out, the most explicit directions. I doubt if primitive people anywhere can be relied on to follow faithfully a physician's instructions. If this be true of ailments in general, it is true in an especial degree of tuberculosis, and so common is this disease, in its various manifestations, that any Indian hospital is primarily a tuberculosis hospital. Moreover, in many cases, segregation of patients is imperative.

Dr. Burke returned from his furlough in 1916 to find a modern, well equipped, ample hospital at his disposal. It has become a house of relief for the inhabitants of many thousand square miles of surrounding territory. Fort Yukon and Tanana are places where other important streams are confluent with the Yukon, and this was one of the determining factors in selecting these sites. Fort Yukon, in particular, is a sort of native metropolis for all the people of the Yukon Flats, and, indeed, patients are constantly brought to the hospital, by dog-sled in the winter and by boat in the summer, from points far beyond this region. One white man, a well-known explorer, was brought nearly four hundred miles from the north coast of Alaska, and there is a room always maintained for white patients.

But, of course, the hospital is primarily a native hospital, and it has been a blessing to the whole native population of the upper river. It is no longer true, in that region, that the deaths exceed the births; for some years the reverse has been the case. And the indefatigable and loving labours of Dr. Burke have extended themselves far beyond the precincts of the hospital itself, not only, or even chiefly, in making visits to the sick and the injured at considerable distances, often with much difficulty and hardship, but in the constant, detailed reiterated instruction which he gives to the people who come from villages within a radius of an hundred miles, and make Fort Yukon their base of trading and Church allegiance, as well as to those who live at Fort Yukon itself. Many an instance of the value of this influence might be given, at points remote from Fort Yukon, did not the nature of this book exclude anecdote.

The hospital at Fort Yukon, situated just north of the arctic circle, has the present distinction of being the only hospital within the arctic regions of North America. The building of an hospital at the Presbyterian mission at Point Barrow, the most northerly point of Alaska, intended this summer (1920), will happily deny such description in future.

This institution, as it has greatly increased the usefulness of our work, so it has greatly increased its expense. Conducting an hospital in

the climate of the interior of Alaska is a difficult and expensive business. The twenty beds are often fully occupied, and it is rarely that there are not at least half a dozen patients within its walls. The two large furnaces relied upon for heating burn up more than a thousand dollars' worth of wood each year. The problem of supplying water to the hospital is not yet solved, although efforts have been made at no small cost to solve it; all water at present used is brought from the river by a tank set on a dog-sled. A shaft was sunk, a tunnel was driven, that the bottom of the river might be tapped and a well provided in the basement, but it froze up. Without a boiler and means of running live steam through, it is doubtful if the tunnel can ever be kept open—and the boiler and live steam are merely matters of additional expense that the state of the funds has not permitted us to incur.*

During the summer of 1920 it is hoped to erect a "solarium" for the better treatment of tuberculosis, part of the funds for the construction of it being given as a memorial to a nurse of this hospital who was drowned when the *Princess Sophia* foundered in the Lynn Canal in 1918. It will be called the Frances Wells Harper Solarium. Fortified by this means of

* See pamphlet *The Arctic Hospital* to be obtained from the Literature Department, Church Missions House, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

exposing patients, and especially children, almost naked to the direct rays of the sun, without exposing them to the stings of venomous insects so abundant in the Alaskan summers, Dr. Burke believes that his fight against tuberculosis will be still more successful.

Two years after it was built this hospital was in imminent danger of being destroyed. The current of the Yukon changed its course and threw its whole force upon the river bank. During the months of August and September, 1916, no less than an hundred and thirty feet of bank was cut away. The mission house had to be torn down and rebuilt far back. The building of log piers to deflect the current doubtless served during the next summer, to protect the bank, and the next season the current changed again and the cutting ceased. But the hospital stands no more than an hundred and fifty feet from the bank today, although when built it stood three hundred feet back. For the present the danger seems past, but no one can tell when it may resume; nor is there any spot in all the wide region of the Yukon Flats safe from similar invasion and erosion.

The hospital at Tanana has not yet been as useful as that at Fort Yukon, because it has never had a resident physician. One who was under appointment just before this country went into the war, threw it up when that took place, and died afterwards, fighting an epidemic

of influenza. No successor has yet been found. The presence of the army post with its surgeon, three miles away, has enabled the natives to receive medical assistance, for which the mission is much beholden, but the native hospital will never do its work until it has a resident physician. Indians are not admitted to the army hospital.

At Anvik Dr. Chapman has built a convenient and useful infirmary, impelled thereto in part by some sort of promise that a government physician would be stationed there; but this has not been done. It is not easy to secure competent physicians of character for the interior of Alaska, either by the government or the Church.

SPEARING SALMON

A FISH CAMP ON THE KOYUKUK

CHAPTER VIII.

A SUMMING UP

A REVIEW of the work in Alaska gives much cause for gratitude at what has been done, and one feels that as Bishop Rowe looks back over the twenty-five years of his episcopate—which will be complete (November, 1920) when these words are generally read—his heart must be filled with thankfulness and joy that he has been permitted to see such happy changes.

The changing, precarious nature of the work amongst the white people has been repeatedly referred to and its main features and locations described in the preceding chapter.

As regards the native work, there are today, speaking broadly, no unbaptized natives left in Alaska. There may indeed be a few scattered Eskimo families of the rivers that discharge into the north coast, very hard to reach, who have not been Christianized, but the writer knows of none in the interior. Ten or eleven years ago he was privileged to preach the gospel to some—at the Tanana Crossing—who had never heard it before, as he had previously been

privileged to do on the Koyukuk, but, thank God, there are none left now.

In material condition of life, in improved domestic arrangements, always fostered by the missions, there has also been slow if gradual advance. It is folly to expect that change in the habits and customs of native people can be other than slow. No rough and ready and expeditious way of bringing it about has been discovered, at any rate, by the Alaskan missionaries. But that there has been vast improvement no one who knew native conditions twenty-five years ago, and knows them now, will doubt. By the gift of windows and doors—so difficult to obtain in the wilderness—the mission has been able to exert pressure upon the natives in the direction of greater commodiousness of cabins, privacy for girls, more air and light. Long ago the writer's attention was drawn to the influence of these matters upon conduct by a remark out of Dr. Chapman's experience, to the effect that we cannot expect chastity unless there be modesty and we cannot have modesty without privacy; while there is no question that more daylight and better ventilation are essential features in the fight against tuberculosis.

Morally there has been growth, beyond any question—though there is yet very much to be desired on this score—as where is there not? —and the intelligence of the people has been

kindled in no small degree by the schools that in some places have been in operation for a whole generation.

Those who are devoted to the cause of the Yukon Indians take courage in the retrospect. There seems a reasonably bright future before these people, one present menace set aside. That they will ever be other than hunters and fishers and trappers, that any general "industrial development" (why are hunting and trapping and fishing not industries?) is at all likely, the writer does not believe, or even desire; and finds himself out of sympathy with those who consider that the only praiseworthy occupation of mankind is labour in manufactories or mines. "What do your Yukon Indians contribute to the welfare of the world?" he was lately asked by a senator of the United States. Furs are hardly necessary to the welfare of the world, though the world, at any rate the *beau monde*, seems so to consider; and the writer would answer that he does not know and does not care. The rating of people by their exports seems to him folly. That there may be some part to play, that there may be some valuable contribution to make (if we must be high-flown) by the Yukon Indians, he deems not impossible. The contemptuous dimission of all the little peoples of the world as beneath the regard of the great races, or even a supercilious rating of them by the white man's own standards, does not seem

to reflect the feeling of thoughtful men today as much, perhaps, as it did some decades ago.

It suffices for the present writer that here are four or five thousand of gentle, simple, kindly people, living in an uncoveted land which they have occupied for untold generations; living amidst a rigourous environment into which they have ground themselves, through those generations, to perfect adjustment; God's children, even as we are, if it be true that He "hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on the face of the whole earth", and, by the same token, our brethren. That they should be left in the ignorance of heathen "animism", a prey to the superstitious terrors, and the oppressive exactions, of their venal "medicine men"; that they should be left to be destroyed by the vices and diseases which the coming of the white man has brought to them, does not comport with that Christian faith which makes a man his brother's keeper; or with the command of the Master to "go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

It was said that there seems to be a reasonably bright future before these people, one present menace set aside. That menace is the commercial canning of salmon at the mouth of the Yukon River, already begun. In the summer of 1919 there was a very general failure of the native fishing, with much distress during the following winter, and a killing of dogs

throughout the interior because there was no food for them. Not only is dried salmon a very large part of the native food but it is almost the sole food of the indispensable dog. Without dogs for transport and travel, for hunting and trapping through wide regions, the whole present Indian economy would be destroyed. Efforts that have been made to secure legislation prohibiting such commercial canning on the Yukon during the present session of Congress have been defeated by a combination of the canners, whose interests are concerned, and the departmental officials, whose dignity was invaded and wisdom questioned by the advocates of the measure. So incapable are the latter of conceiving of any disinterested endeavour on behalf of any cause whatever that one of them, in important office, referred on several occasions to the present writer as having for his "ostensible purpose" the protection of the Indians; implying that he had some ulterior, real purpose concealed.

The struggle is not ended by the failure of the present (1919-20) Congress to enact the law; it is only begun. The present writer is convinced that once the conscience of the American people is aroused to the enormity of sacrificing these thousands of natives to the greed of a canning company, it will bring such pressure to bear as will compel the requisite legislation; and he pins that faith more par-

ticularly to the quick sympathies and vigorous activity of the women of the Church. For this year (1920) there seems at this writing no hope of relief. The bill is not yet reported out of committee of the lower house;* Congress is near its adjournment; the cannery has already resumed its operations. The present writer, on the point of returning to Alaska, solemnly commits this cause to the people of the Church.

* Copies of the "hearings" on this bill before the Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries of the House of Representatives, which contain the whole case, *pro* and *con*, may be had on application to the Secretary of the Committee, Washington, D. C.

INDEX

INDEX

Index