

LEADERS OF THE
CANADIAN CHURCH

EDITED BY
WM. BERTAL HEENEY, B.A.



SECOND SERIES

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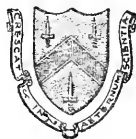
JOHN WEST

LEADERS
OF THE
CANADIAN CHURCH
SECOND SERIES

With a Foreword by
The Very Rev. Dean Tucker, D.C.L.

Edited with a Preface by
Wm. Bertal Heeney, B.A., B.D.

*Rector, St. Luke's Church, Winnipeg; Honorary Canon,
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Editor of "Leaders of The Canadian Church" (First Series)
Older Canada.*



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To His Grace, the Primate
The Most Rev. Samuel Pritchard
Matheson, D.D.
A distinguished son of
the Red River

FOREWORD

MY DEAR CANON HEENEY:—

In publishing these lives of Canadian Bishops you are doing a patriotic work in the widest sense of the word. They were founders of the State as well as of the Church. They rarely mingled in politics but they helped to train our fathers to be industrious and thrifty, to be true and just in all their dealing and to render dutiful obedience to the laws of the land. In their teachings, the two statements always went together, "Fear God, honor the King." And the extraordinary number of Churchmen who joined the Canadian Army and fought in the recent war is striking evidence that such teaching was not in vain.

But they were also founders of the Church, and we their descendants owe it to them to show to the world what manner of men they were. The churches, parsonages and parish halls that cover the land; the beneficiary funds that are a solace to the aged and dependent among our clergy, and the flourishing congregations that are to be met with everywhere are the outcome of their devoted labors. And the marvellous success of the recent Forward Movement is another striking evidence that their labor has not been vain in the Lord.

There is still a further service that you can render in this connection. The Bishops were not the only pioneers and founders. They were merely the officers of the army and, in this as

in all campaigns, it is the private soldier who has to bear the heat and burden of the day. Who can estimate the sum of the sacrifices and labors of the obscure clergy who, for the love of God, of the Church and of the souls of men, were content to spend and be spent in the backwood settlements of the east, among the lonely dwellers on the prairies, or the roving Indians of the north? They were heroes but not advertisers. Their names are written in the Lamb's book of life; they can afford to be ignored. But we cannot afford to forget them and allow their names to sink into oblivion. It would be one of the most valuable contributions to the uplift and enrichment of the life of the Church of to-day, if we could make known to our people the humble bearing and genuine worth of some of those good men. And you, my dear young friend, may have come to the kingdom for such a work as this.

With high appreciation of your efforts in this matter,

I am,

Yours most truly,

L. NORMAN TUCKER.

EDITOR'S PREFACE

The church has lost immeasurably in not having retained for her people the biographies of the saints of all ages and lands. I shall not dispute the wisdom of omitting their names from the Calendar; but I mourn over their disappearance from the reading matter of all but very few. Fountains of inspiration have thus been stopped up with the debris of prejudice and neglect. One may pray with fervency for the rising up ere long of men in the Anglo-Saxon world, who, with due regard to historical accuracy, will recreate for us the mighty personalities of the saints of God, in days and circumstances which now seem so far away and so strange. Meantime it is our duty to make as life-like as we can the characters of the great men of yesterday—whose memories are not yet quite forgotten.

Such is the purpose of this volume. Most of the sketches are written from personal knowledge. To the critics of our efforts let us acknowledge at once that we turned our hands to this work through no conceit of literary fitness for the task—but only as impelled by a desire to do our best at breaking ground in a much neglected field.

We have aimed at historical accuracy and simplicity of statement. No doubt we have often failed to make available for the reader the inspiring qualities of the personalities dealt with: we have done our best and none will welcome more heartily than the writers of these sketches, the appearance of masters in the art of brief

biography. I still think we have done something worth while for the Canadian Church.

Some reviewers of Volume I of this series have objected to the title "Leaders of the Canadian Church," on the ground that it makes very exclusive claims for the Church of England. I need only say that such is not the intention of the Editor, nor is it necessarily implied in the wording of the title. We must all hope for the day when there will be ONE CANADIAN CHURCH. It will then be seen more clearly than it is to-day that the men whose lives are written in these Volumes were indeed among its worthy leaders and founders.

W. B. H.

St. Luke's Study,
May 27, 1920.

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JOHN WEST

By

Canon Bertal Heeney, B.A., B.D.

JOHN WEST

I

IN the spacious study of Bishop's Court, Winnipeg, there hangs on the wall opposite the Primate's desk the portrait of a young man with a poetic countenance: it is a picture of the Rev. John West, the forerunner of that long line of teachers and preachers who for a hundred years have lived for the spreading of the knowledge of Christ among the races of the great central provinces of Canada.

Mr. West was not a stalwart man, as I should judge—indeed, he lacked every appearance of ruggedness. Nor was he the long-bearded, prophetic-looking missionary so typical of Rupert's Land in after years; on the contrary, he was clean shaven, and wore his heavy brown hair low down upon his forehead and about his ears. His great eyes stood well apart, were light brown in colour, and had plenty of dream and of vision in them. His goodly lips were tightly set, and yet seemed ready for smiling. The chin was broad and protruding, and the jaw unusually long and firm; nevertheless the expression of the face was one of feminine tenderness and spiritual discernment.

It was in Surrey that Mr. West was born, at the little town of Farnham, less than an hour's run from London in these days of fast train ser-

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vice, but a full eight hours' plodding for the horses and stage-coach of a hundred years ago. The place is delightfully located on a hillside to the southward, with the tiny river Wey flowing by down winding lanes of ancient trees and banks rich with many flowers. The country about is pleasant to look upon, having quaint homes, and irregular little fields, with hedgerows and trees of goodly age casting deep shadows. The soil is still rich after generations of tilling, and yields wheat and oats in abundance, and also hops in great wealth and beauty. Hence Farnham has long been a rural centre of importance, holding its weekly market and its autumn fair.

It was in this spot of many natural charms, by the living waters of the Wey, close to the quiet of the open fields, in the peace and beauty of sequestering woods, that John West was born and spent his boyhood days.

But Farnham spoke with other voices than those of nature to the young missionary. At an early date the atmosphere of the place had been colored by the incoming of the Light of Christ. Indeed, if the settlement did not quite owe its origin to the introduction of the Church, its growth to any degree of size and importance was due to the locating there of the Castle of the Bishop of Winchester. It was also the site of the first Cistercian house in England, Waverley Abbey, the ruins of which may still be seen not far away by the little river's edge, and its pretty name furnishes the title of one of Scott's great novels. Farnham in fact was so much a community under Church influence that it was the

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Bishop who granted the first charter to the town in 1247, and the privilege of holding a fair on All Saints' Day. Besides, the Pilgrims' Way ran past the place, that historic thoroughfare along which countless travellers from their homes in the south and west of England, and many more who had come over from the Continent of Europe, walked or rode to the shrine of the good St. Thomas at Canterbury. Surely it needs but little imagination to picture young West peopling again this highway of the Saints with a motley crowd like Chaucer's Pilgrims; or playing in and about the impressive ruins of the old Abbey, and picturing to himself the while, just what was the character of its life when inhabited by the strangely clad men, who for zeal of Christ and the Church built it as a place of holy thoughts, deeds and prayers in a land as yet remote, wooded and uncultured. The environment of Farnham was, indeed, such as suited well the boy who should go forth himself one day bearing the torch of Faith to other lands.

But there were more potent forces at work in the life of young West, and of a more direct and personal nature. Like many a score of others in his day he came under the spell of the Great Discovery. Both the Wesleys were still living when John West was born; Charles lived on for ten years after, and his great brother for two decades and more. Thus the tide of the great Revival was moving at the full when John West's young mind was opening to life's many voices. Of this revival one of the streams, indeed, pressed far inland and came even to Farnham itself. In the secret of this religious awakening lies also the secret of

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John West's Red River Mission. It is of some interest and of no small importance, therefore, to ascertain as definitely as we can what that secret was. In this quest nothing is easier than to go aside and get lost on some obvious and inviting by-path. It is futile, for example, to seek the explanation of the movement in the fresh emphasis placed on any specific theological doctrine. This has been done with disastrous results. As a matter of fact the leaders were not men of narrow outlook in any way. Their range of theological interest was much wider than is generally assumed. The hymns of the great singers touch nearly every phase of spiritual experience, and their joy in the ever-returning seasons of the Church's Year is fully attested. It is true that their teacher focused in the Cross and turned upon the Atonement, but not so as to screen the Great Personality of the Gospel. For them, Jesus was not confined to history nor enclosed in the sealed casket of the creeds: He was a living and knowable Presence. This was their Gospel. The origin of the New Life was a new Apocalypse of which the Living One, as of old at Patmos, was the content. In the re-discovery of the Living Christ lies the secret of the great Revival and the origin of the Red River Mission.

It is true that Bishop Butler had prepared the way by striking the arm of Deism with its own intellectual weapon, but its "dead hand" still lay on the weakened body of the Church. Its grip had been broken, but it must also be ejected ere the Church could live again. Such a task was too great for reason alone. The whole man must be

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aroused. The secret by which the Church was to recover herself was at hand. It lay in the re-discovery of the Great Presence who on the field of history appeared once as the Great Personality. The light of the Incarnation broke again before the eye of a new age and cut like a meteor across the night of deistic theories: men found once more a human-hearted God in the life and death of the human-hearted Christ. Thus were the fountains of the great deep broken up. The life of God poured like a torrent into the old channels of the Church, but finding them clogged with unfaith and worldly lusts rose above the banks, flowed over, and made new courses. There were even Prelates among those who scoffed at the new enthusiasm. Ten years before John West was born a company of men were expelled from his college, St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford, for having too much religion. Nevertheless, there were not wanting in all parts of the country both priests and laymen who welcomed the new life but refused to abandon the old Church whose doctrine accorded so well with their new experience, and whose liturgy had fed their souls in the days of dearth. These valiant souls refused to be frowned or scolded out of their Church. We can never be sufficiently grateful for those churchmen through whose souls the new spiritual current found passage, vitalizing in time the whole body of the Faithful. John West was one of those who made the Great Discovery. In consequence he came to our shores to preach the living Christ and found his Church among the neglected

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traders and the savage redmen wandering over the spacious pasture-lands of the buffalo.

It would be interesting to have minute knowledge of how the attention of the Hudson's Bay Company was directed to Mr. West, as one fitted for its newly-created chaplaincy, but specific information has not come to hand and one forbears to speculate. The important thing is that the choice was well made, for Mr. West was both highly qualified and ready because he had acquired a definite interest in the native races of North America. It is apparent that he had read widely in missionary literature, and was possessed of specific information concerning the aborigines of this continent and the efforts being put forth on their behalf. Indeed, it was because he saw in the chaplaincy a vantage-ground from which to share in the work of ministering Christ to the neglected Indians, that he was driven to his decision. He was a man of forty-five at the time; the age of pure adventure had therefore gone, and the resolve was on that account exceedingly noble and most lucidly Christian. Moreover, he had about him a home of rare attractiveness—a wife of the highest Christian character, possessing also unusual social and literary gifts, and a family of three children passing through the impressionable and fascinating period of infancy and early school days. It meant leaving them for several years, at best, going on a most perilous journey into the northern ocean, and dwelling in a land where savagery was still unchecked; clearly it might be for more than several years. No human experience is more exalted

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and more mysterious than his at this moment. The love of Christ both intensified and heightened his human affection, and yet demanded the leaving of those on whom it was so freely bestowed. The decision was made, however, and on the twenty-seventh of May, 1820, this "Called Apostle of Rupert's Land," stood on the deck of the brave little sailing ship *Eddystone*, waving adieu to everything he held dear in this world. I doubt if any soul was ever moved by the love of Christ more purely.

II

York Factory must have been a dreary enough spot to eyes familiar with the delights of Surrey. And yet the sight of it brought cheers from the lusty-throated sailors of the *Eddystone*, and stirred in one bosom at least "sentiments of gratitude to God for his protecting Providence through the perils of the ice and of the sea."

There are two rivers breaking through the coast line at this point and pouring their fresh waters into the great salt bay almost as one stream. The land about York is flat, with a great deal of swamp or muskeg, where only low bushes spring, and mosses abound and mosquitoes generate in savage myriads. The only variation in the surface consists of granitic rocks, bare, weather-beaten and sea-worn. The climate is not delightful even in summer. The days are seldom clear and warm, usually cold winds are blowing off the bay, and frequently they rise to gales which sweep inland with noise and fury. But uninviting as the region is to the eye and feelings of

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civilized man, the two converging rivers with their countless tributary streams and sustaining lakes, make it the natural meeting-place of hunters from the inland wilds, and of venturesome traders coming in ships from overseas. Consequently the Great Company built a fort there as early as 1681 and named it York.

At the time of Mr. West's arrival, and for long years before and after, York was the principal centre of the Hudson Bay Company's interests in the vast region under their control.

The buildings of the Fort stood about three sides of a square, while along the fourth ran a picket fence, with a gate in the centre, and a walk leading from it to the main structure of the establishment. Outside the fence there was a narrow strip of land where several guns were placed, and beyond this the river Nelson finishing its long and rapid journey to the sea. In the centre of the quadrangle a tall flag-staff was flying the banner of St. George, and near it stood a bell-tower rising high above the buildings and giving forth at stated intervals those clanging tones which regulated the life of this small white community on the edge of the Indian wild.

Here trading and bartering with all its attendant vices had gone on for nearly one hundred and fifty years, yet there was no calling of the people to the worship of God. Surely this was a crime the stain of which neither Church, nor Company, nor Nation can easily expunge. What wonder if that mid-August Sunday of 1820, when "arrangements were made for the attendance of the Company's servants on Divine worship" was at once

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a day of humility and of rejoicing. At last the wilderness had begun "to blossom as the rose."

Mr. West's plan, however, of working his vast field included more than the holding of Sunday services for the white adults of the Company's many forts. Two other features come at this time into view, and must be seen in their distinctiveness from the outset. One had to do with the children of white men and Indian women; the other with those of purely Indian parentage. The former came within the scope of his duties as chaplain to the Hudson's Bay Company; the latter was a matter of private concern only. On behalf of both these classes Mr. West took immediate action.

As regards the half-breed children he drew up a proposal and submitted it to the Governor of York for his approval. It commended itself to his judgment, and was transmitted at once to the Committee of the Company in London. It advocated a policy of concentration. One hundred of these half-breed children from the scattered forts were to be brought to Red River and there housed and maintained at the Company's expense, and educated under Mr. West's direction. It cannot be said that the authorities of the great trading company had been wholly neglectful of their duty to these unfortunates in days gone by, but not even the least success had come of their well intended efforts. Failure marked them on a variety of accounts. They lacked a well-considered plan for one thing, and often the schoolmaster found it more interesting and more profitable to go fur-trading than to continue in the less fascinating

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and less remunerative work of teaching school. Moreover the policy of Mr. West involved not only the novel experiment of concentration, but also the equally novel experiment of the boarding school. It also had in it the new element of the specifically religious which fires the imagination and impels by the highest and most enduring of motives. Men might trade for gain in these wild parts, but teaching must needs be rewarded in other coin.

As for the Indian children, matters were somewhat different. They were Mr. West's personal concern to begin with. Any expenditure on them must be supplied from sources other than the funds of the Company. His policy with regard to them, however, was the same, so far as it turned upon their education at a common centre. He looked upon the Indian child as the leader of this wandering race—and his education as the best means of reaching its adult members. There were difficulties in the way, as might be expected. For example, Mr. West had to "establish the principle" that the Indians would be willing to part with their children for this purpose. This issue he put to the test at once and succeeded; for being interviewed on the subject an Indian named Withawecapo agreed to give over two of his sons to go with the missionary to his destination on the Red River.

Two happy and hopeful weeks, not wanting, however, in lonely moments, thus spent at York brought in the early days of September with its brilliant autumn tints on trees and shrubs, its starry nights, and its mornings of sparkling frost.

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The long, tedious journey to the Red River had to be resumed, therefore, without delay. So the last letters are written to the dear ones in England: a canoe is selected and canoemen chosen of ripe experience for the missionary; the tents, blankets and provisions are made ready; the morning dawns and clears; the canoemen are at their posts; Mr. West, accompanied by Governor Williams, comes down to the water's edge; Withawecapo arrives with his eldest boy in his arms and delivers the little fellow to the missionary with a display of much affection; the two wives of Withawecapo (who are sisters) stand on the bank weeping and gazing through their tears in fond hope as the little chap and the servant of Christ step into the canoe; a stroke or two of skilful paddles, a final waving of *au revoir*, and the frail craft is pressing its bow against the stream; they are off. The redemption of the noble redman has begun.

The distance to be covered was quite eight hundred miles; up swift streams for the most part, with rapids and falls in distressing number, and over lakes of limpid water till count and memory of them are lost. The route lay past Norway House, an inland post of considerable importance belonging to the Company. Here Mr. West secured another lad to go with him and little Withawecapo to the Red River.

From this point onward the character of the journey was very different. The region of rivers and small lakes was passed, and a most perilous voyage lay ahead. The remaining three hundred miles was one vast lake, and after it but a short

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stretch of slow-moving river. Nor is Winnipeg a peaceful lake, for it abounds in shallows, and the winds easily lift the waves mountains high. Mr. West's canoe was therefore abandoned at Norway House, and with his fellow travellers in the Company's affairs he and his boys took to York boats. Not large craft these, by any means, but capable of carrying a considerable load; and while usually propelled by rowing, yet in moderate weather, and with skilled management, may be driven forward without danger, under press of sail. Once when the distance was half covered Mr. West's boat carried him well nigh to misfortune. In a lively breeze it struck with shocking impact upon a sunken rock. For a moment it seemed that all was lost, but prompt action and a kind Providence put things right again, and sent Mr. West once more to blessing God for His mercy.

At sunset of every day the boats were drawn up and the night spent on the rugged, woody shores, where tents were pitched, and fires lighted to cook the evening meal and to ward off the damp and the falling frost. One evening as Mr. West sat in his tent door before a little fire, an Indian came forward and spoke to him a word or two in English, explaining that he knew of Jesus Christ, and desired to learn more of Him. This simple incident provides a picture which stirs the imagination and which suggests all the essentials of this man's great undertaking. It reveals the soul of John West, mirrored in whose depths, as in a lucid spring, we behold the living Christ and the neglected Indian: to bring them together—to

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let them speak and know each other—Surrey and his family were far away and he alone on the shores of this wild inland sea.

When a week of this travelling was nearly over the south shore of Lake Winnipeg came in view at dawn—a long, low, curving line on the waters against the brightening sky. Presently the sun rose “in majestic splendour over the lake,” and the boats entered the mouth of the Red River. About them were far-extending marshes wearing the deep green and russet brown of autumn. Flocks of wild fowl rose with whirring wings into the morning light and made off through the cool air to quiet spots among the long marsh grasses.

A little way up the slow, muddy stream (such a contrast to the clear waters of the lake and of the swift-running Nelson) the rowers pulled their boats ashore and breakfasted at Netley Creek.* Here was an Indian encampment—and the headquarters of an Indian chieftain named Pegowis, who also breakfasted with them. Years after, when Mr. West had gone away from the Red River, Pegowis found the significance of his coming that morning—and he led his tribe out of darkness into the Light of Christ. Meantime, with that native courtesy which is characteristic of the true Indian, he spoke these beautiful words of welcome to the missionary: “I wish that more of the stumps and brushwood were cleared away for your feet on coming to see my country.”

After the early morning meal, the canoe was soon on its way again pressing its bow steadily up the soft flowing waters of the Red River. The

*Since known as the Indian Settlement, now St. Peter's.

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following night was spent somewhere on the route possibly just after passing the Grand Rapids.* The next morning began the last stage of the long voyage. It was a pleasant paddle, for the missionary felt his spirits rise as he neared his destination and his work. The wide and dangerous lake was now passed, and the river with its near-by shores had the look of friendliness. Further, its windings and wooded points and heightening banks lent an air of mystery which kept the traveller ever on the alert for some new disclosure of interest; now the banks were high and the voyagers felt themselves dropped into a canal of running water; next the rapids dashing over a ledge of limestone and rushing into the narrow channel below, broke the stillness; here was a cluster of ragged teepees—there a little white-washed log cottage, and yonder a lime-kiln all but lost to sight in the muddy bank. For the most part the shores were forested with oak, elm, ash and poplar, and even a specie of maple. Some trees were already in the nakedness of autumn, others had lingering yellow leaves, flashing in the sun and reflecting themselves in the quiet of the river. At times a break came among the trees and the eye wandered on grey plains illimitable.

So voyaging to the land of his vision and his high hopes, Mr. West's canoe turned one last bend in the river about fifty miles from where he entered it, and there on the right he beheld high upon the muddy bank the wooden palisade of Fort Douglas. Watch a moment this arrival and disembarking! You see stepping ashore the first or-

*Now St. Andrew's.

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dained preacher of the unfettered Gospel beyond the Red River; and there are the boys who have come with him from York and Norway, the first of the Indian children to pray, "Great Father, bless me, through Jesus Christ," and destined to become heralds of the Faith to their fellow dwellers in the long night of paganism and wretchedness.

Gaze long and earnestly on this little company following the grey pathway up the corroded bank of the Red River into the slanting sunbeams and disappearing through the palisade into Fort Douglas, for no event of equal significance is recorded in the early life-history of our Great North-West.

III

Fort Douglas consisted of a little group of wooden buildings with a palisade of pointed oak logs standing round about them. The river is wider here than usual and bends abruptly. The Fort stood in the angle of the bend affording an extended view both up and down the stream. Moreover the western bank on which it was situated is of considerable elevation, thus giving a clear range of vision across the water, over the low bank beyond, and away to the eastward. In a westerly direction there was nothing at the moment, but an Autumn grass plain and the going down of the sun. Fort Douglas was not by any means one of the oldest posts of the Company, nor was it classed among the most important for trade; nevertheless it was the heart of what life there was in the region of the Red River when

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John West came. It was the residence of the *Chargé d'Affaires*, and the place where stores were kept and furs traded for them. The mail boats came thither from Montreal bearing the slow travelling news of the world then so remote; the fur canoes paddled to it from Brandon House and Qu'Appelle on the rapidly flowing Assiniboine, drew up, unloaded and loaded again by its water's edge.

In days not long prior to Mr. West's arrival Fort Douglas was an object of desire on the part of envious rivals in the fur trade, and the scene also of daring escapade and of tragedy. From it one day a few men went out, proceeded along the west bank of the Red River three quarters of a mile, till they stood beneath the palisade of Fort Gibraltar, at the junction of the two rivers; when they returned they had drawn the sting of their deadly rival, the North-West Company bringing back the enemy's guns in triumph to Fort Douglas. One day in June, 1815, Governor Semple was looking out of the watch tower and saw the Metis coming. He went forth with a few men to meet them, and to meet his death as well. After this unhappy event Fort Douglas passed for a time into the hands of the ill-advised champions of the North-West Company. It happened also that one night not long after this that daring men were making scaling ladders in the woods by the Assiniboine near St. James'. In a blinding snow-storm and in the dead of night they carried them to Fort Douglas, scaled its walls and took and kept the prize for its rightful owners.

Around this interesting centre there were scat-

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tered *dwellings* of rough structure; huts, Mr. West designates them, with his old-world memories still fresh. "In vain did I look," he remarks, with an air of depression, "for a cluster of cottages, where the hum of a small population at least might be heard as in a village." And along the margin of the river, both down and up and beyond it as well, he who walked abroad that October evening beheld the same unattractive and uninviting houses where men and their families dwelt. At the meeting of the rivers (to the north of the Assiniboine) stood the fort of the North-West Company. Across the Red River was to be seen the outline of an unfinished Roman Church, with a small house adjoining for the priest. For the most part, however, there was only the piteous teepee of the Indian and the open sweep of the prairie.

There was a considerable *variety of races* among the sparse population, and many degrees of difference in intelligence and in the still higher things of the ethical and spiritual life.

First may be mentioned the active officers of the Hudson's Bay Company, often men of great ability and not wholly ignorant of the social customs of the Old Land. And then the Red River was the favorite resort for the retired servants of the great Company. It was a matter of considerable pride to have been identified with its interests, and in the evening of men's lives something of its prestige still clung to them.

Next in importance were Lord Selkirk's Highland men, recent comers, making trial of the soil and the climate for the support of a settled popu-

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lation. They excelled in determination, and their patient endurance was heroic.

The only other elements of importance in the white population were some French-Canadians, descendants of the venturesome sons of the old province of Quebec, who from the days of La Vérendrye explored the forest and the treeless plains of the west, and have left enduring memories in names which still adhere to many places.

Another class which Mr. West notes was German in origin. Its locality lay just beyond the Red River, where a little muddy stream furrows its way through the rich clay soil. The De Meuron soldiers whom Lord Selkirk had brought with him from Eastern Canada in the troublesome days of 1817 were given land along its banks when their services were no longer required. They were placed thus near Fort Douglas, which they had captured from the North-West Company, that they might still keep watch over its interests and protect it in case of need.

At a later date came in some Swiss immigrants, artisans for the most part who helped to give variety and romance to the colony during their short residence in the place.

The community was, therefore, quite cosmopolitan a hundred years ago, as it is to-day. And here in the valley of the Red River, each coming in through its own gateway, we see in particular the meeting of the two races, which from the earliest days have given colour to the history of Canada and have contended for the mastery of her destiny. Here also the two historic churches meet again to vie with each other for the posses-

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sion of the field, and yet we trust to serve in common the larger issue of Christ and the people's weal.

Social conditions at the time of Mr. West's coming were in many ways as bad as they could be throughout the territory of the great trading Company. It is not to be wondered at, that such was the case.

The background is dark—it is the savage life, not without its nobler elements indeed, but lacking the power if not the will to give freedom and control. The cruel man, the suffering woman, the neglected child, was everywhere. The Indians did not cultivate the soil, though it was exceedingly rich and vast in extent. Consequently they had neither settled abode nor substantial dwellings, nor regular and abundant supply of food. Hunting was the only source of physical existence, hence they must needs wander, suffer cold, go hungry, and even starve to death. Warfare on the slightest provocation aggravated the suffering of the weaker ones among them as much as it delighted the young fighting men. Vengeance was the reigning law and scalping the typical treatment meted out to captured enemies.

Until the arrival of Mr. West the Indians were untouched by the finer elements of our civilization. It is difficult to write with restraint of this long neglect and its consequences in multiplying the sorrows of the women and children of this race. Heretofore civilization not only withheld the touch of its soothing hand and the dynamic of its redemptive force, but it scarred the body afresh and poured in vials of moral disease. The

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rum-keg was the currency of the region, for which the Indians parted with the meagre results of their chase and with their young women as well. It is shocking to think that the gentlemen adventurers of the Hudson's Bay and their families in the old land, members of the Christian Church no doubt, could live for many decades in full enjoyment of the profits of trade with the natives roving on the bleak shores of our arctic seas and the Christless plains of the Canadian West, and yet give no heed to the Indian's cry for the Bread of Life. It is no wonder Mr. West burned in his indignation and cried out, "My soul is with the Indians."

Marriage was ignored on the part of many of the white employees of the Hudson's Bay Company; in fact it was impossible. Hence it is not to be wondered at that European men lived freely with Indian women. "When a female is taken by them, she is obtained from the lodge as an inmate of the Fort, for the prime of her days generally." The woman was frequently deserted when years were creeping on, or when her white husband moved to another scene of occupation. No course was then open to her but to form if possible another temporary alliance or return to her tribe, while her half-breed children were left in utmost neglect of body, mind, and soul.

It is also significant that "there was no criminal jurisdiction established within the territories of the Hudson's Bay Company." An offender had not much to fear; if evidence against him was beyond question, he might be sent to Montreal or London for trial—a poor deterrent

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against crime. The result was many serious offences every year, and "Europeans falling to savage levels and even lower."

Nor was there any adequate military protection. The scattered community on the Red River was left pretty much to its own resources. The Company's fort made a show of defence with its stockade, its lookout, and a few old guns. Nevertheless there was constant danger of Indian raids, and more than once we find Mr. West prominent among those who are consulting together on the stirring question of how best to meet probable attack.

Such were the circumstances of human life on the Red River, when the transforming truth of the Gospel was introduced.

The centre of Mr. West's operations was Fort Douglas. The long voyage from England had come to an end here on Saturday afternoon, October 14th. The following day in one of the rooms of the Fort the "servants of the Company were assembled for Divine worship." This was the beginning of those regular Christian services, which, thank God, have ever since risen in prayer and praise from the people of this land. It is not to be wondered at that tears flowed down the cheeks of strong men on hearing in this wilderness the once familiar services of the Church of their mother land. This rectangular Fort on the river bank, set about with its palisade of pointed oak logs, was the only Church west of the Red River for many months, and the spot on which it stood should ever be dear to the hearts of Churchmen.

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There were other interests, however, requiring prompt attention. Mr. West had brought with him a schoolmaster, Mr. George Harbidge, who had been educated at Christ's Hospital and apprenticed to Bridewell. Like Mr. West he was an employee of the Hudson's Bay Company. A log house, some distance down the river, was at once secured and the work of repairing and altering it put under way to make it suit the requirements of the school and serve as a temporary abode for the teacher. In a short time it was ready. Within two or three weeks at the most, after his arrival, Mr. Harbidge "began teaching from twenty to thirty children." In this simple way another fundamental work was started by the Christian Church for redeeming the life of the people. Mr. West's own residence was removed, after two months or so, from Fort Douglas to "the farm, belonging to the late Earl of Selkirk," some three miles distant. This he made his dwelling place, and to it he ever returned from his long trips during the years of his sojourn in the land.

But however comfortable and otherwise satisfactory each of these centres might be in itself, the plan as a whole lacked unity. Mr. West was not slow to appreciate this inherent disadvantage and set himself resolutely "to erect in a central situation a substantial building, which should contain apartments for the schoolmaster, afford accommodation for Indian children, be a day school for the children of the Settlers, enable us to establish a Sunday school for the half-caste population—and fully answer the purpose of a

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church for the present." The spot selected was a mile or more north of Fort Douglas on the bank of the Red River, where a small stream flowed into it from the westward, under heavy elm trees and twisted willows.*

But if the centre of Mr. West's work was Fort Douglas his field of operation was wide—as vast indeed as the land itself over which the Company's trading posts were scattered. On his incoming journey he had spent some time at York and called at Norway House. After three months on the Red River the time had come to cross the winter prairie to Brandon House and Qu'Appelle on the Assiniboine, to the westward. His record of this trip is rich in picturesque detail of the country as it then was. He travelled in a carriage drawn by three wolf dogs, slept well under the open sky and the cold stars, had his nose bitten by the north wind, saw herds of buffalo, just escaped bands of savage Indians, witnessed the "staging of a corpse" at Brandon House, and looked with horror on bacchanalian revelries of drunken savages at Beaver Creek. At both the posts he called the Company's servants to divine worship, instructed them diligently during his stay, and before leaving brought order and sanctity into their social life by the ministering of the sacred rites of baptism and marriage.

Another journey of his taken in the early spring time of that year is likewise marked by some informing incidents. His destination was

* St. John's Cathedral is near, not on, the spot; and the brook is filled up save for a bit of gully where it entered the river. A rustic bridge spans the gully, and the trees still grow strong thereabout.

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Pembina, where was Fort Daer, famous as the place of refuge for the Selkirk colonists on more than one of their evil days. The purpose of his going thither was to attend a meeting of the principal inhabitants of the Red River region called to discuss ways and means of defending the Settlement in case of attack by the Sioux Indians. During the previous summer they had scalped a boy not far from the Settlement, and left a painted stick upon the mangled body, which was taken to indicate their determination to return. During his stay at Fort Daer he "went out with some hunters on the plains and saw them kill the buffalo," riding his own horse full speed into the midst of a herd of forty or fifty, then on their spring migration to the south. On the Sunday which fell within his visit he preached at the Fort, and while he was listened to with attention he became depressed in spirit over the spectacle of "human depravity and barbarism" which he was called to witness. In all this the man is revealed no less clearly than the country in which he chose to dwell for the love of Christ and wretched human beings.

When the spring time of his first year had fully come, we see his resolve to have suitable quarters forcing itself to realization. "I have twelve men," he writes, "employed in building the school-house." And we can appreciate his joy in these visible tokens of his work when in the approaching autumn of that year he writes thus: "I often view the building with lively interest as a landmark of Christianity, in a vast wilderness of heathenism." The work went on slowly, how-

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ever, owing no doubt in part to Mr. West's absence during the summer at York Factory. On the voyage he had the good fortune to fall in with Mr. Nicholas Garry, a director of the Hudson's Bay Company, and a gentleman of fine character. It was the year of the great Amalgamation, and Mr. Garry was travelling through the region for the purpose of clearing up the details of this exceedingly important agreement.

The chaplain and the director met at Norway House, a post of the Company on the Nelson River, where it widens into the beautiful waters of Play-green Lake. They continued their voyage together down the river, and much came of the intercourse which the trip afforded. Mr. Garry became fired with Mr. West's enthusiasm for the mission at Red River and for his plans concerning it. At York they formed a branch of the British and Foreign Bible Society, the first in North-West America. And in consequence many copies of the Scripture in various languages were sent to the Company's posts and circulated among the people around them. Moreover, when they parted, Mr. West for the canoe, the rough fare and the tedious upstream journey to Red River, and Mr. Garry for the sailing ship, and the great ocean and the homeland, a new and fuller life had been resolved upon for the redemption of the races of the long neglected trading lands.

When Mr. West returned from York he found the mission building far from ready, and the winter near at hand to put an end to further effort. In the spring of the following year work was re-

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sumed, but in the meantime new quarters were secured for the schoolmaster and the Indian boys. Fort Garry was then nearly finished. It came into existence as a result of the amalgamation of the two great trading companies, and was intended to fill the place of both the original posts of Fort Douglas and Fort Gibraltar. At this time a room was also secured in the new fort to serve as a church until Mr. West's building project should have come to maturity.

The new structure by the river and the brook went on steadily rising throughout the summer and was joyously opened for Divine worship in the early autumn. In the beginning of October, 1822, Mr. West was able to write, "There are six boys, two girls, and a half-breed woman (named Agathus) to take care of the children upon the establishment."

The chaplaincy at the Red River had thus got nicely under way. But when it had run well nigh eighteen months of its course purely as an undertaking of the Hudson's Bay Company on behalf of its own employees, a notable change took place. It passed under the direction of the Church Missionary Society and enlarged its outlook so as to include the native races and make their evangelization a matter of no secondary concern.

The new arrangement was quickly effected in the end, but forces had been at work long previous to the actual transfer of management. Of these Mr. West himself was chief. He was an active member of the Society at the time of his appointment to the chaplaincy. He it was who first drew the attention of the Church Missionary Society

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to the Indian races wandering on the plains of British America, east of the Rocky Mountains. This he did just prior to his leaving for the Red River in 1820. The Committee was impressed at the time with the strength and character of Mr. West's appeal, but its commitments were already great and its eyes turned towards Africa and the East; it could not therefore embark upon such a mission for the moment. Nevertheless the door was not barred and bolted. Mr. West's "very judicious paper" was kept for reference, and the sum of one hundred pounds granted to enable him to make trial of what could be done for the natives who lay outside his immediate sphere of duty as chaplain. Having reached York and the Red River and seen the Indians in their wretchedness, his appeals to the Society spoke with fresh authority and burned with intense fervency—they were irresistible. But he brought other forces to bear on the situation as well. Influential men whom he chanced to meet at Red River or about the Bay caught his own inspiration. Chief of these was Mr. Nicholas Garry. Mr. Benjamin Harrison also, who, like Mr. Garry was a director of the Hudson's Bay Company, became fired with John West's zeal for the poor Indians. The outcome of Mr. West's zealous communications to the Society and the visits of his emissaries was a special meeting of the Committee probably in the autumn of 1821, at which the Church Missionary Society enthusiastically committed itself to the mighty work of evangelizing the hitherto neglected Indian races of North-West Canada.

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Mr. West, by the grace of God, had won a signal triumph. Who can tell of all it has meant for poor humanity!

The leading features of the new arrangement are important in detail as in principle. According to it Mr. West would continue chaplain to the Hudson's Bay Company as in the past, but in addition would act for the Church Missionary Society as Superintendent of the Missionary Establishment. Another clergyman was to be sent out at the expense of the Society to work under Mr. West's direction but within the Society's special field of operation. Mr. George Harbidge, the schoolmaster, now became an employee of the Society and was placed in charge of the school. The buildings were to be enlarged and the number of Indian children limited for the present to fifteen boys and an equal number of girls. Other children were to be taken at the expense of their parents or guardians.

This change became effective on October 1st, 1822, and in the spring of the next year, when Mr. West was leaving the Red River, it was an institution of no small importance in itself, considering the community; and moreover it was destined to become the germinating plot of much that is best in the subsequent life of Western Canada. It was the residence of the schoolmaster Mr. Harbidge, now happily married, and assisted by his young wife, in the work of teaching. It was the home of the Indian boys and girls under the motherly care of Agathus. It was likewise the day school for the children of the Hudson's Bay Company's officers and servants, and for

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those of the Settlers also. On Sunday mornings the congregation numbered at times one hundred and thirty, and in the afternoon boys and girls and adults as well assembled there for instruction in the precious truths of Christ. The Depository of the Auxiliary Bible Society, founded at York Factory by Mr. West and Nicholas Garry in 1821, was now lodged in the Church Mission House, and from it the Word of God was freely distributed in twelve languages.

Nor have we yet exhausted the activities of this little Mission Station on the banks of the Red River. It had its agricultural interests with plots of ground for the native children, in which they greatly delighted. It had also a farm with Mr. Samuel West in charge for the supplying of the inmates with the fruits of the earth; and even an Esau resided there, a mighty hunter, to kill and bring home the products of the chase for hungry little natives and their white teachers. In a tower recently added to this building of many functions, a bell rang out to call the dwellers in the land to Divine worship.

Mr. West records his feelings of delight at the situation in the following words, written shortly before his leaving the Red River: "As I was returning from visiting some of the settlers about nine or ten miles below, one evening, the lengthened shadows of the setting sun cast upon the buildings, and the consideration that there was now a landmark of Christianity in this wild waste, and an asylum opened for the instruction and maintenance of Indian children, raised the most agreeable sensations in my mind, and led

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me into a train of thought which awakened a hope, that, in the Divine compassion of the Saviour, it might be the means of raising a spiritual temple in this wilderness to the honour of His name. In the present state of the people, I consider it no small point gained to have formed a religious establishment. The outward walls, even, and the spire of the church, cannot fail of having some effect on the minds of a wandering people, and of the population of the Settlement.”

The closing scene of Mr. West's life at Red River, and his leave taking, after well nigh three years, is best told in his own touching words: “On the 10th of June I addressed a congregation, in a farewell discourse, from the pulpit previous to my leaving the colony for the Factory; and having administered the Sacrament to those who joined cordially with me in prayer, that the missionary who was on his way to officiate in my absence, might be tenfold, yea, a hundred-fold, more blessed in his ministry than I had been, I parted with those upon the church mission establishment with tears. It had been a long and anxious and arduous scene of labour to me, and my hope was, as about to embark for England, that I might return to the Settlement, and be the means of effecting a better order of things.

“The weather was favourable on the morning of our departure; and stepping into the boat the current soon bore us down the river towards Lake Winnipeg. As the spire of the church receded from my view, and we passed several of the houses of the settlers, they hailed me with cordial wishes for a safe voyage, and expressed a hope of

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better times for the colony. Then it was that my heart renewed its supplications to that God,
—‘who is ever present, ever felt,

In the void waste, as in the city full,’
for the welfare of the Settlement, as affording a resting place for numbers, after the toils of the wilderness in the Company’s service, where they might dwell, through the Divine blessing in the broad day-light of Christianity.”

Having reached York, Mr. West stretched out his hands in the name of his compassionate Master to another race, the unshepherded Esquimaux of the West coast of Hudson’s Bay. His concern for this people had been aroused on meeting some of them during his incoming voyage through the Straits. But a great name is forever associated with Mr. West’s own in this undertaking to carry the Gospel to these stern defiers of the icy North—that of Sir John Franklin. On a previous visit to York the two had met. A hero each, in his own sphere, their souls were akin, nor were they diverse in their love for humanity, nor in their belief that it is ever the highest kindness to give men the redeeming vision. The time had come for Mr. West to take the journey, and Captain Franklin was ready with advice concerning the way, even as at an earlier date he gladly went as his friend’s deputy to plead the cause of the Esquimaux before the Society in London. Space forbids my relating the stirring incidents of this tramp overland from York to Churchill. It must suffice to say that the distance alone was not of least account. There was no open trail over this two hundred miles of sea coast. Moreover the

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ground was swampy, brushwood entangled the feet, water lay ankle and often knee deep, and mosquitoes in their myriads set upon the traveler by night and day and drove even the beasts of the forest to seek refuge in the sea waters. After several days provisions failed entirely, and there was left them only the chance dinners afforded by unwary creatures of the woods. At length his goal was reached. The spirit of Mr. West never burns more brightly than at this time, nor are the qualities of his character ever seen in finer colors. On the eve of his sailing for home, he might have shrunk from so hazardous a journey. Were not wife and children whom he had not seen for three years awaiting him with heavy yet hopeful hearts! Why endanger to so great a degree the fulfilment of their longing and his own! Or had he wanted excuse, he might well have pleaded the endurances and achievements of his years at the Red River and there about. Not so John West! For there was in him a noble abandonment to Christ, hence the call of the Esquimaux went to his soul like the cry of a lost child. And we see again that self-surrender and that self-sacrifice which imply strength of confidence in the Living One. Consequently there is not a trace of murmuring or delay, but on the contrary a prompt setting forth, a resolute endurance of stern conditions, and even a joyful gratitude to God for the privilege of visiting the wild inhabitants of the rocks, with the simple design of extending the Redeemer's Kingdom among them.

The servants and officers of the Company were

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assembled for Divine worship; the Esquimaux "surrounded him in groups"; he spoke to them through an interpreter, Augustus, formerly of Franklin's expedition into the far North, and they gave him in response an appeal which must never grow faint in the ears of churchmen—"We want to know the Grand God."

But another result blessed this journey of Christ's servant—two little boys were entrusted to him for his establishment at the Red River. With these as first fruits of a race brought out of darkness by that true saint of the Northland, Dr. Peck, and others, he set out on his return to York, covering the distance in seven days. On his arrival, to his unmixed delight he found that God had sent forth his expected assistant in the person of the Rev. David Jones. To his keeping he gave over the two Indian boys, and after a few days' prayerful conference on the affairs of the Mission, the men of God parted and Mr. West sailed away from a land in which his name will always be held in grateful memory by those who have eyes to see that the forces which came in with him and with such as he are those which redeem and glorify life, and guarantee the progress, the kindness and the permanence of civilization.

It is difficult to form a just estimate of a fellow man, and still more to set him forth in cold words, for personality is so shy, so elusive, so much a thing of life and therefore of mystery. Through acts (and thoughts are acts for our purpose, yea and feelings and aspirations as well) the real man, the distinctive thing in him, presses its

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way to recognition and lives in what endures of his earthly task. What John West was, therefore, we may see in what he undertook that other men left untouched. I have no desire to make him out a great man, and it is not needful to add that he was no common man: the little story now told is witness enough of this. Men's lives are made perhaps not more by the qualities born with them than by the forces which surround them after birth. West was fortunate in both, yet more fortunate still in this: he chose well the powers which should come in, have place and rule. First of these was He whose life shows Him to have been first of men, and of whom experience proves His claim to be the Living Lord.

It was Mr. West's fixed purpose to return shortly to Red River and to bring his family with him, but in the providence of God his life was not so ordered. On the contrary he was induced by the New England Company to go on a tour of inspection to the Indian Settlements in the Maritime Provinces and Upper Canada. But this is another story, and a very worthy one, to be told some day, and found, let us hope, another thread of gold binding Canada East and West together in the firm resolve to see full justice done by a great young country to a highly gifted and noble race, from whom it has inherited a land so rich and vast.

This mission ended, Mr. West returned and spent his remaining years in his native land, becoming rector of the parish about which his childhood memories clustered. The important living of Farnham was conferred upon him by the Lord

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Chancellor in 1834, and on the same "occasion he was appointed chaplain to the Earl of Bessborough, then Viscount Duncannon."

The appeal of the "wanderer," however, continued strong upon him, and to his normal duties of parish priest he added during "the latter years of his life the work of promoting the establishment of a school for the education of the children of Gipsies." The site chosen was midway between the two churches of Chettle and Farnham. The corner-stone was laid by a converted gipsy of great age. Mr. West, however, was not to see the completion of the structure from which he had hoped to witness so much good flowing out to the objects of his compassion. The work was still in progress when he came suddenly to an end of his earthly career during the happy Christmas season of 1845.

The pretty little church of Chettle is only a mile from Farnham, and was a portion of his parish. Here John West lies buried, and a window stands in the chancel to his memory. His enduring memorial, however, is of another kind and in another land—even the growing temple of the living God—in the mighty provinces of Western Canada.

WILLIAM COCHRAN

By

Sheriff Colin Inkster

The Sheriff is himself a descendant of the Selkirk Settlers and a Churchman of the highest repute. He is seventy years of age and undertook with reluctance the writing of this "Recollection."—E.D.

WILLIAM COCHRAN*

FROM the arrival of the Rev. John West, to the present day, two churchmen stand out pre-eminently, Archdeacon Cochran, and Archbishop Machray. (While making this statement there is no reflection intended on the saintly and scholarly Bishop Anderson, nor on the silver-tongued orator, Archdeacon Hunter, nor on the Divines of later years). Strange to say, both these men were of great stature, commanding presence, and strong personality, and each in his own sphere performed his duties industriously, conscientiously and well.

They both arrived at the scene of their labours when their peculiar qualifications were required for the development of the Red River Settlement, and of Rupert's Land. Mr. Cochran came when the climate and fertility of the Red River Valley had become known as suitable for agriculture through the efforts of the Lord Selkirk settlers. Discharged Hudson's Bay servants arrived in large numbers from the Saskatchewan country in the west and from Albany and the James' Bay district in the north-east.

Bishop Machray arrived in October, 1865, a few days after Cochran had passed away, and the rule of the Hudson's Bay Company was

*Also spelt Cockran, and Cochrane.—Ed.

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waning. About this time also, the Government of Canada acquired the territory of Rupert's Land from the Hudson's Bay Company, thus introducing a new order of things and promoting immigration to this country.

William Cochran was born in 1798, in Chillingham, Northumberland. He was ordained deacon December 19th, 1824, and was priested the following year by the Bishop of London. Shortly afterward he was married, and left with his bride for the Red River Settlement.

In the course of time, four children were born to them, one of whom, having graduated from Oxford, was ordained to the Ministry by Bishop Anderson. He officiated in St. John's Church, and taught at St. John's Parochial School. When his father went to Portage la Prairie to establish a mission there, he accompanied him, and assisted in preaching and teaching. Owing to poor health he left for Toronto in 1864, and died shortly after his arrival in that city.

Mr. Cochran, on his arrival, immediately took charge of what is now St. John's Parish, officiating in the little wooden chapel built by Mr. West. The great majority of his congregation were Presbyterians, Lord Selkirk settlers. Though Mr. Cochran's preaching was acceptable to this people they never became reconciled to the Church of England Liturgy, and it was deemed wise to make certain modifications in the church services in order to quiet their prejudice. When the first resident Presbyterian Minister, John Black, arrived here in 1851, three hundred of

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them left the church, yet they always spoke of Mr. Cochran in the most kindly manner.

Mr. Cochran gave his services almost exclusively to St. John's until 1830. In 1831 he moved to what was then called the Grand Rapids, now St. Andrew's. At this spot, he bought from the Hudson's Bay Company, for the Church Missionary Society, twenty chains of land for which he paid 7s. 6d. per acre. In this selection he showed great foresight and worldly wisdom. Probably nowhere in the whole length of the Red River could a more beautiful site for a Church be found, for it is situated at the head of St. Andrew's Rapids and commands a beautiful view of the Red River to the south.

He obtained as a gift from the Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company eight chains of land on either bank of the Red River, at the Grand Rapids.

In the same year, 1831, he commenced a building at St. Andrew's that could be used both as a church and a schoolhouse. This building was finished and opened for service the following May. As Mr. Gunn relates, "Mrs. Cochran taught the girls five days in the week and the boys were taught by a young gentleman of fine education."

"The reverend gentleman," says the same writer, "when not engaged in Parochial duties, took an active part in examining the children in their school work, praising the diligent and reproving the slothful." And in another place Mr. Gunn refers to Mr. Cochran as follows: "This zealous and indefatigable preacher of the

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Gospel admitted the dwellers of the vicinity every Sunday into his private dwelling during the first year of his new charge." It must be remembered that Mr. Gunn was an ardent Presbyterian, so that these remarks coming from him show in what esteem Mr. Cochran was held by others than those of his own communion.

It was Mr. Cochran's custom, when farming operations commenced in the spring of the year, to ride along the bank of the river, and if he saw a plowman who was doing poor work, he would dismount, talk kindly and encouragingly to him, and make such changes in the rigging of the plow and in the hitching of the oxen as he considered necessary, then go a round or two with the man and perhaps make further changes, until everything worked satisfactorily. And so he went through the parish assisting in all things. It should be remembered that the plows used in those days and also the harness were home-made. There were some plows imported from Scotland, but owing to the sticky nature of the soil, these did not prove satisfactory; and the half-broken oxen presented another difficulty. I remember a student of St. John's telling me that if there was one thing in the world which would make a man swear, it was driving oxen. He is now a Bishop.

The building erected 1831-1832 could not now accommodate the parishioners, so Mr. Cochran was determined, with the help of his people, to build a stone church. He called a meeting of the Parish for that purpose, and the following is taken from his journal.

"December 31st, 1844, I held a meeting for the

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purpose of ascertaining what means we could raise for building a stone church. Almost all the males attended. I addressed them on the zeal and liberality of the children of Israel, when it was proposed to build the Tabernacle. If Moses found a willing people, the present assembly were equally so. Silver and gold they had none, but stones, lime, shingles, boards, timber and labour were cheerfully contributed, and to such an amount as completely astonished me. Never since the day of Pentecost was self so completely ignored. The shingle makers proposed to give ten thousand shingles each, and the lime burners four hundred bushels of lime each. The mason proposed to dress the stones for one corner and lay them gratis. Boards and timber were promised in the same liberal manner. One black curly head, a descendant from the line of Ham by his father's side, stood up in his leather coat and said: 'I shall give £10.' The eyes of all were turned towards him and a smile played on every countenance. I said, 'I believe our brethren think you are too poor to raise such a sum.' He said, raising his arms, 'Here is my body, it is at your service. It is true, I can neither square a stone, nor lay one, but there will be the floor and the roof, turn me to them and then you will see, if God give me life and health, the value of the sum will be raised.' In material and labour above £700 was promised."

So preparations were immediately commenced to collect material for the new church. Men went out to the pines for logs to be sawn by hand into boards. Others went out to the cedars

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for shingles. These were sawn into blocks of the proper length, then split to the proper thickness, then shaved with a drawing knife. Shingles made in this way will last forty or fifty years. The lime burners were also busy in carrying out their promise. In the spring quarrying for stone commenced, Mr. Cochran doing his full share of the work. He would bring his lunch of bread and cheese with him and drank the Red River water. Many stories are told of his trials of strength with the other men. It is said of Mr. Cochran when it came to shifting stones a favourite remark of his was: "This is where I shine."

Mr. Truthwaite, a leading man in the community, informed the writer that a certain day was fixed to commence digging for the foundation. He left his home at five o'clock expecting to be the first on the ground, but when he got there Mr. Cochran had already several feet dug. The corner stone was laid by Mr. Smithurst, on the fourth of July, 1845, but the building was not completed until the following year. The church is eighty-one feet by forty, with a tower twenty feet square. It stands as it was built with the exception of the spire, which was blown down in July, 1868, by the most terrible cyclone that ever passed over this country. The church was also re-seated some years ago, by the ladies of the Parish. "This House of God was built entirely at the expense of the parishioners, with the exception of fifty dollars donated by an officer of the Hudson's Bay Company, and £30, collected by Thomas Cochran's friends when attending

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College in England. It was opened without a penny of debt."

One can imagine the amount of labour and cost entailed in order to put up a building of that size, under circumstances then existing, when one considers that every board in it was whip-sawn, and every board and moulding planed by hand. All the nails, paint and glass were brought from England via Hudson's Bay, and from there by York boats, and carried on men's backs over many portages.

The consecration of this church took place in December, 1849, and was the first Episcopal act of the first Bishop of Rupert's Land.

Until 1832, Mr. Cochran's labours were chiefly amongst the Europeans and those of mixed blood. Now he had made up his mind to Christianize the *Saulteaux* Indians, who were generally camped at *Netley Creek*. Before undertaking this new work, he got permission from Governor Simpson. He had several interviews with *Pegowis*, the chief of the tribe, through an interpreter, *Joseph Cook*. The Chief himself was amenable to reason but his councillors and medicine men were strongly opposed to throwing aside the customs of their forefathers. They argued that if they gave up their conjuring, their drums and their rattles, the *Manitou* would be angry with them, and would not prosper them in their hunting and fishing expeditions. In reply to their many excuses for adhering to the religion of their fathers, Mr. Cochran made the following rejoinder: "Six times has that river been frozen, since I came to your country, and as many times

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has it been opened again. Six times have the flocks of wild fowl passed and re-passed. I diminished not their number, nor retarded their flight. Yet you see I have enough. Every time you have passed my house I have fed you when hungry, and often sent you away laden with provisions. Still, I am not in want. I have a house, a field, a garden, cows and pigs. I have enough to feed my family, my servants, the Indian children, and give to the passing stranger. Now, if you will let me farm at your encampment, it shall be entirely for the benefit of yourself and your tribe. I will teach you; I will supply you with hoes and with seed. I will send a man with oxen to plow the land, I will help you to build comfortable houses and to preserve the corn and potatoes for winter use." With such arguments as these he gradually won over the leading men of the tribe. Pegowis, as we have already noticed, had expressed his willingness to follow the religion and customs of the white man. At length after a very hard, long, cold winter, when the snow was deep and game scarce and difficult to get, the head men also began to relax, when they considered how the white man always lived in plenty while they and their families had scarcely enough to keep body and soul together. So Mr. Cochran, shrewd man that he was, began to see an opening, and lost no time in coming down with men, oxen, plow and provisions and a leather tent in which to live. (The leather tent was made of buffalo skins and was used altogether by Plain Indian hunters and traders in the old buffalo days.) Thus Mr. Cochran stayed

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and worked with his men all week, clearing and plowing the land, going home every Saturday night and returning to his work on Monday.

Mr. Cochran relates an incident that is too characteristic to be omitted. After some of the land had been plowed, he asked the Chief to give him a couple of men to go to St. Andrew's for seed. The men were to go up by canoe, while he went on horseback to prepare the seed. But they absolutely refused to move until one proposed that if Mr. Cochran would take charge of the canoe he would ride Mr. Cochran's horse up to the Rapids. Mr. Cochran had to submit. He and the other Indian paddled against a strong current, which at that time of the year is most difficult. But this great missionary was equal to any emergency that might present itself.

The first season appears not to have been propitious for crops; a frost in August injured the wheat and potatoes, but they were able to reap a fair crop of barley. The Indians now began to realize the benefit of tilling the ground, and every season after that they were more amenable to Mr. Cochran's example and teaching. He helped them to build houses for themselves. He helped them to erect a windmill where they could grind wheat of their own raising. He helped them to build a wooden church and schoolhouse. When that church was incapable of holding the increased congregations, he helped them to build a substantial stone church which stands to-day as another monument of his labour and energy.

When the Wolseley Expedition came up the Red River in 1870, after travelling hundreds of

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miles along rivers and over portages, without seeing any sign of civilization, they were perfectly astonished to see this substantial stone church, a sure sign of Christian teaching. And when some of the officers landed, they were further surprised to meet the missionary in charge, the Rev. Henry Cochrane, a pure Indian, who showed them through the church and cemetery, and who spoke to them in the purest of English.

After the departure of Mr. Jones in 1838, Archdeacon Cochran had, like St. Paul, the care of all the churches. As they extended over thirty miles along the Red River one can easily imagine what a task this was. Four congregations had to be ministered to by Mr. Cochran single-handed, for fourteen months. In the summer, spring and autumn, he travelled on horseback, over roads almost impassable and in the winter by horse and carriage. There was no escape from his labours, rainstorm and sunshine, snowstorm and blizzard, 90 in the shade or 40 below zero, he had to meet his appointments; no such thing as being able to ask a brother clergyman to give him a helping hand.

Referring to his services at the Indian Settlement, he says: "I leave home with my heart glowing with love and with a desire to praise God and proclaim the message of salvation to my fellow creatures; I ride on, a snowstorm drifting in my face almost blinds my horse and myself; my hands and feet are benumbed; my face perhaps blistered with the intensity of the frost; the chill reaches my heart, and I seem to have lost all spiritual feeling. But when I hear

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two hundred voices joining to sing the praises of Him whom lately they knew not, my heart grows warm again. I remember His promise who had said: 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.' and I too can rejoice in Him."

Mr. Cochran carried on this arduous work until the arrival of Mr. Smithurst in the autumn of 1839, who immediately took charge of the Indian congregation and was surprised and encouraged by the state in which he found the people.

After many years, in spite of his powerful frame and iron constitution, the terrible and continuous strain of mind and body which he had imposed on himself since his arrival in the settlement began to tell in failing health, and he was obliged to give up his work of love, that he had so far successfully carried out, and go with his family to Canada by the Lake Superior route to recuperate his shattered health. His return to the Settlement was felt to be unlikely, but to the surprise and joy of his people, he was so much improved that he was able to come back the following year. He could not resist the call of duty. On his return to the country he took charge of the Upper Church for a short time. Here again, he built a house, later called St. Cross; subsequently this structure was occupied by Mrs. Mills, an English lady of high accomplishments, and her two daughters, who opened in it a ladies' school. Mrs. Mills, having returned to England, was followed by a certain Mrs. Oldershaw; thus it appears that the education of the young ladies was not neglected. On Bishop

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Machray's arrival he had the building remodelled and used for many years, with certain additions, as the home of St. John's College.

In 1850, Mr. Smithurst having left the country, Mr. Cochran for the first time went to live among the people whom he was the means of bringing from a state of heathen darkness to the light of Christianity.

That he was a powerful preacher everybody admitted. His style might be called unique. He was fearless in his denunciation of evil-doers, and told the faults and failings of his congregations in plain language. Even the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company did not escape his reproofing tongue when circumstances demanded it, notwithstanding the fact that a part of his income was derived from that company as its chaplain. One of his favourite themes was the material hell. Many stories have been handed down from father to son concerning his pulpit utterances. On one occasion a certain parishioner, while attending a dance, drank rum to such excess that he died in terrible agony. The following Sunday Mr. Cochran preached a special sermon on the evil of drunkenness and referring to this unfortunate man's death he made use of the following language: "He danced and he quaffed and he quaffed and he danced, and dancing and quaffing, he went down to hell." Another time on a sultry summer day, he stopped in the midst of his sermon and called to one of his Bible Class teachers: "Corrigal, you are sleeping." Corrigal answered: "I am not, sir." "Well, what were the last words I said?" " 'Corrigal, you are sleeping.' " That re-

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joinder produced a laugh through the congregation in which Mr. Cochran himself joined.

Mr. Cochran's conduct amongst his parishioners and in the pulpit created a standard for his successors. One of the most respectable and reliable members of our communion once stated: "I don't know what the church is coming to. Now we have a young minister, a very nice young man indeed, we all like him and he is quite a good preacher. He comes down to the house occasionally of an evening and after sitting a while he pulls out his pipe and commences smoking. After a while the girls produce the cards, and then they play till all hours of the night. Fancy Archdeacon Cochran doing anything like that! I have never known him to come to my house without reading a portion of scripture and offering up a prayer. Now, it is quite different."

Anyone reading Alexander Ross' "History of the Red River" will notice what little sympathy he has for the Anglican clergy; in fact his reference to them is always in the most slighting manner. Yet he refers to Mr. Cochran in the following terms: "This excellent minister was not only a pulpit man, but the plow, the spade and the hoe were all familiar to him. Few men could be more persevering, more zealous or more indefatigable. While he kept everyone busy he was himself the busiest of all."

When the church at St. Andrew's was in course of construction a report had come to Mr. Cochran that some of the workmen had procured a keg of beer and were intoxicated. When Mr. Cochran was looking over the building a day or

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so after, one of the leading workmen said to him: "Mr. Cochran, this building is so big, I am afraid that your voice will not be heard from one end to the other." Mr. Cochran said, "Well, Duncan, we will see how my voice will carry. You go to that end of the building and I will go to the other." Mr. Cochran said in a loud voice: "Duncan McCrae, do you hear me?" "Yes, sir, I am hearing you fine," was the reply. "Duncan, I hear that you got a keg of beer a few days ago, and some of you got drunk; do you hear that?" "Yes, sir, I hear that too." "I hope this will not happen again, do you hear that?" "Yes, sir." "That is enough. I am satisfied that I can make myself heard."

Chief Pegowis is entitled to something more than a passing reference. During his residence in the Red River Settlement, no Chief had greater opportunities for good or evil than he. His grandson, Mr. Henry Prince, informed the writer that his grandfather came from eastern Canada, and the name Pegowis, or Peguis, signifies "destroyer." He arrived at the Red River a stranger, with a very small following, but through his force of character and straightforwardness became the recognized Chief of the Saulteaux, and was also acknowledged as such by the Swamp Crees, who came to the Red River from Norway House and from as far north as York Factory. Pegowis was one of the signatories to the treaty made by Lord Selkirk with four other Chiefs, on the 18th of July in 1817. At the time of the battle of Seven Oaks, what an opportunity had Pegowis to exercise the savage

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lust of blood! He had it in his power, if so inclined, to annihilate every member of the Lord Selkirk Settlers and, had he done so, without doubt he would have been liberally rewarded by the leaders of the North-West Fur Trading Company. But he stood aloof and kept his warriors well in hand, and used all his influence to protect the defenceless whites, men, women and children. In later years he was at all times received at the homes of these white settlers and their descendants with the greatest kindness.

The writer has in his possession a parchment, on which is written:

“These are to certify that Pegowis, the Saulteaux Indian Chief, has uniformly been friendly to the Whites, well disposed towards the settlement of Red River and altogether a steady, intelligent, well-conducted Indian. In consideration of these facts, and being now in the decline of life, unable to maintain himself and family by the produce of the chase alone, it is hereby certified that I have assured him of an annuity for life from the Honourable The Hudson’s Bay Company, of five pounds sterling, commencing with a payment of that amount this day.

Fort Garry, 1st January, 1835.

(Signed) Geo. Simpson,
Governor of Rupert’s Land.”

Pegowis died in 1864, and both Archdeacons Cowley and Hunter officiated at his funeral.

We also find that when Mr. West arrived at the Red River Pegowis showed him a document which read as follows:—

“The Bearer, Peguis, one of the principal chiefs

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of the Chipeways or Saulteaux of Red River, has been a steady friend of the settlement ever since its first establishment and has never deserted its cause in its greatest reverses. He has often exerted his influence to restore peace; and having rendered most essential services to the settlers in their distress, deserves to be treated with favour and distinction by the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company and by all the friends of peace and good order.

(Signed) SELKIRK.

Fort Douglas, July 17th, 1820."

This Chief should be entitled to the same rank in Canadian history as Tecumseh and Brant.

Many stories of the Archdeacon's muscular encounters with bad men are kept alive and related with pride by his people and their descendants. One of these was told me by a man who was for many years a servant of his. He related how that on a Sunday, when he accompanied the Archdeacon to St. Peter's, they were met by an Indian, who complained that his wife had been induced to leave him, by a depraved half-breed. Mr. Cochran, addressing his servant said, "Jack, this will never do. Go to the woods and bring me three oak saplings as thick as your thumb." Armed with these, and accompanied by his servant and the deserted husband, he made his way to the Indian's tent and called upon the offender to come forth, which he refused to do. Forthwith, Mr. Cochran overthrew the tent and set upon the half-breed, first with one rod and then with the other and finally with a third, until

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he had impressed upon his back, and probably upon his mind as well, the meaning of the tenth commandment. The encounter was not by any means an uneven one in its early stages, for the half-breed, like the preacher, was a man of powerful build. Having washed himself after the struggle, the doughty champion of morals returned to the church and delivered his sermon to the assembled congregation.

On another occasion, while riding on "The King's Road," as the highway was then called, he met one of his parishioners somewhat intoxicated, who at once began to indulge in abusive language. Mr. Cochran leaped from his horse, pulled the offender from his mount, gave him a thorough thrashing and sent him about his affairs, while Mr. Cochran continued his journey much as if nothing had happened.

In 1857, the Archdeacon, with his family, moved to Portage la Prairie, and was soon followed by a number of his old parishioners. He built a parsonage, a church which he named St. Mary's and a schoolhouse on the banks of the Assiniboine. There he not only *established* a mission, but he and his followers became the pioneer farmers of the fertile Portage Plains. In forming a settlement here he was strongly opposed by the Hudson's Bay Company, and the Governor and Council of Assiniboia. It was outside the jurisdiction of the latter body. It was feared that if the community brought into existence through Mr. Cochran's efforts became numerous, trouble might arise through the lack

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of any constituted government. But a man of his calibre could not be curbed. So long as he was living, his very presence kept the community free from any serious disorder. After his death, however, there were several murders committed, and many crimes of lesser degree.

The Archdeacon, having established a church and school at the Portage, other inhabitants soon followed and settled nearby, along the Assiniboine River. He also built churches and schools at High Bluff and Poplar Point and for a time he and his son ministered to these congregations until assistance came from the eastern part of the settlement.

His mission among the Indians at the Portage was not as successful as it was at St. Peter's. The Indians were more nomadic, and many of them followed the buffalo hunting for a livelihood. And they had no substantial Chief like Pegowis, to advise them and keep them under control. However, he had quite a large number of converts.

The closing scene of this heroic life is picturesque. In the early part of June, 1865, a line of carts crossed the Assiniboine River, at Fort Garry, bound for St. Cloud, Minnesota, then the most northerly terminus of the St. Paul and Pacific Railway. Among them was one with rude canvas top, beneath which sat the Ven. Archdeacon and Mrs. Cochran, who were leaving the Red River Settlement, after forty years. They were on their way to Canada, to spend the rest of their declining days. I happened to be travelling in the same party, and saw much of them. Every night, weather permitting, he held a service.

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In his addresses he dealt with subjects material and spiritual. Once he laid stress on the raising of sheep, and said that instead of having our carts laden with furs and hides, they should be loaded with wool.

From the International boundary southward, there are a number of little streams emptying into the Red River. These could not be forded, as the banks were steep and the bottoms muddy, so temporary bridges had to be thrown over them. As ours was the first brigade to travel over the route that spring we reconstructed bridges as we came to them. The Archdeacon was always one of the first on the spot, and worked with his own hands as well as gave orders to those about him.

One day when we had stopped for our mid-day meal, along came a company of American cavalry. Their horses took fright at our strange-looking carts, and commenced prancing and wheeling around. The riders gave vent to profanity. The Archdeacon immediately jumped up from his meal, without coat or cap, and said to them: "You are not brave men or you would not mention your Maker's name in this way." He talked to them for a few minutes. Some of them went on, while others stopped to hear what he had to say, and when leaving, thanked him for his good advice. The sight of this old man, with his white hair waving in the summer breeze, stopping and reprimanding a body of horsemen in a foreign country is one of the most courageous acts I have ever witnessed. Certainly he was a man instant both in season and out of season, bearing testimony to his Master.

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Having finished the journey to St. Cloud, the Archdeacon and Mrs. Cochran bade us good-bye, expecting never to return to the scene of their labours.

Strange to relate, the following September, both of them reappeared. Having reached Canada, he felt that his health was failing rapidly and decided to return at once to the west, whose scenes and people he loved. He arrived at Portage la Prairie during the harvest. His illness soon became worse and on the first day of October he passed away, and was laid to rest, according to his wish, in the burial ground of St. Andrew's Church, the chief scene of his great work. A limestone slab before the entrance marks the place where the body of this remarkable man lies buried. There is also a beautiful memorial window in the east end of this church to his memory, the gift of his many friends.

Taking a retrospect of this truly pioneer missionary, what a wonderfully many-sided man he was: a great preacher, teacher, a master builder, a master organizer and farm instructor. He was a member of the first council of Assiniboia and chaplain of the Hudson's Bay Company. He was made first Archdeacon of Assiniboia, by the first Bishop of Rupert's Land.

Hargrave, in his "History of the Red River," writes, "It can be no disparagement to any of the now comparatively numerous clergymen who sojourned from time to time in Rupert's Land, to claim for Archdeacon Cochran a high pre-eminence of usefulness amongst them. His forty years' residence in the country, the laborious na-

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ture of the work he performed, his isolation for a great part of the time from clerical assistance and the vast amount of charitable expenditure incurred by him in material aid of all kinds conferred on his parishioners have secured for him a commanding influence among the generation who knew him, and without doubt his memory will continue in high estimation long after that generation shall have disappeared.”

HENRY BUDD
JAMES SETTEE
JAMES HUNTER

By

The Ven. Archdeacon Mackay, D.D.

The Author of these three Sketches is one of the Apostles of the Faith among the native races. He is now over eighty years of age, was born on the shores of the Hudson's Bay, has spent his entire life in native work and is still active. Last summer I heard him preaching with all the vigour and fervency of a prophet to a band of heathen Indians. He writes of Budd, Settee and Hunter from personal knowledge. Archdeacon Mackay has translated the whole Bible into the Cree language, and was taken to England by the British and Foreign Bible Society for this purpose.—E.D.

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ONE of the first things to which the Rev. John West appears to have given his attention, after his arrival in what was then designated as Hudson's Bay Territory, or Rupert's Land, was the selection of promising native youths who might be trained to become teachers or evangelists among their own countrymen. Of those whom he gathered in, with this object in view, there were four who justified his choice. These were Henry Budd, James Settee, John Hope and Charles Pratt. The first two were ordained to the Ministry, and the other two spent their lives as teachers and catechists among the Indians. John Hope died on one of the Battleford Indian reserves, where he had laboured for some years, and Charles Pratt put in many years of faithful work among the Indians of Touchwood Hills, where his life and labours ended.

Henry Budd, the subject of this sketch, was the first native admitted to Holy Orders in the Diocese, or, as it is now, the Ecclesiastical Province of Rupert's Land. In his boyhood and youth he received such education and training as the mission schools in the Red River Settlement afforded, and in due time he was sent forth to do the work of an evangelist.

Just twenty years after Mr. West landed on the banks of the Red River and opened the first

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Anglican Mission near where St. John's College now stands, Henry Budd was sent to open a mission on the river Saskatchewan. At that time, outside of the Red River Settlement, the only white people in the country were the fur traders connected with the Hudson's Bay Company. On the lower Saskatchewan, where Mr. Budd commenced his work, the Hudson's Bay Company had two posts, Cumberland House and Moose Lake, about one hundred and twenty miles apart. The Company's posts were of course good places to meet the Indians, as they came and went for purposes of trade. At Cumberland Mr. Budd commenced his work, but he decided that, for a permanent station, The Pas, about midway between the above-mentioned trading posts, would be the most favourable location. This was already a favourite camping ground of the Indians, and here Mr. Budd fixed his headquarters.

The "Good News" had, however, already found its way into the district. When Mr. West first arrived in the Red River settlement, the news was carried far and wide, and the Indians at Cumberland heard of him. They were told that a man had arrived, different from any other white man that they had ever seen. He had not come to trade furs, but he had a book which it was said contained the words of Kissay Munito, The Great Spirit. It was spring-time and the Indians were assembled, celebrating one of their annual feasts. They discussed the news and they decided that it would be good to hear the words of the Great Munito, so they deputed three young

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men, lately married, to go with their wives to the Red River, spend a winter there, learn all they could, and return the next spring to report what they had heard. The mission was carried out and in due time in the early summer of the next year the messengers returned. The Indians were again assembled, observing their heathen festival. The young men told what they had heard from the mouth of the white man who had the Great Book. When they had told their story, White Bear, the Chief, spoke and said: "If what we have heard is true, we are wrong in our way of serving Munito. I must hear more of these words, I will go myself to hear God's Word." Then he took his drum and medicine bag and handed them to one of the leading men and said: "Take care of these. If I believe what I hear from the Book, I will not come back, and I shall not want these things any more. If I do not believe, I will come back and take them again." He never came back. He became one of the first settlers in the Indian Settlement, and the families among the Indians of St. Peter's Reserve who have the surname of "Bear" are his descendants.

White Bear, however, was not the only one who was impressed by the message brought back by the young men. The leaven of the gospel went on doing its work, and when Henry Budd arrived he found a goodly number of Indians ready to receive him and place themselves under his teaching. After two years of diligent work he was able to report that there were many candidates for baptism, and, in the summer of 1842, the Rev. John Smithurst, at that time mission-

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ary at the Red River Indian Settlement visited The Pas, and baptized eighty-five Indian converts. Mr. Budd continued in sole charge of the work until the autumn of 1844, when the Rev. James Hunter, afterwards Archdeacon, arrived from England. Mr. Budd's services, however, were still as important and necessary. He interpreted for Mr. Hunter, taught him the Indian language, continued his work of teaching and itinerating and superintended or took part in the various activities required to build up a missionary station and carry on missionary work in the wilds.

Bishop Anderson, the first Bishop of Rupert's Land, visited The Pas in 1850, and on that occasion decided to admit Mr. Budd to Holy Orders. After his ordination to the Diaconate and subsequently to the Priesthood, Mr. Budd remained at The Pas, assisting Mr. Hunter in the work of the district. When Mr. Hunter left in 1854, Mr. Budd resumed the charge of the mission, and he remained at The Pas until the summer of 1857, when he was appointed to open a new mission at Fort à la Corne, with the view of teaching the Indians of the Plains. He laboured at La Corne, or the Nepowewin Mission, as it was called, until the summer of 1867, when he was recalled to the charge of The Pas Mission. His work ended in 1875, and on the 5th of April of that year, he was laid to rest among the people whom he had been instrumental in bringing to the knowledge of the true God and Jesus Christ, whom He has sent. He was taken away while still in the full vigour of life and quite equal to his work. His

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loss was keenly felt by The Pas Indians. Some time after his death, the writer of this sketch remarked to an elderly Christian Indian: "You must have been very sorry when Mr. Budd was taken away?" "Sorry," said the man, "does not express what we felt. My own father died some years ago, but when Mr. Budd died, I felt for the first time what it meant to be an orphan."

Mr. Budd was a man of fine appearance. He was above the average height and well proportioned. He never had the advantage of a college education, there was no institution for higher learning in his young days, but he made good use of such opportunities as he had, and he was fortunate in being associated with Mr. Hunter, who was a scholarly man and a diligent reader. He helped Mr. Budd in preparing for ordination, and Mr. Budd helped him in acquiring the Cree language and in his translations.

Mr. Budd's ministrations were almost altogether confined to the Indians, and he rarely preached in English, but he was a good English scholar. He was ready in conversation and he was a good letter writer. In the Cree language, in which he ministered to the Indians, he could hardly be excelled. He was a fluent and forcible preacher and he was gifted with a strong but mellow voice. He was an able minister of the New Testament.

He possessed also some qualities that were remarkable in a native, and that were of great value in the management of the temporalities of a mission. He was methodical and thrifty. Under the system of the Church Missionary Society in

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those days, a native missionary had only half the stipend of a European missionary and yet, with this financial disadvantage, a mission station, under Mr. Budd's charge, was a model of neatness, and no European missionary kept things in better order. His garden and live stock and his management generally were object-lessons to the Indians. In a letter from The Pas, a year or two after he resumed charge of that station he remarked: "I think the Indians are beginning to try to make up for lost time. They have so many patches of land under cultivation this year, that when I go through the village visiting, I find it difficult to get round the fences."

In his ministrations in the Church, Mr. Budd carried out the same principle of care and method which he observed in secular work, and which in the services of the church make for reverence. The services as conducted in Cree, were the simple prayer book service, efficiently and properly rendered, for he himself had a hand in the translation of the prayer book, and he followed the Apostolic precept: "Let all things be done decently and in order."

It is a subject of regret that he did not leave any of his name to carry on his work. He was married, before he entered on missionary work, to a very estimable woman of mixed extraction, who made him a suitable helpmate. They had several children, three of whom were boys. The eldest, young Henry Budd, received an education in England, at the Church Missionary Society's College in Islington, and was a young man of great promise. He was ordained to the Priest-

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hood in May, 1863, by the Bishop who had ordained his father. He was not in very good health at the time, but went out nevertheless to assist his father in the Nepowewin Mission. His health did not improve, and within a year after his ordination he had finished his course, very much regretted by all who knew him. Two other sons died before they reached manhood. There were three married daughters, one of whom did good work as a mission school teacher, until she married. In the later years of her life she became connected with the Woman's Auxiliary, in which she took part with heart and soul, and, inasmuch as her marriage did not result in the making of a very happy home, the meetings and associations of the W. A. meant a great deal to her own life, apart from the opportunity of helping in the Church's work.

Conditions have changed since Henry Budd planted the standard of the Cross on the banks of the Saskatchewan, and gathered in the Indians at The Pas. An up-to-date town now stands where the Indian village formerly stood. A railway bridge spans the river. The Indian has had to move, and the new conditions do not all make for his well-being. It would be well if at the present time there were more men like Henry Budd, having that knowledge of the Indian ways and modes of thought which constitutes one of the most valuable qualifications for the work of raising the Indian and helping him to fit himself to meet the new conditions.

At the time when John West was laying the foundations of the Anglican Church at St. John's,

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Father Provencher was doing a similar work for the Romish Church at St. Boniface. In due time both Churches wanted a Bishop. Father Provencher, the first missionary was, in accordance with the usual policy of the Church of Rome, appointed the first Bishop. If John West had remained, and the same policy had taken effect in his case, it would have been an interesting study to mark the development of the two churches side by side, under similar conditions. Although Mr. West's own work in this land covered only a short period, he proved himself a good builder for the future, and not the least of his claims to that distinction was his selection of Henry Budd.

JAMES SETTEE

JAMES SETTEE was one of the four lads taken for training by the Rev. John West, and he justified Mr. West's choice, and did good service in evangelizing his fellow-countrymen. He and Henry Budd were the two who were admitted to Holy Orders. They commenced their work in a similar way. Shortly after Henry Budd was sent to open a mission on the Saskatchewan, James Settee was sent farther north, to the Churchill River, to open a mission in that district. There, too, the Gospel had been carried by voluntary effort ahead of the regular mission agent. A Cumberland Indian, Kayanwas (The Prophet) was impelled to carry the "Good News" to his friends at Lac la Ronge. The writer of this sketch heard the story from his widow. They started, the man and his wife, in their birch-bark canoe, hunting their living as they went. Before they were half way, they ran very short of food. One morning the man said to his wife, "Perhaps we are not wanted to go on this errand. If God wishes us to go He will provide for us. I will go out to hunt. If I am successful, we will take that as a sign that we should go on. If I get nothing to-day we will turn back." He had not been very long absent from the camp when she heard a shot, and, presently, her husband returned with the news that he had killed a fine

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moose. They had now abundant provision for the journey and they proceeded on their way.

When Kayanwas reached Lac la Ronge, the Indians heard him gladly, and when James Settee arrived there, he found many ready to receive his teaching. In 1847, he was able to report that there were a number of Indians ready for baptism.

The Rev. J. Hunter accordingly visited Lac la Ronge from The Pas and in July of that year admitted one hundred and seven Indian converts into the Church by baptism.

James Settee was ordained to the ministry in 1853. After his ordination, he did not return to the scene of his first labours. The Rev. R. Hunt arrived from England in 1850 to take charge of the work at Lac la Ronge. He removed the station to a point on the Churchill River about forty miles from the first location on Lac la Ronge, and named it Stanley after Stanley Park, Mrs. Hunt's birthplace in the old land. James Settee, however, was the founder of the Mission, in the same way that Henry Budd was the founder of "The Pas" Mission, and, here it may be noted, that this Indian Mission has been from the beginning and still continues, one of the most encouraging in the Diocese of Saskatchewan. It is encouraging in that the Indians respond to what is done for them, and also they are a strong, healthy people, and have been steadily on the increase ever since Christianity reached them. In the early days they all belonged to the one mission at Stanley. They are now divided into three bands—Montreal Lake, Lac la Ronge and Stan-

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ley. Fifty years ago they numbered about three hundred, now they number over eight hundred.

After his ordination Mr. Settee was sent out to Swan River District, now in the Diocese of Qu'Appelle, to work among the Plain Indians, who, at that time, were the wildest and most savage in the country, a people entirely the opposite of the peaceable and docile Indians of Lac la Ronge. He worked in Swan River District a number of years, chiefly itinerating, without establishing any permanent mission station. In fact his life work after establishing the Lac la Ronge Mission might be called itinerating, for he was moved, and he was already ready to move from place to place whenever there was a need. This nomadic kind of life seemed to suit him better than steady settled work. After he left Swan River, he worked for a number of years under the late Archdeacon Cowley, in St. Peter's Indian Settlement and outlying missions, and shortly after the Diocese of Saskatchewan was set apart from the Diocese of Rupert's Land, he went to Saskatchewan, and was employed there in the same kind of work. In 1883, he was called upon to undertake a duty which required an experienced and reliable man. The Pas Mission had been for a number of years under the charge of a missionary sent out from England by the Church Missionary Society. This man came under the influence of a Government official who was out in the district surveying Indian reserves, and who belonged to the sect called Plymouth Brethren. Our missionary imbibed their opinions and preached their doctrines and gave up using the

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Prayer Book Service. The Pas was at that time isolated, and this condition of things went on for some time. A few of the Indians were won over to the new way. When the state of things at The Pas Mission became known, the missionary was disconnected and someone was wanted who could be depended on and who could minister to the Indians in their own language. Mr. Settee was, as always, ready to go. He left Prince Albert in a canoe with two Indians, the Chief and a Councillor from St. James' Reserve, near Prince Albert. These two men went down, not only as canoe men to Mr. Settee, but to give their fellow-countrymen at The Pas a word of advice and exhortation. The Pas Indians received Mr. Settee gladly. As his canoe was nearing The Pas an Indian came running down to the beach and called out, "Who are you?" The reply was "James Settee!" Immediately there was a shout of joy and the Indians crowded down to the shore to welcome him. The church bell was once more rung, the Prayer Book again restored, and when Mr. Settee was relieved in about a year the church and its services were safe.

He returned to Prince Albert, and continued his work of itinerating for a few years, until, with advancing age, his strength was not equal to the work, when he retired to St. Peter's Red River, and spent the remainder of his days with his friends and children, still doing, however, as opportunity offered, any work that he could do for the Master. He died in Winnipeg, in 1902, almost unnoticed by the Church that he had served so faithfully, according to his lights and oppor-

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tunities, although we may note with thankfulness that one of the few who paid him a tribute of esteem and appreciation was the present Prime of all Canada, and, possibly in the Church Triumphant, he may occupy no mean place.

In appearance, James Settee was a typical native, as his likeness shows. He was about middle height, thickset, and full of vigour. He was of a happy disposition. No inconveniences or discomforts ever gave him cause for complaint. If he had a rough time, he generally got amusement out of his experiences.

He could not be credited with much foresight or good management in temporal matters, but this was not due so much to actual carelessness as to accepting literally the Saviour's admonitions—"Take no thought for the morrow," etc. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness," etc. He followed out his conception of Scripture teaching in more ways than one. While he was working in Swan River, on one occasion he came on a visit to Archdeacon Hunter, who was then at St. Andrew's, Red River, and who was the Secretary of the Church Missionary Society. In talking matters over with him the Archdeacon advised him not to move from place to place, but to establish a permanent Mission Station in some favourable locality. Mr. Settee listened to the advice very attentively and when it was ended his only reply was, "But you know, Mr. Archdeacon, we read that 'Here we have no continuing city.'"

He always looked upon the bright side of things and was also always ready to believe the

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best and not the worst of others. This attitude of mind led him sometimes to condone what deserved disapproval, although he gave no encouragement to wrong-doing by his own life and conduct.

He had a deep knowledge of the things of God, and could speak from his own consciousness and experience. On one occasion he visited a lady who had just passed through a very sore trial, and he spoke words of comfort to her in his own simple way. The lady remarked afterwards, "A good many have spoken kind words of comfort to me since my terrible loss, but Mr. Settee's words have given me more comfort than any other."

He had a fair English education and he mixed a good deal with white people, but civilization never spoilt his native simplicity.

He had a large family. One of his sons is the Rev. J. R. Settee, at present at Cumberland in Saskatchewan Diocese, and a grandson, also J. R. Settee, is a catechist and school teacher at Montreal Lake.

He did not live in the limelight, but he quietly worked for the Master, and, among not a few of the children of the forest and the prairie, the name of James Settee and the story of his work is not forgotten and will be handed down from father to son.

JAMES HUNTER

THE early missionaries to the Indians of the North-West were not heroes. There was nothing in the conditions of the country or the work to call for heroism. The missionaries were not the pathfinders. In this country, as in most countries, commerce opened the way for missionary effort, and the fur-traders were the pioneers and pathfinders. They plunged into the unknown wilds, and, when the missionary work commenced, the missionaries found the country dotted over with trading posts, which were reached by regular routes and means of travelling. There was a good deal of roughing, which, however, was not the peculiar lot of the missionaries, but the common experience of every one in the country.

But if they were not heroes, it can be said with truth that the missionaries sent out by the Church Missionary Society in the early days were generally men of no ordinary stamp: Jones, Cochran, James and others who might be named, were men of power. To this class James Hunter belonged. He was a man of strong physique and commanding presence. He was an able preacher and platform speaker, an extensive reader, a good linguist, and an energetic worker.

Mr. Hunter was sent out by the Church Missionary Society to take charge of the work, in

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what was then known as the Cumberland Mission. Cumberland House was the headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Company in that district. It is the oldest trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company in the interior of the country west of Hudson's Bay, and was established by Samuel Hearne, the discoverer and first explorer of the Coppermine River. Up to the time of the establishment of Cumberland House, the Company's trading posts were all on the Bay, and the Indians themselves brought their furs down to the coast to trade with the Company, but the North-West Company was pressing in by way of Fort William and the Winnipeg River and cutting off the trade of the interior. A good many of the officers of the North-West Company were men of broken fortunes, who had been ruined by their clans or families espousing the cause of the Stuarts, and Hearne, in defiance of them, named the post after the victor of Culloden.

When Mr. Hunter arrived in the country he came the usual route, by the Hudson's Bay Company's ship through Hudson's Straits and the Bay to York Factory. From York Factory, he travelled by boat through the usual waterway to Norway House, and across Lake Winnipeg to the Grand Rapids at the mouth of the Saskatchewan, and then up the Saskatchewan to his destination. Henry Budd, who opened the mission, had not seen fit to make the Company's headquarters the headquarters of the mission, but had selected a place on the Saskatchewan sixty miles below Cumberland. It was a wise choice, as it was a favourite camping ground of

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the Indians. Mr. Budd had commenced the work in 1840. Two years later, Mr. Smithurst, at that time the missionary at St. Peter's, Red River, had visited the place and baptized eighty-five converts, and now Mr. Hunter took charge of the work. There was a great deal to do. The Pas was the first purely Indian Mission Station out in the wilds. The Mission at St. Peter's, Red River, had been commenced a few years before, but the missionary there and his flock were more or less in contact with white settlers. English was used a good deal in the services, and no translations into the Indian language had been made. There was of course no church at The Pas when Mr. Hunter arrived, and only a small log house roofed with bark, for the habitation of the missionary. It was different also from Moose. When Mr. Horden arrived there he found a residence for the missionary and a neat little church that had been put up by the Hudson's Bay Company, who always had at their principal depots plenty of building material and also skilled workmen, but here was a spot in the depth of the wilds, with none but untutored Indians around. However, Mr. Hunter had no very great difficulties. In those early days of the work the Church Missionary Society supplied their missionaries with means without stint. Mr. Hunter hired a skilled carpenter from the Red River Settlement, and for the rough work, getting out logs, sawing, etc., he found very willing workers among the Indians, who, being dwellers in the forest could use their axes, and soon learnt to turn the logs into lumber with a

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whip-saw. In a few years he had a well-equipped mission, so far as buildings were concerned—a nice church and schoolhouse, and a commodious and comfortable mission house.

It is interesting to note that in the building of the church Mr. Hunter had the assistance for some months of a number of men belonging to an expedition in search of Sir John Franklin. These men were spending the winter at Cumberland House, waiting for the opening of navigation, and having little or nothing to do, put in a few months at The Pas helping in the building.

It is interesting to note also the cheapness of labour in those days. There was no money in circulation. Prices were reckoned by skins of beaver, which was the standard of value and the daily wage for an ordinary labourer was half a skin in goods, which at the most was twenty-five cents, and he received a daily ration of two and a half pounds of pemmican, which cost five cents a pound.

But while putting up model buildings, Mr. Hunter did not neglect the intellectual and spiritual side of his work. He applied himself to the study of the Cree language, and set about making translations in that language. Both in acquiring the language and in translational work he had the advantage of the assistance of Mrs. Hunter, who had a good knowledge of the language, and also of Mr. Budd, whose native tongue was Cree.

The work had its difficulties as well as its encouragements. Some of the Indians accepted Christian teaching very rapidly, while others were

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strongly opposed to it. One of the strongest opponents for a time was the Chief of the band, a man of strong passions and powerful physique. One day he attacked Mr. Budd, threw him down, drew his knife, and held it to Mr. Budd's throat. Mr. Hunter was near and called for help. Later on the Chief accepted Christianity, and he has at the present time a large number of descendants among the Christian Indians of The Pas.

When Mr. Hunter left The Pas, he left a well-organized and well-appointed mission. When he arrived it was a wilderness in which the Indian wigwam was almost the only human habitation. When he left, the church, the school and the mission buildings generally, were objects of admiration to the voyagers as they passed on their way to and from the north and west. There was not a book of any kind in the Cree Indian language when he commenced his work, and when he left, the Indians had their prayer books and hymn books and portions of the Word of God in their own tongue. The sound of the church bell brought them together to worship in the House of God, and they had learnt to join in, and to love, the church services. Many of the first converts were truly earnest and godly Christian men and women.

In 1854, after ten years of work, Mr. Hunter went home on furlough and during his stay in England did good service in deputation work for the Church Missionary Society, advocating the cause of Indian Missions. He was one of the speakers at the Annual Meeting of the Society in Exeter Hall, in May, 1855. It was the days

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when openings for missionary work among the Red Indians were taken up with enthusiasm by the Church Missionary Society and its supporters.

After his furlough Mr. Hunter did not return to The Pas. He was appointed to the charge of St. Andrew's, Red River, which was then the headquarters of the Church Missionary Society's work, and he also held the office of local secretary of the Society.

When Bishop Anderson thought it advisable to organize the Church in Rupert's Land by the appointment of Archdeacons, he had no difficulty in deciding which of the clergy in his diocese were best fitted for, and most worthy of, the distinction. Cochran and Hunter were appointed, the former with the designation of Archdeacon of Assiniboia, and Hunter with the designation of Archdeacon of Cumberland.

Up to 1859, the Anglican Church had not extended its work to the far north, only the missionaries of the Church of Rome had penetrated those remote regions. The feeling, however, had grown that the Church Missionary Society should extend its work to Athabasca and Mackenzie River. Archdeacon Hunter volunteered to make a visit to the north, with a view to the establishment of a permanent mission. He left the Red River in the beginning of June with the Portage la Loche boats, and spent the winter in Mackenzie River, returning the following summer. The result of his visit was the commencement, the same year, of permanent missionary work in the district of Mackenzie River. Arch-

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deacon Hunter was thus the pioneer missionary of our church in the far north.

After twenty years of service he returned home. He worked for the Church Missionary Society in deputation work for a time, and then accepted the important charge of St. Matthew's, Bayswater, in London. During his pastorate his preaching attracted a large congregation. It was found necessary to enlarge the church, and a new St. Matthew's was built to accommodate the increased number of worshippers. He held his pastorate until his death. He had great gifts and in the providence of God, he was called away while in the full possession of all his powers.

Archdeacon Hunter was twice married. His first wife, a lady of devoted piety, died in November, 1847. His second wife was Jean Ross, daughter of the Hudson's Bay Factor at Norway House. As before mentioned, she had a good knowledge of the Cree language and was of great service in the work among the Indians.

THOMAS VINCENT

By

Rev. Jacob Anderson, B.A.

and

The Ven. Archdeacon Faries

THOMAS VINCENT

IT was the policy of the Church Missionary Society from the advent of the first missionary in the country to educate and train a body of country-born clergy, who would carry on and extend the work of evangelizing the Indians in North-West Canada.

Of these, Thomas Vincent was, perhaps, the most remarkable for his fiery zeal in the cause of Christ. He was born on the first of March, 1835, at Osnaburgh, within the borders of that territory in which he was destined to labour as a missionary for many years. His father, John Vincent, was a fur-trader for the Hudson's Bay Company at Osnaburgh, and his mother, Charlotte Thomas, the daughter of a Hudson's Bay officer, was born at Moose Factory. They retired from the fur trade in 1840, and made their home in St. Paul's Parish, Middlechurch. Here Thomas attended the parish school, receiving an elementary education, and in the humble home life he received that training in manual toil and resourcefulness, which in after years made him a successful missionary in the wild wastes of the north.

The home influences surrounding young Vincent were no small factor in deciding his future. His mother was a devout and God-fearing woman, with a deep reverence for the things of God,

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and out of her holy admiration for the missionaries in the Red River Valley sprang the desire that one of her sons should be given to the ministry. It was in direct answer to her prayers that the call came to Thomas Vincent as he was one day working in the meadow. There and then he gave his heart to God and decided to serve Him as a missionary.

To this end he attended the Red River Academy in St. John's Parish, devoting himself heart and soul to his studies. On hearing that a catechist was wanted for Moose Factory, James' Bay, he volunteered his services to Bishop Anderson, who promptly and gladly accepted him.

Starting out from Fort Garry with the Bishop in a canoe, he travelled down the Red River to Lake Winnipeg, then up the Winnipeg River through Lake of the Woods, through Lac Seul and Lake St. Joseph and down the Albany River to James' Bay.

In the course of the long canoe journey, the Bishop and young Vincent passed many encampments of Indians, and two or three days were spent at each place, preaching the word of life, baptizing and confirming those who were ready for these holy rites.

The young recruit thus received a splendid initiation into the blessed work of evangelizing the Indians under the saintly Bishop, setting on fire that zeal for the salvation of souls which was the outstanding feature of his missionary life. On that journey he gave evidences of his fitness for the life opening out before him, in paddling all day long without feeling weary, carrying heavy

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loads across the portages, taking his share in the camp work and acting as interpreter for the Bishop in dealing with the Indians. From Fort Albany they took passage in a sailboat to Moose Factory, where they were warmly welcomed by the Rev. John Horden, who was in charge of the mission.

This mission had been established in 1851, by that indefatigable worker for Christ—John Horden—and the work was growing in a most encouraging manner, but it was a tremendous burden for one man. Besides the active work of a zealous missionary there was a lively literary work going on. A printing press came to Horden from England, and he was making good use of it by printing his translations of the Scripture and prayers and hymns into the Cree syllabics. Here was a man doing the immortal work of giving the people a written language—lifting the natives of Hudson's Bay out of a life of illiteracy to a life of enlightenment. Thomas Vincent was taken to the village school soon after his arrival and placed in charge as teacher. The next few years were spent at Moose Factory under the able direction of Mr. Horden, who applied the rules and methods of the Church Missionary College to the work and life of the mission. The early hours of the morning were devoted to manual work about the mission station, three hours to teaching in the school, two hours after lunch to systematic study with Horden as lecturer or tutor, then a couple of hours of helping Horden in the printing room, or the study of the language, or in doing outside work about the mis-

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sion, and after supper the hours were devoted to study. John A. Mackay (now Archdeacon of Saskatchewan) was also one of the students and workers at this busy mission. He had been noticed by Mr. Horden, as he worked at a carpenter's bench at Fort George, on the eastern side of Hudson's Bay, as likely material for the training school at Moose, and had been persuaded to join the little band. Thus Vincent and Mackay studied and worked side by side under the great "Apostle of the Hudson's Bay," and imbibed from him that fiery zeal and missionary spirit which made them famous among Canadian missionaries. During the summer months long journeys in different fields were taken by each worker, in the endeavour to spread the Gospel throughout the large district of Moosonee. Gradually the influences of Christianity spread from camp to camp, from post to post, and soon the cry came from certain localities, "Come over and help us."

It was in response to this cry that Thomas Vincent was sent to Fort Albany, about one hundred miles north-west of Moose.

The history of Albany goes back to the sixteenth century, when Charles Bailey, first governor of Rupert's Land, built a fort at the mouth of the Albany River in opposition to the French-Canadian traders, who were exploiting the west coast of the Bay.

The present post is situated on the south bank of an island in the Albany River, and is a centre of gravitation for all the Indians hunting and trapping in the wooded and muskeg lands round

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about. Hundreds of Indians came to Albany to barter their furs for goods in the Hudson's Bay store, and only a few were Christians. It was a large and open field, providing a wide scope for all the energies, enthusiasm and spirituality of a young missionary. For the next forty years this post was the headquarters of a strong and zealous missionary, who played a great part in the evangelization of the Indians in the Albany River District.

Vincent was ordained a deacon and appointed to the mission of Albany in 1860, on the occasion of the last visit of Bishop Anderson to Hudson's Bay. When he landed at Albany, he had the option of renting a house from the Hudson's Bay Company, or building one for himself. His early training in the school of toil and self-dependence on the banks of the Red River, and his experience in the mission work at Moose, had helped to develop a rugged and self-reliant man, and he decided to commence building operations. He had to go off into the virgin forest, hew timber and vigorously work the pit-saw to make lumber. By sheer hard work, indomitable courage and perseverance he succeeded in the course of time in building a very comfortable house. It afforded him shelter and privacy for the prosecution of his studies, as well as accommodation for classes of catechumens and small congregations during the severe winter. His next ambition was a church building where he could accommodate his growing congregation. After another season of chopping and sawing, enough timber and lumber was prepared for the building of a church.

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The logs and boards were made into a raft and floated down to the shore at the mission site. With the help of the Indians these logs and boards were carried or pulled up the bank. Vincent surprised the Indians by shouldering a log himself and carrying it up the bank to the site of building. The young men admired and applauded the young missionary for his extraordinary strength, but the old men looked solemn and said, "Our Praying Chief must take care of his great strength for the greater work of saving souls." Vincent said many years afterward that he never forgot the timely rebuke of the old men, and that it cured him of foolishly giving exhibitions of strength when there was no need for it. Previous to this rebuke he had injured the muscles of his right hand in pushing a two-inch grooving plane, and the injury had rendered the thumb powerless. For youthful indiscretions like these he suffered in after years.

With the help of the Indians and the servants of the Hudson's Bay Company, the missionary built his church which a few years later was enlarged, and it became one of the prettiest little churches in James' Bay. While devoting much of his time to building operations, Vincent was also fighting a fierce battle for the cause of Christianity, preaching Christ crucified to a benighted people, bringing many into touch with a loving Saviour. Many of the Indians were still in heathen darkness, the slaves of savage superstition, and such things as stealing, cannibalism, murder, polygamy, immorality and hardness of heart darkened the moral horizon. Then there

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was a dead weight of indifference on the part of the more enlightened inhabitants, which was very discouraging to the lonely missionary. It was truly a testing time for Thomas Vincent. Thank God, the soul of Vincent had been arrested years ago by the living Christ and the touch of the Divine Master had revealed the hidden gold in his character, making him a strong man and a shining light amidst the sordid surroundings of heathen darkness. Only the quickened soul can quicken, only the spirit-filled life can draw other souls unto God.

In a short time great grace fell upon the people of Albany, and the young missionary had the joy of leading many anxious enquirers to the foot of the cross, bringing them into touch with the Divine Master. The Breath of God passed through the forests and muskegs of the northern wastes, the class of catechumens grew larger, the searching after God's Word was taken up in earnest, daily professions of faith were made, and every Sunday the little church was filled with devout worshippers. About this time the Rev. John Horden came round on a tour of inspection, and after seeing the wonderful results of a short ministry said of Vincent in his official report to the Church Missionary Society, "A better appointment could not have been made."

While Vincent was working and studying at the Moose Mission, he had won the affections of Eliza Ann—a daughter of Chief Factor Gladman of Moose Factory. Having partially solved the problem of living in the wilderness, with a fairly comfortable house ready, Vincent claimed his

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bride on September 11th, 1861, and thus began a happy partnership, which was made sacred by much suffering, privation and hardship, in the service of Jesus Christ among the Indians of the north.

Born and brought up among the Indians, Mrs. Vincent was a very capable wife for the zealous missionary and a great help in the study of the language and character of the Indians.

As the work of Albany now required the ministrations of a priest, the young deacon accepted Bishop Anderson's invitation to present himself for ordination. He had to leave his mission in February at the coldest time of the Arctic winter, when travelling can only be done under great hardship. Day after day Vincent, walking on snowshoes, along with the half-breed mail carriers, pulled his sleigh containing his baggage and food, camping out in the cold nights. They could not carry much food along with their baggage, and had to depend on their guns for game, which rarely came in sight at that time of the year. It was one of the most remarkable journeys made by this hardy person, covering a distance of thirteen hundred miles on snowshoes—pulling a heavy sleigh behind him, "going up for Priest's Orders!" How many men at the present time would undertake such a journey to obtain priest's authority and powers?

When Vincent arrived at Dynevor, who should meet him there but his old fellow student and friend, John A. Mackay, who had been for some time studying at St. John's. The two friends drove together to Vincent's old home at Middle-

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church, recounting the experiences and blessings of the past few years.

As soon as the ordination was over Vincent returned to his work by canoe, travelling over the same route he had taken in 1855, preaching the Gospel as he went along and administering the Sacraments of the Church. Hundreds listened to the story of the love of God in sending His Son to save sinners, told in their own language by a big powerful man possessing a divine magnetism which drew the hidden goodness of their souls to the surface, making them feel that they would like to give their lives to God.

“The big praying Chief” was held in awe by many because of his physical domination and remarkable insight to the Indian nature, but they also knew that the big man could deal as gently and quietly with the broken sinner as a professional nurse with her patient, gently leading the soul to nobler issues.

In 1865, the Rev. John Horden went home to England on furlough, and Mr. Vincent was called to take charge of the mission at Moose, which meant greater responsibility and double labour, as of course he had to keep up his own work at Albany.

The work at Moose under Mr. Horden was well organized. Intense activity was its feature, and Mr. Vincent soon found that his great strength, his fearless courage, his steady perseverance, would all be needed to carry on Horden’s work. He probably learned some lessons at Moose which were necessary in the development of a strong character and among them were—

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the out-flow of love to bring others to the Fountain of Love, Jesus Christ, and diplomacy in working among a people of mixed race. Bishop Horden was like the Apostle John—full of love, and he loved his converts into the Christian life. Vincent was like Elijah the Tishbite, coming down from his Carmel with fearful energy and shaking the ground on which sinners stood. Though quick to speak and ready to condemn, no one would show more penitence than Vincent, when he found that he had made a mistake. One can understand that the change from Horden to Vincent at the mission could not be done without a certain little disturbance in the atmosphere. The change, however, was sometimes necessary, both for Vincent and the people at Moose. In spite of the stern aspect of his religion he appreciated a joke with boyish glee, and he could relax when he was surrounded by young people.

During his leisure moments he worked at a turning lathe, making the Communion rails for his church at Albany, showing how his thoughts would dwell on Albany and its needs. Under his direction the carpenters at Moose made a reading desk and a pulpit for the same church.

Once during the winter he walked along the cold coast to visit his people at Albany, receiving severe frost bites on the road, and enduring hardships which were all forgotten on arriving at his old mission.

Faithful Indians were acting as lay-readers, endeavouring to keep up the religious interests of their fellow-Christians. The backsliders were called in and dealt with, the hardened sinner re-

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ceived a fresh and stirring appeal, and the faithful few were strengthened and encouraged by the inspiring addresses, quiet talks and fervent prayers of the evangelist. In June of the same year Mr. Vincent left Moose Mission to the care of the catechist while he went on a missionary journey in the Rupert's River District on the eastern side of James' Bay. This was his second journey in this region. The first was made when he was a student at the Moose Mission. He was an enthusiastic evangelist, full of fiery zeal for the cause of Christ, ever keen to be on the move in the interests of the Gospel. Restless energy and emotional preaching characterized his ministry. To be confined to the organized work of a settled parish was irksome to him. He wanted to be up and doing, moving crowds into action, or using his physical force in building churches and parsonages. So he gladly seized every opportunity of travelling for the cause of Christianity. In the district of Rupert's River the Indians were still wrapped up in their heathen superstitions and prejudices.

There was great need for a man of force and emotion to break the tyranny of sin and stir up the spiritual life of the stoical and reserved Indian. Vincent was the man for such work. He could deliver his powerful message at the meetings with stirring effect, and then he would go through the wigwams pressing home that message, often contending with the conjurers and medicine men, who used their cunning to hinder the acceptance of his message. When speaking in the Cree language he was full of force and emo-

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tion, working up his audience to a great state of feeling.

On one occasion an old heathen chief decided to make a public struggle for the faith of his forefathers. He interrupted a Christian service and challenged the "Praying Chief" to give some miraculous sign that the Christian religion was true. The missionary could have hurled him through the open window of the building as easily as throwing a log, which would have been considered an extraordinary feat of strength, but he braced himself for a mental battle instead. It was paganism versus Christianity. The Indian was sometimes loud and insulting, but the "Big Praying Chief" was patient and firm, driving his arguments home with telling effect on the audience and pressing his man into a corner. When the Indian realized that he was a beaten man, a great look of fear came into his face, his limbs shook and he fell down in a dead faint. His crestfallen and frightened followers carried him from the room and the Christians regarded the incident as a great triumph for their cause. The same heathen chief eventually became one of the most ardent Christians in the district. On this journey Vincent travelled with the freight canoes up the Rupert River, assembling the men morning and evening for prayers, instructing them whenever the opportunity for a few words came.

The various isolated posts in the interior were all reached, the gracious message of the Gospel was faithfully proclaimed and thus the seed was sown, which in years after brought forth fruit an hundred fold. The next summer Mr. Vincent

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took a missionary tour on the east side of Hudson's Bay. Fort George, Great Whale River and Little Whale River were visited, and the inhabitants heard again the good news of salvation through Jesus Christ. At Great Whale River there was a great industry of making whale oil going on, and Indians and Eskimos from east and west were employed in the work. It was a splendid time to meet these dwellers and toilers on the bleak shores of Hudson's Bay, and many converts were added to the little Christian band.

When the Rev. John Horden returned to his mission Mr. Vincent immediately returned to his old mission at Albany. All the activities of the mission were brought into life, reaching out into distant stations on the Albany River. Bishop Machray visited the mission in 1868, and Vincent presented seventy-five candidates for confirmation. The Bishop was deeply moved with the spiritual life of the mission and was well satisfied that the work of evangelization among the Indians on the Albany was in capable hands.

For many years Vincent worked with all the physical strength of a giant; with all the spiritual force of a man of God; with undying love for his Master; with never-flagging interest in missionary work among the people he loved and knew so well. Every summer he made long journeys in his birch-bark canoe with trusted Indians, visiting posts and settlements throughout the vast regions of the Albany River District.

One of the great events of the year at these isolated places was the arrival of the missionary. Indians gathered together to await his arrival

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and the fur-traders planned their work so as not to interfere with the work of the missionary. As the missionary's canoe proceeded up the rivers of the country, Indians in canoes would shoot out from the banks, shake hands with the "Big Praying Chief" and follow in the wake of his canoe. A week or so would be spent at each post in the happy experience of dealing with souls, and stirring men and women into religious activity. It was the old-time apostolic conception of preaching the Gospel, and as in the days of old, great grace fell upon the poor Indians of our northern wastes.

On his return from these long journeys the summer season would be over, and winter would be near, when every resident in the country had to prepare for the winter. Vincent's gun provided much of the flesh consumed by his family, the fish-net brought in a good supply of fish, and the garden—the result of the giant's labours—supplied the vegetables.

The long winters were spent in the daily round of a pastor's duties, teaching in the school, which he had established and built himself, and in translational work. The breaking up of the ice in spring was always regarded with more or less dread. Sometimes the islands in the river caused the ice to jam and then the water would flood the islands. Almost every spring the people at Albany were driven from their homes to stages built out of brush and trees in the shelter of the bush. It was a great inconvenience and meant much hard work and suffering for the inhabitants. In a letter to a friend written from

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his place of refuge at the time of a flood, the Archdeacon wrote, "I have left the ministry for the stage and I am deluged with protests."

It often happened that through the scarcity of game the improvident tribes of the north experienced "hard winters," and the tragedy of life was such that the missionary could do very little to relieve the situation. He could call starving churchgoers into his kitchen, and give them such food as the good housewife could spare, but such help was like a drop in the bucket. Often the missionaries drew on their next year's supply until it was exhausted, trusting and believing that the loving Father would provide for the future. And faith always had its reward. After many years of appeal and representation, Mr. Vincent was instrumental in getting the Government to recognize its responsibility for the natives, and supplies of food and clothing for destitute Indians were placed at Albany, to be distributed at the discretion of the missionary. This assistance from the Government became a bone of contention between Vincent and the Roman Catholic priests, the latter being under the impression that discrimination was being made between the Protestants and the Roman Catholics. These frictions over material things convinced the missionary that "Government gratuities were detrimental to the independence of the Indian, and a curse to the missionary who distributed them."

One of the heart-breaking experiences of a missionary is the responsibility and care resting upon him in times of epidemical distress, when

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sickness and death and sorrow sweep through his beloved flock.

During Vincent's long term of service the whooping cough swept over the country twice, influenza twice, the measles once, and each time they left death and sorrow in their trail. The missionary threw himself into the front line of battle, fighting the disease, proving himself to be truly a man of God and a real minister to his people.

In 1883, Mr. Vincent was appointed Arch-deacon of Moose in recognition of his many years of faithful service and wide experience in the diocese of Moosonee.

As a missionary of the Church Missionary Society he was in constant correspondence with the officials in London, forming a link between him and the splendid men at the Church Missionary House, which he greatly appreciated. He often wished that he could meet these servants of Christ and talk with them face to face. The opportunity came in 1885, when he had to go to England to put his translations of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" through the press. It was a real joy and inspiration to him to meet those numerous friends, whom he had learned to love so well through correspondence. He was well received in England; did deputation work for the Society, which also gave him the opportunity of presenting the needs of the work in Hudson's Bay. On his return from England he passed through Winnipeg; preached in his old home parish church at Middlechurch, and also in the Penitentiary at Stony Mountain, where he talked

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to "Big Bear," the Indian Chief who figured in the North-West Rebellion.

In 1888, he was again called to Moose Factory to superintend the activities of the lively mission in the absence of Bishop Horden. While acting as superintendent of the work in Moosonee he made a journey up the Abitibi River, getting into touch with a people who seldom saw a missionary.

He also travelled along the shores of James' Bay, renewing his acquaintance with the people he had preached to on a previous visit, reaping a plentiful harvest. The varied interests and elements in the work at Moose did not suit him and he sought to work up the real missionary features rather than the parochial.

Mrs. Vincent was for many years an invalid in the little home at Albany, and the Archdeacon often carried an anxious heart in his long journeys. It was characteristic of his sense of duty that he let nothing interfere with his plans of work, and it was also characteristic of the brave and unselfish wife that she never hinted at interrupting her husband's work. There were times when the Archdeacon left his wife so weak and ill that he did not expect to see her alive when he returned from a long journey. Natural affection, home ties, and family cares seemed to be buried in the great work of evangelization of the Indians. On December 12th, 1891, Mrs. Vincent's brave spirit left its earthly tenement, dissolving a partnership of thirty years, which had been made sacred by whole-hearted service for God. Her death did not come as a surprise to

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the Archdeacon, yet it delivered a blow over the heart from which he never really recovered. According to Mrs. Vincent's wishes, her body was buried in the family plot in the graveyard at Moose Factory, and it was drawn by a dog-sleigh over one hundred miles.

It was the saddest of the Archdeacon's journeys, but he said that "he felt the sting less when he saw how all his Indians rose up to comfort him."

Towards the close of the Archdeacon's term at Albany, the Jesuits, who had been working among the Indians north of Albany, became very aggressive, causing him much trouble and sorrow. When he heard of any of his people having any dealings with the enemy, he thundered at them from the pulpit, and went after them in their homes. On one occasion he openly accused a Jesuit priest of proselytizing his people. The wily Jesuit denied it. The Archdeacon said that he did not believe the priest; that he had the Indian's word for it. The indignant priest enquired, "Would you take an Indian's word before mine?" "Most certainly," said the Archdeacon. It was just like him to be outspoken, and he never learned that in this way he made bitter enemies. For the same reason he was not particularly popular among the white people in the country. He was pre-eminently the missionary to the Indians, and a life-long friend of the red man. His heart, his talents, his strength, his life, were given to the cause of the Indians, and they rewarded him with all the devotion and faithfulness of their reserved nature.

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The Bishop of the diocese was known as the "Great Praying Master," but the Archdeacon was the "Big Praying Chief," and as such he is known to this day.

With his spirit broken in the loss of his wife, the embitterments of later years, together with the infirmities of approaching old age, the Archdeacon felt that it would be better to give place to a younger man, and he retired from the work in September, 1900.

His retirement was referred to in the Church Missionary Report in these words: "The Committee have highly valued Archdeacon Vincent's zealous and persevering labours to shepherd the Christian Indians on the western side of James' Bay, and they pray that in his well-earned retirement, the Master whose Gospel he has so long sought to disseminate will bring ever fresh joy to his own soul." He chose as his place of retirement a farm in Stonewall, Manitoba, where one of his sons and other relatives had made their home.

It was too late in life for him to enter into the life of the western farmer, and he did not feel quite happy at Stonewall. His heart would still go out to old faces and places in the north. It was to satisfy this hunger in his heart, that he undertook for the Government the taking of the census of the population in the regions of James' Bay in 1901. The work gave him a splendid opportunity of renewing the ties which bound him to the people. The powers of an evangelist had full exercise, and something like a revival fol-

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lowed in the wake of his canoe as he journeyed through the great lone land.

When Bishop Holmes took charge of the work in Moosonee he found that there was a shortage of clergy, and he immediately sent an invitation to the retired Archdeacon at Stonewall "to come and fill a vacancy for a while." The old Archdeacon lost no time in responding to the call, and after an absence of six years he returned to his old mission at Albany, the happiest of men in the mission field. In a letter written soon after his return to Albany, he said, "I realize as never before how gracious God has been to allow me to be one of the too few to carry the glorious message of salvation to precious souls."

It was apparently the working out of God's plans, in answer to the old servant's prayers, that he should come back to the scene of his life's work, and yield up his spirit on the old battlefield.

Just a few months after his return to the work he was called from his labours—January 16th, 1907—in full harness, at the age of seventy-two years, nearly fifty of which were spent in building the City of God in Moosonee. His body was taken on a dog-sleigh by loving and sorrowing Indians over one hundred miles of ice and snow and was buried by the side of his wife's grave in the old graveyard at Moose.

The heroism of this native-born missionary who endured hardships, fatigue, loneliness, prejudice, opposition, hunger and isolation, for the sake of Christ and the poor Indians—a pioneer

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of pioneers—is surely a chapter in our Church's history that should not soon be forgotten.

With joy and thankfulness he lived to see the development of the work—the foundations of which he had laid—five churches in the Albany River district, with two ordained clergymen doing active work in the interior, a dozen or more native teachers, and thousands of Christians with Christian literature in their hands, worshipping the true God intelligently and reverently, and serving the Lord Jesus in sincerity and truth.

Every church, congregation and converted soul in that vast region over which he travelled for many years, stand out in his crown of glory, shining like the stars of the morning. “Men may come and men may go,” but the rugged and energetic evangelist, Thomas Vincent, will always stand out in the pages of our Canadian church history as one of the heroic toilers who broke the soil in the northern wastes, for the fertilizing power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, which transforms a wilderness into a garden of God.

ROBERT McDONALD

By

Rev. A. C. Garrioch

and

The Right Rev. I. O. Stringer, Bishop of Yukon

The Rev. A. C. Garrioch, joint author of this sketch, with the well known Bishop of Yukon, was born at Middlechurch and is seventy-two years of age. He has been in close touch with the Church's growth since boyhood, knowing intimately the great Churchmen of the time. He was a fellow labourer of Archdeacon McDonald of whom he writes, and has done valiant service as a missionary, including much translational work.—ED.

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NEIL McDonald, father of the subject of this sketch, came to this country from Islay, in Scotland, in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company about 1820, and was assigned to aid in the expedition of Sir John Franklin.

After fulfilling his obligations to the Company, he "went free," as it was commonly called, and settled down as a farmer at Point Douglas, on the Red River, half a mile north of Upper Fort Garry. The year following he was married to Ann Logan, a daughter of William Logan, a retired Hudson's Bay officer. A family of five sons and five daughters blessed this happy union, Robert, their second child being born in 1829.

His father, Neil McDonald, was a man of cheerful and kindly disposition, with a great fondness for Scotch songs, and of no mean ability in singing them. Robert's mother was esteemed by her neighbours as a hospitable woman of the genial sort; what wonder then if the children also, who grew up in the serene atmosphere of such companionship, were lovable and pleasant in their lives.

Robert's education was commenced in the St. John's Parish School. Later on he studied in the McCallum Academy, and finally entered St. John's Collegiate School, where he took a course in Divinity, under Bishop Anderson, by whom he

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was also admitted to Deacon's Orders, in 1851, and to the Priesthood the following year.

Only one document remains that seems to throw light on young McDonald as a student. It is a manuscript in the hand-writing of Bishop Anderson. In it there is a list of five boys who held scholarships in 1855. One of those was McDonald, another was Coldwell, who afterwards became Lt.-Col. Coldwell, and Master of Corpus Christi, Cambridge; and these two were the only students of Bishop Anderson's time who became Hon. Fellows of St. John's. It may therefore safely be said that tradition has visible means of support in asserting that the name of Robert McDonald had a high place among the successful students of his day. In 1884 the University of Manitoba conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity — fitting tribute to what he was, both as a scholar and a missionary.

In 1853 Mr. McDonald was appointed by Bishop Anderson to the charge of White Dog Mission, situated at the junction of the Winnipeg and Lac Seul Rivers. This station had been established the year before by Mr. Philip Kennedy, and given the name of Islington.

We have no definite record of the immediate result of young McDonald's work at White Dog Mission, but we know that he applied himself assiduously to the task in hand, giving special attention to the teaching of the natives.

His term of service here is important as being a preparation for his great work of forty years

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among the natives of the Yukon and Mackenzie Rivers.

Without doubt his experience during the nine years at this place enabled him to avoid the mistakes of a novice.

The Ojibway, the Indians among whom he worked at White Dog, are second to none in their belief in the supernatural. They hold to their various traditions with a tenacity that no merely human power can overcome, and when they insist upon some practice on the plea of being so taught by their father and mother, the missionary has the difficult task of how not to condemn the filial respect to parents that he is in other ways endeavoring to inculcate.

Mr. McDonald's knowledge of the Indian character, and his kindly and sympathetic nature were invaluable assets, in his undertaking at White Dog, to convince the Ojibway that the Gospel representation of "Kachi Manito" (the Great Spirit) was a much worthier conception of him than that entertained by their fathers.

Many among them were impressed by his teaching and were baptized. Mr. McDonald preached to the Indians in their own language, and there are now in this district children of some of his parishioners and pupils whose lives bear tribute that his teachings are not forgotten. Mr. McDonald had full opportunity of judging the merits of the Syllabic System, in his translations of the Ojibway language into Tukuludh. The fact that this translation is in Roman characters would indicate that he did not think it wise to try to expand the capacity of the former to meet

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the huge requirements of the Tukulth language.

In October, 1862, Mr. McDonald reached the Yukon, and was the first Protestant Missionary designated specially for mission work in that district.

At Fort Yukon he was three thousand seven hundred and fifty miles from his home in Winnipeg. Finding more opportunities and greater scope for vaster heroic effort, he forthwith gave himself without stint to the prosecution of the work, which at his Master's bidding he had gone forth to perform. He was not absolutely first in this part of the Mission field. Some Roman Catholic Priests had attempted to gain a foothold among the Tukulth and Archdeacon Kirkby had gone as far west as Fort Yukon in 1861, baptizing about one hundred Indians.

The evangelization of the tribes of North-West America had presented great difficulties to missionary efforts, owing to the nomadic habits of the people, who are dependent on the chase for their livelihood. The farther north the tribe, the greater the difficulties, and when the Arctic regions are reached the climate effectually bars a policy often pursued farther south, that of sowing seeds of grain and religious truths simultaneously.

By constant seeking out the Indians and conversing with them, first through an interpreter, Mr. McDonald gradually acquired a knowledge of their language, while at the same time he was imparting to them a knowledge of saving truth. In thus rapidly acquiring their language Mr. McDonald was helped by his knowledge of the

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classics. He could speak at least three other languages besides English. Tukudh was probably the most difficult of all, yet in a few years he mastered it and before he died probably spoke it better than the Indians did.

At the end of two years it was reported in the Church Missionary Intelligencer "that a first fruit had been garnered," in that a leading Chief of the Yukons died, exhorting his people to become Christians indeed, that they might follow him to that blessed place whither he felt sure that he was going.

About this time Mr. McDonald was so seriously ill that he was thought to be dying. This news having reached the Church Missionary Society, the Rev. W. C. Bompas offered to go out and continue the work.

In those days the journey from London to Fort Yukon took so much time that when Mr. Bompas arrived, Mr. McDonald had quite recovered; so that instead of God having decreed the death of his servant in the wilderness, his illness but served to awaken the interest of other Christians in the work. Mr. McDonald had hardly recovered when scarlet fever broke out among the Indians.

This dread disease, serious to any people, is much worse where the lack of proper sanitation, ignorance of the proper methods of treatment, and absence of necessary drugs and equipment renders its victims an easy prey.

The disease commenced in the autumn and lasted all through the winter. With the thermometer between twenty and sixty below zero, Mr.

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McDonald journeyed continuously from one centre to another, giving physical and spiritual aid where most needed.

How many lives were saved that winter through his instrumentality it would be hard to say. He thus proved to the Indians that he loved them, and they made him the return, that was no doubt dearest to him, of accepting his Saviour as theirs.

During this winter he wrote to the Church Missionary Society, "It is to be hoped that the Tukudh will be led by the present trying affliction through which they are passing to attend more to the things which pertain to their eternal peace. It will be so with some, no doubt.

"May there soon be a mighty religious awakening among them, and souls be brought from darkness into light, translated from the kingdom of Satan into that of God's dear son."

The Church Missionary Society considered this prayer answered when he wrote six months afterwards: "I have had the pleasure of admitting within the visible church, by baptism, upwards of eighty adults, and there are many more awaiting admission."

He had now reached a stage in his work when a knowledge of reading on the part of some of his Indians made it important that they should be supplied with books in their own language.

His experience enabled him to decide that the printing in Roman character was preferable to the Syllabic for these books. The Syllabic was of great service in providing books for the Cree, temporarily, but it would have been unwise to

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attempt expanding its capacities to meet the requirements of the Tukudh; the Cree being accredited with only about thirty-two distinct syllables, the Tukudh having about five hundred.

To reduce to writing such a language as the Tukudh with its complexity of sounds, required a very correct ear, much patience and skill, so that the method of spelling would have all the simplicity of which the language would permit, and at the same time be uniform.

To give the reader a slight idea of the language the names of some of the tribes are here given, and let it be remembered that there are many words much more unpronounceable: Tunun, Kutchin, Tet-let, Kutchion, Tranjik-Kutchin, Notsi-Kutchin, Tetsi-Kutchin, Geuds-du-Large, Vuntlet-Kutchin, Nun-Kutchin, Nugoochonjyek-Kutchin.

It would take many volumes to record at length the story of Mr. McDonald's missionary travels. Taking these "journeyings often," as a whole, Bishop Reeve thus refers to them in a letter printed in the "Canadian Churchman," a few weeks after the death of Archdeacon McDonald.

"He travelled among the scattered tribes both in summer and winter, down the mighty Yukon River, as far as Behring Straits, up the river through the now famous gold region, seeking out the remote tepees, undaunted by either the piercing cold of winter or the still more trying mosquitoes of summer, and had the joy of seeing nearly the whole nation, consisting of several tribes, brought to the foot of the Cross, forsaking

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their old heathenism, and turning from darkness into light and from the power of Satan unto God.”

On one occasion returning from a long journey, accompanied by his wife, they became lost in the mountains and were a whole week without food.

Reference is made to one of Mr. McDonald's longest journeys in the annual report of the Church Missionary Society for 1872, when Fort Yukon was still his chief centre. Following are a few extracts from his journal while on his journey to Fort St. Michael: “June 14th, 1872. About two hours afterwards I assembled them again, when they appeared more interested. The Decalogue was repeated to them a second time.

“I set forth the law of Christ, and the greatness of His salvation and impressed upon them the offer of His grace, exhorted them to repentance, speaking strongly about conjuring.

“Of seven who are conjurers, four renounced their craft, one of these was Larion, a chief of the Koyookuk Indians, belonging to Fort Nulate.”

“June 16. Had the pleasure of seeing two of them succeed in learning by heart a hymn of two verses, and a short prayer. At 8 o'clock, proceeded on our way. Came on two camps of Indians this afternoon. They are called the Yoolikuk Indians.

“They all have the features of the Esquimaux, and have their hair cut close on the crowns of their heads. They speak the same language as the Tetsi-Kutchin, with only a slight difference.

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They had heard of my coming and seemed glad to receive instruction.

“June 19th. Lord’s Day. At one a.m. came to a large camp at Igrahasagmute. Having had attacks of catarrh I did not venture to address them, but simply told them I would do so on my return from St. Michael’s.”

If “Igrahasagmute” is a fair sample of the Yoolikuk language a man with catarrh could not fairly have been expected to give an address, especially on a serious subject.

He was able to give an address at another camp through an interpreter, who was a member of the Greek Church.

At midday they came to a camp of Jugalicks, but the interpreter was dissuaded from giving his address by the other members of the Greek Church who were on board the boat, and so the occasion had to pass unimproved, and also a subsequent opportunity of addressing the Indians of another camp.

The country as they passed out of the Yukon River into Norton Sound is thus described by Mr. McDonald: “On the right-hand bank of the river a range of hills ran along with but few breaks; on the left bank the hills are more detached, and at a greater distance from the river. The different kinds of trees are spruce, birch and willow. The river is full of islands, and is very wide at a few places, apparently over six miles. Weather cloudy, and mosquitoes extremely numerous and troublesome. June 24th. At 2 a.m. o’clock arrived at St. Michael’s, which is situated on a bay on Norton’s Sound. Met with a kind re-

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ception from Captain Reidall, agent of the Hutchinson Hotel Co. Nearly all the officers of the company are here at present. A considerable number of servants and Indians are employed as boatmen here. Took a walk to-day with Capt. Reidall. The prospect, though bleak and barren, is rather pretty."

Mr. McDonald spent a month at this point, five thousand miles from Winnipeg. Capt. Reidall was most kind and with his assistance and that of Elijah Kaschefni-Koff, a Russian lad who could speak Esquimaux, he was enabled to translate a shortened form of the Decalogue and some texts, also to compose a short prayer, and a hymn of three verses.

In regard to this he wrote in 1879: "They learned to sing it well to the tune 'Portuguese Hymn.'"

On leaving St. Michael's as was his custom he intrusted the honour of acting as instructor or leader to the most competent person in the band.

In this year the boundary between British and American territory was settled, and finding that much of the country through which he had preached Christianity belonged to the Americans, he regretfully retired to the east of the Rockies.

Making Fort McPherson his headquarters, he built there a church and parsonage. Feeling an increasing need of more Indian books, he accepted an invitation from the Church Missionary Society to take a rest and left for England in 1872, taking with him his translations of the four gospels, and part of the Book of Common Prayer. These were printed during the winter by the

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British and Foreign Bible Society, under his supervision.

Bishop Bompas, writing four years later, to the Church Missionary Society, said: "Archdeacon McDonald deserves great credit for the accuracy with which he rendered the Gospel into Tukuluh."

The subdivision of the huge diocese of Rupert's Land was decided upon during Mr. McDonald's absence and was consummated soon after his return in 1873.

That part of the territory known as "the North (or Mackenzie River) District" was to constitute one of the three new Sees and to be designated "The Athabasca Diocese."

Following on this decision the Rev. William Bompas left for England to be consecrated Bishop of this northern See. There were many who considered Robert McDonald was the man justly entitled to this honour, but never did he, by the slightest hint, convey to the mind of anyone that he shared in such an opinion, or that he regarded the matter as worthy of consideration. Some doubt arising as to whether Mr. Bompas would accept the position, Archdeacon Cowley, who was then secretary for the Church Missionary Society, in Rupert's Land, consulted Mr. Ross, a commissioned officer of the Hudson's Bay Company at Mackenzie River, then on leave in the Red River Settlement. His opinion was voiced as follows—"If you can persuade him that it is his duty, he may accept; if you can't he never will."

The Bishop, who was now married, made Fort Simpson his headquarters. It was at this Fort

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that most of the Hudson's Bay officers of the district annually assembled in charge of the boats and the crews belonging to their respective trading posts.

In September, 1875, the missionaries of the new diocese were also there, with the exception of the Rev. Arthur Shaw of Fort Chipewyan. Their names follow: The Rt. Rev. W. C. Bompas, Rev. R. McDonald, Rev. W. D. Reeve, and the catechists, Messrs. K. N. L. Macdonald, Joseph Hodgson, Allen Hardisty, William Hern, and A. C. Garrioch.

Before dispersing for another winter campaign the Bishop held a meeting at which he outlined the situation in the diocese, viewing the outlook with the optimism inherent in the born missionary.

Mr. McDonald took a leading part in the discussion, which was followed by the Bishop announcing that he had conferred upon the Rev. Robert McDonald the title of Archdeacon, regretting at the same time that the added dignity was not supported by any additional salary.

Inhabitants of the far north are more readily predisposed to friendship than those who live in more thickly populated parts of the country, and the relations between the employees of the Hudson's Bay Company and the missionaries were very cordial.

At this meeting one of the mission buildings was used as a dormitory by some of the visitors. The building included a large lecture-room with long table and benches, and here Archdeacon McDonald invited the Hudson's Bay officers and

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others to assemble on their last evening before separating for another year, about twenty men spending a pleasant hour in exchanging reminiscences and enjoying each other's society without reference to creed; Roman Catholics and Anglicans, sitting down to a light supper in a complete spirit of brotherly love.

Two hours before this meeting the Archdeacon held a service in the church, his daily practice here, for the benefit of the ten Tukuph, who formed the crew of one of the boats.

The Church is a neat building of wood with tower and spire, standing in a clearing between the mile-wide Mackenzie River and a fringe of tall spruce.

It was a calm and beautiful evening in September, the setting sun just gilding the roof and tower of the church, before dipping behind the tall trees, conveying to the beholder a glimpse of the "Peace which passeth all understanding."

Entering the church the Indians quietly took their places, and a hymn being given out sang together in their clear musical voices, apparently with heart as well as voice. Prayer followed, in which they distinctly gave the responses.

Then followed scripture reading with an exposition, then another hymn, a collect, and the benediction. A simple and striking service, not soon to be forgotten by those who had the privilege of being present. The Archdeacon's brother Kenneth also took part in this service. A letter written by Richard Hardisty, Chief Factor, to Bishop Machray, dated 2nd November, 1872, gives the following independent testimony of the

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character of Archdeacon McDonald's work: "Some of the Tukudh were up this fall. I wish you could have seen and heard them offering prayer and praise in their own language, they sing so well and have such beautiful voices. It was enough to make every white man present hang his head in humiliation and shame, that the poor people only a few years ago sunk in the depths of barbarism and superstition should thus set an example of Christian piety, and unbounded faith in the Father of all."

"Mr. McDonald deserves great praise for his labours and success among the Loucheux. The fruit he is gathering and will gather is well worth the labours and devotion of a life-time; and I think so well of Mr. McDonald that I believe he will spend his life for the benefit of the people among whom he has worked so long and so well."

In 1877 Archdeacon McDonald married Miss Julia Smith, one of his converts. Born in the country, and inured to its rigorous climate, she gave him in unusual measure the rich treasure of her love and devotion, and for many years relieved him of the drudgery which falls to the lot of the unmarried missionary.

She sometimes accompanied him on his journeys and was also of much assistance in his work of translation. In June, 1904, he reached the age of 75, and his retirement from lack of physical strength for the work became necessary. He made his last earthly abode in a humble dwelling in Winnipeg, very near the spot where he was born, and it was her hand which ministered to his needs, while he quietly worked and prayed,

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her voice that soothed him until the time of waiting passed, the night came, and he entered upon his eternal rest.

Archdeacon and Mrs. McDonald had a family of four sons and three daughters, of whom only three outlived their father. Of the three sons two enlisted with the Canadian overseas forces. Kenneth joined the Navy and Hugh, the youngest son, entered the army. He was granted his commission, and when about to return home, contracted Spanish influenza, followed by pneumonia, of which he died.

Mr. McDonald's work had been so blessed that even in the early eighties, when a long leave of absence was necessitated by a second serious illness, and his advancing age forbade his making continuously such arduous journeys, his Christian leaders were able to carry on the good work.

In 1878 it appears in the Church Missionary Reports that eighteen of these lay helpers, all of them unpaid, were assisting their pastor in his work; and in his journal of the previous year he mentions John Tehietla, one of these helpers, as keeping a school attended by forty pupils who were learning to read. In this same year his baptismal register showed up to that date he had baptized 1,393 Indians

Perhaps it was a real gain that during his last fifteen years in the mission field he had to be more stationary, for he had this greater opportunity to prepare graduates for confirmation and Holy Communion, and also to more thoroughly train his Christian helpers, of whom several were admitted to the ministry.

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When not engaged in teaching, he continued his work of translating, and had finished, when he left the Mackenzie River Diocese in 1904, the Old and New Testament Scriptures, the greater part of the Book of Common Prayer, a hymn-book, a separate edition of psalms, a book of instructions, a grammar and a dictionary. When he retired to the east of the Rockies he expressed the hope that the promising sphere of missionary enterprise that he was leaving would not be overlooked by the American Church, and it is satisfactory to know that the work was taken up and that his successors appreciated what he had accomplished.

This extract from an article dated April, 1915, by the Ven. Archdeacon Stuck, appearing in "The Spirit of Missions," bears testimony to these facts:

"Archdeacon McDonald, that striking personality of Christian Missions in the interior of Alaska, who passed to his rest and reward only last year, was at Fort Yukon in 1862, fifty-three years ago, and when we celebrated the 26th anniversary of the Rev. John Chapman's entering upon his work, we remembered that it was also the 50th anniversary of the beginning of the work of the Church of England in what is now Alaska, and we sent our warm and respectful congratulations to the venerable churchman, now living in Winnipeg."

Young William Loola soon came under the influence of Archdeacon McDonald's teaching, and was attached to him as a travelling companion and pupil.

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Together they made some of those remarkable journeys of evangelization in the interior that have never been chronicled, but which were surprising in their extent.

He also helped the Archdeacon in the work of translating the Scriptures and Liturgy into the native tongue.

When the Hudson's Bay Company withdrew from the Yukon after the purchase of Alaska by the United States, missionaries of the Church of England withdrew also, and the natives of this place were left with no other spiritual ministrations than William Loola could give until Bishop Rowe was consecrated to the Missionary Episcopate of Alaska in 1896, although the English Church missionary visited the place from time to time.

Again writing of William Loola in "Spirit of Missions," September, 1918, Archdeacon Stuck says, "The Hudson's Bay Company established Fort Yukon in 1847. Ten or twelve years after starting this trading post the first missionaries were sent here. In 1862 Archdeacon McDonald arrived. It stands to the everlasting credit of the Church Missionary Society that they reached out thus early into these remote parts, and their labours constitute a chapter of evangelization, not the least memorable in the history of Christian missions, though almost unwritten, and seemingly forgotten by the compilers and encyclopedists thereof."

It is a commonplace of books about Alaska that the first mission, except that of the Greek Church, was established at Wranghill by the Presby-

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terians. Yet the best tribute I have seen to the work of the man I have been referring to is contained in one of the early reports of Dr. Sheldon Jackson, the eminent Presbyterian minister, who for many years was Commissioner of Education for Alaska under the United States Government. "It was mainly from Archdeacon McDonald that William Loola received his early training, traveling widely with that distinguished pioneer and helping him in his great work of translating the sacred books into the native tongue. Under his tutelage Loola became a native catechist, and was long employed in visiting outlying tribes and accompanying his people in their hunting encampments, teaching them to read their own language, now first reduced to writing, and then to become acquainted with the Scriptures. The impress of his early training never left him. It had moulded and established his character."

In the last days of June, 1912, fourteen months before his death, the Archdeacon paid a visit to the Paisleys at Ridgeway, Mrs. Paisley being a niece of his. While there he baptized their five months' old baby, and then accompanied them in their car to Portage la Prairie, where an "old-timer" gathering was being held in Island Park. Much attention was here paid to the Archdeacon, he being unquestionably the greatest, oldest and best-looking of the "old timers" there.

When taking leave of the Paisley family next day the scene was indeed touching as he embraced and kissed the little one he had received into Christ's flock the day before, his Master's words, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven"

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being as applicable to the aged saint as to the little child.

The manner in which, from a small salary, he regularly helped to lessen the strenuous experiences of two maiden sisters, who predeceased him by only a few years, was simply wonderful.

An old friend of his in Winnipeg, on being asked what she considered the most striking feature in his character, evidently had this fact in mind when she replied, "His lifelong, unwavering attachment to his friends."

Canon J. W. Matheson, in a sermon preached in St. John's Cathedral, the Sunday following the death of Archdeacon McDonald, spoke on the text Hebrews 12: 1: "Seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us run with patience the race that is set before us."

The sermon was a splendid tribute to the life-work of one who may fittingly be called "the apostle to the Tukudh."

This sketch cannot be more fittingly brought to a close than by giving two short extracts from this sermon. "To those of us whose connection with church work here is of long duration, that grave, we are confident, is one before which many visitors in the days to come will uncover in honour of one of the most signally successful missionary careers of our age. It is the grave of a man who, by God's help, was enabled to redeem a tribe.

"It is a grave before which many who were privileged to know his personality, and many who shall hereafter read the inspiring story of his life,

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will offer earnest thanksgiving to God for a noble example, and breathe a silent prayer to Him that they, too, may run with patience the race that is set before them.”

In another way also his life was a witness to the glory of the Christian ministry. Many young men are deterred from entering the ministry by the poverty and hardships entailed. Archdeacon McDonald lived a hard life, but he died a glorious death, leaving an example to future generations. Hardship and poverty he knew in full measure; but is there any successful business man who, in his heart, does not covet the rich and unfailing crown this veteran missionary has won?

If the heart of the Deity is love, if the crown of life is love, then there can be no question that the ministry affords a better sphere than any for attaining the “coronation of life.”

**GEORGE JEHOSHAPHAT
MOUNTAIN**

By

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THE Mountain family are said to have been descended from French Huguenots who sought refuge in England at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. George Jehoshaphat was born July 17th, 1789, three days after the capture of the Bastille in Paris. His father was chaplain to the Bishop of Lincoln, a friend of William Pitt, on whose recommendation he was appointed to the See of Quebec in 1783. The family took up their abode at Woodfield, near Spencer Wood, the official residence of the Governor.

He was confirmed in 1803, and from his religious disposition seemed to be marked out for the sacred ministry from his tenderest years. In 1805 he was sent to England, where he attended a private school at Little Easton, Essex, till 1808, when he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, from which he graduated in 1810. Returning to Canada in 1811, he became secretary to his father, under whom he studied for Holy Orders. Ordained deacon in 1812, he became assistant to his cousin, Salter Mountain, in the Parish Church at Quebec. In 1813 he accompanied his father on one of his triennial visitations of his diocese, thus early becoming initiated into the work of the episcopate. He was raised to the priesthood in January, 1814, was married the following August, and shortly

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after assumed the charge of the parish of Fredericton. To reach his distant charge he had to go by boat to Pictou via Prince Edward Island, thence by land to Halifax and Annapolis, and thence by water to St. John and Fredericton. This was the beginning of a course of apostolic travels that ended only with his life.

When Salter Mountain removed to Cornwall in 1817, he left Fredericton, where he had won in an eminent degree the confidence and affection of his people, to take charge of the work in Quebec. Here he soon established a Diocesan Committee of the S.P.C.K., and inaugurated national schools for boys and girls, acting under the conviction that religious knowledge was the surest foundation for his work. In addition to his parochial duties he was appointed Official for Lower Canada, which led him to undertake a visitation of the settlements on the St. Francis River in 1818. And in 1820 he accompanied his father on his last visitation of the western part of his diocese, which carried him through Fort Erie, Amherstburg and Sandwich, and on the return journey through Queenston, Grimsby, York (now Toronto), Port Hope, Belleville, Kingston, Brockville, Perth and Prescott, and he finally reached Quebec after an absence of nearly two months.

In 1821 the parish of Quebec was erected by letters patent, and Dr. Mountain was appointed rector. In this year also he was promoted to the dignity of Archdeacon of the Lower Province. In 1822 he again visited the Eastern Townships, passing through Sherbrooke, where "he could hear of nothing like a horse in the village," Lennoxville,

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known by the name of the Upper Forks, which could only be reached by a horse path through the woods, Eaton, Hatley, Shefford, Dunham, Freighsburg, Philipsburg, Clarenceville, Isle Aux Noix, Sorel, St. Andrew's on the Ottawa, and Rawdon, visiting the churches and schools, preaching in most places, and performing a great part of the journey on horseback. In 1823 he was appointed Honorary Professor of Divinity and Principal of the newly formed University of McGill, offices which he held till 1835. In 1824 he visited the district of Gaspé. On the return journey he ascended the Ristigouche and Metapedia Rivers in a bark canoe for about 75 miles, and walked 25 more to the shores of the St. Lawrence through the woods. The romance of such travel may be judged from the following description which he gives of himself: "Lame and tattered, a long staff made out of an old canoe paddle in my hand, the scratches of my skin seen through the holes of my trousers and stockings, without a neck cloth, my clothes soiled by the march, my shoes tied with twine, and my trousers confined at the ankle, to prevent their catching in the branches, with pins and strips of cedar bark; a coloured handkerchief around one knee, to prevent the enlargement of a very serious solution of continuity, to which pins had been repeatedly applied with very little effect." Churchmen may well ponder, in these days of luxurious travelling, the sacrifices with which the Church in those early days was planted in the land.

It would be tedious to go on describing the continuous round of visitations, performed year

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after year, of the vast region extending from Gaspé and the Magdalene Islands, through the Eastern Townships and the Ottawa Valley and along the shores of Lake Ontario and Lake Erie to Sandwich and Windsor. Even in these days of abounding activity we cannot but be amazed at the tireless energy that animated this devoted servant of the Church. But with the rapid increase of the population and the extension of settlement it became impossible for any one man, however strong and energetic he might be, to compass the work. Accordingly plans were set on foot to divide the diocese. In 1836 he was called to assist Bishop Stewart, under the title of Bishop of Montreal. Owing, however, to the retirement and death of Bishop Stewart shortly after, the care of all the churches continued to rest on his shoulders until in 1839 Dr. Strachan was elevated to the See of Toronto, which included the whole Province of Upper Canada. Lower Canada was further divided in 1850 by the creation of the See of Montreal, while he retained the title of Bishop of Quebec.

At the outset, the Clergy, from the nature of the case, could only be obtained from England. It was hopeless to expect that many recruits for the Ministry could be secured in a country where the population was sparse, widely scattered and struggling for existence. As, however, the country began to develop it became more and more evident that if the Church was expected to prosper it must produce a native clergy. When candidates began to offer themselves provision was made for their training in theology at Three Rivers, under

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Rev. Mr. Wood, and at Chambly, under Rev. Mr. Braithwaite. This elementary mode of training proved highly satisfactory, when judged by results; for the teachers were thoroughly qualified for their task and the students were men of deep conviction and great earnestness of spirit.

But private tuition, at the hands of men who, however competent, were absorbed in the duties of their ministerial office, could only at best be a makeshift. The Bishop, in the most untoward circumstances, cherished the idea of establishing a Church University of which a Theological Faculty and a suitable chapel would be essential parts. In seeking to realize this object, his thoughts turned to Three Rivers, where the Rectory, which was originally a Monastery, seemed to offer peculiar facilities for this purpose. But before anything definite could be arranged in this direction, the Rev. L. Doolittle came forward on behalf of himself and several residents of Sherbrooke and Lennoxville, with the offer of large contributions in land and in money, if the site of the college was fixed in the neighbourhood of those places. As the Eastern Townships were the headquarters of the English-speaking population of the lower province it was finally decided to establish the institution at Lennoxville, in 1842. No more beautiful site could have been chosen. On rising ground that overlooks the junction of the St. Francis and Massawippi Rivers, with the cosy homes of Lennoxville, embowered in trees, in the foreground, and the spires and mansions of Sherbrooke, as if perched on a rock in the distance, there arose

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a stately pile of buildings consisting of a Principal's Residence, the University and Theological buildings, a chapel and a boys' school. The value of such an institution to the Church and to the country has been incalculable. It has not only raised the standard of education throughout the Province and especially the Eastern Townships, but it has given many aspiring young men an opportunity of acquiring the knowledge for which they yearned, and of forming and cherishing ideals of culture and of service which, though on a small scale, have been one of the most wholesome influences in our national life. Residence and association with kindred minds for from three to five years in one of the most beautiful centres of one of the most picturesque parts of Canada, under cultured and devoted teachers, with daily chapel and the hallowed influences of religion pervading the whole, constitute a memory that only grows brighter and more cherished as it recedes into the past. As I look back over nearly half a century of active life, in which I have been blessed with many helpful friendships and many happy experiences, the time I spent at Bishop's College, Lennoxville, stands out in my recollection as one of the happiest and most fruitful periods of my life. In saying this I am sure I am only expressing the feeling of many scores of men who have enjoyed the benefits of the institution. These men, wherever they have gone, have been a wholesome and uplifting influence in the life of Canada. Some of them have won distinction in secular life. Some, like Dr. Carry and Arch-

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deacon Roc, were among the ripest theologians which our busy life has produced. Some, like Archdeacon Lindsay, of Waterloo, Que., were among the Church's most devoted and successful missionaries. And of all it may be said they adorned the doctrine of God their Saviour in all things. And this splendid chapter in our national life we owe to the statesmanlike vision and self-denying efforts of Bishop Mountain.

Apostolic journeys are always important. Some, however, from their picturesqueness and the far-reaching consequences that followed them, stand out conspicuously above the rest. Such was St. Paul's first missionary expedition to Europe, in A.D. 52, when he preached the Gospel and planted the Church in Philippi, Thessalonica, Athens and Corinth. Such, too, was Bishop Mountain's visitation of the Indian missions in the Red River Settlement in 1844. It was the first direct contact of the Church in Canada proper with the Church in the North-West, which has been fruitful of so many happy relations and so much mutual benefit; which had its logical culmination in the formation of the General Synod in 1893, when the Archbishop of Rupert's Land was made Primate of all Canada and in complete assumption of responsibility by the Canadian Church for the missions to the Indians and the Eskimos, in 1918 made possible by the success of the Anglican Forward Movement, just brought to such a triumphant issue. It reveals the mysterious way in which God weaves the meshes of His Providence for the furtherance of the Gospel.

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In the fulness of time, when God sent forth His Son, He had gradually prepared the world for that blessed Advent. The laws and military power of Rome served as a shield and buckler for the Missionary of the cross; the incomparable language of Greece served as a medium for the exposition and diffusion of the mysteries of the Gospel; and Palestine, by 2,000 years of preparation, had provided the content of the Gospel in the person of Jesus Christ, the missionaries who carried His Name to the Gentiles, and the church that sent them forth. In like manner, the Hudson's Bay Company had been the forerunner of the Gospel and the church in the west. Its occupation of that vast and desert region had staked out the claims of Britain to the eventual possession of the land. Its ships carried the messengers across the Atlantic; its boats conveyed them up and down the wonderful river systems of that country; its forts and factories formed the centres of their evangelizing efforts; traders were their natural allies and fellow-workers; its humane and honourable treatment of the Indians predisposed all the native tribes to give a favourable reception to their message, and it was under the auspices and direction of their great magnate, Sir George Simpson, that Bishop Mountain was enabled to accomplish his memorable journey.

Moreover, the journey itself is a striking object-lesson of the progress of the country during the last 75 years. The journey which consumed no less than 38 days may now be compassed in little more than 38 hours. The bark canoe has made

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way for the majestic steamer and transcontinental express train. The shelter of a tent or of the canopy of heaven has been replaced by palatial dining and sleeping cars. The centre of the lumber industry, then known as Bytown, has grown into the queenly capital of a great Dominion. Lumber camps and small settlements in the dense forests have expanded into the towns of Renfrew, Arnprior and Pembroke. The fur-trading post of Fort William has grown into two rising and opulent cities. The Red River settlement, with a few hundred inhabitants, has expanded into the great City of Winnipeg. Small farms on the edge of the prairies have developed into the Prairie Provinces, yielding hundreds of millions of bushels of grain. Half a dozen Indian missions have become two Ecclesiastical Provinces with fourteen bishops and many hundreds of clergy. And a vast region that was the habitation of wild beasts, buffaloes and roving tribes of Indians, has been overrun by railways and has become the seat of thriving towns and cities. What Canadian can now be a pessimist and despise the day of small things? What churchman can fail to bring forth the head stone with shoutings, grace, grace be unto it? What Christian can refuse to say, "Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts"?

This journey to the Red River had been one of the Bishop's long cherished projects even from the time of his consecration in 1836. Deferred in 1842 on account of illness, it was finally carried out in 1844. He left Quebec by steamer, May 13th, and embarked at Lachine, May 16th. The

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conveyance was a new birch bark canoe, 36 feet long, with 14 paddles. The crew were picked men; one had accompanied Franklin to the Arctic regions in 1825; eight were French-Canadians; six were Iroquois Indians from Caughnawaga; and all were Roman Catholics. The guide was an Iroquois of wide experience. The Bishop was accompanied by his chaplain and servant. The baggage, provisions and tents weighed 1½ ton.

They rose at 3.00 a.m. and rowed till 8.00 a.m., when one hour was allowed for breakfast. Then they rowed till 2.00 p.m., when a cold dinner was hurriedly taken; after which they rowed till sunset. The Bishop and his escort spent the night in a tent, with tarpaulin for a mattress, cloth for a pillow and blankets for a covering. The men slept under the inverted canoe. They followed the usual route up the Ottawa, the Mattawa, Lake Nipissing, the French River, Lakes Huron and Superior, the Kaministiquia, the Rainy River, Rainy Lake, the Lake of the Woods and the Winnipeg River, a distance of 1800 miles. For five and a half days they did not see a human being, and the pitiable condition of the few Indians they met on the way only served to bring out in bolder relief the transforming and uplifting character of the Red River missions.

The Bishop spent three Sundays at the Red River. He held two ordinations, confirmed 846 persons, preached 13 sermons, delivered 5 lectures to all the candidates for confirmation, addressed the Sunday School children and visited all the principal inhabitants in the settlement. These were the first episcopal acts west of the Great

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Lakes: The Indians were greatly delighted with the Bishop's ministrations, which also gladdened the hearts and strengthened the hands of the missionaries. They were unanimous in the expression that "he captivated the hearts and called forth the best feelings of the people. The good he has done is altogether incalculable. His parting address drew tears from many eyes. It may indeed be said of the Red River settlement, as it was of Samaria when Philip went and preached Christ unto them, that there was great joy in that place."

The Bishop himself was deeply impressed with these experiences, which he continued to cherish among the most precious of his Episcopate. "To come upon such a settlement," he says, "and to see the Indian children all decently clothed, with their books in their hands, after having come freshly from the naked, and often dirty heathens, does indeed fill the mind with the most thankful emotions of delight and the most earnest longing for the extension of so blessed a work. If the scenes thus presented could have been witnessed by those who are called upon to support the Society at home, and, still more, if they could have had the opportunity of contrasting them with the exhibitions of poor, dirty and degraded heathens, half or wholly naked, who were to be seen on their way, a powerful accession of force would have been gained for the appeal to their charity." It was largely due to his strong and earnest appeals that the See of Rupert's Land was eventually established in 1849.

The year 1847 witnessed the ship-fever visita-

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tion that has left a deep mark on the history of the nation and of the Church. The ravages were few in the country, were much severer in Montreal and Quebec, but rose to the proportions of a national calamity at the quarantine station at Grosse Isle. Where there was accommodation for only from 120 to 150 patients, ten times that number were landed on the shores. The churches and outbuildings, together with 89 tents, were brought into use, and still 800 remained on the ships without care or attendants of any kind. The bishop took his turn with the clergy in providing spiritual ministrations for the sick and dying, and in burying the dead. He had officiated in mills, in barns, in schoolhouses, in prisons, in private houses, on board ships, packets, steamers and schooners, but now for the first time he ministered in the open air. The condition of the afflicted was pitiable in the extreme. Some were lying on the wet ground in the rain; some on rank wet weeds; orphans lay in tents dying, covered with vermin from head to foot, unowned and no connection to be traced. To the credit of the Church it must be said that neither Bishop nor Clergy shrank from the ordeal. Seventeen served; nine took the fever, of whom two died; while one also died at Quebec, one at Montreal, and one at St. Johns.

The Bishop's manifold labours and travels, the ever increasing duties of his vast Diocese and the difficulty of supplying all its needs had forced on him the conviction that the Church should possess greater powers of self-government. When every matter of importance had to be decided by the

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will of the Bishop and the scattered congregations had not organized means of consultation or self-expression, too great a burden was allowed to rest on the Bishop's shoulders and great potential powers for good in the Church were allowed to go to waste. The same conviction had forced itself on the other Bishops of the Canadian Church, as well as on Bishops similarly situated in Australia and New Zealand. This led to the memorable meeting of the North American Bishops, held in Quebec, in September, 1851, and attended by the Bishops of Newfoundland, Toronto, Fredericton and Montreal. This meeting of churchmen corresponds to the celebrated meeting of public men of Quebec, in 1864, which led to the Confederation of the Canadian Provinces. It resulted in the adoption of principles that have led to the formation of Diocesan and Provincial Synods and to the eventual unification of the whole Canadian Church under a General Synod.

The conclusions arrived at by this Conference of Bishops have had such far-reaching consequences and seemed so new and so bold at the time that they deserve more than the passing notice which alone can be given them here. The assembled fathers of the Church considered it desirable that the Bishop, Clergy, and Laity of the Church of England in each Diocese should meet together in Synod at such times and in such manner as may be agreed on. The Laity in such Synod should meet by representation and their representatives should be communicants. The Bishops, Clergy and Laity should also meet in Council under a Provincial Metropolitan to deter-

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mine the larger questions that concern the whole Church. The Council should be divided into two houses, the one consisting of the Bishops under their Metropolitan and the other of the Presbyters and Lay Members of the Church. They were of the opinion that Church membership requires admission into the Christian Covenant by Holy Baptism, that church members should conform to the rules and ordinances of the Church and that, according to their ability, they should contribute to the support of the Church and especially of those who minister to them in Holy things. The subsequent developments of the Church's order and discipline have only been an application of the principles here laid down.

These principles which are now universally accepted and taken as axioms of Church life, strange to say, met with great difficulties in their practical application. Imperial statutes seemed to stand in the way of synodical action in the Colonies. At short notice the Bishop undertook a voyage to England to help in the removal of these disabilities. Conferences were held by the Bishops of Newfoundland, Antigua, Capetown, and Nova Scotia, at which the Bishop of Quebec presided. Eighteen English Bishops took part in the deliberations at Lambeth with the Archbishop of Canterbury as chairman. A bill was introduced into the House of Commons by the Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone, which did not pass. It was reserved for the Canadian Legislature in the end to give freedom of action to the Canadian Church.

But the troubles did not end here. Violent attacks were made against the Bishop in the col-

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umns of a local paper, by parties hostile to the inauguration of synodical action. This opposition was fostered by religious periodicals at home to the great distress and perplexity of the Bishop, till the cause finally triumphed, in 1859.

In the sequel the Diocese of Quebec took a prominent place among the Canadian Dioceses, notwithstanding the paucity of its numbers and the weakness of its financial resources. The unity and devotion of the Clergy, together with the abounding liberality of the Laity, overcame all obstacles. The Quebec scheme for the support of the Missionary Clergy acquired a wide celebrity. Mainly through the munificence of the late Mr. Robert Hamilton, the nucleus of an endowment was formed in nearly all the country parishes. The beneficiary funds are in a prosperous condition. And the Diocese of Quebec has led the way in all the recent movements for Church expansion, as may be seen in the steady progress of the Missionary Society and the phenomenal success of the Forward Movement. Much of this was made possible by the sound judgment and self-sacrificing labours of Bishop Mountain.

And the Bishop was not free from troubles of a more general character. The disturbing influence of the Oxford Movement was felt even in his Diocese. It is almost ludicrous, in this more tolerant age, to recall the fact that one of the causes of controversy was the use of the surplice in the pulpit. It is true that more important issues were at stake, which stirred the feelings of men to their depths. His sensitive nature allowed trials of this kind to sink deeply into his heart.

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His biographer feelingly says that there is but one human being now on earth who has witnessed his struggles and sufferings, when persistent opposition carried wounds to his very soul. But his devout and loving nature, strengthened by Divine Grace, enabled him to pass through these trials unscathed, and his bearing won for him the enviable eulogy: "It will set the disputants an example of the tone and temper in which controversy ought to be carried on."

As may be inferred from what has gone before, he was an ardent admirer of nature in all its moods. He revelled in a snow storm, which could have been no uncommon experience to him. He regarded it as a privilege to have been permitted to see an Aurora Borealis. Nothing to be compared, he says, to this display of glory has been witnessed before in the Canadas, in the memory of man. Of one place he says, "It is a romantic little spot. Such solitudes fit the frame of mind to devotion. For the time you do not belong to the world." Interspersed with discussions of serious subjects he gives most glowing descriptions of the scenery through which he travelled, on the banks of the St. Lawrence, in Gaspé and more especially in the Eastern Townships. Everywhere in nature he saw the wisdom and goodness of God.

And amid all his experiences of pleasure or pain his home was his greatest delight. The members of the Mountain family were singularly devoted to one another, and he shared that domestic trait to the full. "My home," he says, "will always be a resting-point to which my soul will turn itself as to nothing else which there is,

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or can be, on earth." To his father he writes: "How shall I ever sufficiently acknowledge or requite all the kindnesses I have experienced from parents such as no other children are blessed with?"

Bishop Mountain was a man of highly cultivated tastes. Naturally fond of poetry, of literature, of art and of nature, these gifts had been improved in a cultured home and in contact with men of refinement and culture in England and especially at Cambridge. He began to study Latin at the age of seven, and at the age of fourteen he showed an unusual familiarity with Greek, Latin, French and English authors. Like most boys, he was addicted to writing poetry but, unlike most men, he preserved the habit throughout his busy life. He wrote poetry as he lay in his berth on board ship and, as he travelled through the wilds, on his way to the Red River, and he frequently beguiled the tedium of a lonely journey through the forest by repeating passages from his favourite authors. He habitually carried a Bible or Prayer Book in one pocket and a copy of Cicero or of some other classical author in another. This was all the more remarkable as his whole life was one continuous round of travels filled to the brim with services, sermons, baptisms, confirmations and even personal visits. But this accounts for the voluminous correspondence with his Clergy, with his family and with the S. P. G. that reveals his character so fully, that gives such varied interest to his life and that sheds such a clear light on the condition of the country and of the Church in his day.

His literary gifts and acquirements must have

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given a peculiar charm to his conversation and invested his preaching and public ministrations with unusual grace and attractiveness. His knowledge of French, however, he was able to put to practical account. Surrounded by a French population, and thrown into intimate contact, in his travels, with the men who rowed his boat and drove his team, it was of the utmost practical value, while, in the discharge of his public duties, it enabled him to minister to communities that were utterly destitute of the means of Grace. Thus he was enabled to say grace in the French language and to conduct services and to preach in French when visiting settlements in Gaspé, whose people come from Guernsey and Jersey. In 1834, he held a monthly service on Sunday in French, in Quebec, for the benefit of Jersey and Guernsey people. He was highly flattered by being taken for a Frenchman from France—*Un Français de France*.

It has always seemed to me very strange that our clergy in Quebec, who are surrounded by a French population and who meet the French at every step, should have paid so little attention to the study and the use of the French tongue.

The inevitable bereavements of human life came to him, therefore, with peculiar poignancy. On the last letter from his mother he wrote, "the last from thy hand, dear, honoured, sainted mother! God be praised who gave me thee for a mother and still bless the remembrance of thee to all my children." His feelings can better be imagined than described when he lost his partner, for forty-seven years of his life, the sharer of all

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his joys, his helpmeet in all his labours. These trials he bore with simple trust in God, as one disciplined by trial only could have borne them.

His incessant journeyings, coupled with the care of all the churches which pressed on him continually, occupied every moment of his time. There seemed to be no room for holidays and relaxation in his busy life. One wonders that the human machine did not wear out sooner, through the unceasing grind. The preservative no doubt, consisted in much wholesome exertion in the open air. At the close of a laborious day's work he would often sit up far into the night, attending to urgent correspondence.

Regardless of toil he seemed to be equally regardless of personal comfort. In all his correspondence there is not one word of complaint. Travelling long distances, in primitive conveyances, over rough and almost impassable roads, with frequent delays and disappointments that must have been very trying to the temper, there is no trace of irritation or weariness. He had sometimes to spend the whole day without food. Sometimes a biscuit and a glass of water held him out till late in the evening. Sometimes he dined upon crackers and milk and water. And once, he dined for twopence, which seems like a second miracle of the multiplication of the loaves, in these high cost of living days.

His devotion to his sacred calling and to the spiritual interests of the people knew no bounds. He rose early, and late took rest, spending and being spent in the service of his Master. And his faithfulness extended to the smallest details. He

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would travel miles to visit a lonely family. On his way to Gaspé, on board a small fishing craft, he made his servant lad read a chapter of the New Testament to him every morning and of the Old every evening, and then question him and give necessary explanations, and he saw that he read his Bible at other times besides. And such occasions sometimes disclosed his genuine humility. He once stopped to bait at a farm house. The mistress of the house was afflicted with incurable lameness. He got into conversation with her and acknowledged that he found there an opportunity of learning rather than teaching.

And amid all these noble qualities there shone out an earnest missionary spirit which was the constraining power of his life. He had a sincere love for the people committed to his care. He had seen their isolation, their poverty, their privations and, on countless occasions, had witnessed their sacrifices for the Church and for their own spiritual welfare. Like his Master, he had compassion on the sheep that were scattered abroad as having no shepherd. No distance was too great, no effort too severe to deter him from seeking them out and ministering to them. On one occasion he exclaimed: "My poor Diocese, what is to become of the flocks? My poor Clergy—what are they to do?" Notwithstanding the long distances, the bad roads and the primitive modes of conveyance, he regularly visited the more accessible parts of his Diocese, in tours that extended through the Eastern Townships to Stanstead and Philipsburg, up the Ottawa to Aylmer and Clarendon and the Laurentians to Rawdon

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and Killarney. Nor did he neglect the remoter regions. Gaspé could only be reached in small and uncomfortable boats or, in a week's journey by land. And yet he paid frequent visits to Gaspé, apparently deriving as much joy himself from the effort as he imparted to the people. His tours through Gaspé created in him a longing to visit the Magdalene Islands, which were entirely deprived of the ministrations of the Church. This, after many delays and disappointments, he accomplished, in 1850. This visit to Gaspé carried him still farther afield. He felt that his task was unfinished till he had visited Anticosti and Labrador. After endless efforts and untold hardships, he was enabled to carry out his long cherished desire, in 1860. In all his varied experience of roughing it in log huts, in the woods, in open boats, and on sand banks, he had never met with anything to compare with the wretchedness and discomfort which he was now called upon to share. But he felt himself amply repaid for all his privations, by being permitted to preach to these poor destitute settlers the unsearchable riches of Christ.

He was now 71 years of age. A laborious ministry of nearly 50 years had begun to tell upon a constitution at no time too robust. The fatigues and privations of the journey to Newfoundland resulted in an attack resembling inflammatory rheumatism, which further enfeebled his health. The death of his wife, which occurred at this time, came to him as a crowning sorrow. "Faint yet pursuing," he struggled to carry on as usual, the work of his Diocese. He attended the first

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Synod of the Ecclesiastical Province of Canada, which met in 1860, under the presidency of the newly appointed Metropolitan, the Bishop of Montreal. As was befitting, he was called to preach the sermon on that occasion, and though still so weak that he could not take his place in the procession, he preached with unusual power and energy. Though really unfit for duty he once more paid a flying visit to the Magdalene Islands and to Gaspé. In March, 1862, he went to Kingston, to take part in the consecration of the first Bishop of Ontario, who was also the first Bishop consecrated in Canada. At the end of June, he attended the annual convocation of Bishop's College, Lennoxville. On July 1st, he held a visitation of his clergy in the Cathedral at Quebec. His charge was of a peculiarly solemn character, the keynote of which was: "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of Life." From his Diocesan Synod, which met at the same time, he received a highly appreciative address which spoke of his gentle wisdom and holy example, his courteous and Christian suavity, his scholarly attainments and theological learning, the depth and delicacy of his kindness and the single-mindedness with which he had discharged the grave duties of his office. This was a fitting tribute to his character and his work and was especially grateful to him and precious in his estimation by reason of the affectionate tone by which it was marked.

But the end was drawing nigh. The weary labourer was quickly sinking to his eternal rest. In his last days he displayed the same warmth of

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affection towards the members of his family, the same solicitude for his dependents and the same spirit of humility and simple trust in God which he displayed through life. And as became the devoted missionary that he was, the last word that fell from his lips was "Labrador," before he turned to bless his children. At half past one a.m., on the Feast of the Epiphany, he peacefully passed away and, in the words of the Collect for the Day, he who had known God by faith in this life entered into his appointed share of the fruition of His Glorious Godhead.

The expressions of regret over his demise were heartfelt and universal. They delineate his character in the vivid light of the impression he had made on those who knew him best. The City Council of Quebec, composed mainly of Roman Catholics, unanimously resolved to attend his funeral in a body, as a well-deserved mark of the deep respect of all denominations and classes of citizens. The Diocesan Synod at its next meeting spoke of his patience and urbanity, his devotion to the advancement of the interests of the church, and the personal sacrifices he was always ready to make in its cause. A Methodist journal which had not always been too friendly to him, believed that throughout the roll of existing Anglican Bishops there are none who have surpassed him for untiring zeal and true Christian urbanity, and spoke of the extraordinary amount of respect entertained for him by citizens of all classes and creeds. The organ of the Roman Catholic Clergy said that he was universally esteemed for his deeds of charity and for the high

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tone and nobleness of his character. Another Roman Catholic journal stated that by his kindness and charity and his numerous social and religious virtues he had earned the respect and esteem of all. A Church of England paper said: "Every one feels that a father, a friend, a comforter and an adviser has passed away from among us." The *New York Church Journal* spoke of his tall and slender form, reverend with meek dignity; of his singular modesty and courtesy of demeanour, the gentleness of his voice, the kind considerateness of his thoughts for others, his ready and unaffected hospitality and the ripe scholarly tone that was apparent in all that he said and all that he wrote; and of him as of the rarest examples of the Christian, the scholar and the gentleman. And the S. P. G. summed up the impression he had made in England in the words: "Never was there a Bishop of a more saintly life, of a gentler spirit, or of more self-denying habits. Like the first missionary Bishop of the Church, he was in labour more abundant; and those who know how simply and how cheerfully he exposed himself to privations and perils of every sort will not consider it an exaggeration to say that he counted not his life dear unto himself, so that he might finish his course with joy, and the ministry which he had received of the Lord Jesus." This list of quotations may fitly be closed by one from the pen of one of the Clergy of the Diocese, who knew him intimately, "He was universally known as a learned theologian, an elegant classical scholar, an able writer, an eloquent and in the best sense, powerful

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preacher, and a most polished gentleman. Among his friends he loved to unbend, and he made all around him delighted with his playful sallies, and his unbounded store of curious anecdotes. His sweetness and gentle tenderness, so unusual in a man, were wonderful; his smile was enough to show it; hundreds of mourners can testify to it from his sympathy in the hour of need. Children were the objects of his regard and notice everywhere. His thoughtfulness and consideration for the feelings of others, the very poorest and meanest, were only equalled by his forgetfulness of himself. In travelling he was continually subjected to the most vexatious detentions and difficulties, but was always patient and cheerful. Though methodical and exact as a man of business, a financier or a manager of other men—he dwelt too much in the higher regions of Christian life for that. But his Episcopate has been far more successful than if the ratio of these qualities had been reversed in his character and he had been more of an administrator and less of a saint.”

His remains were interred by the side of those of his devoted wife, in the cemetery of St. Michael's Church. At the head of each of the two graves stands a plain stone, surmounted by a simple cross. Most of the men who knew him in life must have passed away. His prayers, his anxieties and his labours have entered into the foundation of hundreds of Church communities, both in Ontario and Quebec. A stained glass window in the Cathedral at Quebec and a scholarship at Bishop's College, Lennoxville, barely re-

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call his name. But filial devotion has erected a truly worthy monument to his memory in the volume compiled by his son, Armine W. Mountain, from which much of the material and even the language of this imperfect sketch has been taken.

DAVID ANDERSON

By

Rev. G. W. Nicholson, B.A.

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EARLY on the morning of November 18th, 1847, a tall, dark, weather-beaten Indian "with strong frame and quick eye," stepped into the home of the Rev. R. James and began to talk of the welfare of the Christian Church. It was Pegowis the Indian Chief. He had come, he said, to talk over things of the deepest interest. He wanted more Indians to know about the new religion; he wanted to tell how sure he was of the truth and power of all he had himself believed; most of all he wished to know when another Bishop would visit them to confirm and encourage.

At the very moment when, away in the wilds of North America, Pegowis was asking this question, Bishop Mountain who had made his famous trip from Montreal to those distant scenes and had been deeply impressed by the needs and opportunities, was writing to the Old Land to urge upon the people of the Mother Church the necessity of sending to this new-born church a chief pastor.

The Spirit of God was moving the hearts of the people far across the water. The Church which had been gradually awakened to its missionary responsibilities was eagerly asking what should be done next. In 1849 at the annual meeting of the Church Missionary Society, a re-

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solution was adopted embodying these words: "That this meeting, while it would thankfully acknowledge what God has wrought in these latter days by His Spirit and His Gospel in the world, cannot but contemplate the millions of heathen and Mohammedans, to whom we have free access, but to whom no messenger of salvation has been sent by us, with feelings of humiliation; and desire to impress on one another and on their Christian brethren, the obligation laid upon us at this time to be more constant and earnest in prayer to God, to pour forth His Holy Spirit and further increase the number of faithful missionaries." The same meeting rejoiced to record that at length arrangements had been made for the extension of the Episcopate to Rupert's Land and prayed "that the measure may be blessed to the bringing of numbers of Christ's sheep who are dispersed abroad in that vast wilderness to the fold of the great Shepherd and Bishop of Souls."

It was but twenty-nine years since John West had arrived to take care of the long neglected people who had come to the Red River Settlement. He had been rapidly followed by other noble missionaries; the results of the labours of these men present an apologetic for Christianity, than which there is no stronger in the records of missionary enterprise the world over. It seems almost incredible that it is within the memory of some still alive when the Indians wild, cruel, and barbarous, used to wander over the plains where now are waving fields of grain or populous centres of industry; that heathen festivals were

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celebrated on the very spots where to-day men sing the praises of Him who came to bring the world out of darkness into His marvellous light.

Eighteen-forty-nine, only twenty-nine years after John West arrived, but there were four little churches in the settlement, one further up the river among the Indians, another at Manitoba Station, half way between the Settlement and Cumberland, while away out at Cumberland itself was a church and pastor ministering to the needs of the people, and with the help of a catechist visiting Lac la Ronge, two hundred and fifty miles further on.

These first missionaries had come chiefly for the purpose of ministering to the needs of the white population, but like those great prairie fires which leap across miles of land in a moment of time, Christianity leapt across the barren stretches to distant points not thought of before, and aborigines were flocking to the missionaries to learn more of the story of which they had heard something from their fellows. Some idea of what was going on can be gathered from a few letters sent to the Church Missionary Society and put in the report of May, 1849:—"The churches continue to be well attended. There are no unworthy motives, but a steadfast and sincere regard for the Sabbath and its public services. . . . The schools are in an encouraging state, and have gone forward with great regularity. . . . The Sunday schools are more numerous attended than last year. . . . This evening I started my Young Men's Bible Class. Several youths about twenty years old came, each with his Bible." Of Cum-

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berland Station it was reported, "At this inhospitable post the Rev. J. Hunter has continued his labours . . . the few Indians at this place who are still heathen, are from time to time appealing for Christian instruction and baptism; while at Moose Lake the Indians are following their example. . . . During the past year I have baptized ten men, twelve women, forty-three children, making in all sixty-five persons. These, added to the three hundred and fifty-nine last reported, make a total of four hundred and twenty-four who have been baptized at this station . . . the Indians are very serious and devout at all our services, especially at the Lord's Supper. . . . I am very busy at present. The Indians give me no time to write, coming in every minute to hear the Word of God. Indeed, I have no time to eat sometimes."

All this was wonderful, but it was not the best that could be done. These missionary churches were far from contact with the outer world, more than five hundred miles to St. Paul over a dangerous road. The easiest way to reach the Red River from Montreal was to go back to England, sail to the Hudson's Bay, then travel by dog train or carriage, over miles of waste to the settlement. The missions were scattered five hundred miles from Red River to Cumberland, a month's journey to the stations on the Bay. If there was rejoicing at the missionary meeting in England over the prospects of the appointment of a Bishop, much more was there in Indian camp and clergyman's home in the Great Lone Land.

To David Anderson fell the unspeakable pri-

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vilege of being the first Bishop of the Church in the West. When the call came he was only thirty-five years of age, but already he had been vice-principal of St. Bee's College and Curate of All Saints' Church, Derby. A great service was held on May 29th, 1849, in Canterbury Cathedral. It was the first time a consecration service had taken place in this building since 1570, and now two men were being consecrated not merely to higher service in the Church, but to missionary tasks destined to bring about results which none present ever dreamed of.

Bishop Anderson waited but a short time before leaving for his new sphere of labour, so, on June 7th, another pioneer of the Church set his face towards the setting sun. The little party—the Bishop, his three motherless boys and his sister, who became his constant companion and helper—reached York Factory on August 16th, proceeded quickly to the Red River settlement, where they arrived on October 3rd. Work was waiting for him, for on the very day of his arrival Rev. John McCallum, master of the little school called the Red River Academy, died.

Education was one of the Bishop's strong points. Although no one foresaw the great future ahead of this western country, Bishop Anderson was a man of foresight, and prophesied that one day there would be a very large settlement in these quarters. The importance of developing the schools to their fullest capacity, therefore, strongly appealed to him. He started a school for girls and called it St. Cross School. He himself taught in the boys' school. One day

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he looked at the little buildings and said he hoped soon there would be a large college for the training of men for the ministry, and that if this were accomplished in his day he would give it the name of St. John's College, and for a motto he would take the words, "In thy light shall we see light." This wish he lived to see fulfilled, for in his charge to the Synod in 1856 he says: "At St. John's a Board of Trustees has been established who will act as guardians of the property connected with the Collegiate School. Books now bear the stamp, device and motto of St. John's College."

His interest in educational matters is shown in the way he encouraged his clergy to study. He established a diocesan library which soon contained over a thousand volumes. A Cambridge student recently said he considered it a misfortune that missionaries went out to heathen countries encumbered with the whole of the Old Testament. What would he say if he had seen the examination papers set for Mr. Horden and Mr. Cochran, missionaries to the heathen? Like many who have come from across the water—even Bishops—he carried a good deal of the conservatism and pedantry of the older countries which was a hindrance rather than a help. One of these conservatisms was, a Bishop shall be dignified, and dignified David Anderson certainly was. When once we have seen a "modern" Bishop walking down a street of a northern town pushing a wheel-barrow before him laden with the trunks of students coming to the diocese for summer work, chopping wood or driving tent-

pegs, we cannot resist a smile when we read that the first Bishop of Rupert's Land was gently carried from the canoe to the shore lest he should wet his feet. And we are not a little shocked to find that three years after his arrival, when the devastating flood was sweeping all before it and every man was looking out for himself as best he might, the Bishop records that he was called upon to do manual labour, and hastens to explain that under pressing circumstances this is necessary in such a country.

He was a man of his day. None of these things obscures the real worth of the man or the work he did. His greatest influence was not in education, nor in organization; others could follow and complete that. He was a second Paul; a man whose soul burned with the love of Christ and men. "Do you remember Bishop Anderson?" an aged saint of God, who, over ninety years of age still walks with faltering step Sunday by Sunday to the house of prayer, was asked. "Why, yes I do; fine man he was," he replied. "I remember the first sermon he preached in this country. His text was, 'God is my record, how greatly I long after you all in the bowels of Jesus Christ.'" That expressed the man. I long after you all in the bowels of Jesus Christ. It was not as a cold organizer, a constructor of machinery that he went from station to station, it was with a heart afire with love of the Saviour and a desire for the welfare of his people. He talked about the "luxury of doing good, for which alone life is worth living." Among the tents he sat with the Indians telling them the old, old story. He gave

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them all he had to relieve their misery, his sister having to take charge of the family purse for fear he would ruin himself by his generosity.

He was deeply moved by the wretched condition of the natives. While furs had been sold in London for fabulous prices, while people had rejoiced at the profits reaped, and captains of boats were rubbing their well-warmed palms together, the Indians, within gunshot of centres of civilization, improvident if you will, human beings nevertheless, killed and ate their own children in the winter to save themselves from the ravages of hunger. A thimbleful of beads for a silver fox! Years after this Bishop Horden wrote, "It greatly pained my heart when asking for one or another to receive the answer, 'He was starved to death two years ago,' or 'She died of starvation some time ago.'" With such a sight before him and with such a text within him he sped from place to place over a vast, trackless and dangerous region, preaching, confirming, encouraging, persuading. His great ambition was that the country might be won for Christ. He believed that that was the remedy for its suffering. When, on his memorable trip down the Albany River to James' Bay, a way had to be cleared through the bush that the portage might be made, and his men were hewing down the trees, he kept saying to himself, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord."

The details of his work, like the story of many other interesting events of the early period of this western land, are lost forever. Fascinating must have been the story if all were known.

Mr. Tait and Bishop Anderson broke the trail

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across the prairie from the Red River to St. Paul, a hazardous undertaking. The Rev. Mr. Taylor, who later crossed this road, wrote: "We had six weeks or more journeying over the extensive prairies which lie between the United States and this country. We had been in the wilderness exposed to the savage hordes of Indians and the wild beasts scarcely less fearful."

Of what happened on these long and lonely journeys and visitations we know little, but from the scant records we learn that when he came to oversee the work of a diocese which extended from Labrador to the Rocky Mountains and from the boundary line of the United States to the frozen north, there were five clergy at work, with six or seven stations, and when he left he had placed no less than twenty-three clergy at their posts.

His trip from the settlement by canoe to James' Bay, like Bishop Mountain's from Montreal, will always stand out as one of the great achievements of early Church enterprise in this land. The journey was begun on June 28th, 1852. Birch bark canoes were loaded with supplies, a bright farewell to his little boys, the paddles dipped lightly in the water and the frail crafts shot down the speedy stream, not to appear again for four long months. Let him tell of the start himself: "At a very early hour all was activity and bustle. I found many to say farewell and see me off; the canoe was at last launched into the water. It had been decorated by the kindness of one of my scholars, with such colours as could be procured. It bore a mitre painted on

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the stern, and on the reverse side a representation of the Union flag. Many followed me to the canoe. On the bank Pegowis, the Indian Chief, and some of the other Indians were assembled to shake me by the hand and give me their best wishes. When I jumped in I took my seat and we proceeded rapidly on our way."

On they went from day to day, camping by night wherever they could, resting (and on each Sabbath holding services at least twice), speaking to the Indians the word of life; tortured by mosquitoes, exhausted by intense heat and at times almost frozen by the cold. Of part of his experiences he gives the following description:

"July 4th, Sunday.

"I went over in one of the small canoes to visit the Indian encampment, and to bid farewell to them all. There were two or three tents. I entered the largest, and there found the son of Wassacheese sitting in solitary state. I was about to sit down where I saw some articles expanded, and where at first I thought he had prepared a seat for me, but I found on a second look that these were idols of the chambers of imagery, the instruments of his art as a conjurer, and the feast spread out for the spirits. I asked him to explain his magic art, and he said he would, if I would give him some flour. I gave him instead a little tobacco, and I heard his tale. He showed, as a special favour, that which gave him power—a bag with some reddish powder in it. He allowed me to handle and smell this mysterious stuff, and pointed out to me two little dolls or images, which, he said, gave him authority over

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the souls of others. . . . I said, I hoped he would ere long give all this up; that I had already baptized Jummia, as noted a conjurer as himself, now John Summer at Fairford; and I hoped that he would soon follow his example."

On the way he found a woman who had been badly frozen and was suffering intensely from the results. An Indian who had blown his arm off with a gun, a wretched old man, appeared on the banks of the river pleading for help because all his family were dying, evidently of tuberculosis. Everywhere were signs of the wretched condition of these people. Their spiritual condition brought as much misery to them as their physical, and they were as eager to embrace the Gospel when they heard it as they were to secure help for their bodily needs. When the Bishop reached Moose he was amazed to see the earnestness of those Indians who had embraced the Gospel. "So closed the public services of our Confirmation Sabbath; never did I feel more interested in those brought before me. . . . Later in the evening I strolled along the bank to the lower wood, to satisfy myself that all was quiet; all was still and had a Sabbath air, and from many of their tents I heard the hymn of praise ascending."

While here the boat arrived from England bringing not only long-looked-for news, but bearing another servant of the Cross, Rev. E. A. Watkins and his wife. The Bishop arranged that he should proceed at once to Fort George and start work there.

Having waited long enough to see the light

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shining on another point of the inhospitable shores of the Bay, having ordained one more to the priesthood, confirmed, comforted and cheered many, he turned his face toward home again, leaving behind hearts that had been warmed by his message and kindness. Eyes were wet, lips sent up a prayer to heaven that he might soon return, and while the guns fired a farewell salute the little craft disappeared round the bend—he was gone, but another Pentecost had taken place and the little Church of Christ had been strengthened in the faith.

While all this was going on he was keeping up a correspondence with friends in the Mother Land, endeavouring to fan the flame of missionary zeal. He was successful. Money was secured for the erection of a cathedral. Unfortunately the plans were drawn in England, where they did not understand climatic conditions or local needs. There were few, if any, in the settlement who were competent contractors for a task such as this. The result was that with poor plans, poorer mortar and inadequate skill the stone building was not a great success.

Better fortune attended the efforts to erect a church on the Assiniboine River, where settlers had gradually assembled themselves, and there on the very spot where the wild orgies of the Indians had taken place, within sight of the place where the skulls hung among the trees, another temple was erected to the glory and praise of the Eternal God.

So the work went forward, the foundations were strengthened, the kingdom extended. The

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years 1849-1865 mark the change from the old to the new. When David Anderson came missions were scattered over a wide territory; there were churches, but there was not the Church. He gradually brought these scattered units into touch with one another, and though distances were great and facilities were few he called a Synod to discuss the welfare of the work. The Church was now in the land.

Having spent fifteen years in the Great Lone Land, he returned to England to deliver up his charge to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

A scholar of no mean ability, a true father in God to his clergy, a friend to the Indians, above all a deeply spiritual man whose contribution to the life of the Church is not to be reckoned in buildings, funds, or organizations, but in a spiritual quality which cannot be measured, without which the outward signs of religion are worthless, he laid down the reins of government to take up one of a more executive character. He lived long enough to see the vast diocese divided and sub-divided, and having endured years of physical pain, he went home to his Father who rewardeth every man according to his work.

ROBERT MACHRAY

By

Rev. R. C. Johnstone, LL.D.

Reference Librarian, Winnipeg Public Library

ROBERT MACHRAY

THE first Primate of the Church of England in Canada had so many claims to true greatness, that it requires not a little courage to attempt even a brief survey of his brilliant career. Robert Machray stands alone amid a galaxy of leaders, of whom any church might well be proud. He has left behind him memories that will never fade, while there remain among us any of his confreres; and the influence of his wonderful life upon Western Canada will be felt long after the last of those who knew him has passed to his rest. He was in the truest sense of the word a great man; and, while all must recognize his wide and accurate scholarship, his outstanding leadership, and his wise statesmanship, the real source of his greatness lay in his strong and pure manhood. He was indeed—"un preux chevalier, sans peur et sans reproche."

I would wish that the task given to me had been entrusted to someone more competent to deal with it as it deserves. My only plea for my presumption is that I came from his county in Scotland,—that, in my young days I had conversed with not a few who knew him before he crossed the Atlantic,—and as I had been brought up among people of the same sturdy race as that to which he belonged, I think I can form a fair estimate of those racial traits that went towards

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the moulding of his temperament and character. The circumstances and environments of Machray's early life laid a sound foundation, upon which life at a great university and the traditions and ideals of the historic church built a noble superstructure. Long before I came into his diocese I admired him from afar; and, when I received from him my license to officiate in Rupert's Land I was proud of the privilege accorded to me, and set myself to serve loyally under him, even when I dared to differ from his policy. No Highland chieftain ever inspired his clansmen with a warmer attachment to his person than did he. No one ever was more generous to those who served under him, even when they were unable to see eye to eye with him in matters where individual opinion could legitimately be held.

On both sides of the house he was of Highland descent. The Machrays came originally from the county of Ross, in the north of Scotland; but, for several generations his forbears had been settled in Aberdeenshire. Robert was born in the city of Aberdeen in 1831, and, excepting for a short period, the first twenty years of his life were spent in the country. His father, also named Robert, was a graduate of Marischal College, which in those days had a university charter,—and he was a member of the Aberdeen Society of Advocates. He died when his eldest son was only eight years of age; and, as Mrs. Machray was not left in affluent circumstances, the education and upbringing of the younger Robert came to be undertaken by a relative of his father,

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by name Theodore Allan—a distinguished graduate of Marischal, and Master of an Academy at Nairn.

The maiden name of Robert's mother was Christina Macallum, and her family was closely allied to one of the many families of Macleans, who had in 1745 taken up arms for Prince Charles Edward.

I have very pleasant recollections of an evening spent at St. John's, Winnipeg, more than twenty years ago, when I had an opportunity of noting how the sedate Archbishop, whom very few suspected of romance, was moved by a memory of his Jacobite forbears. There was a social gathering in the schoolhouse, and His Grace was in the chair. My name was on the programme for a song, and, when my turn came, he bent over to where I was sitting, by the side of the platform, and said in a quiet tone, "Do you know the song—McLean's Welcome?" On my replying in the affirmative, he said—"Will you sing it for me? My mother was a McLean." I gave the old song with all the vim that was in me, while he sat in his chair, evidently much pleased, beating time with his foot.

Robert Machray was a very small boy when he went to live with Mr. Allan at Nairn. Two years afterwards the Academy at Nairn was closed, and uncle and nephew removed to Coull, in Aberdeenshire, a place of great natural beauty, and almost in sight of "Dark Lochnagar." Under the painstaking care of Mr. Allan, who had assumed the charge of the parish school, Robert obtained a more than ordinary good education,

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on very broad lines. Being fond of study, he made excellent use of the well-selected and really fine library at his disposal. Before he was sixteen he had read Gibbon's "Rome," and George Buchanan's "Scotland," and, he had also made acquaintance with Josephus, with Hill's lectures on Divinity, and other books which are not generally attractive to a boy of his age. He was head boy in his uncle's school, but, in spite of this fairly-won distinction he never seemed to show to any advantage in the examination-room. However, when we take into consideration what we know of him and the results of his work, we cannot regard this seeming weakness as an evidence of lack of ability. Even when but in his teens, he proved himself an excellent scholar and teacher, by his success in carrying on the work of the school during the protracted illness which immediately preceded the death of Mr. Allan.

To prepare him for the Scholarship competition at the University, Robert was sent to Aberdeen, to the Grammar School of which Dr. Melvin, the famous Latinist, was then the Rector. About this time also he received much valuable help from the Rev. W. Duncan, a Free Church minister and ripe scholar. On two occasions he entered the Bursary competition, and on both occasions failed; and yet, in his report of him, Dr. Melvin regarded him as one of his best pupils. He entered King's College as a student in Arts in 1847, with a very modest standing, but he left college as the foremost man of his year. His four years of college life in Aberdeen were very strenuous. He had to face many disadvan-

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tages—absent from those who strove with him for academic honours. I remember his telling me how hard he had to work for the final contest in mathematics, and how, for over six months of that time he was private tutor to the man who, in the following year, succeeded in attaining the same fine position he himself won in the finals.

In the competition for the Hutton Prize, given for general scholarship, he was successful against several stout opponents; he also won the Simpson mathematical prize of sixty pounds. Truly a wonderful achievement in four short years! His friends strongly advised him, after graduation at Aberdeen, to try for a scholarship at the English university of Cambridge. This he resolved to do. He arrived at Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, on October 20th, 1851, and at once set to work in earnest. His undergraduate years were much the same as those of the rank and file of the students. On account of narrowness of means he was compelled to forgo many of the social privileges of college life, and I think it not unlikely that this self-denial may have had something to do with the shyness and reserve which never altogether left him. At the same time it must not be imagined that he was a hermit—by no manner of means; but he had the moral courage which enabled him to say no! when tempted to an expenditure which was beyond his means. As a scholar of his college he had to exercise a certain amount of discipline upon his juniors, but he did it with such grace and consideration that he became quite a favourite. Personal religion at this time was dominating his thoughts; from time to

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time he would speak of this to some of his college friends, who were like-minded; and, as a result of this intercourse came the founding of the "Dudleian Society," which for over twenty years continued to exercise a beneficent influence among the men of Sidney Sussex College.

Machray's outstanding personality and nobility of character won for him the friendship of the best men in the college, both from among the teaching staff and the students; and it was a noteworthy fact that the friends he made he retained.

In his second year at Cambridge, Machray ceased to be attached to the Presbyterian Church, and was confirmed by the Bishop of Ely. This was by no means an outcome of his college and university associations. His mother had at one time been a member of the Scottish Episcopal Church, although she had conformed to the Presbyterian Church about the time of her marriage. During his college days in Aberdeen, Robert sometimes attended St. Paul's Episcopalian Church, and he had often spoken to his mother of his desire to become an Anglican clergyman. In making the change he acted as he did in everything, with great deliberation, and after the most careful thought. During the academic year of 1853-4 he was present at a missionary meeting held in the rooms of Mr. Nicholson, a Fellow of Emmanuel College, when an address was delivered by Archdeacon Hunter, who was doing deputation work on behalf of the Diocese of Rupert's Land. Was the seed then sown which brought about his becoming the second Bishop of

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that diocese—who can tell? When the Mathematical Tripos came off in January, 1855, he was thirty-fourth Wrangler in a very large year. Again, in spite of undoubted ability, he did not come up to the expectations of his friends in the examination room. Doubtless this result was due to the fact that he had to apply himself most vigorously to the college work, which would be the means of relieving him from financial anxiety. On the whole things turned out best just as they were, for, in doing what he felt to be a stern duty he was gaining a broader education than he might have had by adhering closely to mathematical work. He certainly was preparing himself for the work of his life, as the Archbishop of a great province, and the Chancellor of a young and ambitious university. A short time after he had “proceeded” to the B. A. degree, he won the vacant Foundation Fellowship at his own college, which he held to the close of his life. This Fellowship gave him a title to Holy Orders, and the examination for the Diaconate would have been a very formal one in his case; but, with the thoroughness and conscientiousness which ever characterized him, he prepared with great care for the regular examination, satisfied the examiners, and was duly ordained Deacon in Ely Cathedral on November 11, 1855. He was raised to the priesthood in the following year.

From 1855 to 1858, Machray was chiefly engaged in tutorial work in the family of Mr. Larking of Milton Place, in Surrey; but, that gentleman having been called to Egypt as the agent for Said Pasha, the Viceroy, his family were sent to

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Italy to reside during his absence, and Machray accompanied them. For some months they lived in Rome; thence they went for a time to Pisa and Florence. In October, 1857, Machray left the Larkings and went to be tutor in a family at Douglas, in the Isle of Man, where he remained till December, 1858, when he was recalled to Cambridge, to be Dean of Sidney Sussex College. Both during his stay in Italy and in the Isle of Man, he did a good deal of clerical work, being ever eager and ready to help his brother clergy when opportunity occurred.

In 1858 he took his M.A. degree at Cambridge; and from that year to 1865, he was engaged in college and clerical work.

The duties which fell to the lot of the Dean of the College were mainly administrative and disciplinary. Machray made an excellent Dean, and took a very real interest in the intellectual progress and spiritual life of the students. One of his closest friends at this time was the Rev. Charles Clayton, Vicar of Holy Trinity Church, which had been the church of the famous evangelical leader, Charles Simeon. Machray and Clayton were of mutual benefit to each other; Clayton's intense earnestness could not fail to make a deep impression on his friend, while Machray's sanctified common sense did not a little to mollify the somewhat intolerant views of Clayton. College duties, which were to a great extent of the nature of routine, left time for other work, and the new Dean, very soon after his appointment, sought for definite parish work. With the consent of the Vicar of the united parishes of

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Newton and Hauxton, a few miles out of Cambridge, he undertook, as a labour of love, the care of Newton, which he carried on with much enthusiasm, till 1862. He not only conducted the regular Sunday services, but he also visited the parish on one day in every week, and carried on a night school twice a week, which last often involved a walk of fourteen miles. Mr. Williams-Ellis, a young Cambridge student, often accompanied him in these journeys. In a letter written many years afterwards he tells us that "the school was well attended. There were youths of all ages, and there would be old ploughmen with their heads almost on the desks, holding their pens like pitchforks, and admiring the huge pothooks that they laboriously and slowly formed. I need scarcely add that Machray was so greatly loved by rich and poor that his very name has ever since been held in the deepest reverence and affection."

His two most intimate friends at this period were Mr. Williams-Ellis, and Mr. J. R. Cornish, both Fellows of Sidney. Mr. Cornish afterwards became Suffragan-Bishop of St. Germans, in Truro diocese.

In the summer of 1862 Machray was appointed Vicar of Madingley, three and a half miles from Cambridge, where his desire for parochial work found full vent. A letter from Miss King, daughter of Lady King of Madingley Hall, gives us in a few words an estimate of his vicariate. "He was beloved by all, and who could help it? He exhibited, then as always, the same earnestness, singleness of purpose and kindness of heart, that

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made him later the great Archbishop whose loss all regret."

It was during his incumbency of Madingley that Dr. Machray began to be noted as somewhat of an enthusiast in the work of missions. If a missionary meeting was being held in Cambridge he was generally among the audience; but his modesty kept him back from taking any prominent part in the proceedings.

However, it was not long before his claim to preferment was recognized by those in power, and the Bishopric of Rupert's Land was offered to him. After consultation with friends in whom he had abundant confidence, he accepted the nomination of the Crown, and was consecrated to the Episcopate in the private chapel of Lambeth Palace by the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Bishops of London, Ely and Aberdeen, and Bishop Anderson his predecessor in the See. It was most appropriate that the three last-named should take part in this important function. The Bishop of Ely was the ordinary of the diocese in which the University of Cambridge is situated, and he was Dr. Machray's ecclesiastical superior when he was vicar of the parish of Madingley. The Bishop of Aberdeen, Dr. Thomas George Suther, was the head of the diocese in which his boyhood and youth were spent—the diocese in whose university he had gained such a name for industry and scholarship that it was spoken of with respect and affection by more than one generation of Aberdeen students. Besides, Dr. Suther, as a Nova Scotian and a graduate of Canada's oldest university, was a link with

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the new world to which Dr. Machray was soon to go. It was also meet and right that Bishop Anderson should come, to hand over his mantle to the young Bishop, who was to take up and carry on the fine work he had begun.

There were many reasons why he should wish to remain in England. There is no doubt but that, had he done so, he would in time have risen to some very important position. Besides, he had so many friends in England whose wide learning and culture must have been a great source of pleasure to him. But, as I told you before, he was a great man—great in mind—and great in heart; and so, when the call came to him to go to the Red River settlement, he simply obeyed what he believed to be the voice of God. I can remember, as a boy, in Aberdeenshire, hearing people speak of Robert Machray's wonderful ability, and of all that he was giving up in becoming a missionary Bishop. I saw him once in 1865, along with his old college friend, the Rev. Nicholas Kenneth McLeod, and I never saw him again until I myself became one of his clergy in 1895—just thirty years afterwards.

Well, he set out for his distant diocese, after his consecration in Lambeth Palace Chapel, and duly arrived at Fort Garry, as Winnipeg was called in those days. There were no railways in Western Canada then, and so he came through the United States to St. Paul in Minnesota, whence he made his way to the settlement by road, attended by a small escort of horsemen, among them being Sheriff Inkster, who was to be his friend and helper for the rest of his life.

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For the next ten years he was simply a diocesan Bishop, but his diocese was one of the largest in the world, extending, as it did, over the territory that now forms the Provinces of Manitoba, Alberta, Saskatchewan, and part of Ontario. For a time his labours were mainly confined to the Red River settlement. There was no great city of Winnipeg then, but only a village with a population of 200. He soon began to revive St. John's College, for he could see far ahead, and he knew that in a few years many people would come from the old land and settle in Manitoba. The College was re-opened on All Saints' Day, 1866, not in its present building, but in the old squat wooden building which stood so long on the banks of the river, near Bishop's Court. During his first winter there he visited the Indian missions and held meetings three or four times a week, often in the open air, when it was quite a bit below zero. He succeeded in getting endowments for five professorships; and before long, St. John's College had a goodly number of students. The cathedral, with the college, became the centre of church work in the West. Missions were established in nearly all the new settlements, and these, as well as some of the older places, were served by the cathedral clergy, who taught in college during the week and went out on Sunday as missionaries. There are still many people in the diocese who can remember the strenuous and self-denying lives led by the college clergy in these old pioneer days.

The diocese of Rupert's Land, to which Archbishop Machray came, in 1865, may be best

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understood, when we remember that from his headquarters at Winnipeg he was 2,500 miles distant from Yukon, 2,000 from Mackenzie River, 1,200 from Albany and Moose, 800 from York Factory, and 700 from English River, the different missions of his jurisdiction.

Yet in that enormous region he was soon able to form a Synod, which met first in 1867, and again in 1869.

Its third meeting, owing to the North-West Rebellion and other causes, did not take place till 1873.

These were troublous times, but the Bishop pushed on, facing difficulties with the calm and insistent demeanour that was so characteristic of him. In 1873 the silver lining began to show itself through the clouds that for some years had hung over the province.

Winnipeg at this time had about 1,500 people, and small towns and villages were rising up everywhere in the West. The Bishop had visited England, and had obtained from the C. M. S. substantial aid towards the breaking up of his great diocese into missionary dioceses.

Moosonee was the first to be formed, in 1872, and its first Bishop was John Horden, who had been ordained by Bishop Anderson on one of his journeys into the far north. The new Bishop, who with his devoted wife had lived in the wild northern country around the shores of Hudson's Bay, for over twenty years, was a true missionary hero. He suffered much, and his denial of self for Christ's sake and the Gospel's was apostolic in its earnestness. After his consecration he went

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back to his work and there he ministered till 1893, when he was called to his rest.

The provision thus made for this vast territory, reduced the See of Rupert's Land by 600,000 square miles.

In 1874 Dr. Machray arranged for the new diocese of Athabasca. Dr. Bompas, who came out to Canada in 1865, was its first Bishop.

In the same year was formed the Diocese of Saskatchewan. The first Bishop was another Aberdonian, Dr. John McLean, who had been Machray's Archdeacon since 1866. Before McLean came out from Great Britain, after his consecration, he had collected in England the sum of \$31,000 for work in his diocese; and, on his second visit to the old land in 1878, he collected \$20,000 more. He was a rare educationist, and so firmly persuaded was he of the need for a college to train priests and mission workers, that he set to work and raised an endowment fund of \$20,000 for his new Emmanuel College at Prince Albert. He was a man of most wonderful energy.

In 1884 Athabasca was subdivided, and the northern part—Mackenzie River and the Yukon—made a new diocese, that of Mackenzie River, Dr. Bompas taking the new diocese.

In 1884 also was formed the diocese of Qu'Appelle, of which Dr. A. J. R. Anson was the first Bishop.

Now, the real instigator and promoter of all this church activity was Dr. Machray. He made a province of seven dioceses out of the vast territory placed under his supervision in 1865.

By one move after another, his own diocese

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was narrowed down to about the area of the present civil province of Manitoba, with a small part in Ontario.

While one could hardly class the Archbishop as a great Indian missionary, his heart was always in the cause of Indian missions. Writing in a pastoral letter, in Epiphany, 1886, he said: "A grave duty lies upon us to do what we can for the evangelization of the natives of this land, many of whom still are worshipping they know not what. May we rise to feel that in giving to such a work we are not merely coldly meeting a duty, but laying hold of a privilege, and discharging not the least important part of our worship and service of God."

In the space allotted to me, it would be impossible to do more than sketch some of the salient features in his career in Canada.

When Dr. Machray came to Red River, in 1865, he came to one of the most extensive dioceses in the world; and, to carry on the work in this vast area, there were only eighteen clergy, of whom one was in the Yukon, two in Mackenzie River, three in Moosonee, three in Saskatchewan, one in Qu'Appelle, and eight in Rupert's Land. He himself has told us that there was not a baker, butcher, tailor, or shoemaker in the whole Red River valley. The census of 1871 tells that there were in all 70 houses and shacks, and 241 inhabitants. Most men would have staggered at the outlook; but he was no ordinary man. He was optimistic to a degree, and he had the most unbounded confidence in the Divine power that was behind him in his mission.

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From 1865 to 1871, besides carrying on faithfully his ordinary diocesan work, he was engaged in preparing for the future by organizing the church for self-government and self-support, in building up a college for the education of clergy, and for supplying the means of higher education for his people.

During his first year in the country he was much encouraged and comforted by having with him at Bishop's Court his Chaplain and Registrar, the Rev. W. H. Taylor and his wife. Mr. Taylor was the incumbent of St. James', on the Assiniboine.

Systematic giving for the maintenance of church work was not practised in the district before his arrival; but he took a very early opportunity of inaugurating it.

As the first step towards a Synod, he held a conference of his clergy at Bishop's Court, on May 30th, 1866, when he announced that an old friend, a distinguished graduate of his own Scottish Alma Mater, had agreed to throw in his lot with the west. This was Dr. John McLean, who in a few months arrived at the Red River. He took over the wardenship of St. John's College, which was re-opened on All Saints' Day, 1866, and he also took charge of the regular cathedral services. Dr. Machray, himself, for several years was incumbent of St. Paul's, Middlechurch, situated six miles from Bishop's Court.

At this time the instructors in the college were three in number—Dr. McLean, Warden, who lectured in classics, systematic and pastoral theology; Dr. Machray, who had mathematics,

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church history and liturgiology; and the Rev. S. Pritchard, whose department was that of English, arithmetic and bookkeeping.

After the conference the young Bishop set out for York Factory, on Hudson's Bay, where he confirmed 51 Indians and four white people.

His next long journey was in 1868, when he went to Eastern Moosonee—where he had several confirmations, at Rupert's House, Albany and Moose Factory respectively.

In the following year he confirmed at Grand Rapids, Devon and Cumberland, on the Saskatchewan, and at Stanley on English River.

In 1871 he went to England, where he arranged with the Archbishop of Canterbury for the division of his vast territory into four dioceses, and for the inauguration of a Provincial Synod. All this was duly carried out.

The first Provincial Synod met at Bishop's Court, Red River, on August 3rd, 1873. Three Bishops were present—Dr. Machray of Rupert's Land, Dr. Horden of Moosonee, and Dr. McLean of Saskatchewan. The Bishop of Athabasca, Dr. Bompas, had left for his diocese on Mackenzie River. The sermon at the conference was preached by Bishop Whipple of Minnesota, the "Apostle of the Indians."

By 1873 the college endowment was \$30,000.

It must not be imagined that he was neglecting the work of elementary education. In 1870 there were fourteen schools in the English-speaking half-breed parishes of the diocese, and the Bishop was forming plans which were in due time materialized for the further expansion and elabora-

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tion of a thorough elementary school system for the diocese and civil province. When a Provincial Board of Education was formed he was its chairman almost from the beginning; when the Advisory Board of Education came into being, he became its chairman, and remained so till his death. He was also Chancellor of the University of Manitoba from its foundation till the end of his own life.

Among the many honours conferred upon him were the D.D. of Cambridge and the LL.D. of Aberdeen, in 1865; the D.D. of Durham, in 1888; the D.C.L. of Trinity College, Toronto, in 1893; and the D.C.L. of Oxford, in 1897. In 1893, Queen Victoria made him Prelate of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

It may not be amiss in this brief and imperfect sketch of the first Primate of Canada, to speak of him as an empire builder, educationist and Bishop.

I

He was a great empire builder. His name was practically never quoted in regard to politics; and yet there was no man of his day in Canada whose wonderful vision of the future of the Dominion entitled him to be heard with greater respect and reverence when he gave his opinion on any subject worthy of being called statesmanship. Had he entered into the realm of politics he would have been a great power, simply because of his lofty ideals and the absolute purity of his character. With him there must be no compromise with truth and integrity. His optimism was

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so securely guarded by the sanctified common sense which he brought to bear on every question before him, that one could never imagine it leading him into anything that would be regarded as speculative or rash. He lived in Western Canada at a period when general principles were of more vital importance than mere details of administration. He was a master builder, who was more concerned with foundations than with actual building.

II

It was almost entirely due to the personal friendship between Dr. Machray and Dr. Isbister, principal of the College of Preceptors of London, and because of the esteem in which the former was held by the family of the latter, that the University of Manitoba received under the terms of Dr. Isbister's will the sum of \$70,000 in 1883.

He was a great educationist. Future generations will have cause to be thankful that God sent such a man to help in engineering the educational system that has already done so much for the Province of Manitoba. History is replete with instances in which the dictatorship of one really great man was the salvation of a cause. In the Advisory Board of Manitoban Public Schools, of which Dr. Machray was for many years the chairman, he was really a dictator, not because he claimed to be such, but just because his wonderful grasp of the whole situation so impressed his fellow members of the board that his opinion on any great question was seldom or never ques-

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tioned. When it came down to details his innate modesty made him at once defer to those whose daily business put them into a position in which they knew better than he what was required.

Those who have given the matter their most careful study must be of opinion that his chancellorship of Manitoba University was one of the most fortunate happenings in its pioneer days. While very conservative in regard to the general trend of university matters, he based his notions on the experience which he had of two great universities of the old land, those of Aberdeen and Cambridge. The Scotch university was wont to lay stress upon features that in the English university were viewed from an altogether different angle. Aberdeen was an institution which opened its doors wide to lads who had not had the fine training of great public schools, like Eton and Harrow and Rugby; and it was far more democratic in its methods and aims. Dr. Machray possessed a wisdom and a sanity of judgment which enabled him to take from each its best features, and to adapt them to the conditions of a land in its constructive stage. While deeply devoted to pure scholarship, as the phrase is generally understood, he was ever ready to seize and carefully consider any scheme which had for its object the furtherance of the requirements that were peculiar to the conditions of the West. He was by no means hide-bound in his educational notions, in spite of the fact that he held the very highest ideas of the tone and colour of the two universities at which he himself had studied.

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III

He was a great Bishop. Like all other men, he had his limitations, and it may be that there were phases of the Episcopal office which did not obsess him as they have done other great Bishops; but his ideals were of the highest and purest. There was a certain Scotch reserve and self-restraint, which caused him to be sometimes misunderstood. He did not wear his religion on his sleeve, and in consequence did not sometimes get credit for a devotion to spiritual things which was a very real and integral part of him. I never heard of his being asked to conduct a mission for the deepening of the spiritual life, and yet I am quite sure, if he had ever undertaken such work it would have astonished men who only knew him slightly, to find how well-ordered was his conception of the affairs of personal religion; and his counsel would have been of the most valuable kind. I have often lamented the fact that none of his ordinary sermons have ever been published. In his preparation of them he used such infinite care that they would have made good reading. They were sometimes inclined to be rather academic in style; but in every one that I ever heard him preach there was a great deal of food for thought.

His devotion to the work which sent him to Canada was so interwoven with his whole life that it was never absent from his thoughts. For many a long day he had to face the most serious difficulties, which called for much faith, much wisdom, much tact and judgment. These were never wanting. He believed in his mission, and

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had unbounded trust in the God who had sent him to carry it out. In the administration of his vast diocese he took no step without earnest and prayerful consideration of it from every point of view. His fine logical mind, trained to accuracy by his favourite study of mathematics, gave him a wonderful outlook. Everything he did was the resultant of mathematical reasoning, and an almost overpowering sympathy.

JOHN HORDEN

By

The Ven. Archdeacon Faries

Missionary at York Factory, Hudson's Bay

The Ven. Archdeacon Faries was born at Moose, and as a boy knew Bishop Horden and sat at his feet for instruction. Hence his memories of the great man have all the vividness of early impressions. The Archdeacon is now in charge of the work so deeply and so extensively founded by his great teacher.—E.D.

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AS soon as it was known in James' Bay that Bishop Anderson had taken up his residence in the Red River Settlement, a petition from the officers and employees of the Hudson's Bay Company was sent to the Bishop, requesting that "a missionary be sent to them to educate their children and to preach the Gospel to the natives." The Bishop immediately wrote to the Church Missionary Society, asking that a layman be sent as schoolmaster, and a clergyman for the spiritual welfare of the people in James' Bay. The Society replied that "a lay missionary would be sent out this year and the clergyman would follow next year."

The lay missionary proved to be most efficient for the special work in Hudson's Bay, and one of the most honoured in the whole list of the Society's missionaries.

This man was John Horden, a young schoolmaster at Exeter. He was born in the cathedral city of Exeter in the year 1828, and had received a primary education in St. John's School of that city. While quite a boy he was apprenticed to the blacksmith's trade, as a preparation for the struggle for existence. Possessed of an ambitious spirit and a studious nature he made use of his spare moments by improving his education. Attending night schools, and patient plod-

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ding over his studies by the side of the anvil at odd moments, helped him to obtain the qualifications for a teacher, so that he was able to leave the forge for the schoolroom.

As a schoolmaster he had better opportunities of applying himself to higher branches of study, and in the course of time he could read in Latin and in Greek. He was an interested member of St. Thomas' (Exeter) congregation, and a regular attendant at the Vicar's Bible class, where young men received missionary information as well as a Bible education.

Horden and two others in the vicar's class were specially interested in the great work going on in the mission field, and the vicar was delighted to do everything in his power to foster the missionary spirit of his scholars.

These three interested young men formed themselves into a study circle, meeting at times to pray for, and study missionary work in various fields, declaring that if God opened the way they would devote their lives to missionary work. In due time they volunteered their services to the Church Missionary Society and two of them were accepted, and were sent out to distant fields. Horden was considered rather young by the committee, for a responsible position in heathen lands, but was told that by remaining at his school teaching a little longer, he would hear from the committee when a call came.

On May 10th, 1851, there came a letter from Mr. Venn, the Hon. Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, telling him that "the Bishop of Rupert's Land wanted a schoolmaster for

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Moose Factory in James' Bay, North-West America; that the committee had appointed him as the missionary for the educational and evangelization work in James' Bay; that he must be ready to sail within a month, and that it was the desire of the committee that he should marry and take his wife out as a helper in the missionary work."

Although this field had never appealed to him, yet with the readiness for service and obedience to the command of the Master, characteristic of the man all his life, he accepted the call as coming from God, and immediately began to carry out the wishes of the committee. He consulted the young lady of his choice—Miss Oke, a young woman with missionary aspirations like himself—and bravely she consented to marry him and go with him to the ice-bound regions of Hudson's Bay. On June 8th they sailed in the Hudson's Bay Company's ship from London for the distant shores of the Great Lone Land.

The young missionary occupied his time on the voyage by following up his studies in the Greek Testament and making the acquaintance of the long-worded Cree language. Several of the ship's officers and sailors had been to Hudson's Bay on previous occasions, and had learned a few words of the native language. From these men Mr. Horden learned a few Cree words, and his notebook contained a small vocabulary before he reached the Indian country. His experience of self-tuition in the Latin and Greek languages taught him that learning a foreign tongue was a very difficult undertaking, but he

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was determined with God's help "that the difficulty would be overcome; that the long words should be analysed; that he would make the Cree tongue his own, so that in it he would invite sinners to repentance, and preach the unsearchable riches of Christ."

The ship dropped her anchor in the Moose River on August 26th, and the passengers were landed at the Hudson's Bay Company's establishment—Moose Factory. On meeting a young Indian Mr. Horden began to make use of the Cree words he had picked up on board the ship, making many humorous mistakes.

He went among the wigwams, notebook in hand, taking down words as he heard them, and he mastered their meaning and construction so that he could apply them in conversation and sermons. In this way he learned to speak the language very quickly, and in eight months' time he was able to preach to the Indians without an interpreter.

Horden was not the first missionary to attempt the work of Christianizing the Indians at Moose, but he was the first to succeed.

Through the Methodist Society in Canada in 1840, James Evans was sent to Norway House; William Mason to Rainy River and Lake of the Woods; Robert T. Rundle to Edmonton, and George Barnley to Moose Factory.

James Evans became the celebrated inventor of the Cree Syllabics, which many of our Anglican missionaries adopted (and improved) in their translation work. William Mason soon abandoned his post at Rainy River, owing to the hos-

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tility of the natives. Later we find him at York Factory working under James Evans. Eventually he was admitted to Holy Orders in the Church of England and appointed to the mission of York Factory.

It was probably due to the touch of God through George Barnley, that the people of Moose Factory sent a letter to the Bishop of Rupert's Land in 1850, asking that a missionary be sent to them. Horden found that the seed sown by George Barnley at Moose Factory had taken root in a few hearts, and he also found the Lord's Prayer and a few texts of Scripture in Cree Syllabics among the Indians. He immediately adopted the Syllabic system in committing the language into writing, elaborating and improving it to express the dialect spoken in his district. Although Horden had not the advantage of a university training, he was nevertheless a capable and systematic student, doing his work with the determination and thoroughness of the steady plodder.

His first attempt at translating was the revision of Mr. Barnley's edition of the Lord's Prayer. Then he translated the Apostle's Creed, the Ten Commandments, a few prayers from the morning and evening service, a few hymns and some passages of Scripture. These he copied and circulated among the Indians at Moose.

To the Mission School came adults as well as children, for all had to learn the art of reading and writing in the Syllabic system, and many thus learned of the wonderful love of God in sending His Son to redeem the world. The school

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and the schoolmaster's translations soon obtained a wide influence among the Indians, and the desire to know God and to serve Him spread from wigwam to wigwam, and the young missionary had the joy of leading many souls to the Light of the World.

Besides the mission school Horden also instituted the village school for the benefit of the white and half-breed children in the country. His previous experience as a schoolmaster helped him to make a success of both. Mrs. Horden was of great assistance to him in this work, as well as in the social and religious activities among the Indians.

The young missionary rightly regarded it as part of his work to minister to the spiritual needs of the officials and employees of the Hudson's Bay Company. They deeply appreciated his ministrations, rendering constant and valuable assistance in his work of building. They erected the church, the schoolhouse, and the missionary's residence, thus relieving Mr. Horden of much manual labour. In the winter occasional trips were made by dog-team to settlements near the mission, when the cold climate often made travelling an experience of unmitigated misery and physical torture.

Soon portions of the prayer book, the gospels, and a hymnal in Cree Syllabic manuscripts were ready for printing, and were sent to England with an order for a thousand copies.

When the ship arrived, however, heavy boxes were landed at the mission, the contents of which were not books as Horden expected, but a print-

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ing press, "with every requisite for a printing office except the printer." As there was some difficulty about finding a proof-reader capable of correcting the strange type, the Society thought that the translator had better print his translations himself. So they sent him a printing press, with a fount of Syllabic type, specially prepared, but no instructions for operating it.

With characteristic patience and determination John Horden studied out the mechanism and operation of the machine. For days he passed between the schoolhouse and his residence with a preoccupied look and concentrated thoughts, and the Indians could not understand what was troubling their missionary. One day they were alarmed to see their minister rushing towards the camp, waving a white sheet above his head, and shouting, "Come, see this thing!" On following him into the schoolhouse Mr. Horden proudly showed them the first printed sheet from the press, saying, "Now I shall be able to give you books." For several years Horden and his students printed and bound the books which were circulated among the Indians throughout the regions of Hudson's Bay, and a great spiritual awakening and enlightening movement swept through the wigwams and camps of the natives.

Mr. and Mrs. Horden laboured at their isolated post of duty for fourteen years without taking furlough. During that time six children had been born to them, and one of the little ones had fallen a victim to an epidemic which had left many a home sad and desolate. This suffering in common with their flock drew the ties which

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bound them as brothers and sisters even closer together.

In the summer of 1865 the Rev. Thomas Vincent of the Albany Mission, was placed in charge of Moose, and Horden and his family sailed for England in order that his children might be educated.

When they arrived, Mr. Horden found that his fame as a missionary was known in every corner of the British Isles, and he was a welcome and much sought-for visitor. No missionary stories were more interesting than his, and none so thrilling as those of the wonderful spiritual movement which was taking place in the snow-clad wastes of the north. He won many life-long friends and created such an interest that donations flowed freely into the funds of the Church Missionary Society.

After an absence of two years, Mr. and Mrs. Horden returned to their work at James' Bay.

As time went on churches were built in several settlements; congregations of Indians gathered regularly to worship the Lord in the beauty of His holiness, and native teachers were trained and appointed to minister to their brethren, and Horden's influence continued to spread.

In 1866, Bishop Machray visited the missions in the district of James' Bay, and like his predecessor, was very much struck with the wonderful achievements of this hard-working man. Mr. Horden travelled around with the Bishop on this occasion, presenting many classes of candidates for confirmation, acting as interpreter for him and revealing to him the wonderful growth of

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Christianity during his ministry. The Bishop also licensed four of Horden's lay readers "to conduct services and to read the Scriptures among their brethren," and these men were placed at certain stations to carry on the good work. This is remarkable as being the first instance of a Bishop licensing laymen as readers in any of the stations of the Church Missionary Society.

There came a letter to the busy missionary at Moose Factory in the autumn of 1872, informing him that he was to come to England without delay for consecration.

After great heart-searching and solemn hours of prayer he accepted the call and was consecrated in Westminster Abbey on December 15th, 1872, together with Russell for North China, and Royston for Mauritius. Eight Bishops took part in the consecration, among whom were Archbishop Tait, and Bishop Anderson, who had admitted Horden to Holy Orders twenty years before.

Upon his return to the work in Moosonee, he passed through eastern Canada, stirring the hearts of the people into admiration and devotion by his persuasive messages, and winning many friends among the Canadian clergy. When he reached Moose Factory he was warmly welcomed by his people, many of whom had come long distances from the north and east to show their interest and delight at his elevation to the episcopate.

As Bishop he carried the same missionary zeal into his work; was as diligent in visiting the iso-

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lated stations in his diocese; exercised the same pastoral influence among the scattered people in the vast territory, as he did in his little parish at Moose; showed a remarkable executive ability in handling the affairs of the new diocese, and his genial and loving spirit made him a welcome guest alike with the stern Presbyterian Hudson's Bay Factor, the lonely agnostic trapper, or the heathen Indian.

In 1876, the Bishop wrote to the Church Missionary Society for a man to take up the challenge of the rugged coast of the east shore of Hudson's Bay, and he mentioned that "the man must be a plain, strong man—a sailor for choice—who could face real hardships in seeking out the wanderers in this wilderness." Just at this time a certain Scripture reader who had been converted while a seaman in the Royal Navy by reading a Bible given him by his teacher in Sunday school, had been introduced to the Church Missionary Society Committee by the Rev. T. R. Govett, Vicar of Newmarket. The young man was desirous of being "sent to the wildest and roughest mission field in the world, if only he might there be privileged to win souls for Christ." It was the working out of God's plan for the East Main District, through the prayers of the Bishop of Moosonee, and the great Missionary Society. The man was Edmund James Peck, who as we know laboured in this district for many years, accomplishing a great work under God, and who laid a firm foundation which made it easier for others to follow and carry on the work. It must have been a great joy to the missionary Bishop

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when he was able to report to the Church Missionary Society, "Heathenism as a system with all its abominations has departed."

The Bishop spent a year in the western portion of his almost boundless diocese in 1879-80, arriving at York Factory about the time Archdeacon Kirkby was leaving the diocese. While here the Bishop continued his translational work and made a study of the different dialects of the Cree language. Horden excelled in moulding young missionaries during the plastic stage into promising workers in the special field of missionary enterprise. He possessed wonderful teaching powers, and he seemed to have the happy knack of making his students accomplish a pile of work without feeling the pressure.

The Indians in this vicinity at that time seemed to be in a poverty-stricken condition, and the daily struggle for existence drew forth the compassion of the Bishop's heart. It may have been mistaken kindness, as it caused other missionaries trouble afterwards, but the Bishop dug down into his pocket to relieve the suffering. Bishop Horden therefore became known among the Indians in the district as "The great Praying Chief who fed the starving Indian."

During the coldest time of the winter the Bishop travelled by dog-team over the wind-swept plains between York Factory and Fort Churchill, with Joseph Kechekesik as guide. The latter afterward became the faithful Indian catechist, who worked under several missionaries and was a noble uplifting influence among his countrymen. Who shall say but that this jour-

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ney with the Bishop brought him into close touch with the living Christ? At Churchill the Bishop confirmed a large number of half-breeds and Chipewyans, and spent two months giving the people the opportunity of hearing the Word and learning the Christian faith. The remainder of the winter was spent with Mr. and Mrs. Winter at York Factory. As soon as the rivers were clear of ice the Bishop travelled by canoe to Trout Lake and Severn Post, having Joseph Kechekesik again as guide, and William Dick as personal attendant. The latter had been in training under Archdeacon Kirkby, and was then acting as interpreter for the Rev. G. S. Winter. Eventually he was sent to Trout Lake as a native catechist, where he did such good work that he was admitted to Holy Orders by Bishop Horden in 1889. At Trout Lake and Severn, about two hundred Indians were confirmed, a large number admitted to Holy Communion and two lay readers were appointed to conduct services.

In August the Bishop returned to York Factory, from which port he sailed for England to join his loved ones for a brief period. His furlough did not mean a time of rest and seclusion. His passion for work did not allow for idleness, and all his time was filled up with working for his Indians and Eskimo. It was during this visit also that he began to form the nucleus of an Endowment Fund. In his appeals for men, he mentioned specially two districts in his diocese—Rupert's River in the Moose district, and Churchill in the York district, where he was anxious to place missionaries. The Rev. Henry Nevitt,

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of Nottingham, and Mr. Joseph Lofthouse, a student of the Church Missionary Society College, responded to the appeal and arrived at Moose Factory in August, 1882.

For the first time in the history of the mission there was a gathering of five clergymen and a Bishop: the Rev. Thomas Vincent from Albany, the Rev. E. J. Peck from Whale River, the Rev. John Sanders from Matawakuma, with the two new recruits and the Bishop.

The years of 1883 and 1884 were times of great distress for the inhabitants of southern Moosonee. An epidemic of whooping cough swept through the country one year and influenza the next, causing many deaths and much sorrow throughout the land. The faithful men of God ministered to the stricken people, giving Christian hope and comfort to the bereaved, and looking after the weak and destitute. The rugged missionary, Archdeacon Vincent of Albany, was in a state of collapse and depression under the strain, and the kind-hearted Bishop made a quick trip to give this stricken brother all the love and sympathy of his tender heart, and all the support and strength of his unshaken faith in the love of God. He came as a veritable angel from Heaven, and his visit acted like a tonic on the soul of the Archdeacon.

The Bishop always took a keen interest in education, and for many years he walked over to the village school every day and took the advanced pupils for an hour or more. He also devoted two evenings every week during winter to teaching young working men, whose education had been

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neglected in boyhood. Many of them thus learned to read and write in the night school and became more efficient in their trades and work. The writer knows of two English sailors who studied arithmetic and logarithms in the Bishop's night school, and on returning to England passed their examinations for master mariner's certificate and became captains of sailing ships. Another pupil—a mechanic—wrote a grateful letter to the Bishop for the help received in the night school, which led to higher study and greater efficiency.

The Bishop also aimed at educating and training young men, born in the country, for the ministry. Throughout his term of service there were generally two or three youths at the mission studying under him, among whom were Archdeacon Thomas Vincent, Archdeacon J. A. Mackay, Rev. John Sanders, Rev. Edward Richards and the writer.

In his young days Horden had taught himself Latin, and after coming to the mission field had developed into a Greek scholar. Now at the age of fifty he took up the Hebrew language, pursuing the study with the characteristic patience and plodding which had helped him to overcome all past difficulties.

The Bishop's sermons were delivered in an easy, even manner, with the gentle grace of the true disciple of Christ, and he had a power and a divine magnetism which drew the hidden goodness of souls to the surface as he lifted up the Saviour.

Besides his work as Bishop, pastor, teacher,

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student, translator of books, writer and printer, he was constantly being called upon for advice or sympathy by the Indians, each of whom took his peculiar trouble or joy to this veritable father in God, and always came away cheered and comforted.

Immorality and intemperance among his Indians in the southern part of his diocese, caused by the contaminating influence of civilization, was a great shock to him in his latter years. He grappled however with this evil with his characteristic patience, faith and love, and it is certain his efforts were greatly blessed of God to the saving of men from the sinful lusts of the flesh. So the great work of the missionary went on from day to day, and from year to year.

“Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wanderer sought and won,
Something for God.”

In May, 1888, he left Moose for a visit to England in the interests of his diocese, and also to visit en route the northern portion of Moosonee. On the banks of the river a great crowd gathered to say farewell to him. As the canoe was about to push off from the shore he stood up, lifted his hand, and the people bowed their heads to receive the apostolic blessing. He travelled up one of the branches of the Moose River, took the train at Missanabie Station to Montreal, from which port he sailed for England.

At the Church Missionary Society's annual meeting he was given the honour to preside in

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the evening at Exeter Hall. Thousands looked upon the bright face of the veteran missionary Bishop from the land of snow and ice, and many hearts and souls were filled with praise and joy that there were such men in the world to open the door of faith unto the Gentiles.

When the Bishop returned to Canada he spent a few days in Montreal, where he met the Rev. J. A. Newnham, rector of St. Matthias Church, and the son of an old friend. The missionary Bishop had long been one of the young clergyman's heroes and an interview with him, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, led to a decision for service in the mission field at Moose.

Leaving Montreal the Bishop travelled west to Winnipeg, where he renewed his close friendship with Archbishop Machray and consulted him with regard to his retirement from active service. From Winnipeg he went to York Factory, where he was again in touch with the work in his vast diocese.

Feeling that his time of service was drawing to a close he resumed his translational work. So far his work in this direction had resulted in the complete New Testament, the Psalms, and the Old Testament Lessons for Sundays and Holy Days. He had, however, refrained from completing the translation of the Bible, because he had hoped that a committee of Cree scholars from the entire Cree-speaking country would undertake the work, and so produce a Bible for the use of the whole Cree nation. The several dialects of the Cree language rendered a translation in one particular dialect undesirable, and there

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had been some opposition from the West to Horden's translations becoming general. He waited long for such a committee to begin work, but now decided to delay no further, as he realized that his time for this work was short.

Assisted by Archdeacon Vincent and the Rev. E. Richards, he revised his former translations and went on with the great work of completing the Bible, hoping to finish before he resigned his See. Thus the winter went quickly by and the summer brought its demands for further journeyings to his scattered missions.

A notable trip was now made, which proved to be his last, to the Whale River district, where the faithful and self-denying missionary, the Rev. E. J. Peck, was doing a remarkable work among the Eskimos. Travelling by canoe along the rugged coast of Hudson's Bay was a great trial to a man of Horden's age and corpulency, but he bore it all in true heroic spirit, ever looking forward to the pleasure of meeting the isolated congregations living along the coast. At each settlement Dr. Peck had Indian and Eskimo candidates ready for the apostolic rite of confirmation, and the Bishop's heart was filled with joy and thanksgiving when he laid his hands on six Eskimos, thus gathering the first fruits of long years of Christian endeavour.

Upon his return from Whale River the annual ships arrived at Moose, and among the passengers was the Rev. J. A. Newnham of Montreal, previously referred to, and who eventually became the Bishop's successor.

In August, 1892, Mr. W. G. Walton from the

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Church Missionary Society College at Islington arrived, much to the relief of the Bishop's mind, as he was much concerned about the future of the work, owing to Dr. Peck being compelled to retire on account of Mrs. Peck's poor health. The ordination of Mr. Walton took place shortly after, and was the last public episcopal act of the Bishop.

In September of the same year, the writer left the Moose Mission to begin his studies in the Montreal Diocesan Theological College, and I shall never forget the emotional grip of the Bishop's hand and his last words, as I stepped into the canoe. "Be a credit to your teacher, my boy, and be a faithful servant to your Master, the Lord Jesus." As the canoe drew off from the shore I watched his stout figure receding in the distance, and realizing how much I owed to the beloved Bishop, I registered a mental vow, that, God helping me, I would continue to be Christ's faithful soldier and servant unto my life's end, and would serve my term in that field for which my tutor had trained me.

For many years the Bishop was a martyr to rheumatism, and those who were closely associated with him knew how he suffered in the cold weather, and how bravely and heroically he continued his work. In the winter of 1892-93 the suffering increased. On the morning of November 21st, as he sat down to his writing table, he was seized with the most acute pain, and for the first time felt unable to work. In a letter written shortly after this breakdown, he said, "With increased pain came the inability to work, and for

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a week I lay almost unfit for anything. I seemed for a while to make progress towards recovery, and three weeks after the attack was able to walk from my bedroom to my study with a little assistance; then a relapse occurred, and I scarcely have been out of bed since, and when I shall again, God alone knows. But He has been very, very good. He has kept me in peace and endued me with as much cheerfulness as I ever possessed."

His daughter, Mrs. Broughton, desired to have her father removed to Rupert's House to be with her, and thither loving hands bore him. He did not improve as the days went by, and the strong will and vital forces seemed to be on the wane. One of his last acts of love, which showed how he still held his people's interest at heart and how closely in touch he kept with the divine Master, the Prince of Peace, was the endeavour to reconcile two people in the parish, who had been at enmity with each other. They were called to his room and he begged of them to love one another; "For he that loveth not his own brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

All his life long he had demonstrated that "God is love," and in his dying moments he reached out his hand to mend the broken link between two erring children. To bring out the best in people; to change the dross of human nature into the pure gold of divine character, was his mission in life, and "this is the victory that overcometh the world."

On the morning of the 12th of January he

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passed away quietly, and the noble spirit entered into the joy of his Lord.

The burial was delayed to give his oldest pupil and friend, Archdeacon Vincent, time to come from Albany to Moose, to officiate at the funeral, which all the clergy in James' Bay attended.

The episcopal robes which had been used in many a service in churches, trading stores, settlers' houses, Indian shacks and wigwams, were put on for the last time, and the body placed in state in the modest pro-cathedral. Indians, half-breeds and white people, came from far and near to take a last look at the face they loved so well.

In the graveyard at Moose, among the graves of hundreds of Indians and Europeans, beside a long-buried child, lies the body of the first Bishop of Moosonee, left behind till the Resurrection Day.

As a young missionary, Horden came to a land overshadowed by heathenism and illiteracy; by his patient labours, his faithful ministry; faith in God and man; his wonderful influence for good, blessed of God, he left that land with the light of the Gospel shining in every corner, and a literature for the spiritual and intellectual development of the church in Northern Canada, and provision was made for enlightenment and civilization. Surely his works do follow him, and they will act and re-act for good, till time shall be no more.

When the Archbishop of Canterbury—Dr. Benson—was informed of Horden's death, he ex-

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claimed, "I am deeply concerned at the news! I have always regarded him as one of my heroic brothers."

And the Canadian Church, too, will always give him the place of honour among her heroes, recognizing the fact that what Bishop Horden undertook for God's glory, was by the Holy Spirit so faithfully done in his day and generation, that a good foundation was laid for those who came after, on which to build up the Church of Christ.

JOHN McLEAN

By

Canon E. K. Matheson

Superintendent of Indian Work, Diocese of Saskatchewan

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WHEN the history of the Church of England in Canada is written, it will have many a noble life to record, many a deed of devotion, and many a life-long self-sacrifice, worthy of apostolic times. It is impossible to overestimate the permanent influence of those who laid the foundation of Church work in the various dependencies of the Colonial Empire or British Colonies. In the natural course of events the men themselves pass away, but "their works do follow them." The history of the Church in Saskatchewan will ever be associated with the name of Dr. John McLean, first Bishop of Saskatchewan.

The Right Reverend John McLean, first Bishop of the Diocese of Saskatchewan, was born in Portsoy, Scotland, on November 17th, 1828; he graduated at the University of King's College, Aberdeen, was ordained Deacon on August 1st, 1858, and Priest on December 15th of the same year, by Bishop Cronyn, the first Bishop of Huron. He was immediately appointed Curate of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, Ontario, and filled that position until 1866, when he was appointed Archdeacon of Assiniboia (Manitoba), Rector of St. John's Cathedral, Warden of St. John's College (Winnipeg), and Professor of Divinity. He was consecrated to the Episcopate in Canterbury Cathedral on May 3rd, 1874, and

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died at Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, November 7th, 1886, aged 58 years. Thus Bishop McLean was born, and also lived and died in the last century, but he planned and worked for all the centuries to come and, therefore, he belongs to them all. To say that he was not perfect is only to say that he was human, but his life and work show us what may be accomplished by the grace of God and devotion to duty. We often pray to God to give us His grace to enable us to follow the good examples of those who have departed this life in His faith and fear. For our future happiness, it is just as necessary and proper for us to pray for His grace to enable us to be useful in this life. Keeping this in view, the following brief record of part of the life and work of one of our missionary leaders of the Church in Canada has been written.

Bishop McLean had to make his own way through college. By hard work and close application to his studies, he won the necessary scholarships that cleared the way to further success. While working for his degree, his mind was drawn towards the sacred ministry, and after taking the required course in theology, he was duly ordained. He told me that when he was priested, he was given the somewhat unique distinction of preaching the Ordination Sermon for himself and those ordained with him, taking as his text, Hebrews 7: 11, "If therefore perfection were by the Levitical priesthood (for under it the people received the law,) what further need was there that another priest should rise after the

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order of Melchisedec, and not be called after the order of Aaron?"

His first appointment after ordination, as already stated, was that of Curate of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, Ontario, a post he filled with his characteristic zeal for eight years.

When Bishop Machray came out to Fort Garry in 1865 as Bishop of Rupert's Land, and set himself to the task of reorganizing St. John's College and the work of the Church generally, he at once decided to call to his aid the Rev. John McLean, who had been the friend of his boyhood, his old schoolmate and a fellow-student at college. Mr. McLean immediately responded to this call. He came to the Red River settlement in September, 1866, and on his arrival there was appointed Rector of St. John's Cathedral, and Archdeacon of Assiniboia. Subsequently he became Professor of Divinity and Warden of St. John's College, positions he filled for another period of eight years. We get a little insight into his life during that period by noting what the present Archbishop of Rupert's Land said of him: "The best and most inspiring teacher I ever sat under; arousing in his pupils a keen competition and keeping it up. He used the old Scotch method of teaching classics, making his pupils commit hundreds and thousands of lines of Latin and Greek verse to memory. He was excellent in teaching Latin and Greek prose composition. He had no special mathematical bent, but was a most successful teacher in that subject too. I shall never forget what I owe to him on account of the way he taught me to preach, and especially to

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deliver my sermons. He committed all his own sermons to memory and delivered them verbatim. I have taken up in the stall of St. John's Cathedral, the manuscript of his sermon and have followed the manuscript while he delivered the sermon word for word—a remarkable feat of memory.” The Bishop himself used to say that he could write a sermon, deliver it, put the manuscript away for five or ten years, then take it, and after reading it over once, could deliver it practically word for word without the manuscript. So logical and methodical was his mind, so impressionable and retentive his memory. Notwithstanding this great gift, he was always very careful and painstaking in the preparation of his sermons. He rarely used a manuscript in the pulpit, except on very special occasions, when his sermon was wanted for publication. While engaged at St. John's he organized the congregation of Holy Trinity Parish, and had a small church built. He lived to take part in the ceremony of laying the corner stone of the present magnificent stone edifice in 1883, making a remarkable speech on that occasion.

When the Diocese of Saskatchewan was set apart in 1872, the choice of a suitable man for the position at once fell upon “Archdeacon McLean,” and he was duly consecrated in Canterbury Cathedral on the 3rd of May, 1874. The territory entrusted to him comprised about 700,000 square miles.

On one occasion a person asked him: “Where is the Diocese of Saskatchewan, and how large is it?” He said: “The Diocese of Saskatchewan is

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in Western Canada; it is bounded on the east by the Province of Manitoba, on the west by the Province of British Columbia at the summit of the Rocky Mountains, on the south by the International boundary line between Canada and the United States, and on the north by the Aurora Borealis and world without end."

He remained in England during that summer collecting funds for the work of the Church in his new Diocese, and during the following winter he paid his first Episcopal visit. He came up by what was called "The Lake Route," Lakes Manitoba and Cumberland, via Fort à la Corne, as far as the Prince Albert settlement, arriving there by dog-train about the end of February, 1875. He secured some land for a church site in the settlement, and made arrangements for the building of St. Mary's Church, the first Church erected in this Diocese for settlers. He went out to the pine forest, where he found a number of churchmen doing voluntary work, hewing the logs for the building—for in those days we had no saw-mills or dressed lumber. He called the men together, spoke a few words of encouragement to them, and knelt down with them in the snow—for it was in the depth of winter—and there commended them and their work to the blessing of God.

The old log church still stands, a mile or two west of the present city of Prince Albert, and the Bishop's body lies buried under the shadow of its walls.

While in Prince Albert settlement, on the occasion of his first visit, he stayed at the Hud-

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son's Bay Company's post, the guest of the officer in charge, Mr. Philip Turner, until the middle of April, when he started back accompanied by Mr. Thomas McKay as far as Winnipeg, on his way to the east, for the purpose of securing more funds and some more missionaries for the work in view. He came back to Prince Albert in the following September, and soon made arrangements for a more extended visit to other points of his large Diocese. He held his first ordination in St. Mary's Church (then recently built), on the 9th of January, 1876, when Mr. John Hines was admitted to the Diaconate. Here let me quote from a letter written by Mr. Hines some years afterwards in connection with a part of the work and plans of that winter: "The Bishop and Reverend (afterwards the Venerable Archdeacon) John Mackay, drove out to Sandy Lake to visit my new mission and to discuss plans for the future. Mr. McKay used his train of 'husky dogs,' while the Bishop was conveyed out by John Turner in a carriage or toboggan, drawn by a horse. The main object of that visit was to discuss plans looking to the inauguration of a Diocesan Training School, which resulted some three years later in the founding and organizing of Emmanuel College. The initial step taken at that meeting was to request the Church Missionary Society of England to allow Mr. Mackay to be transferred from the Stanley Mission and to take up his residence at Prince Albert for the purpose of assisting in the tutorial work in the newly proposed Educational Institution. And so it came to pass that the first Com-

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mittee Meeting of the Church Missionary Society ever held west of Winnipeg was held in my little log hut at the Sandy Lake Mission Station, which was established in 1874." This piece of information, not hitherto published, helps to reveal to us the man with a vision, while this humble meeting of "the three Johns" in the little log hut, the "lowly, thatched cottage," marked the beginning of a far-reaching epoch in the educational and missionary history of the Diocese.

The Bishop paid a visit to the Stanley Mission during the winter of 1875-6, travelling by dog-train all the way, via Montreal Lake, etc. The following winter (1876-7) he went as far west as Edmonton. Here he secured land for a church site, and made arrangements for the immediate erection of a church building, which was soon afterwards erected and became the forerunner of the present Pro-Cathedral of All Saints in the City of Edmonton.

Winter travelling in Saskatchewan in those days was not altogether a picnic. There was not a foot of railway line anywhere near the Diocese, nor anywhere in Western Canada for that matter. Travellers in winter had to make their camp in the bush and their bed in the snow, many miles distant from any human habitation; the only roof was the star-studded sky, while the cold might be reckoned by anything down to fifty below zero. They could not lie in bed until the house got warm in the morning, but had to rise up in the intense cold of the early hours, drink down a hurriedly-made cup of hot tea, get ready and travel on again, repeating the programme

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day after day until they arrived at one or other of the Hudson's Bay Company posts, where missionaries were always sure of a cordial welcome. Of course, summer travelling was usually a delightful outing. So when Bishop McLean made his first and second Episcopal visitations in his Diocese, he did not travel in a Pullman car, but in a toboggan drawn by husky dogs, "a through train," if you choose, to Edmonton, the conductor, trainman and engineer on that occasion being the present Venerable Archdeacon John A. Mackay, who also looked after the dining car and its comforts.

In addressing missionary meetings afterwards and giving a description of these journeys, the Bishop would sometimes tell his audience that "he travelled all the way on snowshoes." Quite true! but as he afterwards explained to his hearers, he was sitting on them, as they were tucked away under him in the bottom of his toboggan, an extra pair carried along in case of need.

The Bishop has given us in the following words a graphic pen picture of his field as it was when he first came to it: "The Diocese was a vast area containing about 30,000 Indians, with a few small settlements of white people. There were no endowments, no missionaries, no churches—everything had to be begun as far as the Church of England was concerned."

There was, however, one ordained missionary, the Reverend J. A. Mackay, now Archdeacon, and he was stationed away out at Stanley, on the Churchill River. Mr. John Hines, then a Lay Missionary of the Church Missionary Society,

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but afterwards ordained, had recently been stationed at Sandy Lake, about sixty miles northwest of Prince Albert. And there was also one native Deacon by the name of Luke Caldwell, stationed at Fort à la Corne. When Bishop McLean wrote to his friend, Bishop Machray, appealing for some helpers—even some Lay Readers—he thought it well to support his appeal by quoting the words of St. Paul to Timothy: “Only Luke is with me.”

Writing of the condition of things in this “vast area,” and the work to be done, he said: “I found it no easy task to induce Churchmen to take sufficient interest in what was then the unknown region of the Saskatchewan to provide for the endowment of a Bishopric, for, unfortunately, just at the time when I commenced the effort in 1873, the first delegation from the Government of the Dominion of Canada failed in the attempt to effect a loan for the projected Canadian Pacific Railway. I was informed by a prominent banker in London, England, who had promised to help me in the effort, that from the turn affairs had taken in reference to the railway project, he had lost all hope of my success, and, therefore, advised me to abandon the effort for that time and return home. I did not, however, follow his advice, but determined to face the difficulties and spare no efforts to overcome them. The result was that before I left England, the sum of nearly \$31,000 was actually invested for the Bishopric Endowment Fund, and on my second visit in 1878, the amount invested was raised to nearly \$50,000.” And so it went on until in his charge

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to his Synod in 1883, he could speak of the approaching completion of the Bishopric Endowment Fund, and very substantial progress in several other smaller endowments. In all this mark how he had the future in view, and cheerfully realized that he was working for his successors, for he said: "I shall be very glad if, as one result of my labours, I can look forward to my successor being able to enter upon the duties of his Episcopate free from the harassing anxieties of a financial character which have formed so marked a feature of my own." To Bishop McLean, difficulties were looked upon simply as things to be overcome, incentives to redoubled efforts. In speaking to his first Synod of the difficulties and disadvantages under which the Diocese laboured owing to the lack of endowments or lands to provide them, he said: "We are left to grapple, as best we may, with the difficulties of our position. We must not, however, be discouraged, but rather stimulated to increased exertions by the disadvantages under which we labour." He impressed this spirit of perseverance upon all who came within the range of his influence; he energized and enthused others by his own energy and enthusiasm, and he had the happy faculty of cheering a discouraged or depressed worker to make renewed efforts in his work in the face of any and all difficulties. He became so proverbially successful in raising money, that, on one occasion when the Archbishop of Canterbury was introducing him to a Missionary meeting, he said: "I am never very certain about the way to pronounce the name of

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his Diocese, so perhaps the best I can do is to introduce him to you as the Bishop of 'Catch—What—You—Can.' ”

Verily his was no mere post of honour, but one of abundant labours, and into these he threw himself with the energy, enthusiasm and power that characterized his whole career, so that his immediate successor, Bishop Pinkham, now of Calgary, paid him a splendid tribute by saying that “ in raising and completing the Episcopal Endowment Fund, in all he did for the endowment of Emmanuel College, in commencing the Clergy Endowment and other funds, he has placed the Diocese of Saskatchewan under a perpetual obligation.” The various endowments at the time of his death, in addition to what he secured regularly for current expenses, amounted to over ninety thousand dollars.

In order to get a glimpse of the spiritual progress of the work during the first eight years of his Episcopate, let us note what he said in his charge to the first Synod he convened in August, 1882: “It may be interesting to compare the state of our missions now with what it was when the Diocese was organized in 1874. Then we had only two clergymen, one at Stanley Mission, English River, and one at the Nepowewin Mission. We have now sixteen clergy on the list of the Diocese besides the Bishop. We have also ten catechists and schoolmasters, while the number of our mission stations is twenty-nine.” We may note here that four years later, in his charge to the last Synod over which he presided in August, 1886, he spoke of having then twenty-two

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clergy and seven catechists in charge of mission stations—"so mightily grew the Word of God and prevailed." The preacher at that Synod spoke of the number of missions amongst both whites and Indians in the different parts of the Diocese, extending from the Rocky Mountains on the west to Lake Winnipeg on the east, and said: "Educational institutions have also been established. By the prayerful and incessant efforts of our good and energetic Bishop, several schools have been erected and are in use in different parts of the Diocese, and Emmanuel College has also been built and established within a few minutes' walk of where we are now met together. It has done a good work in the Diocese for both the white and the red man, and many of our missions among both are now supplied with pastors and teachers who were trained in it for that purpose. The success of the past gives us hope for the future. God has acknowledged and blessed the efforts that have been made. He has 'lifted up the light of His countenance, and caused His face to shine upon us.'"

Bishop McLean was a very skilled debater, a clear, lucid and forceful speaker, either with preparation or on the inspiration of the moment, always ready. He always felt sorry for any clergyman who made the excuse of not being prepared to preach. "Why," he would say, "I am never unprepared. I am always ready to preach on even the shortest notice." He was eloquent and perfectly at home either in the pulpit or on the public platform, and on almost any subject. The announcement that he was to

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preach or speak always drew a good audience. He could interest the most highly educated and refined, while "the common people heard him gladly." The central theme in all his preaching was "Jesus Christ and Him Crucified." He made everything lead up to this point. He was always in his happiest mood when preaching the Gospel of Christ; so we naturally find that among his most intimate friends and companions were such men as Bishop Baldwin, Bishop Du-Moulin and Bishop Sullivan. These men were always delighted to have him occupy their pulpits whenever he was in Eastern Canada. Like them, he was a most interesting conversationist and excellent story teller, and was possessed of a great store-house of anecdotes which he could use at any time to suit the occasion. He was very happy in relating experiences connected with his work in raising funds for his Diocese. Two of these I select at random from memory: Returning from England on one occasion, he had to stay in New York over a Sunday, and wishing, as usual, to use it to good account, he went to the celebrated Reverend Dr. Tyng to ask for permission to occupy his pulpit on Sunday. Dr. Tyng hesitated at first, saying that his congregation had been appealed to so frequently of late that he doubted the advisability of allowing any more appeals to be made to them, and besides that New Yorkers knew little or nothing about Saskatchewan. However, after a little further conversation on the subject the Doctor approved of the request, saying in his own way: "Well, it is an old saying that the oftener you milk a cow,

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the more milk she will give. You may occupy the pulpit and state your case." He did so, with the happy result that Dr. Tyng became one of his ardent supporters, gave the Bishop a generous contribution towards his work, and urged his congregation to do likewise.

On another occasion he crossed the ocean in company with another Bishop from one of the Colonies, who was going to England on a mission similar to his. As soon as the vessel arrived, Bishop McLean went direct to the offices of the Missionary Societies to interview the officials in the interests of his Diocese, and succeeded in securing very substantial assistance. Meeting the other Bishop some time afterwards, he asked him how he was getting along. He said he had not done much yet; he had had some circulars printed and sent out, but he had not received any response worth speaking about, and that when he went to see the officers of the Missionary Societies they told him that the Bishop of Saskatchewan had been there some time before and had secured practically all they had to promise at present, and he asked our Bishop how he was managing to do so well. "My dear friend," said our Bishop, "I left my friends in the country to take care of themselves for a while longer, my circulars are still unprinted and unwritten, but as soon as we landed in England I went direct to the Missionary Societies to interview them in the interests of my Diocese."

He was a many-sided man, but not a "two-faced" man. He was your friend or your opponent, and you knew it. He was a man of great

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vision, but by no means a "visionary." He foresaw, as very few men did, the future greatness of this country. He planned and built accordingly. In addressing Eastern audiences, he pictured in glowing terms the resources and possibilities of Western Canada, describing as with prophetic foresight the settlements, villages, towns and cities that were destined to cover this land; and this, mark you, when many who were then called great statesmen ridiculed the vision, saying the country was not worth building a railway through, that it could not furnish enough to pay for the grease that would be required to keep the wheels moving. The answer, as to which was the true prophet, is quite easy for us to give at this day. How pathetic it appears that to Bishop McLean it was given to see only the dawn of what he foretold, the first low wave of the mighty sea of humanity which has rolled and is even now rolling in, over the vast prairies of the south and west, and into the boundless forests of the north and east!

He was a man of large ideas; he attempted great things for God; he expected great things from God, and he was not disappointed; he acted in the living present, heart within and God overhead, but he always planned and worked with his eye on the future. I may best illustrate this by quoting the words of his immediate successor, the present Bishop of Calgary. In his charge to the first Synod over which he presided in Prince Albert in 1889, he said: "Bishop McLean had large ideas and very ardent hopes as to the position and usefulness of Emmanuel College. He

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intended to establish a training school for Black-foot students at Calgary as a branch of it. The college was to be the nucleus of the University of Saskatchewan, the statute for which was passed by the Dominion Parliament in 1883 (twenty-two years before Saskatchewan became a province), and shortly before his death he made provision for examinations in theological subjects with a view to granting the title of Licentiate in Theology by Emmanuel College, and for reading for the degree of Bachelor of Divinity of the University. These ideas I have not seen my way to attempt to carry out. In my judgment they are in advance of the requirements of the country, and with the concurrence of leading clergy and laity with whom I took counsel on the occasion of my first visit to Prince Albert, they are, for the present, in abeyance. Several leading gentlemen have most kindly consented to act as members of a College Council which I have called into existence, the Bishop being ex-officio president, and it is my most earnest wish and prayer that with their kind co-operation and the sympathy and support of all its old friends, and the Diocese at large, Emmanuel College may prove what Bishop McLean meant it to be—an important and vigorous centre of higher education in connection with the Church.”

Which one of us to-day would say that these ideas are in advance of the requirements of the country? The present condition of the country, the needs of the Church, the position, aims and ambitions of Emmanuel College in Prince Albert, to which we may add the establishment of schools

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in the Diocese of Calgary, amply justify the large ideas and the far-reaching vision of Bishop McLean. In his charge to his first Synod, held at Prince Albert in the year 1882, he said in connection with this subject: "The need for trained native help was felt to be so pressing that I attempted soon after I came to the Diocese to carry on the work of training at Prince Albert, but I soon saw that no real good could be done without the establishment of a regular and permanent Diocesan institution." And so was born the idea of what was afterwards to be known as Emmanuel College, for he said further on: "The origin of Emmanuel College was in the sense of need I entertained for a trained band of interpreters, schoolmasters, catechists and pastors, who would be familiar with the language and modes of thought of the people, etc." But, as we have seen, the plan was afterwards greatly enlarged. I have heard him telling a story to illustrate this need. It was that of a missionary who was addressing a band of Indians through the medium of an untrained interpreter. The missionary began his address with the words "Children of the Forest, etc." Bishop McLean laughingly said that the poetic effect of this fine phrase was rudely destroyed by the untrained interpreter, who flattened it out by translating it: "Little men among the big sticks."

While the preliminary work of Emmanuel College had been carried on for some time previously by Bishop McLean alone, and in his own study, the work of erecting the buildings was begun in 1879, and in that same year, on the first

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day of November, All Saints' Day, the College was formally opened with divine service in St. Mary's Church, although the main building was not ready for occupation until the following year. We had no stately mansions in those days, so we luxuriated in log huts. Bishop McLean's log residence and the little log schoolhouse nearby were used as classrooms, another log building some distance away was utilized as a tutor's residence, while a fourth one served as the residence for the other tutor, and as a dormitory and dining-room for the students. Of the two tutors then appointed, one is happily still with us, the Venerable Archdeacon Mackay. It was here, under the Bishop himself, who was an excellent scholar, a born teacher and an experienced and enthusiastic professor, that the first high school work of the North-West Territories was done.

When the Bishop announced the name by which the college was to be known he said he had chosen the name "Emmanuel" after much thought and prayer, and he hoped it would not be merely a name but a reality—"God with us"—to guide and bless in all the work of the college for His own glory. That prayer has been heard, and we may rest assured that the answer to it will be continued just as long as the same spirit prevails in the Council of the College. He was a man of prayer, a firm believer in prayer and the efficacy of prayer, private and public, family and congregational. He would never formulate any plans or venture on any enterprise without first engaging in earnest prayer for the guidance and

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blessing of God. This was one of the secrets of his success in all his work.

Bishop McLean was an apostle of hard work, and of work well and thoroughly done. With him it was: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." "Work while it is called day, for the night cometh when no man can work." I have often heard him saying: "What is worth doing at all is worth doing well, and what is not worth doing well is not worth doing at all." He used to say: "People say we make mistakes. Well, so we do, and we may make some more mistakes, for the man who never made a mistake never made anything else; but of one thing I am certain, and that is that they will never be able to accuse us of making the greatest mistake of all, and that is the mistake of doing nothing." He was a diligent, hard-working student, too, all his life long. He said that when he was a boy he used to carry a Latin grammar in his pocket and study it in his spare moments. At home, he tried to have regular hours for study. When he went on a journey he always took some books along with him to study on the way. In camp it was no unusual thing to see him walking about reading his book, and then afterwards discussing the contents of it with his travelling companions. The writer enjoyed this delightful experience on more than one occasion while driving with the Bishop between Qu'Appelle and Prince Albert, a journey of some two hundred and fifty miles. This was in pre-Pullman days, when the canoe and the horse and buckboard did the duty. I have heard him

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condemning in no uncertain terms the idea so many young men have that, when they get through their college or university course, obtain their degrees and are ordained, their student days are ended and their education finished. "Why," he said, "I am just as much a student now as I was in my college days over thirty years ago."

Bishop McLean was an ideal Parish Priest, a great believer in the good old-fashioned house-to-house pastoral visiting, not merely to talk about crops, financial prospects and other material subjects—this he would do, but not leave the other undone. He told me that when he had the pastoral charge of a Parish he never thought of visiting his parishioners in their homes without the reading of Holy Scriptures and prayer as the best way to promote the spiritual life of the Parish, and this practice he kept up as well while he was Bishop. He often quoted the old saying that "a house-going parson makes a Church-going people."

He was a very firm advocate of the Holy Bible as we have it; his practice was "to the law and to the testimony" with everything. When he was drilling us in such books as "Pearson on the Creed" and "Browne on the Articles," books replete with Scripture quotations and references, his advice was: Learn by heart all the texts of Scripture quoted or referred to—they are the very soul and marrow of the book. Men's arguments may pass away, but the word of God endureth forever." In his churchmanship he was by conviction a strong Evangelical. Some called him a "broad churchman," and he was broad in more senses

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than one—he was broad ecclesiastically, he was broad mentally, he was broad sympathetically, he was broad physically and he was a broad Scotchman; but to him the work of the Church was really one. He did deputation work for the different missionary societies and obtained help from all. On one occasion when he went to do deputation work for the S. P. G. in an extremely Evangelical district in England, he took as the subject of one of his addresses the question: “Why should an Evangelical man support the S. P. G.?” and he gave as one of his reasons that in the Colonies the S. P. G., like all the missionary societies was, and had to be, just as broad and comprehensive as the Church of England. At that time, four or more English societies were helping him in the work of his Diocese.

In the missionary work of the Diocese he drew no distinction between the white man and the red man. He taught that the same Christ died for both, that the company of the redeemed is made up of all tribes, etc., and that “God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on the face of the whole earth.”

In his attitude towards all other denominations, he would say: “Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and in truth.” He was never envious or jealous of their success. I have never heard him say an unkind or uncharitable word regarding any of them. While he always considered that his own cause was the best and most deserving in the world, he would point to the good works of others and urge us to go and try to do better. He

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gloried in the success of any other man in a good work.

Like many other pioneer missionary heroes, such as Bishop Bompas and Bishop Horden, Archdeacon Vincent, Reverend Henry Budd and others, he was buried near the central scene of his labours, in the old St. Mary's Cemetery, Prince Albert. Part of his monument is to be seen there, a larger part of it is in the stone walls of the present Emmanuel College building, in the endowments connected with this college, in the Bishopric Endowment Fund of this Diocese, and in a large portion of that of the Diocese of Calgary which, in his day, was a part of this Diocese. "And by these he, being dead, yet speaketh." He had a special work to do for the Church of God. He was specially fitted for it and he did that work with all his might. In the accomplishing of that work he was in labours abundant, in journeyings often, in weariness and painfulness, but the signs of an apostle were wrought and he was immortal till his work was done.

Notwithstanding the great extent of territory embraced in his Diocese, he made it his business to visit all the mission stations at certain intervals, from Lake Winnipeg in the north-east to Fort MacLeod and the foothills of the Rockies in the south-west, and it was while on one of his long journeys in the interests of the work that he met with the injury which caused his early death. He left Prince Albert soon after the meeting of his last Diocesan Synod in the month of August, 1886, for the purpose of visiting the

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missions in the western portion of his Diocese, going as far as Calgary and Edmonton. Having finished his work there, he prepared for the return journey homeward. As he and those with him in the "democrat" wagon were going down the steep hill at Edmonton, the horses became unmanageable, plunging about until they overturned the vehicle. The Bishop was thrown out violently, sustaining very severe internal injuries. He was taken back into the Fort, where he received all possible care and treatment. It became apparent after some days that the injuries were of a nature that might terminate fatally. The Bishop, knowing this, determined to make a final effort to reach his home in Prince Albert, where his family resided. To drive overland was out of the question, as he could not possibly stand the jolting of the wagon for a distance of some five hundred miles, and there was no railway nearer than two hundred miles to either Edmonton or Prince Albert. Only one possible way remained, and that was to float down the North Saskatchewan River, which flows past both places. It was decided to make the attempt. A small boat was procured and fitted up so that a bed for the Bishop could be made in it. Thus equipped, and in company with one of his sons and two hired men, the Bishop embarked and started on his five-hundred-mile voyage down the river on his last journey. It was the month of October. The days were not very warm and the nights were cold. The Bishop suffered considerable discomfort on the voyage, especially owing to his enfeebled condition, but the

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feeling that each evening they were a day's march nearer home helped to buoy him up. They travelled early and late, a lonely voyage without a settlement to vary the monotony until they reached Battleford, two-thirds of the journey accomplished. Here they procured some necessary comforts and supplies and resumed the voyage. In due time they arrived at the landing place in Prince Albert. With a thankful heart and expressions of sincere gratitude to God, the Bishop was quickly conveyed to the care and comfort of his own house—home once more for a short while. The best medical advice available was speedily procured. All was done for him that human love and kindness could do, but it soon became evident that the injuries he had received, aggravated as they were by the cold and discomforts of the voyage down the river at that time of the year, were more than even his rugged constitution could combat successfully; and although he appeared to rally somewhat at the first, he gradually became weaker until at length God called him to his long home, and that valiant soldier and servant of Christ laid aside his armour on Sunday morning, the 7th of November, 1886, at the early age of fifty-eight years. His death was mourned throughout the length and breadth of Canada wherever his merits, name and work were known. In his own immediate Diocese, the feeling of both the clergy and laity was: "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof." The feeling of the Church in Western Canada was voiced by the late Archbishop Machray, then Metropolitan of Rupert's

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Land, when, addressing the Provincial Synod in 1887, he said: "Such were his great and varied gifts, readiness of utterance and unceasing devotion, that his death is a great loss to our whole Ecclesiastical Province." The feeling in Eastern Canada was beautifully expressed by the late Bishop DuMoulin, at that time rector of St. James' Cathedral, Toronto, when, speaking on this event on the following Sunday to his congregation, he said: "The Church throughout the whole of Canada will miss him. This congregation will miss him in a very special manner, and I shall miss him as a life-long personal friend and brother in the Lord," while the verdict in England was fittingly given expression to by the Rev. F. E. Wigram, then the secretary of the Church Missionary Society, who said: "If ever man's actions testified his realization of his responsibility as God's agent for fulfilling a work entrusted to him, surely by his life and work Bishop McLean gave such testimony."

For over twelve years he laboured abundantly as Bishop of Saskatchewan, and the work he accomplished in that period for the Church of Christ will stand as a lasting monument to his untiring zeal and persevering energy. His memory is enshrined in the hearts of many whom he was instrumental in bringing to Christ and helping along in a life of usefulness, and if it is true that "it is better to be nobly remembered than to be nobly born," then Bishop McLean belonged to the true nobility. His life and work have been an inspiration to many, and he has left to us all the noble example of a life of hard, earnest, faith-

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ful work for God. I close with the well-known words, which Bishop McLean often repeated, which he adapted slightly and adopted as his own :

“Lives of great men all remind us
We may make our lives sublime
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of Time.

Footprints which perhaps another
Sailing o'er Life's solemn main,
A discouraged, struggling brother
Seeing, may take heart again.”

WILLIAM CARPENTER BOMPAS

By

H. A. Cody

Author of
"An Apostle of the North," "On Trail
and Rapid," etc.

WILLIAM CARPENTER BOMPAS

WILLIAM CARPENTER BOMPAS was born at 11 Park Road, Regent's Park, London, on January 20th, 1834. He was the fourth son of Charles Carpenter Bompas, Serjeant-at-law, one of the most eminent advocates of his day, and leader of the western circuit, and of Mary Steele, daughter of Mr. Joseph Tomkins, of Broughton, Hants. Serjeant Bompas, it is said, was the original of Charles Dickens' celebrated character, "Serjeant Buzfuz," in "Pickwick Papers."

In 1804 Serjeant Bompas died very suddenly, leaving a widow and eight children in poor circumstances.

William, in early youth, showed most plainly those characteristics which marked his whole life. He was a shy boy, owing partly, no doubt, to private tuition at home, which deprived him to a large extent of the society of other boys. Cricket, football, or such games, he did not play, his chief pleasure being walking, and sketching churches and other buildings he encountered in his rambles. Gardening he was fond of, and the knowledge thus gained stood him in good stead years later when planning for the mission-farms in his northern diocese.

The influence of a religious home made a deep and lasting impression upon him. His parents

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were Baptists, and William, at the age of sixteen, was baptized by immersion by the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel.

As a university career was not practicable, he was articled to a firm of solicitors in 1852. But after a period of seven years in legal pursuits his health gave way and he was obliged to give up his work altogether.

During his year of inaction the Greek Testament was his constant companion, and upon the return of his strength his mind reverted more and more to his early desire of entering the ministry. Leaving the communion of his early associations, he decided to seek ordination in the Church of England, and in 1858 he was confirmed by the Bishop of London, at St. Mary's, Bryanston Square. His remarkable linguistic ability enabled him soon to add by private study a good knowledge of Hebrew to that of Latin and Greek, which he already possessed.

In 1859 he was accepted by Dr. Jackson, the Bishop of London as a literate candidate for Holy Orders, and was ordained deacon by him at the Advent ordination the same year, after which he held several curacies in various parts of England.

But Mr. Bompas' mind had for some time been turned toward China and India, with their seething millions. He longed to carry the message to those far-off lands, but as he was a little over thirty years of age the Church Missionary Society thought him rather old to grapple with the difficulties of Eastern languages. But when one door closes another opens, and at the right moment Bishop Anderson arrived from Rupert's

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Land, and made his great appeal for a volunteer to relieve the Rev. Robert McDonald, at Fort Yukon. So stirred was Mr. Bompas by the address that after the service he walked into the vestry and offered himself for the work. He was at once accepted by the Church Missionary Society and ordained to the priesthood by Bishop, afterwards Archbishop Machray, who had just been consecrated successor of Bishop Anderson.

Mr. Bompas had only three weeks in which to prepare for his long journey. But they were sufficient, as he was anxious to get on his way. So complete was his consecration to the work before him that "he decided," so his brother tells us, "to take nothing with him that might lead his thoughts to home, and he gave away all his books and other tokens of remembrance, even the paragraph Bible which he always used."

On June 30th, 1865, Mr. Bompas left London for Liverpool, where he boarded the steamer *Persia*, bound for New York. He reached this latter place on July 12th, and proceeded by rail to Niagara, and thence to Chicago. By steamer and rail St. Cloud was reached, where the first difficulty presented itself. Since the fearful Sioux massacre of 1862, people were in great dread all over the country, and they found it impossible to get anyone to convey them towards Red River. After much trouble and delay, Mr. Bompas and his companions were forced to procure a conveyance for themselves. Before leaving St. Cloud they were told time and time again to beware of the Indians, who were always prowling around, "but" said one informant, "they will respect the

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English flag, and I advise you to take one along." Such a thing the party did not possess. But Mr. Bompas was equal to the occasion, so procuring some white and red cotton, he soon formed quite a respectable banner, which was fastened to a small flagstaff erected on the cart. Some distance out on the prairie mounted Indians appeared in sight, and, like the wind, one warrior swept down to view the small cavalcade. Beholding the flag of the clustered crosses, he gazed for a time upon the little band, and moving away, left them unmolested.

At length Red River was reached in safety, and from here Mr. Bompas took passage in one of the four boats of the Hudson's Bay Company, for the long journey north. For sixty-three days they pressed steadily forward, and reaching Portage la Loche on October 12th, they found that they were too late to meet any boat going farther north. But Mr. Bompas was not to be defeated. Engaging a canoe and two French half-breeds he pushed bravely on. The journey was a hard one and after almost incredible difficulties he arrived at Fort Simpson on Christmas Day. Here he was heartily welcomed by the Rev. W. W. Kirkby, who with great surprise upon his face, rushed forward and seized Mr. Bompas by the hand. It was a great meeting, and the hearts of both were cheered and strengthened.

Mr. Bompas at once learned that Mr. McDonald had recovered from his sickness, and was able to continue his work. Though this news filled him with thankfulness, yet he was disappointed for himself, as his heart had been set upon the

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Yukon region as his special field of work. He nevertheless began with much enthusiasm to learn the Indian language at Fort Simpson, assisted by Mr. Kirkby, with whom he remained until Easter, 1866.

Mr. Bompas then began those marvelous journeys over that vast country, which he continued for long years. He was ever moving from place to place, searching for the lost sheep in the wilderness, and preparing the way for those who followed him. His descriptions of these trips, the modes of travel, and the natives he met are most interesting, and throw valuable light upon the country and its inhabitants.

A few years later we find Mr. Bompas among the Eskimos at the mouth of the Mackenzie River. He had travelled from Fort McPherson in company with two Eskimos, a man and boy, hauling a sled with blankets and provisions. On the way he received a message from the Chief of the Eskimos to defer his visit, as the Eskimos were starving and quarrelling, and one had just been stabbed and killed in a dispute about some tobacco. But this message had no effect upon the missionary; he was doing his Master's service and he knew that he would be guarded and guided.

For three days they continued to travel without any difficulty, camping at night on the river bank, and making a fire of broken boughs. But the glare of the spring sun was very severe, and Mr. Bompas was stricken with snow-blindness. For three days in awful darkness he was led by the hand of the native boy, making about twenty-

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five miles a day, until the first Eskimo camp was reached. It was only a snow-house, and to enter it with closed eyes, stumbling at every step, was a disagreeable introduction. And yet such sufferings were little considered by Mr. Bompas.

“They are delights,” he once said, “The first footprint on earth made by our risen Saviour was the nail-mark of suffering, and for the spread of the Gospel I, too, am prepared to suffer.”

After one day of rest in the snow-house, Mr. Bompas recovered his sight, and then, moving forward, reached another camp. The hardships he endured among these natives may be readily understood from a description in writing given to a friend in England.

“It would be easy for you to realize,” he wrote, “and even experience the whole thing if so minded. First, go and sleep a night in the first gipsy camp you find along some roadside, and that is precisely like life with the Indians. From thence go to the nearest well-to-do farmer, and spend the night in his pigsty (with the pigs of course) and this is exactly life with the Esquimaux. As this comprises the whole thing in a nutshell, I think I need give you no further description. The difficulty you would have in crawling or wriggling into the sty through the hole only large enough for a pig was exactly my case with the Esquimaux houses. As to the habits of your companions, the advantage would be probably on the side of the pigs, and the safety of the position decidedly so. As you will not believe in the truth of this little simile, how much less would you believe if I gave you all partic-

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ulars? So I prefer silence to exposing myself to your incredulity, but if I had to visit them again I should liken it rather to taking lodgings in the den of a Polar bear, the first time in God's good providence he did not show his claws."

Harness yourself to a wheelbarrow or a garden roller, and then, having blindfolded yourself, you will be able to fancy me arriving, snow-blind and hauling my sledge, at the Esquimaux camp, which is a white beehive about six feet across, with a way a little larger than that for the bees.

"If you swallow a chimney-full of smoke, or take a few whiffs of the fumes of charcoal, you will know something of the Esquimaux mode of intoxicating themselves with tobacco, and a tanyard will give you some idea of the sweetness of their camps. Fat raw bacon, you will find tastes much like whale blubber, and lamp oil, sweetened somewhat, might pass for seal fat. Rats you will doubtless find equally good to eat at home as here, though without the musk flavour; but you must get some raw fish, a little rotten, to enjoy a good Esquimaux dinner.

"Fold a large black horse's tail on the top of your head, and another on each side of your face, and you will adopt exactly the Arctic lady's head-gear. Then thrust a knife through the centre of each cheek, and leave the end of the knife-handle permanently in the hole, and you will experience the agreeable comfort of the Arctic cheek ornament. After this, get a dozen railway trucks, tackled together, and load them with large and small tow-boats, scaffold poles, a marquee, three or four dead oxen, the contents of a fish-monger's

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stall and of a small rag-shop, and then harness all your family, and draw the trucks on the rails from Alford to Boston, with a few dogs to help and thus you will have a very close resemblance to an Esquimaux family travelling in winter over the ice. As I have formed one of the haulers on such an expedition, I can speak from personal experience."

His great friend among the Eskimos was the old Chief Shipataitook by name, who had first invited him to visit them, and had offered the missionary the use of his camp, and entertained and fed him with the greatest kindness and cordiality. To the old chief, Mr. Bompas was indebted for his life not long after, and ever remembered him with the greatest affection.

When the ice had gone out of the Mackenzie River, the Eskimos began to move up stream to trade with the Hudson's Bay Company, at Fort McPherson, taking the missionary with them. It was a voyage of two hundred and fifty miles and much ice was encountered. For days they made slow progress and laboured hard. Then they became angry with one another, and also cast threatening glances upon the white man in their midst. They imagined that in some way he was the cause of all their trouble, and the angry glances were followed by threatening gestures, and Mr. Bompas realized that the situation was most critical. One night, after a day of unusually hard work, when little progress had been made, the natives became so hostile that Mr. Bompas feared they would take his life ere morning. But, notwithstanding the impending dan-

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ger, the faithful servant committed himself to the Father's keeping, and, wearied out, soon fell asleep.

But old Shipataitook was to be reckoned with. He had taken a fancy to the brave young white man, and could not see him murdered without making an effort to save him. He had heard the threatening words, and when the plotters were about to fall upon the victim, he told them to wait, as he had something to tell them before they proceeded farther. Then he began a strange story, which, falling upon the ears of the naturally superstitious natives, had a great effect. He told them that he had a remarkable dream the night before. They had moved up the river, and were almost at Fort McPherson, and as they approached they saw the banks lined with the Hudson's Bay Company's men and Indians, all armed and ready to shoot them down in the boats if they did not have the white man with them.

When this story had been told, all plotting ceased and in the morning when Mr. Bompas awoke, he found no longer angry glances cast upon him, but the natives were attentive in their care.

On June 14th, the ice left them and the river became clear, so without more detention they continued on their way, "and arrived safely, by God's help," says Mr. Bompas, "at Peel's River Fort, on June 18th, about midnight."

Following his visit to the Eskimos, Mr. Bompas continued his wonderful journeys by canoe and dog team, and in 1873 we find him on the

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far-off Yukon River. On his way hither he visited La Pierre House, west of the Rocky Mountains, and the reception he met with from the Loucheux Indians there filled him with thankfulness, and encouraged him much in his work. Writing of these Indians, he says :

“I have been much cheered in my work among them, by finding them all eager for instruction and warm-hearted in their reception of the Missionary. Each day I spent in the Loucheux camps was like a Sunday, as the Indians were clustered around me from early morning till late at night, learning prayers, hymns, and scripture lessons as I was able to teach them. I never met with such earnest desires after God’s word, nor have I passed so happy a time since I left England; indeed, I think I may say that, had I ever found at home such a warm attachment of the people to their minister, and so zealous a desire for instruction, I should not have been a missionary. These mountain Loucheux seem the ‘fewest of all people,’ but I cannot help hoping they are a chosen race.”

Mr. Bompas was much pleased with the Yukon River, and the beauty he saw on every side caused him to write :

“It is a splendid river with high wooded hills on each bank, occasionally broken into bold and cragged rocks. The margin of the river is rather flowery with lupins, vetches, bluebells, and other wild flowers; and I was surprised to see a few ferns in the clefts of the rocks, so close to the Arctic circle. Gold has not been found in the Yukon, but I brought down with me some good

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specimens of iron ore, of which there seems to be a great quantity close to the river's bank. This may some day be utilized."

These words were penned during the summer of 1873, and what changes this missionary was to see before the close of the century! Instead of the iron ore which he thought "some day would be utilized," the gleaming gold would be luring thousands into the country.

But what a change was about to take place in the life of this noble man, for while he was quietly and humbly pursuing his work, a letter reached him, summoning him back to England, to be consecrated Bishop of the huge diocese. To the hardships and dangers of travel there was to be henceforth added "the care of all the churches."

While Mr. Bompas was performing his wonderful journeys in the far north, men no less earnest were following his movements and planning and praying for the success of the church in North-West Canada.

Owing to the statesmanlike plans of Bishop Machray, of Rupert's Land, it was decided to divide the vast district, comprising more than one half of all Canada, into separate dioceses. The Bishop realized that more effective supervision was needed in the large field, as the distances were too great for one man to think of undertaking. Crossing to England, the Bishop set forth the proposal for the division of his diocese into four parts, which was accepted by all concerned.

The reduced Diocese of Rupert's Land would comprise the new province of Manitoba and some adjacent districts; the coasts and environs of

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Hudson's Bay would be for the Diocese of Moosonee; the vast plains of Saskatchewan, stretching westward to the Rocky Mountains, the Diocese of Saskatchewan; and the whole of the enormous territories watered by the Athabasca and MacKenzie Rivers, and such part of the Yukon basin as was within British territory, the Diocese of Athabasca.

For Moosonee, the veteran missionary, John Horden had been consecrated Bishop, in 1872; and in the following year John McLean, and William Carpenter Bompas were summoned home to be consecrated Bishops of the new Dioceses of Saskatchewan and Athabasca.

Mr. Bompas shrank much from the thought of becoming a Bishop, and in July, 1873, he set his face homewards with the express purpose of turning the Church Missionary Society from the idea. It took him from July until New Year's Eve to travel from the Yukon to Red River, and the difficulties he encountered would have daunted a lesser man. It is said that when Mr. Bompas (in his rough travelling clothes) reached the episcopal residence and enquired for Bishop Machray, the servant mistook him for a tramp and told him that his master was very busy and could not be disturbed. So insistent was the stranger that the servant went to the Bishop's study and told him that a tramp was at the door determined to see him.

"He is hungry, no doubt," the Bishop replied; "take him into the kitchen and give him something to eat."

Mr. Bompas was accordingly ushered in, and

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was soon calmly enjoying a plateful of soup, at the same time urging that he might see the master of the house. Hearing the talking, and wondering who the insistent stranger could be, the Bishop appeared in the doorway, and great was his astonishment to see before him the travel-stained missionary.

“Bompas!” he cried, as he rushed forward, “is it you?”

We can realize how Mr. Bompas must have enjoyed this little scene, and the surprise of the good and noble Bishop of Rupert’s Land.

Reaching England, Mr. Bompas was unsuccessful in dissuading the Church Missionary Society from carrying out their plan, so on May 3rd he and John Horden were elevated to the episcopate. The consecration took place in the parish church of St. Mary’s, Lambeth, Dr. Tait, Archbishop of Canterbury, being assisted by Bishop Jackson, of London, Bishop Hughes of St. Asaph, and Bishop Anderson, late of Rupert’s Land.

But Bishop Bompas was not to return alone to his great work, for a few days after his consecration, May 7th, he was united in marriage to Miss Charlotte Cox, by Bishop Anderson, assisted by the Rev. John Robbins, Vicar of St. Peter’s, Notting Hill, and the Rev. Henry Gordon, Rector of Harting.

Mrs. Bompas was a woman of much refinement and devotion to the mission cause. Her father, Joseph Cox, M.D., of Montague Square, London, was ordered to Naples for his health. During this trip, in which he was accompanied by his

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family, his daughter, afterwards Mrs. Bompas, acquired that love for the Italian language which ever after continued to be a great source of comfort to her. No matter where she went in the northern Canadian wilds she carried her *Dante* with her, which she studied with much delight in the original. Her interest in missions was aroused when the martyrdom of Bishop Patteson startled the Christian world, and she reached as she tells us, "the enthusiastic stage when we resolve to become missionaries ourselves, and are all impatient to be off anywhere—to China, Japan, or to the Indians of Mackenzie River."

Leaving England on May 12th, 1874, the Bishop and Mrs. Bompas started on their long journey, and after many trying experiences reached Fort Simpson, on September 24th. Their arrival caused much excitement in the place. The red flag of welcome was at once hoisted, and Mr. Hardisty, the chief officer of the Hudson's Bay Company and the whole settlement came to the shore to meet them. So hearty was the reception that they did not perceive the grim shadow of starvation that was hanging over the fort and land. There was only one week's provisions in the Company's store, and game was very scarce. At this point the new party arrived, bringing six extra mouths to be fed, besides the boat's crew, and yet the Company's officers received them with the utmost courtesy and good temper, and did their best to look and speak cheerfully. Most of the men around the fort had been sent away, and there was difficulty in collecting dried scraps of meat for the wives and

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children. At length there came a time when there was not another meal left. The poor dogs hung around the houses, "day by day growing thinner and thinner, their poor bones sticking through their skins. Even a dry biscuit could not be thrown to them." But just when matters reached the worst two Indians arrived, bringing fresh meat, and the great tension slackened.

"From that moment," says Mrs. Bompas, "the supplies have never failed. As surely as the provisions got low, so surely, too, would two or three sledges appear unexpectedly, bringing fresh supplies."

Little wonder that the Bishop acquired that great trust in Providence that caused him to say that "a restful trust in Heaven's bounty will lead to a cheerful content even in the far north, and make a man exult in the consciousness that his God is still present with him there."

Fort Simpson was chosen by the Bishop as his abode at first. It is situated at the confluence of the Mackenzie and Liard Rivers, and formed the most convenient point for managing the vast diocese. This position had been occupied years before by the Hudson's Bay Company, and here in 1859, Mr. Kirkby built the church and mission house.

All around stretched the huge diocese of one million square miles, and such a diocese! "To represent the length and tediousness of travel," the Bishop wrote, "it may be compared to a voyage in a row boat from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to Fort William, on Lake Superior, or a European may compare it to a voyage in a canal barge from

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England to Turkey. Both the length and breadth of this diocese equal the distance from London to Constantinople.

“If all the populations between London and Constantinople were to disappear, except a few bands of Indians or gipsies, and all the cities and towns were obliterated, except a few log huts on the sites of the capital cities—such is the solitary desolation of this land. Again, if all the diversity of landscape and variety of harvest field and meadow were exchanged for an unbroken line of willow and pine trees—such is the country.”

And here once more the Bishop took up his work of forming Indian schools and visiting the natives. He was constantly on the move, and at times his life was in great danger from exposure to cold and flooded streams. Wherever he went the Indians came to him to be cured, bringing their sick and afflicted, and truly many an Apostolic scene was enacted there in the great northern wilds.

The Bishop loved the children, and a beautiful incident is that which shows us the missionary seeking little Jeannie de Nord, and carrying her home in his arms. He suffered greatly, but what did it matter? The lost one was found, and the Bishop's heart was happy.

Not only did the Bishop bring the Indian children into the mission school, but time and time again he and Mrs. Bompas received some poor little waif as their own. A few years after his consecration little Jenny, a mere babe, was thus taken to their hearts. She came to them, so Mrs. Bompas tells us:

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“At holy Christmas-tide,
When winter o'er our northern home
Its lusty arms spread wide;
When snow-drifts gathered thick and deep,
Winds moaned in sad unrest,
My little Indian baby sought
A shelter at my breast.”

Upon this child they bestowed their affection, but, alas! notwithstanding the greatest care, it gradually wasted away. It was a sad day to them both when the little one died.

Some time later another was received into their hearts and home. This was Owindia (“The Weeping One”) who was baptized Lucy May. Several years later she was taken to England, where she died some time after. Mrs. Bompas beautifully tells the story of this waif in her little book, “Owindia.”

As soon as possible after his consecration Bishop Bompas began to organize the forces at his command, and made preparations for the holding of a Synod. But his men were few and far removed, and months passed before word reached them at their distant posts. The difficulty, however, was overcome, and on September 4th, 1874, the first Synod of the vast diocese was held at Fort Simpson. Although small, it was an interesting assemblage which met on that early September day, unlike any other Synod ever before held. Foremost of the three clergy was the Venerable Archdeacon Robert McDonald, who had come from Fort McPherson, on Peel River. Next came the Rev. W. D. Reeve, afterwards Bishop of the Mackenzie River Diocese. The third was the Rev. Alfred Garrioch, recently or-

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dained. Besides these there were Messrs. Allen Hardisty and William Norn, catechists, and George Sandison, a servant of the Hudson's Bay Company.

There were many things of considerable importance to consider at this meeting, and when the Synod ended the little band of workers had to hurry away to their distant posts, as winter was fast approaching. And away, too, went the Bishop. There were stations to visit which needed his attention, and he was delayed for some time. Upon his return he found Mrs. Bompas quite ill, which resulted in her return to England, with the opening of navigation.

During the year 1877, Bishop Bompas was called to Metlakahtla, to settle a dispute between William Duncan, in charge of the place, and Bishop Hills, of Columbia Diocese. It was a terrible journey he made up the Peace River, and over the mountains, with winter closing in upon him. But with almost superhuman effort he accomplished the undertaking, and reached Metlakahtla on November 24th. Although he received a hearty welcome from Mr. Duncan, he was unable to settle the difficulty, which continued, and forms a very sad chapter of the history of the Church on the Pacific coast. The following interesting account of the Bishop's visit has been furnished by the Venerable Archdeacon Collinson, of the Diocese of Caledonia:

"It was Mr. Morrison who met the Bishop, on his arrival at Port Essington. He was so travel-worn that Mr. Morrison mistook him for a miner as he disembarked from the canoe.

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‘Well,’ said he, ‘what success have you had?’ The Bishop replied that he had been fairly successful, evidently relishing the joke. Just then Mr. Morrison saw the remains of his apron, and, recollecting that he had heard that a Bishop was expected at Metlakahtla from inland, exclaimed: ‘Perhaps you are the Bishop who I heard was expected?’ ‘Yes,’ replied the Bishop, ‘I am all that is left of him!’ He remained at Metlakahtla that winter, where he succeeded in confirming a large number of candidates. By the first steamer in spring he came over to me on Queen Charlotte’s Island at Massett. I had a little bedroom specially prepared for him in the new mission-house, but he preferred lying down on the floor, as he said he was not accustomed to sleeping in rooms. He was about to lie down just across the doorway, when I begged him to take another position, as he might be disturbed by someone entering early or late.

“I returned with him to the mainland on the steamer. We went up together to the Naas River by canoe, a voyage of some fifty miles, to Kincolith. The owner of the canoe, who was a chief, was steering, seated forward. As the Bishop raised his arms in paddling, in which we were all engaged, it revealed a long tear in the side of his shirt. Suddenly the chief asked me in a low tone in Tsimshian, ‘Why is the chief’s shirt so torn?’ I replied: ‘He has been a long time in travelling through the forest.’ He was dressed very roughly and wore a pair of moccasins.”

Upon reaching his own Diocese, the Bishop

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found that a terrible famine had ravaged his flock during the previous winter.

“Horses were killed for food,” he wrote, “and furs eaten at several of the posts. The Indians had to eat a good many of their beaver-skins. Imagine an English lady taking her supper off her muff. The gentleman here with me supported his family for a while on bear-skins. These you see at home mostly in the form of Grenadier caps. Can you fancy giving a little girl, a year or two old, a piece of Grenadier’s cap, carefully singed, boiled and toasted, to eat?”

This severe “wasting of the famine” induced the bishop to launch the mission-farm plan which for some time he had had in mind. Peace River was chosen for the venture, which proved most successful, and was the beginning of the farming industries which have reached such large proportions.

In May, 1881, the Bishop began those marvelous trips which only a giant constitution could have endured. For long months he was absent from home, and upon his return the following winter he nearly lost his life, and was saved by an Indian sent by Mrs. Bompas to his relief from Fort Norran.

“After darkness had set in the following night,” so Mrs. Bompas wrote, “the travellers appeared, trudging along on snow-shoes, weary and footsore, my husband looking hardly able to stand, and with his beard all fringed with icicles. It is wonderful how he had been preserved amid such perils, and brought to me at last, in answer to many prayers.”

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After almost twenty years of strenuous work in the north the Bishop desired a change. The incessant moving about was telling upon him, and he asked that the vast diocese might be divided. He maintained that the great extent of the country, three thousand miles long, rendered his supervision of the mission rather superficial, and he asked that an additional Bishop be provided for Peace River.

And this long-desired change at length took place, for while the Bishop was writing his letters by the camp-fires of the Indians, a definite step was taken by the Provincial Synod, and a new diocese was carved out of the old. This included the Peace River District, and retained the name of Athabasca.

Here, then, were two dioceses—one the Mackenzie River, stretching from the 60th parallel of north latitude to the Arctic Circle, and westward beyond the great mountains, bleak and desolate; the other, nearer civilization, and only half as large, but with great prospects before it. Which would the veteran take? The one which promised greater ease? No; that was never his way. Leaving Athabasca in charge of Bishop Young, who had been consecrated on October 18th, 1884, for the special field, he set his face steadfastly toward the frozen North, as far as possible from the restraints of civilization. Great was his satisfaction at the division thus made, for it would thus enable him to accomplish more definite work, and carry on his beloved translations.

But troublous times were ahead. First came the sad news of the death of one of his most

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earnest workers, Vincent C. Sim, who had been stationed at Rampart House on the Porcupine River. The year of Mr. Sim's death was the outbreak of the North-West Rebellion, which interfered with mission work, and the obtaining of supplies. This led to a famine throughout the land, and the suffering on all sides was great.

Notwithstanding all these troubles, the Bishop summoned his clergy to attend the first Synod of the Mackenzie River Diocese, in August, 1866. It was held at Fort Simpson, and so scarce was food that the members who attended were placed on short allowance. One day the dinner consisted of barley and a few potatoes. But the Bishop was equal to the occasion, justifying the scanty fare by quoting Proverbs xv. 17: "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."

The winter that followed the meeting of the clergy was a terrible one. The famine increased. Game was scarce; few moose were to be obtained; the rabbits all died, and fish nearly left the river. The Indians asserted that the scarcity of fish was caused by the propeller of the steamer Wrigley, which first churned the headwaters of the great river the preceding fall.

Space forbids a detailed account of the Bishop's travels, hardships and trials during the next few years. He became very weary of the vast field, and longed "to steal away to the Yukon," and he proposed Archdeacon Reeve to succeed him on the Mackenzie River. He had no inclination to leave the country, and when it was proposed that he should go to Manitoba he wrote: "I find the

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needle points west rather than east, and north rather than south." When urged to go to England, he said: "To life in England and to my relations there, I feel so long dead and buried that I cannot think that a short visit home, as if from the grave, would be of much use. If over fifteen years ago, when I was at home I felt like Samuel's ghost,—how would I feel now?"

On January 31st, 1890, we find him at Fort Norman, living in the church, with a large stove, and eating more flour, so he tells us, than he had done for twenty-five years. Truly his wants were few.

"An iron cup, plate, or knife," wrote the Rev. W. Spendlove, "with one or two kettles, form his culinary equipment. A hole in the snow, a corner of a boat, wigwam, or log hut, provided space, six feet by two feet for sleeping accommodation. Imagine him seated on a box in a twelve-foot room, without furniture, and there cooking, teaching, studying, early and late, always at work, never at ease, never known to take a holiday."

On August 5th, 1891, we find the Bishop still at Fort Norman, and in a letter to Mrs. Bompas, who was in England, he wrote:

"I am now engaged in packing up, with the view, if God will, of shortly and finally leaving Mackenzie River for the far west."

Meanwhile changes were taking place beyond the mountains, along the great Yukon. Gold had been discovered, and miners were flocking into that region. The missionaries there were much isolated, and there was need of episcopal oversight. The result was that in 1890, the Pro-

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vincial Synod of the Province of Rupert's Land, sanctioned the division of the Diocese of Mackenzie River. Archdeacon Reeve became Bishop of the eastern portion, while Bishop Bompas gave himself up to the work along the Yukon River.

Even after the division was made the Bishop had no small sphere of work before him. His new diocese comprised 200,000 square miles—more than twice the area of Great Britain, and the third largest diocese in British America. It stretched from the Diocese of Caledonia, on the south, to the Arctic Ocean on the north, and was separated on the west by the 141st meridian longitude from the United States territory of Alaska. To this new diocese the bishop gave the name of "Selkirk."

The Bishop made Forty Mile his headquarters. This was at first an Indian village, on the Yukon River, but it soon became a central place for miners. The latter exerted a baneful influence upon the natives, demoralizing them through drink, and in many other unlawful ways. But notwithstanding these drawbacks, work went on apace. The Indian School made fair progress, and steadily the natives were brought into the fold.

For the Bishop and Mrs. Bompas, the miners had nothing but the profoundest respect. Though many of them were indifferent to all things spiritual, still they could admire nobleness when they beheld it, as they did every day in the two faithful soldiers of the Cross in their midst. As a token of their esteem, on Christmas Day, 1892, a splendid nugget of gold was presented to Mrs.

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Bompas, with an address signed by fifty-three miners.

Each spring was a season of anxiety to the Bishop and his household. The mission-house was on an island, and when the ice of the great Yukon was going out there was often much danger. As the mighty block of ice moved by, and then jammed and piled high, the water would rise and flood the buildings. Several times they were awakened in the night to find the water rushing through the house, and were forced to climb aloft until the waters subsided.

While the Bishop was carrying on his steady work at Forty Mile, an event of world-wide importance was taking place farther up the river. Gold had been discovered on the Klondike, in July, 1896, and the following year a rush of humanity took place, which has scarcely a parallel in history. The City of Dawson sprang up like magic into existence, and in a few months the Bishop found the world of civilization thrust upon him. Prices soared to an alarming degree, and people went almost crazy over the golden lure.

This new responsibility was a severe trial to the Bishop. So long had he laboured among the Indians, that, as he sadly acknowledged, he was entirely unfitted for work among the whites. This he entrusted to others, especially to the Rev. R. J. Bowen, who at once started up the river to plant the Standard of the Lord in the excited camp of gold-seekers. He was wonderfully successful, erected a church, and won the respect and goodwill of all.

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In 1901 the Bishop and Mrs. Bompas bade farewell to all at Forty Mile, and started for Caribou Crossing, a small village in the southern portion of his diocese. The accommodation at this place was most meagre. A tent, which belonged to Bishop Ridley, gave them shelter for a few hours, when, hearing of a bunk-house across the river, they at once rented it, and afterwards purchased it for one hundred and fifty dollars. It was dirty and uncomfortable, but the Bishop placed a rug and a blanket on the big table for Mrs. Bompas to rest on, while he went to explore. The house was infested with gophers, which ran along the rafters, causing great annoyance. But notwithstanding the toil of the day, evening prayer was held in Bishop Ridley's tent. Here the services were conducted until the fall, when the weather grew so cold that Mrs. Bompas' fingers became numb as she played at the little harmonium, which she had brought with her.

After that, services, morning and evening, were held at the mission-house, "which," as Mrs. Bompas tells us, "had been used as a road-house, and post-office, and possessed one good-sized room, over the door of which there still exists the ominous word 'bar-room' (now hidden behind a picture) ; and in this room, we had to gather, Indians and white people, for Sunday and week-day services, baptisms, marriages and funerals, for school-children and adult classes, etc."

Anxious days followed the Bishop's removal to this place. Clergy were scarce in the diocese, when Mr. Bowen left Whitehorse earnest appeals were sent "outside" for men. Then it was, upon

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the Bishop's earnest request, that the Rev. I. O. Stringer arrived, in November, 1903, to take up the work laid down by Mr. Bowen. Much pleased was the Bishop to have Mr. Stringer so near and at once marked him as his successor.

Then followed the death of his old friend, Archbishop Machray, and as senior Bishop of the Province of Rupert's Land, Bishop Bompas was summoned to Winnipeg. Though he shrank much from the thought of leaving the north to mingle with the bustling world, yet after a few minutes' thought, he sent back the following answer: "I will try to be with you by Easter."

The Bishop's time was fully occupied during his stay in Winnipeg. There were old friends calling upon him, reporters seeking interviews, meetings to attend, and addresses to deliver, which wearied him a great deal. The Archbishop of Rupert's Land, in an address at the 107th anniversary of the Church Missionary Society, at Exeter Hall, London, April, 1907, thus referred to Bishop Bompas' visit to Winnipeg:

"Dr. Bompas, that splendid veteran missionary, who came down at the time of my election—he was as humble as a little child—when he stood on the platform of a great missionary meeting and when I, introducing him, spoke of the hardships he had gone through, corrected me thus when he started to speak. He said 'It is you men at the centre, with your telephones and your telegrams, who have the hardships. We have a soft time in the north. Nobody worries us.' That is all he said about his hardships. Then he told the story of his work in a simple, childlike way."

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But the city life did not agree with the Bishop, and he was not happy until he had returned to the quietness of his little log cabin at Caribou Crossing. The work here was all that he desired. To care for the school, to minister to his dusky flock, and to carry on his beloved translational studies, occupied his time. He longed to be relieved of the care of the diocese, and great was his pleasure when at length a message arrived summoning Mr. Stringer to Winnipeg for consecration. Anxiously he awaited his successor's return, and when he at last arrived, he handed over the affairs of the diocese, and at once prepared for his journey to Moosehide, an Indian village just below Dawson, where he intended to spend the remainder of his life as a humble missionary. Let Mrs. Bompas tell the story of the final scene in the life of that devoted man.

"A passage for the Bishop and Mrs. Bompas and two Indian girls had been secured on one of the river steamers to sail on Monday. This was Saturday, June 9th, a day calm and bright, as our summer days in the north mostly are. The Bishop was as active as ever on that day. Twice he walked across the long railway bridge, and his elastic step had been commented on as that of a young man. Later he had been up to the school, and on to the Indian camp to visit some sick Indians. Then he went home, and remained for some time in conversation with Bishop Stringer, into whose hands he had already committed all the affairs of the diocese. Then the mission party dined together, and at eight o'clock they all

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assembled for prayers. After prayers the Bishop retired to his study and shut the door.

“Was there, we wonder, any intimation of the coming rest, in the breast of that stalwart warrior, whose end of life was now so near as to be reckoned not by hours, but by minutes only? We know not. Sitting on a box, as was his custom, he began the sermon which proved to be his last. Presently the pen stopped; the hand that so often guided it was to do so no more. Near him was one of his flock, an Indian girl, who needed some attention, and as he rose he leaned his elbow on a pile of boxes. And while standing there the great call came; the hand of God touched him, and the body which had endured so much fell forward. When Bishop Stringer reached his side a few minutes later, the Indian girl was holding his head in her lap. Nothing could be done, and without a struggle, without one word of farewell, the brave soul passed forth to a higher life.

“There is a humble grave in one of the loveliest and most secluded spots in the Yukon Territory. Dark pine forests guard that grave. During the winter months pure untrodden snow covers it. It is enclosed by a rough fence made of fir-wood, which an Indian woodman cut down and trimmed, leaving the bark on, and then fixed strong and stable around the grave. But none will disturb that spot; no foot of man or beast will dishonour it; the sweet notes of the Canadian robin and the merry chirp of the snow-bird are almost the only sounds which break the silence of that sacred place. The Indians love that grave; the

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mission children visit it at times with soft steps and hushed voices to lay some cross of wild flowers or evergreens upon it. There is a grey granite headstone with the words 'In the peace of Christ,' and the name of him who rests beneath. It is the grave of Bishop Bompas."

In a sketch like this it is impossible to do more than refer to the Bishop's literary work and to say that it was very extensive. After his death there was found an old wooden box containing a mass of interesting manuscripts. Some day a worthy and loving thought into the past, a little gift of material and bring it forth for the benefit of mankind. In the meantime the best that those old papers can do for us "is to bid us cast a wistful and loving thought into the past, a little gift of love for the old labourer who wrote so diligently in the forgotten hours, till the weary, failing hand laid down the familiar pen, and soon lay silent in the dust."

A. J. R. ANSON

By

The Ven. Archdeacon Dobie, D.D.

St. Chad's College, Regina, Saskatchewan

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AT a meeting of the Provincial Synod of Rupert's Land, held in Winnipeg in August, 1883, the following resolution was passed:—

“Whereas, the Bishops of Rupert's Land and Saskatchewan have consented to a separation from the Dioceses of such portions of their respective Dioceses as lie within the district of Assiniboia in the North-West Territories, as defined by the Dominion Parliament and set forth in a map under date 15th of March, 1883; therefore, the Provincial Synod hereby forms the Province of Assiniboia into a Diocese to be known at present as the Diocese of Assiniboia. Secondly, the Provincial Synod hereby authorizes the Metropolitan to inform the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of this Province, of the formation of such district of Assiniboia, and to request His Grace to appoint a Bishop to said Diocese as soon as His Grace is satisfied with respect to the provision for the support of the said Bishop.”

At that time there were in the District of Assiniboia three clergymen working, one at Regina, the Rev. F. W. Osborne, an S. P. G. Missionary; one, the Rev. J. P. Sargent (afterward Dean of Qu'Appelle), who travelled from Brandon westwards to Regina, ministering to settlements along the line of the C.P.R., and one, the Rev. Gilbert

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Cooke, a C. M. S. missionary to the Indians at Touchwood Hills. It was to this new Diocese with its far-stretching boundaries that the Right Reverend, the Hon. A. J. R. Anson, came in 1884.

The previous year Canon Anson, as he was then, responding to the needs of this newly opened district, had offered his services to the Bishop of Rupert's Land. He had given up an important work as rector of Woolwich to come to strengthen the hands of the Bishop in his efforts to provide the ministrations of the Church in the West. He visited several of the centres of settlement acting as Bishop Machray's commissary for Assiniboia. When he had seen the great need of more Clergy and of funds to support them, he returned to England to try to get men for the work and to raise funds for their support. This he was successful in doing.

He was on the eve of returning to carry on the work for which he had given up the Rectory of Woolwich when the Archbishop of Canterbury, with whom the appointment rested, offered him the Bishopric of the new Diocese and urged upon him that it was his plain duty to accept it. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel having guaranteed £400 a year for the income of the Bishop until the £10,000 for the endowment of the See could be raised, he was consecrated on St. John the Baptist's Day, 1884.

In the events leading up to his acceptance of the Bishopric we get an index to the character of the man. He had been moved by the letters of Bishop Machray, written to the missionary so-

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cieties in England, to give up his Rectory at Woolwich and offer his services for work in the West. In accepting the Bishopric there were three main factors that weighed with him: the voice of authority in the person of the Archbishop of Canterbury calling him to the work; he had taken a foremost part in raising the money that was needed for the work; but the reason that carried most weight with him was that he felt very deeply the need of men who could in a large measure support themselves and not be dependent on others for income. He had means of his own which placed him in this position. He appealed to men to come to the work simply for the work's sake—even asking them, if they had private means, to give not only themselves but all they possessed to the work, and if they had nothing of their own to come, and having food and raiment therewith to be content.

There was to be a common fund out of which all were to share alike, and the grant made by the S. P. G. for the support of the Bishop was to be added to this fund.

Three Priests came out with the Bishop, and two others shortly afterwards joined the staff, accepting the principles upon which he had made his appeal.

He was not unmindful, however, of the duty of the people unto whom these priests ministered. If he and his Clergy were making sacrifices in order to carry the message of the Gospel to the people scattered over the Diocese, no less was it the duty of the laity to give of their substance for the cause of Christ and His Church. It was a

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constantly reiterated charge to them that they should not be dependent upon the offerings of the people in the Mother Country, but should develop as quickly as possible a large measure of self-support. No one was in a better position to make this appeal, for not only did the Bishop give freely of his own, but he was able to do much by the kind gifts of his personal friends and relatives in England. During the eight years that the Bishop laboured in the Diocese he not only shared the income of the See with his clergy, but he gave practically the whole of his private income for the work.

The Bishop on his arrival in 1884 took up his residence at Regina, but the following year moved to Qu'Appelle, where he had procured a section of land two miles north of the town. Here a residence was built for the Bishop, and a large house which was for some years used as a college for theological students, and a home for agricultural students, who were taught the principles of farming. Here also were certain laymen who were banded together in a brotherhood to do whatever work they could, and in any capacity in which the Bishop cared to employ them.

The household was a strange mixture, but it lets us see something of the mind and vision of the man. It had in some ways a touch of monasticism about it. The farm, with its pupils who paid fees, was meant, among other things, to be a source of income for the support of the theological students and the lay brothers who managed the household, and were meant to be of

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service to settlers nursing them in sickness and helping them in other ways. That the scheme did not fulfil its anticipations in no way detracts from the vision of the man. He was determined, above all things, that the Church over which he presided should be as far as possible a self-supporting Church, free from dependence upon England for the money necessary to carry on the work. Conditions at that time militated against the success of the scheme, for not only was it a new country, where men had to learn by experience something of climatic conditions as these affected the production of grain and other agricultural products, but the country was at that time having a series of crop failures owing to lack of rain. It was a trying time and there were days of real hardship for everyone, but the Bishop never lost hope. He shared the hardships without complaint, and whatever he may have thought, at any rate no murmuring escaped his lips.

In 1886 besides the buildings already mentioned, through the generosity of friends a building was erected to be used as a boys' school, and a Master in Priest's Orders was obtained, but just as the Bishop was looking to see one of his visions made a reality—the school was ready in September—the Priest had to return to England on account of ill-health, and no successor was at that time forthcoming. The Bishop was keenly disappointed, for he had seen in his journeyings about the Diocese the great need for such an institution for the young boys scattered about on the homesteads. Settlement was sparse, public

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schools were few in number, and the Bishop saw numbers of boys growing up without that educational training so necessary to a nation's proper growth. His disappointment was consequently great when he had to abandon the hope of opening the school until some man with a missionary spirit would offer to take up the work of the school under the same conditions in which the clergy of the Diocese were labouring, that was, without any guaranteed stipend. The school was not, as a matter of fact, opened until 1889, and in the Charge to his Synod in 1890 we get the mind of the Bishop on the matter near to his heart at all times. He recognized that the public schools in the Diocese were good as far as they went, but they did not educate the whole man. They left on one side that which was so necessary for their real well-being, definite religious instruction. "Education in the truths of our holy religion is no exception to other education. If it is to have any effects on the minds of the young, it must be clear, definite, dogmatic."

The Bishop felt very keenly that education in religion ought to form a part and a very important part in the education of the young, and pleaded earnestly for the support of the Synod in furthering the interests of the boys' school within the Diocese. He made a solemn protest against the grave anomaly, as it seemed to him, of the present system of public education in the country, that one religious body should have special privileges, such as those granted to the Roman Catholic Church, and that all other religious bodies should be grouped together under the un-

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meaning name of Protestant, as though the Church had nothing more to impart to her children in religious faith than a protest against the errors of Rome. He maintained that the Catholic Faith of Churchmen was something more than a mere negation, and it was a real grief to him that Churchmen should be content to acquiesce without a protest against the anomalies existing, or, that they should not be at more pains to see that their children had a right grounding in the Faith once for all delivered to the Saints. To educate the intellect only was to leave untouched the great moral forces upon which a nation should be built. He was a voice crying in the wilderness, but religious readers everywhere are coming to recognize the soundness of his views and are urging for some form of religious instruction in the public schools.

The Bishop felt very keenly the great loss of power in the Church through the disjointed state which then existed, with its two Provinces and four independent Dioceses, and welcomed the move that was made in 1890 towards consolidating the Church in Canada; and although he had been told by the Metropolitan that if the Diocese of Qu'Appelle sent delegates to the proposed conference which was to consider the question, it would be the only one within the ecclesiastical Province, he did not hesitate to urge upon his Synod to appoint two delegates to represent the Diocese, notwithstanding the fact that it was held by some in authority that the Provincial Synod was being ignored. He saw in the steps being taken a new power which would have far-reach-

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ing effects, adding incalculably to the efficiency of the Church. The want of unity in the Church he felt to be a great hindrance to its progress and its power for good in the country, so he threw himself whole-heartedly into the scheme which contained the possibility of united action, for therein in his judgment lay the solution of some of the weakness of church work and organization. He wished to see the East and the West more closely united, and the Canadian Church—he considered the name of the Church of England in Canada a misleading title—speaking with power and weight which such unity would give in any matter of public legislation, such as national education or laws concerning marriage. Not that only, but he considered the Church in Canada should undertake the mission work amongst her own Indian population, and not leave that great duty to the missionary efforts of the Mother Church.

It has been pointed out that in the early years of his Episcopate there was a common fund. As the number of parishes increased and money was raised locally for the stipends of the Clergy, the question of appointments to parishes naturally arose. These appointments had been up to 1890 entirely in the hands of the Bishop. A Canon was prepared and submitted to the Synod in that year with a view to giving the parishes some voice in the matter. The Bishop was anxious that only the highest principles should prevail. He knew the danger that lurked in giving the parish the power of election, and he wanted the Synod to be guided by the real principle of

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Church Government. To avoid the danger of mere expediency which might arise when the congregation should have the appointment of its own Parish Priest, simply because they paid for him, he wanted to have a common treasury into which all the faithful paid according to their means, and out of which each district was apportioned according to what it needed for the maintenance of the necessary ministrations of the Church. This he felt would do away with much parochial narrowness. The Parish Priest would be much more of a free agent in preaching the Gospel and all that its teaching involved, and without fear or favour to reprove, to rebuke, to exhort, to instruct with all authority.

The Bishop, as is known, held very definite views as to the position of the Church as a branch of the Catholic and Apostolic Church, and whilst he had an intense dislike of party shibboleths, he was of the definite opinion that the Church would make greater progress in this country by the maintenance of the authority of the Church as the one body of Christ, endowed by Christ Himself with all gifts necessary for the healing of souls and their establishment in all godliness of living. Mention has already been made of the want of power of united action in our Church as a hindrance to the progress of the Church, but there were other things which he felt to be no less hindrances to that progress: the want of more freedom and elasticity in the way of conducting services. He wanted other kinds of services besides those which are normally ordered in the

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Prayer Book, especially for those who were not accustomed to our services.

His opinion on the subject of the name by which the Church is known in Canada was one to which he held tenaciously all through his episcopate, and is often referred to in his charges to his Synod. To him the name was not only meaningless, but positively harmful, anomalous and indefensible. He was, of course, quite well aware of the difficulties in the way of changing the name, but he never ceased to regret that a misleading name had been saddled upon the Church.

Bishop Anson was not the man that would have appealed to many to be chosen as a Colonial Bishop. He had many characteristics which would be considered as unfitting him for such a post. He was, to begin with, of a very retiring disposition, quiet to a degree, not ready of speech in an ordinary way. His upbringing and anterior life would be supposed to not exactly fit him for such a life as the Bishop of a Prairie Diocese is called upon to live. Whilst not a recluse in the ordinarily accepted use of the word, yet he was a student, a scholar of no ordinary calibre, but perhaps not a great student of men. The mark, however, that he left upon the life of the Church in the Diocese and on the lives of many who came into contact with him, clergy and laity alike, is indelible. A man of great personal holiness, a great preacher in its best sense, of intense earnestness, and, as will have been gathered from what has already been said, of a self-sacrificing nature worthy of all imitation, he never spared

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himself; he endured hardness as a good soldier of Christ. What those hardships meant to him only those who were about him could know. He never spoke of them, but his way of accepting them inspired many lesser men to go on when otherwise they would have fallen by the way. He was not a man easily understood, but to know him, his ideals and the motives that inspired him, was to thank God for such a leader. He laid the foundations true and deep, and to him more than to any other man the Church in Qu'Appelle owes a debt which cannot be over-estimated.

The Bishop resigned the See in December, 1892 and returned to England, but he never ceased to take the greatest possible interest in the Diocese, and as President of the Qu'Appelle Association he worked untiringly to forward the work of the Church he had shepherded with such loving care for more than eight years.

At his last Synod in June, 1892, the following resolution was passed by a standing vote:—

“That this Synod had heard with much concern and deep regret that their Bishop, who may be called the founder as well as the organizer of the Diocese, is about to resign his charge to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

“This Synod recalls the fact that nine years ago, when as Canon Anson, the Bishop first came to this country, there was no church or parsonage, and only one clergyman who held services at various points on the newly built railway. The work accomplished since that time is due to the self-sacrificing missionary zeal of the Bishop.

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An endowment of \$50,000 has been raised for the Bishopric, twenty-four churches have already been built, parsonages are found in almost every parish, and for several years past a staff of eighteen clergy has been maintained. In addition to this, St. John's College, the Diocesan institution at Qu'Appelle, has been built, and has already done useful work in the Diocese. When all these facts are considered by the clergy and lay members of this Synod, who feel themselves bound not only by the obligations thus created, but by far deeper ties of personal reverence and affection for the Father in God, from whose hands they have received for nine years the bread of their spiritual life, they view with much sorrow the prospect of a separation.

“This Synod would therefore express its gratitude to God for the blessings the Diocese has received at the hands of His servant their Bishop; would thank the Bishop most sincerely for his untiring and self-denying labours in their behalf; would pray that God would grant to him many more happy and restful years, and ask that they may ever, as they feel sure they will, be remembered in his prayers.”

This appreciation was reiterated by the Synod which met in June, 1909, just after the Bishop's death, in a resolution, part of which was as follows:—

“Bishop Anson will ever be remembered for his holy, devoted, self-denying labours, his unbounded liberality, his great sympathy, his singleness of heart and simplicity of life, ever forgetful

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of self while intent upon helping and encouraging others.”

The Bishop had a busy life in England, first as Warden of S. John's Hospital, Lichfield, and later as Canon of Lichfield and assistant to Bishop Legge in that Diocese. He passed to his rest after some months of great suffering in May, 1909.

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