

The Church Guardian

UPHOLDS THE DOCTRINES AND RUBRICS OF THE PRAYER BOOK.

"Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity."—Eph. vi. 24.
"Earnestly contend for the Faith which was once delivered unto the saints."—Jude 3.

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The Late Right Rev. John Horden, D.D., BISHOP OF MOOSONEE.

(From *The News, London, England.*)

THE name of Bishop Horden may well be placed by the side of that of the noble-hearted Hannington. His work in the Far West could not, indeed, possess the romantic interest which attached to Bishop Hannington's career; but in true consecration, perseverance, and endurance, his long service in the great lone land has given him a foremost place amongst missionary heroes.

His death occurred suddenly at Moosonee, on January 12th, 1893. The event is the more pathetic because after forty-two years of truly exhausting and apostolic labor the Bishop was about to resign his see, and return to England, where his arrival was shortly expected by his family. It is supposed that he died at Moose Factory, and that the intelligence was conveyed by foot messenger to Mattawa, the nearest telegraphic station.

The Bishop was born at Exeter in 1828. When a schoolboy at St. John's Hospital School in that city he read a book on heathenism in India, which first inclined him to a missionary life. He was apprenticed to a trade, and his handicraft experience ultimately proved of great service to him. Improving his education by self-effort, he became a master in the South Devon Collegiate School. In his twenty-fourth year, in 1851, he was accepted by the Church Missionary Society, and sent to begin work in what has now grown into the vast Diocese of Moosonee, 1,200 miles long by 800 miles wide, comprising the whole coast-line of Hudson's Bay. He was fond of telling the story of how the late Henry Venn wrote a letter advising him to get married at once—Mr. Venn knew he was engaged—and start at a few days' notice by the one ship a year which sailed then for York Factory.

In 1852 he was ordained by Bishop Anderson, who, we are told, travelled more than 1,200 miles in a canoe, up and down swift rivers and across wide lakes, to reach the young missionary. His work now involved immense effort. He travelled thousands of miles to reach the scattered people. He used to say it took him five months to get through his parish.

In 1872 he was appointed first Bishop of

Moosonee, being consecrated on December 15th in that year. The Diocese is inhabited by a scattered population of nearly 7,000, speaking five different languages, and requiring different Bibles, in English, Cree, Ojibeway, Chipowyan, and Eskimo. The southernmost point touched is Metachewan, within a short distance of the Canadian Pacific Railway, while more than 1,000 miles to the north lie the Little Whale River station, on the east side of the bay, and Churchill on the west side. Throughout this



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vast expanse of country the somewhat sparse population was widely scattered; but by the untiring labours of Bishop Horden and his band of helpers, the Gospel has been preached literally "to every creature" in Moosonee, and today there is scarcely an Indian in the whole territory who is not a nominal Christian. There are now nearly 5,000 Church members, 700 of whom are communicants, and seven clergy. A "cathedral" (a small church built of logs) has

been erected at Moose, and there are eight churches at other stations. The six mission districts into which the diocese is divided comprise twenty-eight stations and out-stations. Directly and indirectly, considerable work is done amongst the Eskimos also.

The *Record*, in a lengthened notice, says:—"What the Bishop's life has been is well known to our readers. It has been remarked that his letters which once or twice appeared in these columns read more like a chapter from the Acts of the Apostles than the simple record of the every-day doings of a nineteenth-century Bishop. He was powerful in prayer, persuasive in teaching, and tender in sympathy. His sermons or addresses were always marked by great simplicity of language and a deeply spiritual tone. He was never so happy as when ministering to his 'beloved people' and helping to smooth their hard lot.

"The Bishop was perforce obliged very often to shift for himself. His journeys occupied weeks, and even months, during which time he had frequently to sleep in a log-hut or a tent erected by his own hands. He travelled principally in canoes, or in sleighs or carts drawn by dogs, but many of his tours had to be taken on foot. He could, and often did, cook his own food, make and mend his own clothes (he used sometimes to say that he could mend a pair of stockings as well as any old woman), build his own house, and print his own books. And he was supremely happy in his work. Yet the times of danger were very real. His privations from actual want of food were often great—for he always would share the hardships of his people—and the fear of actual starvation was never altogether absent."

The Bishop's last work, completed just before his death, the revision of his translation of the Bible into Cree, into which language he had also translated the Prayer Book and several other works.

"THE Christianity of Christ does not mean isolation. The Church which He founded was intended to be a great organization for fellowship and united endeavour, where each member should feel that he belongs to the rest, and that they belong to him."

I have never found a thorough, pervading, enduring morality but in those that feared God.

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