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DEACON ARCHIBALD BURTCH.

In this age of newspaper enterprise, few men of prominence among their fellows escape the efforts of the irrepressible interviewer—whose object is to “write them up,” either for the immediate use of his paper, or to pigeon-hole the manuscript till the subject’s decease, when it will be published and sent broadcast over the land. Those who have been passed over by the discriminating interviewer, may, and many do, write their own autobiography, and, for the modest sum of twenty-five dollars, preserve the shadow of their person, and a short statement of their own merits, in the pages of one of the many popular “pictorial encyclopedias” of this printers’ age.

In either of the methods mentioned, it becomes an easy task for biographers of an imaginative turn of mind to elal-orate an extremely interesting biography. But at the end of the last century, when the subject of this sketch was a youthful emigrant to the wilderness of Upper Canada, interviewers were unknown, and newspaper facilities for recording the passing events of this new country did not exist. Schools were not yet established, and he who wished to be conversant with the “three R’s”—reading, ’riting and ’rithmetic—had to teach himself on wet days and Sundays; or, which was the commoner practice, by the light of a log fire in the evenings, often with no other