

Mission Field.

BISHOP HORDEN'S LAST LETTER.

An unfinished letter, dated January 5, 1893, very touching and very characteristic of the late Bishop Horden, had reached the *Record*. It is dated from "My sick chamber Moose Factory." After referring to mission matters, and the progress of his translations of the Bible into the Cree language, the Bishop wrote:—

"I continued on my new Testament until November 21, when my pen dropped from my hand, and I have not since touched it. I had completed the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark and eleven chapters of St. Luke. On the preceding day I had felt perfectly well; I had preached at the English service from Malachi iii. 14-17. I had taken my large class at our Indian school, and had then preached at the English service from Jeremiah xxiii. 5, on a greater deliverance than that from Egypt. I had spent the evening with my dear daughter Mrs. Broughton and her family, returning home somewhat before ten o'clock. On Monday I arose quite well and strong before it was light, and at a quarter after seven sat down to work, beginning the twelfth chapter of St. Luke. I worked on steadily for a quarter of an hour, when I received what seemed to me a terrible blow on the lower part of my back. I thought it a stroke of rheumatism, and supposed its effect would pass off in the course of a few minutes, but in this I was disappointed: blow succeeded blow until I could scarcely move. I sat up, however, until after prayers and breakfast, when I was conducted to my bed-chamber.

"Almost directly an automatic-machine of the finest temper and of the most exquisite sensitiveness established itself near my left hip, and at my every movement set to work with horrible regularity. What I suffered it is impossible to describe, and even if I could describe, it could not be understood by those who have not passed through a similar ordeal. Rheumatism and myself have been companions for several years, as was to be expected from the great exposure to which I had been subjected in my summer and winter journeys through the mighty diocese of Moose-sonce, with the thermometer varying from 100 degrees in the shade to 50 degrees below zero. I had suffered in back, in legs, and feet. I had been so bad occasionally that I could not walk down over the stairs, and when assaulted by my unpleasant companion out of doors I have been often obliged to exercise my strongest force of will to prevent myself from being thrown down in the snowy road. All these things I did not mind much. I could bear the pain, and they did not materially interfere with my work; and as long as that could go on I was content. But it was a different thing now. With increased pain came inability to work,

and for a week I lay almost unfit for anything. At the end of that time I thought I could still endeavour to carry on a part of my translational work: so I got Mr. Richards to come to my bedside and we went on with the examination of my last year's work in the Old Testament, gradually progressing until we had all but finished it. In the month of February I hope to resume my work on the Testament, and still hope I may get all completed by midsummer.

"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 only knows. But He has been very, very good; He has kept me in peace, He has kept me in fairly good bodily health, and endued me with as much cheerfulness as I ever had possessed. How different, too, it would have been had this occurred last winter! Then my dear daughter, who is now acting as my amanuensis, and under whose hospitable roof I am now living, resided 100 miles away. Good, kind Mrs. Newnham, who is to me as a daughter, had not yet thrown in her lot with her amiable husband; and my excellent nurse, poor Indian woman as she is, had not become a member of my household. Our young medical man, too, has been indefatigable in his efforts for my recovery.

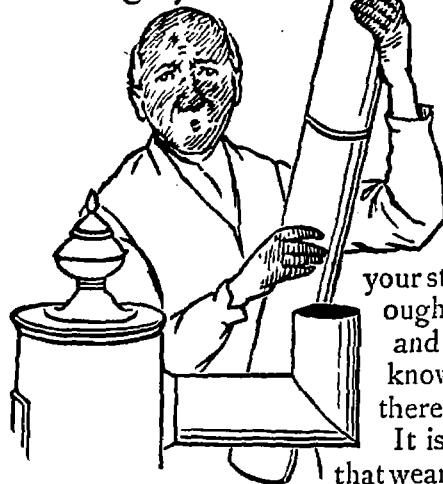
"I was to have gone to Winnipeg in the coming summer, and then to have returned finally to England after my long service. At present I see no probability of my being able to take that journey, as before arriving at the railroad there is more than a fortnight's hard work up one large river, which is impeded by many rapids and falls, necessitating frequent portaging, which is utterly beyond my present powers. I suppose I shall be obliged to return home by the annual ship, but I dread this much, as there is no accommodation on board, and especially for one in my condition. I know that every effort will be made, were I obliged to return home this way, to make me as comfortable as circumstances permit, for I meet with nothing but the greatest kindness from everyone connected with the Hudson's Bay Company. I need not trouble myself much about this: I can trust all to the hands of God: He will provide that which He deems sufficient for my case."

A more touching letter we have rarely, if ever, read. The nobility and devotedness of Christian charity could not be more strikingly illustrated.

—Lot no man presume that he can see prospectively into the ways of Providence. His part is to contemplate them in the past, and trust them in future, but, so trusting, to act always upon the motive of human prudence, directed by religious principle.—*Southey*.

—Jonah did not change his vessel when he entered the whale; he was not shipwrecked. God was his pilot then, as well as in the ship.—*Donne*.

Thoroughly Sooted



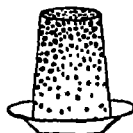
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