

this." Riel's answer was to keep Smith a prisoner. He realized that from the rebel's point of view this was a dangerous man confronting him, and exclaimed, "Shoot that Scotchman!" Had anyone dared to follow his instructions Manitoba's history would probably have had a different color, for a time at least.

Gradually Smith undermined the strength of the rebels so that when General Wolsley arrived there were few to fight but a discouraged half-breed who pointed to the Scotchman by the General's side and said: "There's the man who upset my plans."

From this time on Smith was distinguished in the eyes of all Canadians. Shortly after the Red River Rebellion had ended he became temporary head of the local Government. At this time the Hudson's Bay Company, in payment for their lands, was asking \$300,000 from the Government. Smith took the matter to London and obtained enough to satisfy the traders. Thus he had stepped for a time out of the role of fur trader and had placed the Canadian Government in a safe condition in the new territories.

From this time the life of Donald Smith had less to do with furs and more to do with the momentous affairs of his country.

He entered politics and represented Winnipeg and St. John in the first Manitoba Legislature. It is doubtful if any other man in Canada at that time had such a clear vision. He saw the country of the future, not as separate provinces dependent upon the brief season of navigation for their inter-trade, but a country linked by bands of steel. We cannot enlarge upon the history of the C. P. R., but recall that the road nearly starved for funds and that Smith fought and argued and saved until added millions were raised, and the Canadian Pacific Railway was completed in 1885 as the result—an epoch-marking event in the expansion of ever-growing continental trade.

His political career really reached its zenith with the building of the C. P. R., but he did not retire from politics until 1896, when he was appointed Canadian High Commissioner in London, England. From that time until the present he has done high honor to his country, and in spite of his advanced years was ever ready to do his best for Canada and Canadians.

Pages are filled with the benefactions of Lord Strathcona. His large charities were as numerous as his various interests. McGill University knew him as the most loyal of all its supporters, and the Royal Victoria Hospital recognized him as its founder. He provided Strathcona Horse for service in the South African war at a cost of about \$2,000,000. He was ever ready to listen to appeals of education, religion, or philanthropy, and his gifts to universities, churches and charities run to many millions.

The influence of these charities cannot be over-estimated; and the generous benefactor will rightfully continue to be held in high esteem by the nation generally. The personal touch is not lacking and may add interest here. Let us hear what a Toronto young man has to say.

"It was twelve years ago. I was travelling through England selling views in the hope of making my way through college. I was fortunate in gaining an interview with Lord Strathcona. His interest in me was remarkable; and he talked about my plans for some time. After buying over fifteen dollars' worth of views he gave me a sealed envelope saying that I might hand it to a certain man at an address which he mentioned. You will not wonder that my admiration is so great when I tell you in that unassuming way he had provided for my return trip to Canada."

How many hearts have been cheered and how many lives lifted by such generosity and love? It is not recorded. The public cannot answer this. But such deeds are recorded above.

A life such as Lord Strathcona's could not but be laden with honors. Evidences of this are numerous in the financial world. From vice-president of the Bank of Montreal he rose to president and then honorary-president.

We see evidences in the educational world. In 1889 he was made chancellor of McGill University, and in 1903 of the University of Aberdeen. The Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George was conferred upon him in 1896, and he was made a Baron in the ensuing year, taking the title of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal. In 1908 the Grand Cross of the Victorian Order was bestowed upon him. Later he was made Doctor of Laws, Privy Councillor, and Deputy Lieutenant.

Until a few months ago Lord Strathcona attended his office in Victoria Street daily, arriving at ten o'clock or even earlier, and remaining often till after nightfall. The Canadian office had been nicknamed "The Light House," as the windows were illuminated long after the remainder of the street was in darkness. There is no doubt that sheer force of will alone enabled the veteran pioneer to continue his activities at such a venerable age.

What tribute shall we pay to "Canada's Grand Old Man?"—a determination that we as loyal Canadians will have the same spirit as he; that we will guard well the laurels, or rather maple leaves, that he has won for us; that we will be true, as we believe he was, to ourselves, to our country and to our God, and so promote the work in which he was so long and so vitally interested—building our Nation in Righteousness for God.

Honor the Pioneers

This was our thought as we read the simple inscriptions on the marble slabs that now adorn the wall of our church in Port Rowan. There, to the memory of Major George Neal, has been erected a memorial church, as many of our readers already know. Not of it do we write; but of the train of thought into which a careful reading of the original tombstones will lead a present day Methodist.

On one stone is the inscription: "In memory of the Rev. George Neal, a Major in the B.S. during the American Revolution, and the first Methodist preacher in Canada West, who died Feb. 28, 1840, aged 90 years."

On the other is the brief inscription: "In memory of Mary, wife of Rev. George Neal, who died July 5, 1841, aged 80 years, 11 mos."—⁴She was a member of the first Methodist class in U.C."

Less than three-quarters of a century since the first Methodist preacher in "Canada West" died. And only so short a time since one of the members of the first Methodist class in Upper Canada was called "home." Truly, the harvest from the early seed-sowing has been great. "Their works do follow," may surely be said of the great-hearted pioneers represented by this noble pair of devoted souls, who in what was then "Canada West" began a work that still goes on with ever accelerating force.

It would do the young Methodists of to-day great good to meditate frequently on the heroism of the "fathers." Because they were what they were, we have the privileges that we now enjoy. These are ours as a glorious heritage. Not easily were they obtained, not lightly were they made secure.

Because of what they cost as well as for their present advantage to us, we should hold them dear, prize them highly, and use them to the glory of God in the advancement of the common good.

During the last half a century a "Canada West" of which the Ontario pioneers of Methodism never dreamed, has been explored and developed by a succession of such spirits as the Neals were. Think of the religious pioneers of the Greater West, men who like Young, or McDougall, or Evans, or Crosby, have claimed a continent for God, and as you recall their precious memories, give thanks to "our father's God," and reverently enshrine their names in your hearts.

But above all, give thanks that the race of heroes is not lying out. From among our ranks, representing the present generation, have gone hundreds of just such brave men and women as those who laid the foundations of a spiritual empire in this country a century or so ago. They are on our prairies, among the mountains, in the

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