



INDIANS OF THE FROZEN NORTH

as it appeared shortly after its erection, is given in the accompanying illustration) and the see house—by no means large or pretentious buildings, but built with an eye to comfort and convenience, during the long winter. In summer the place is full of Indians, all baptized Christians, with every adult confirmed, and a very large number communicants, leading as consistent and Christian lives as if their faces were white, and they the inhabitants of some quiet English village.

The bishop attended to these Indians himself, as well as to the English-speaking congregation composed of the employees of the Hudson's Bay Company, the few clergy he had, never numbering more than six or seven, being continually on their travels through the diocese, with the result that not a single tribe of any nation in Moosonee was left unvisited by a priest.

It is too often, perhaps, the characteristic of Englishmen, who become bishops in distant lands, to return after a term of years, more or less curtailed, to finish their days in the motherland; but to this there are some noble exceptions, and Bishop Horden is one. His was a life-work, and he died amongst the people who had been the object of his work and his prayers. While performing his missionary duty, he had learned also to be an architect and builder and tradesman, working with his own hands, according to the needs of his isolated work. He also was a student, and worked hard to supply the Indians under his charge with sacred literature in their own language. His translations will ever remain as one of the numerous monuments of the good bishop's work. The Rev. J. A. Newnham, who resigned his congregation in Montreal, and went out to Moosonee to help Bishop Horden in his missionary work, has kindly sent us the following account of his death; the remoteness of the diocese from this part of Canada being evident from the fact that though the bishop died on the 9th of January the intelligence of it did not reach here till about the end of February:—

“Bishop Horden was seized very suddenly, on the morning of November 21st last, with what seemed to be rheumatism, or lumbago, and at

once returned to his bed, expecting to be up and well in a few days at most. The doctor was in daily attendance, and as the attack seemed stubborn, and the pain intense, he applied frequent blisters and mustard-plasters, besides daily ‘massage.’ But weeks passed by, and the bishop could not get rid of the pain in his left leg, though otherwise in seeming good health and spirits. Sunday, January 8th, he seemed really better in every way, but the next three days he was weaker and more depressed than he had ever been. Now for the first time was any real anxiety felt as to the termination of the attack by his doctor, his son-in-law and daughter, and his closest friends and attendants, and by the Bishop himself. Even then, however, he does not seem to have thought he would not recover, but that it might only be a tedious illness. The worst signs were the weak action of his heart, and his inability, for the first time, to take proper nourishment. However, all went to bed on January 11th, hoping to find him better in the morning, except the doctor, who was with him till 1 a.m. Before 5 a.m. the doctor was again with him, and stayed conversing and administering relief. Shortly before 8 a.m., he seemed so weak that his daughter and son-in-law were called into the room; but, almost before they reached him, without any signs of consciousness, he had quietly passed away, it would seem from failure of the heart. Coming thus, without anything to prepare us, it has given a great shock to all. The people of Moosonee, and of Moose Factory especially, have lost a father and loving friend, and are plunged into grief. The remains, clad in episcopal robes, and laid in the coffin, were placed in the church, awaiting the funeral, and the people, young and old, all came to take a last farewell of the face so dear to them, and of one who had been in and out of their homes, cottages, or wigwams, for over forty years, as a missionary, pastor, friend and Bishop. Archdeacon Vincent, who will have to take charge of the diocese and mission until a successor is consecrated, was expected that week from Albany to await the arrival of the packet; but as the dog-train arrived without him, they were at once sent back with the sad news, and to hasten him. It should take a week to come and go, but it was hoped that they might manage in five days, and that the funeral might be Saturday, January 21st. And so it happened, for the Archdeacon made the journey in two days, and arrived on the evening of the 20th. On the 21st, Saturday, therefore, the coffin was closed, in the presence of four clergy (Rev. G. Walton having arrived with the dogs from Fort George) and of the gentlemen of the Hudson Bay Co. from Fort George, Rupert's House, and Albany, as well as Moose Fort, and at 3 p.m. the beautiful burial service was read, and the body of the first Bishop of Moosonee was committed to the grave. It was a lovely after-