

**THE LATE BISHOP OF MOOSONEE,
AND HIS SUCCESSOR.**

In January last, the authorities of the Church Missionary Society were startled by news of the death of Bishop Horden, bishop of Moosonee, the cold stretch of



REV. J. A. NEWNHAM.

country around the shores of Hudson's Bay. There is something so solemn and yet so touching, writes the Rev. E. J. Peck, in connection with that lonely grave amidst the ice and snow of Hudson's Bay. But we could not, neither would we wish to, alter the will of him who does everything in love, and who will, we feel sure, comfort the hearts of those who now mourn their loss at home.

The writer of these few lines had the joy of knowing the late Bishop for the last sixteen years. I can never forget all I owe under God to him. It was he who with unfailing patience and kindness prepared me for the sacred office of the ministry, and his joy, I know, was unbounded when he could send me forth to labor amongst the Eskimos—a people he loved so much. His friendship and fatherly counsel my wife and I enjoyed to the end, and it is my sorrowful though hallowed privilege to say a few words in memory of him who now rests from his labors.

In speaking of what seemed to me the striking features of the Bishop's character, I would desire not to magnify the creature, but to exalt the Saviour. "Not I but Christ." "By the grace of God I am what I am," said the apostle to the Gentiles, and this all-abounding, all-constraining grace worked mightily in him who has left us, and made his life a means of unspeakable blessing to many.

But what were those characteristics which through Divine grace made Bishop Horden's life so real? Undoubtedly great energy and fixity of purpose, great devotion in his Master's work, and unfailing kindness of heart.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," were words which found an echo in the Bishop's heart. Nothing seemed to daunt him in carrying out a project which he believed was for the glory of God or the good of the people whose welfare he had so much at heart. When we think of him in "travels oft," going about from place to place visiting his scattered flock in the wilderness; or when we think of his patient, persevering ministrations by which many a soul was lit up with light and peace from on high; or of his wonderful linguistic work through which the life-giving Word of God was brought within the reach of almost every Indian in his diocese; or when we remember him (as many of my readers will) pleading so earnestly and successfully during his brief furloughs in England for the needs of his poor people—in all these things we see through God's grace a life filled with Divine energy, a life used for a purpose, a life spent for the glory of God.

I need not dwell at any length on the peculiar devotion and self-sacrifice which stamped as it were our Bishop's life. His death speaks louder on this point than any words of mine. He has died in harness. He has fallen at his post, and yet humanly speaking it might not have been so. He might, after so many years of labor, have come home ere this to enjoy a well-earned rest; but to strengthen the hands of his fellow-laborers in the field, to see the work settled on a firm basis, and above all to finish his translation of the Cree Bible into the dialect of the Indians living at Moose—these were the objects which constrained him to remain even when, perhaps, his

physical and mental powers were failing. His was a life quite surrendered, quite given up to the work; and doubtless the loving Saviour who gave to his servant this spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice will crown him with honor in that day when he makes up his "jewels."

I cannot close this brief paper without noticing another point in the Bishop's character which, I am sure, will be acknowledged by all, viz., his unfailing good nature and kindness of heart. We missionaries of the Moosonee Diocese have reason especially to know how deep was the kindness which we often experienced at his hands. One and all will, I know, heartily agree with me in saying that he was one of the kindest of men, and this kindness, as we well know, extended not only to ourselves but to our dear partners in the work, and to our children, and indeed to all.

Mrs. Peck can testify to his care and kindness during hours of weakness. The poor Indians at Moose and elsewhere knew they had in him an unfailing friend. The servants connected with the Hudson's Bay Company will remember, I am sure, his kindness and sympathy; and the gentle-

some 10,000, speaking five different languages. The southernmost point touched is within a short distance of the Canadian Pacific Railway, while more than 700 miles to the north lie the Little Whale river and Churchill stations.

With Bishop Horden's young successor, the Rev. J. A. Newnham, many Canadians, and especially many Montrealers, are familiar. He is one of the younger sons of the Rev. George Newnham, M.A., of Corsham, Wiltshire, England, is an alumnus of the Diocesan Theological College in this city, and a graduate of McGill University. Having passed through the Diocesan Theological College he was ordained by the late Bishop Oxenden and appointed to the mission on the Ottawa river named the Quio, where he served with great acceptance until he was called by the present Bishop of Huron to the position of assistant in the cathedral of this diocese. That position he held until he was appointed rector of St. Matthias, Cote St. Antoine, which he vacated at the call of the Church Missionary Society, London, England, to serve under Bishop Horden.

Mr. Newnham was born in 1854 and was



THE LATE RIGHT REV. JOHN HORDEN,
Bishop of Moosonee.

men in-charge of the various trading posts knew that they had in him a genial, warm-hearted companion.

And do not our hearts and sympathies now turn to the bereaved ones at home? We must all feel so much for Mrs. Horden and her family, who hoped in a few months to welcome the absent loved one in their midst. They have had, and they shall have our prayers and our sympathy, and God, even our own God, shall "bind up" the broken hearts, and give them to know the consolation and peace which he alone can bestow.

And now, my reader, that life so freely surrendered, so nobly used, seems to speak to you, and to speak to me. It calls upon us to dedicate all our powers to the glory of God. It shows us how blessed is a life given up, fully consecrated to the service of our beloved Lord and Master. May we, like the beloved Bishop, "be steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as we know that our labor is not in vain in the Lord."

The diocese of Moosonee is 1,200 miles long by 800 miles wide, comprising the whole coast-line of Hudson's Bay, and inhabited by a scattered population of

educated in England. He came to Montreal in 1873, entered McGill in 1874, completed his theological and university courses in 1878, and after ordination entered on the active work of the ministry in the same year.

KEEPING APPOINTMENTS.

DAISY RHODES CAMPBELL.

The family were out on the broad piazza that pleasant September day, some with sewing, others knitting, and Olive with a book from which he was reading aloud.

"The end of the chapter," he announced suddenly. "Shall I go on?"

"Yes, yes, of course," said the eager chorus; "the idea of stopping in that exciting part, when the heroine is in all kinds of trouble."

"And I shall have to leave—who would believe that it was twenty minutes of four?" Louise observed, looking at her watch regretfully; "but I promised to meet Eleanor at Vanatten's at four, sharp."

"Only to find Miss Eleanor not present, or half an hour late," Olive said coolly.

"Better not waste your strength this warm day."

"Oh! she will be there this time," Louise replied quickly, "for she knows how important it is, and then I made her promise so solemnly; so good-bye;" and the young girl hurried away.

Nearly an hour later the book was ended, and the family saw Louise walking slowly towards them. Her face was flushed, and she looked tired and annoyed.

"Well, I waited all this time, and no Eleanor," she said, as she sank on the cushioned step. "I cannot understand it, for she knows that this is the only day this week that we can go. I should have attended to it myself, but she has the book with the names of those who must be called upon. I thought of walking out to her house, but it was so late, and I remembered other times"—

"When you walked the mile only to find Miss Eleanor had gone elsewhere, your appointment forgotten, and all was in vain," supplemented Olive.

"And yet Eleanor is a nice girl and so pleasant," Louise said deprecatingly. "I don't see how she can be so remiss, and Sue Carroll and Amy Barton are nearly as unreliable."

The family went indoors, and I still sat by the clematis vine pondering these things in my heart. I have often been struck with this lack in people—the majority—in keeping appointments of great or little importance, if anything can be termed "little" which wastes another's time and patience.

Is selfishness, indifference, or laziness the cause of this general shirking, this want of trustworthiness? Or is it caused primarily from a lack of training by mothers? Are boys and girls taught, as they are other good traits, the necessity of a conscientious regard for their word in keeping appointments? We teach them to scorn a lie, but do we impress on them with equal force the disgrace of forgetting or slighting their engagements! Do we insist on promptness as well? These are questions we may take time to consider, for it is a fact that, if we kept our appointments, took our share—and no more—of the work we engage in, were, in brief, "true and just in all our dealings," that mythical Golden Age would become a modern reality.—*Zion's Herald.*

HOW TO TEACH.

An article on "How to Teach," in the *London Sunday-School Teacher*, contains the following with regard to the importance of securing attention: Attention is concentrated consciousness. All the powers of the pupil must be fixed upon the truth to be learned. Any division in these forces will result in defeat. Attention, to be lasting and eager, must be attracted, not forced. You may be ready to complain that your pupils can give attention for two hours to an entertainment, but not to you for thirty minutes. You must not allow the world to make its methods of imparting knowledge more attractive than yours. Show your pupils the vast superiority of the truth you propose to teach them. The responsibility of winning and holding attention lies in the main, if not entirely, with the teacher. Use the eyes of your pupils as well as their ears. Establish the rule of never beginning to teach the lesson until you have secured the undivided attention of your entire class, and the pupils will soon learn to conform to it; but recollect that attention must not only be secured at the outset, it must be maintained throughout.

SIMPLICITY IN SPEECH.

The great Teacher was in utterance the simplest of all men. In this quality the Sermon on the Mount stands without a parallel in all preaching, and the same manner of speech characterized the Saviour's daily teaching. Hence it was, as well as also for the precious truths he conveyed, that "the common people heard him gladly." For the technicalities of theology, the methods of the scribes, the theologians of that day, he had no place whatever. Simplicity in speech wins alike the young and the old, the learned and the unlearned, and to the teacher in the Sunday-school it is above price.