

to see that they *always* go right."

"Well, no," said Corinna, thoughtfully, "I don't suppose I do."

At once she was devoured with envy of Marietta. Here was a woman serene and self-poised as a calla lily. There was nothing fidgety or impatient or petty in her makeup; her children had educated all that out of her. She had the gift of prophecy; she knew what impulsive and erratic ungrown humanity was going to do before it knew itself. She was ten times as good a mother as Corinna, because her education had been completed by ten children, while Corinna's had been only begun by one.

This, then, was the third and most interesting stage of Corinna's life—the stage in which she perceived that the way to find one's life is to lose it and that she who loses it most absolutely finds it

in most rich abundance. She adopted unloved little ones not lavishly, but with discrimination and at intervals of a few years. She held that her opportunities were greater than those of any married woman, as the latter is obliged to take her children as they come, while Corinna was able to pick and choose. By the time she had acquired half a dozen Corinna was far more beautiful than she had ever been in girlhood, and the snappishness and petulance, the dreary moods and life-weariness that had marked her pre-maternal years had disappeared. The old farm-house that had begun to shelter memories and shadows blossomed again, as every house should, with young hopes, ambitions and enthusiasm. Corinna felt herself moving in the stream of progress. Every day brought fresh interests and new developments. Cousin Marietta no longer patronized her nor spoke as one having

sole authority.

One incident that revealed to Corinna in a flash the life-emptiness from which she had escaped, occurred when she went to visit an old school friend, whom she had not seen for twenty years and who had not heard of her conversion to right living. When the invitation arrived Corinna wrote back, "Certainly I will come if I may bring my baby with me." Permission was given, and as she stepped off the train with her youngest asleep in her arms, her old school-mate exclaimed: "Why, I didn't think you meant a real baby. I thought it was some pet cat or dog." Corinna laughed disdainfully. Then as she thought of her splendid boys and girls at home, there was a world of tenderness in the eyes she turned from the rosy cheek on her shoulder to the face of her friend: "What have I to do with cats and dogs?" she said.

The Last of the Old Guard

The Story of Archdeacon McDonald and His Work in the Canadian Northland

By H. A. CODY

Author of "The Frontiersman," "The Long Patrol."

THE death of Archdeacon McDonald, at Winnipeg, on August 28th, removed the last of a remarkable band of men whose names are closely identified with the great Canadian northland. Hunter, Kirkby, Bompas and McDonald were pioneers in the truest sense of the term. They passed beyond the bounds of civilization, and faced hardships and dangers with that spirit of abandon which has ever characterized the Anglo-Saxon race. Like their predecessors, Hearne, Mackenzie, and Campbell, they led charmed lives in a region and among savage tribes where life was a mere bagatelle. Their mission was not for the purpose of exploration, but for the great adventure of uplifting the natives. Of Hearne, Mackenzie and Campbell the historian will search in vain for any personal influence upon the people of the north with whom they came in contact. But with Hunter, Kirkby, Bompas, and McDonald it is different, and to them much credit is due for the great changes which have taken place among both Indians and Eskimos alike.

It will be conceded by those who are competent to judge that McDonald's work was the greatest, and will be the most lasting. Hunter's and Kirkby's sojourn in the north was comparatively short. They were the scouts sent out to view the land. Bompas and McDonald followed in their footsteps, did the rough clearing, sowed the seed, and protected the grain. Bompas was hampered by too large a field. At one time he was Bishop of a diocese of over one million square miles. His work was of a somewhat meteoric nature, and his "care of all the churches" made it impossible for him to abide for any length of time in one locality. With McDonald it was just the opposite. He settled himself down to a definite field and through long years performed a work as thrilling as any story of romance.

It was at a remarkable missionary meeting almost fifty years ago, in St. Andrew's Church, on the famous Red River, when the call came. The building was filled with earnest, excited people, who were listening to the words of a bronzed and rugged traveller. He was telling them about a wonderful trip he had made far away to the north within the Arctic Circle. This man was the Rev. W. W. Kirkby, who had just returned from a visit to the far-off Yukon River. As he talked and told of the natives who needed a teacher in that lonely region the people became much interested and determined to send someone to those sheep in the wilderness. But the question was, who would go?

There was living at Red River a young man who had been teaching school for some time. This was Robert McDonald, who became so stirred by Kirkby's words that he at once offered himself for the distant field. So pleased were the people at this ready response that they put their hands into their pockets and contributed enough money to send him forth.

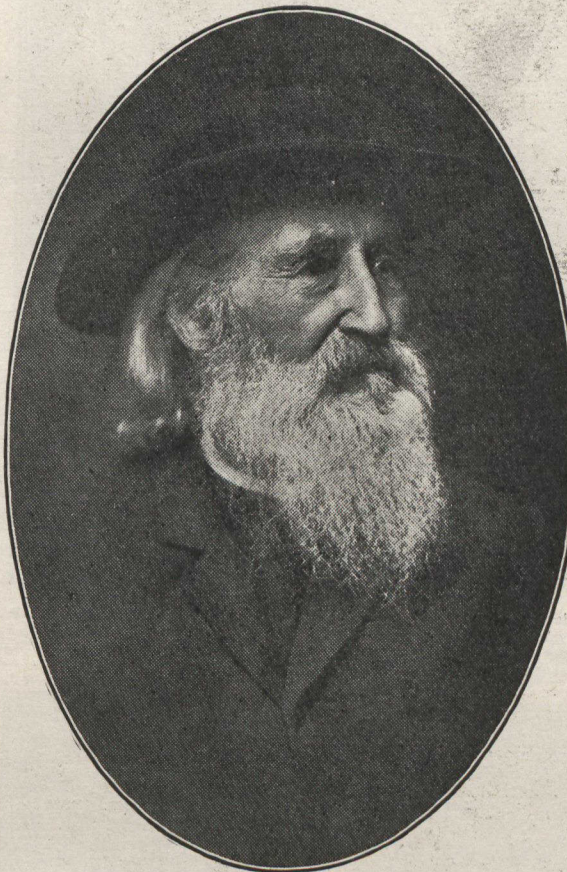
IT was in 1862, after a journey of over three thousand miles, that Robert McDonald, then an ordained clergyman of the Church of England, landed at Fort Yukon. On the bank of the Yukon River, at the mouth of the Porcupine River, the Hudson's Bay Company had an important fur-trading post. It was then a most interesting place, a good description of which was given by the noted traveller, Mr. Frederick Whymper, many years ago.

"After our experience," he wrote, "of the rather dirty Russian forts, it was quite a relief to find newly-plastered walls, glazed windows, capital floors, open fireplaces, and a general appearance of

cleanliness. In addition to the dwellings of the commander and men there were magazines, stores, fur-room, fur-press, ice and meat-well. The fur-room was a sight not to be witnessed every day, thousands of marten skins hanging from the beams, and huge piles of common furs lying around."

His description of the arrival of five hundred natives is most vivid.

"They reached the fort amid a blaze of musketry, and erected their tents, open booths, and lodges. Then each received a present of a small cake of tobacco and a clay pipe, while those out of pro-



A Sturdy Pioneer with a Large Faith.

visions drew rations of moose meat. The leading men of the tribe wore mock uniforms, presented by the company. Old 'Red Leggings,' in particular, was gorgeous in one with immense gilt epaulets, brass buttons and trimmings, and had as many coloured ribbons hanging from his cap as would stock ten recruiting sergeants for life."

Although the Hudson's Bay Company's men at Fort Yukon had done nothing toward the teaching of the Indians, they readily assisted Mr. McDonald in his work. They supplied him with an interpreter in his speaking with the Indians, and allowed him to hold a night school in the fort for the white men who were present. Such progress did the missionary make with the language that on November 18th, 1866, he was able to preach to the Indians in their own tongue for the first time. Then he began to translate hymns, prayers, and some parts of the Bible into the Indian language. These he sent to England to be printed, and waited anxiously for the books to be sent out to him. But, alas, instead of

the long-looked-for treasure he received word that a heavy fire had burned up all the copies of his book, which had been printed, as well as the original manuscript. Notwithstanding this severe blow, Mr. McDonald did not give up, but made more translations, and after several years the Indians had their own Bible, Prayer and Hymn Books.

Bishop Stringer tells us that "Archdeacon McDonald, during the forty years spent in the Arctic region, translated the complete Bible, Prayer-book and Hymn-book, and several other volumes in the language of the northern Indians. He adopted the name 'Tukudh' for his translations, that being the name of a central tribe at La Pierre House, on the Porcupine River. These translations will remain the classics of the eight or ten tribes whose dialects are affiliated and will, I believe, in time, tend to unify the dialects spoken by these tribes."

In order to facilitate his study of the Indian language, Mr. McDonald married a native woman from the camps. From her, no doubt, he received much assistance in the work. To-day all over the northland the Indians have the translations made by this missionary. The books are always carried on the trail, being protected by moose-skin bags. Every night, where the two or three are gathered together, a portion of Scripture is read and a hymn sung by some appointed leader. At the present time there are several faithful Catechists, and a number of Deacons.

IN the midst of Mr. McDonald's translationary work trouble came upon him. He was stricken down with a serious illness, from which it was believed he could not recover, and word was sent to England for someone to take his place. To the surprise of all, however, he was cured by the root of a plant, given to him by an Indian. The English name of the plant is, "It cured his uncle."

When Mr. McDonald had only partially recovered his health a fearful epidemic of scarlet fever swept over the country. It had been brought in by the company's boats, and raged with great fury among the Indians. Not a camp escaped its fierce ravages, and on every hand mournful wailings were heard. It was then that the missionary proved himself a very angel of mercy. No distance was too great, and no trail too rough, to stop him in his efforts to relieve their sufferings. He seemed to be ever on the move, and it was a wonder when he took any rest. From camp to camp he sped, facing furious storms, wading flooded streams, giving medicine, praying by the side of the sick and dying, burying the dead, and at times providing fire-wood for the helpless.

The condition of the lodges was terrible. "There are about forty persons altogether in the camp," he wrote of a certain place, "which consists of three lodges. It was distressing to behold the sick, some of them panting for breath, and moaning. I had an open camp prepared for me, where I passed the night, instead of in one of the lodges, as not only were they all sufficiently full, but I did not expect to be able to get much sleep among the sick, and the smell also arising from them was intolerable."

He was very much grieved to find that during this fiery ordeal some of the Indians fell back to an ancient Indian custom which they had always practised in times of severe distress. Believing that the Great Spirit was angry with them, they tried to appease his wrath by destroying their property, in order to show how little value they placed upon such things compared with life. When the sickness

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