

to a large, important and influential charge. In 1882 he was translated to Knox Church, Winnipeg, where he remained five years. To fill a pulpit vacated by Dr. Robertson, Superintendent of Missions, would naturally be no easy task; but Dr. Gordon's "parish" extended far beyond Winnipeg, and even beyond Manitoba. In those days no man could confine his labours to one congregation. From Winnipeg Dr. Gordon was called to St. Andrew's Church, Halifax, where he remained till, in 1894, he was appointed to the chair of Systematic Theology and Apologetics, vacant by the death of Dr. McKnight. In 1895 the University of Glasgow conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. In the same year, at Toronto, the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church unanimously elected him to the office of Moderator. In every position to which he has been called—pastor, professor, moderator, chairman of College Board, member of committees, Dr. Gordon has acquitted himself worthily and well, as becomes a man of counsel, of large charity, a willing worker, trusting in God and loving his fellow-man. Loyal to the Church, loyal through and through to the great Head of the Church, he also loves his native land, and knows it well from ocean to ocean. In 1879 he travelled from Victoria, B.C., to Winnipeg, before there was an inch of the great railway built in the Far West. The story of his travel, he told in a charming volume published in 1880, and he has often "testified" on the platform to the attractions and the inestimable value of our western heritage. He has had no small share in laying the foundations of our Church's work in that vast field. It is not too soon to say that in the professorial chair Dr. Gordon has proved himself all and more than all the Church expected of him.

Rev. Robert A. Falconer was born at Charlottetown, P.E.I. He is the son of Rev. Alexander Falconer, of Pictou. His maternal grandfather was Rev. Robt. Douglas, who came to this country early in the century, labored for a time at Onslow, N.S., and then removed to P.E. Island, where he finished his earthly course. Prof. Falconer's father having accepted a call to Port of Spain, Trinidad, his son was educated in the Royal College of that colony, one of the best schools in the West Indies. At this institution he won the West Indian "Gilchrist," which enabled him to attend the University of Edinburgh. In 1888 he took the London University B.A. with honors in Classics and in Mental and Moral Science. In 1889 he took the Edinburgh University M.A. with classical honours. Having taken his first year in Theology at Halifax, he completed his course at the New College, Edinburgh, and graduated B.D. in the University in 1892. He pursued special studies at the Universities of Leipsic, Berlin and Marburg. He returned to Nova Scotia in 1892, and was licensed in September. In October he was appointed Lecturer in New Testament Exegetics, a position which he filled to the utmost satisfaction of all. In 1895 he was given the status of a full professor in this chair. Mr. Falconer is recognized as an invaluable addition to our professorial staff. He is acquainted at first hand with the most recent developments of German scholarship and speculation. He knows how to winnow the wheat and fling away the chaff. He has won the affectionate confidence of the students and of the Church. It is to be added that he is one of our best preachers, fresh, strong, earnest and impressive.

Rev. James Carruthers, Lecturer in Elocution, was educated for the ministry at Halifax. He was licensed in 1878. His first congregation was at Coldstream, Truro Presbytery. From Coldstream he was called to Knox Church, Pictou, and thence to St. James' Church, Charlottetown. He was called to his present charge of James' Church, New Glasgow, in May, 1892. In all these congregations Mr. Carruthers showed himself an able and popular preacher and a faithful pastor. He has been exceedingly helpful in Presbytery work. In 1891 he was appointed by the College Board Lecturer in Elocution, and he has served in this capacity every year since that date. Mr. Carruthers is an accomplished elocutionist in theory and practice. The students have profited greatly by his instructions.

A thousand miles of mighty wood
Where thunder storms stride fire shod,
A thousand plants at every rod,
A stately tree at every rood,
Ten thousand leaves to every tree,
And each a miracle to me—
Yet there be men who doubt of God!

—JOAQUIN MILLER.

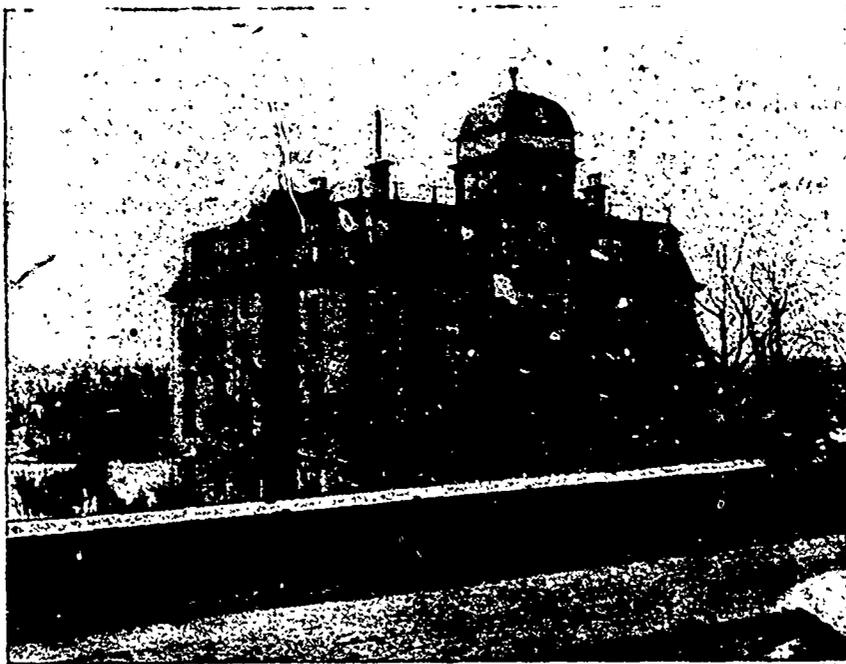
Written for THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

Early Days On The Red River.

BY REV. R. G. MACBETH, M.A.



REQUEST for an article on early days in what is now Manitoba, brings up before the writer the vision of scenes long since vanished, and never more to be reproduced. They cannot be reproduced on this continent at least, because there is not left upon it any portion where for well-nigh half a century a colony could remain practically untouched by the rest of the world—unvexed by its troubles, and unspoiled by its mad racing after material greatness. President Patton, one day during a lecture to our class, referring in his keenly humorous way to the all-pervadingness of the human factor in present-day life, said that "thanks to the enterprise of the modern advertiser, the face of the patent-medicine man now haunted us in the deepest solitudes of nature," and that was but one way of stating that in our time we could not if we would isolate ourselves from a telegraphing, telephoning, and railway travelling humanity. It was different in the days of the Selkirk colony on the Red River of the North, for I have often heard my father (who left Scotland about May, 1815) state that coming by way of the Hudson Bay, as they did, they never heard of the battle of Waterloo until the following autumn. Think a moment of the blissful ignorance this solitariness implies, for while the reverberating cannonade of "that loud Sabbath" might have well-nigh made itself heard through the vibrant air across the world, a considerable number of British subjects remained for long months uncertain as to how the struggle on the Peninsula had resulted and unaware of the fact that Napoleon, the troubler of Europe's



PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE, HALIFAX.

peace, was immured on a lonely rock safely guarded by the restless sea.

Not in the same degree, but still in great measure did that little band of Highlanders remain shut out from the rest of the world till some thirty years ago, when freer communication with the United States to the south and "Canada" to the East began to open up and prepare the way for our entrance "not without tumult" into Confederation. My personal recollection cannot go back much beyond that Confederation point in our history, save as scenes have photographed themselves on the mind of a "growing boy," and hence in some degree I feel myself dependent on impressions received from my father who in the winter evenings around the chimney fire, related to me, his youngest child, moving incidents either from the legends of his ancestors or from his own experience. His experience was ample, for of the stern struggle of those early years in the "great lone land" he might have said with the hero of Virgil, "quorum magna pars fui." His father (who died near Fort Garry, aged 105) was a soldier and one of the twenty-four who survived the awful night in the Black Hole of Calcutta, hence amongst the legends of my earlier days were records of Highland gallantry as well as Highland suffering; and these "poured a Scottish prejudice into my veins which will never cease to boil along there till the floodgates of life shut in eternal rest."

Of trying times in the pioneer struggles of the early settlers on the Red River there were many tales. With the outside history of those days all our

readers are already familiar, but only a kindled and sympathetic imagination can picture the inwardness of the stern and strenuous battle waged with such desperate valour against unfriendly circumstances and hostile environment till the colony gained a footing in the country. To see in any measure the sufferings of that small band set down in a strange land, and practically cut off from communication with the world and almost beyond the reach of supplies, driven from one part of the country to another by hostile Indians or rival fur-trading companies, tried by the hunger and cold of winter and by the scourge of grasshoppers sweeping bare their little patches of fields in summer, till it was ten long years before they raised any grain to eke out the sometimes precarious provision of the chase—to see these things we must have had some similar experiences ourselves or have come into close contact with those who have passed through them. Even those who did experience them felt themselves unable to give any adequate account of them; for I recall the attempts my father made in his later years to relate them to parties of tourists from the Old Country who came to him for information. I can see him yet, a massive figure in the old wooden arm-chair, on the arm of which he now and again brought down his hand to give Celtic emphasis to his words. I can hear the story flow on till he felt the inadequacy of language as recollections rushed upon him, and then he would stop, saying, "It's no use talking, gentlemen; I cannot tell you half of it; but I will say one thing, and that is that no people in the world but the Scotch could have done it," and the last party of Englishmen that came to the old farmhouse, seeing his earnestness, applauded the words with unselfish enthusiasm.

The story of how they kept the faith during these hard experiences has often been told, but emphasis has been laid principally on their upholding the blue banner of their Church for long years though without a minister of their own denomination, but, good as that is, it is not equal to the secret life which was the

source of that steadfastness nor to the constancy with which, under all circumstances, the sacred fire of worship was kept burning on family altars. One incident that puts to shame many present-day views of Sabbath observance will show the reality and depth of their religious life. A small party of them who had left their families with scanty supply of food and had gone out on a winter buffalo hunt were camping one Saturday night along the Pembina Mountains. They had their poor meal of the frozen fish they had brought with them and gave all they could to their faithful train-dogs. Then before retiring to rest under the lee of their toboggans with their dogs crouched around them in the snow, they held a prayer-meeting to ask Him for food who fed Israel with manna. When they awoke in the morning three buffaloes were in the valley just below, but it was not till after another prayer-meeting for guidance as to their course on the Sabbath-day, that in view of the necessity and the evident providence one of their number (by name Sutherland and an elder) was appointed by the rest to find for the party a present food-supply. He approached the buffaloes without difficulty, shot one, and though the others remained for a time, as

they will in such a case, he went up and drove them away holding that he was not justified in taking more than present need demanded on the Lord's Day. When people believed God in that way we are not surprised that *He saw them through*, and the sequel of comfortable homes in their old age for themselves and their children proved that God was with them.

With their efforts for nearly forty years to get a Presbyterian minister and with the stories of their many petitions, especially that famous one of the petition which had cost them much pains to prepare and which came back from Norway House on some butter shipped by the York Factory boats, to one of the settlers, we have not space now to deal. At last, in 1851, came John Black, that godly, eloquent and scholarly man who for over thirty long years was minister in Kildonan, dying there in 1882, and leaving behind him the record of a devoted apostolate which there and throughout the whole west is an undying inspiration. How we remember the spiritual power of the man—the intense fervor of his pulpit ministrations—the fire that made his voice ring through the old stone church with appeals on behalf of Christ! The year after he came to the country a great flood broke over the banks of the Red River, and the Kildonan people were driven back on the prairie, most of them going to the "hill" now called Stony Mountain. There on the hillside Mr. Black held services regularly; and I remember hearing how the old men, who gloried in the records of "field preaching," rejoiced in the young minister whom God had sent them.