

Our Contributors.

KNOXIAN ON EDINBURGH.

Edinburgh is a splendid school for the study of Church history, especially Presbyterian Church history. In the Modern Athens you can "get up" the work without straining your eyes or burning any midnight oil. A day's sight-seeing on High Street is a much more pleasant kind of exercise than reading Mosheim. Viewing the historic spots from the Castle, or from Calton Hill on a fine day is much more exhilarating than taking notes in Dr. Burns' Church History Class used to be. Still, if one did not know something about the books the places would not have so much interest." One of the best ways to "rea' up" the Disruption of '43 is to read the biography of Dr. Chalmers or of Dr. Guthrie. In fact, the best way to read up any kind of history is to read the biography of one or two of the men who helped to make the history. Having read Guthrie, then go across to St. Andrew's Church and follow the line of march to the Hall in which the Free Church was cradled. Then go back to the old part of the city and take a look through the New College, the Free Assembly room, and be sure to see the busts and pictures of Chalmers, Candlish, Cunningham and Hugh Miller that are found everywhere. Some good man may say that is looking at the Disruption from the Free Church side. Quite likely. There are other sides from which the stirring events of '43 may be viewed, but I don't happen to know much about the literature of the other ecclesiastical sides.

Viewed from the political side, if Scotland had been wisely governed by the civil powers the Disruption might never have taken place. Had Peel and Melbourne, the English Premiers of that time, known Scotland and Scotchmen as well as Sir John Macdonald knew, and Sir Oliver Mowat knows Canada and Canadians, the National Church of Scotland might never have been split. Questions that might have been settled when they arose were allowed to drift until they crystallized into what seemed to many vital issues, and then the split was inevitable. The only course open to an honest man who believed the Headship of Christ at stake was to go out. Chalmers and those associated with him appealed, but appealed in vain, to the English Government. Melbourne and Peel did not know, or did not care to know, how tenaciously Scotchmen cling to their ecclesiastical opinions. They thought Scotch Presbyterians were as flexible on ecclesiastical and theological questions as English Episcopallians are, and that perhaps was the tap-root of the difficulty so far as the civil powers were concerned. Even Lord Macaulay, who represented Edinburgh in the House of Commons at the time, seemed to think that his whole duty was done if he kept out of the trouble. Writing to a friend he said he could not spend a Sabbath in Edinburgh because whatever church he worshipped in somebody would be offended. Macaulay could go to the bottom of questions three centuries old, lay bare the causes that brought about certain results, unmask the actors in many a plot, and paint historic characters until we can see them walk before us, but Macaulay could not, or would not understand what was going on in his own constituency. He could and did devise plans for the better government of India, but he had nothing to suggest in the way of a remedy for the troubles in Scotland. And so the National Church split, and colleges, manses and churches had to be duplicated at an enormous cost over all Scotland. Viewed merely from a political standpoint, it seems as if wise civil government might have averted the Disruption of '43 by dealing with the difficulties when they arose and before they assumed an acute form. But what is the use in speaking about what might have been. Still one cannot help asking if revival would not have been as

good a thing for the Church as dismemberment.

One lovely Saturday afternoon I went out to the Grange Cemetery to see the last resting-places of some of the leaders of 1843. Turning to the right after you enter, a short walk brings you to a large marble slab, on which is chiselled this name: Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D. Across the walk Principal Cunningham sleeps his last sleep. A little farther on, and on the same side as Chalmers rests, I saw another name, engraved on Peterhead granite, which moved me more than any name in that cemetery, and there are many names, illustrious names, there. Need I say it was the name of Hugh Miller. What stirring associations cluster around that name. Over on the other side of the cemetery a beautiful white monument marks the last resting-place of Dr. Guthrie. Westminster Abbey, even the Poets' Corner, did not impress me half as much as the old Greyfriars' Churchyard and the Grange Cemetery. I suppose that comes from Scotch blood and Presbyterian training. Well, these are both good things to have.

A MISSIONARY TOUR UP LAKE TEMISCAMINGUE.

BY REV. JAMES BINNIE, M.A., B.D.

"Land of the forest and the lake,
Land of the rushing river."

—Canadian Song.

"How do you purpose spending your vacation?"

This question was asked me by the Rev. A. Findlay, Superintendent of Missions for Algoma. I replied that I expected to attend Mr. Moody's conference at Northfield.

"You had better come with me and visit another north field," he said.

He then explained that being commissioned by the Presbytery of Lanark and Renfrew, he would spend two weeks or more in visiting the Temiscamingue district. On further consideration I agreed to accompany him.

According to arrangement, therefore, we met on the following week at the home of that veteran of Home Missions, Dr. Campbell, of Renfrew. Taking the C.P.R. train going west, we arrived in due time at the town of Mattawa, about 140 miles from Renfrew. This is a brisk town of over 2,000 people, and is beautifully situated at the junction of the Mattawa and Ottawa rivers. It owes its importance mainly to the fact that it is the principal distributing point for the immense lumbering region to the north. The population is largely French and Roman Catholic. There is a Presbyterian church here. The pastor, Mr. McNabb, was then unwell, and had gone over to Rome for physical repairs, that is to say we found him in the hospital, an apparently well-ordered institution, under the auspices of the Roman Catholic Church, but open to all.

From Mattawa we travelled by the Temiscamingue Colonization Railway, a branch of the C.P.R. recently completed. The high rates charged on this line almost took our breath away, but, like true Scotchmen, we resolved to get full value for our money, by missing none of the fine scenery on both sides of the track, and when we reached the end of our journey we were almost ready to admit that it was worth seven cents a mile single fare.

On the newly constructed bridge at Mattawa the road crosses to the Quebec side and follows up the Ottawa river, winding along close by the water's edge. The Ottawa, as its name implies, is a rapid and majestic river, closed in with high and rugged banks, over which the branch streams plunge in roaring, foaming cascades. About forty miles from Mattawa we come to Gordon Creek, a station at the lower end of Lake Temiscamingue. From this point the road leaves the Ottawa, climbs the steep bank, and seven miles up reaches Norcliffe or Kippewa, a small village at the foot of Lake Kippewa. The level of this lake is nearly 300 feet above that of Lake Temiscamingue. These two lakes are connected by a stream

of considerable volume, called Gordon Creek. It has been enlarged and improved for lumbering purposes by Mr. Lumsden, of Ottawa. For three miles of its course, above where it empties into the Ottawa, it is one wild and continuous rapid. Lake Kippewa is a large body of water about a hundred miles in length, consisting of a succession of bays and indentations, and dotted with numerous islands. Hence its name, which means hidden waters. A vast amount of lumbering is carried on here. A steamer belonging to Mr. Lumsden plies regularly on its waters.

At Kippewa we were met by Mr. A. C. Wishart, student of Knox College, who is in charge of this portion of the field. He conducts service at six points covering a distance of some 45 miles. Travelling between his stations by walking, rowing, riding on a hand-car and steamboat, he gets abundance of exercise. It is just the place to develop muscle and backbone. He is doing all that a man can do in such a wide and primitive field.

The next day being Sabbath, service was conducted by Mr. Findlay in the dining-room of the hotel, and communion was dispensed, there being a few members of our Church present. After dinner we boarded a hand car, took off our coats—with the exception, of course, of Mr. Findlay who sat on a box and tried to look comfortable as he squeezed himself into as little space as possible and hung on—and worked our passage down the track to Lumsden's mill, where another service was held in the eating-room of the boarding-house. There were about forty people present, the majority consisting of men working in the mill. Arriving back at Kippewa another service was held, at which I preached, and on Monday evening Mr. Findlay conducted a missionary meeting. The few people here were greatly encouraged and pleased with the services. It was a red-letter day in their history.

We leave early Tuesday morning and from the platform of the hand-car wave adieu to Kippewa with kindest wishes for hospitable friends we found there. We strip off our coats, seize the handles, and whirl ourselves away ere the sun has quite dispelled the morning mists. The air is bracing and the track is down grade, so we make splendid time to Lumsden's mill. Then a walk of two miles beside a roaring torrent, where we get some delightful views, brings us once more to Gordon Creek. After some delay we get on board the *Meteor* and steam away northwards up Lake Temiscamingue. It is a delightful sail. The evening is perfect. The lake being narrow we never lose sight of the shores, whose high and rugged banks are covered with varying shades of green, the dark foliage of the pine mingling with the lighter poplar and birch. The whole scene is lit up by the lingering rays of the setting sun. My companion's fund of stories is inexhaustible, hence the time passes very pleasantly. We reach at length the village of Baie des Peres, a French settlement on the Quebec side, fifty-two miles up the lake, nestling snugly on the shores of a beautiful bay.

Here we found, Mr. Scott, student, in charge of the upper part of the field, also from Knox College. Bronzed and weather-beaten he was from constant exposure on the lake in his skiff, but withal none the worse of his hard summer's toil.

On the following day, through the kindness of Mr. Wright, manager of a silver and lead mine, owned by the London Petroleum Oil Trust Co., we were taken on board his private yacht the *Elsie Ross*, and, after visiting the mine where we had dinner, were landed on the other side of the lake. About half way across our craft caught fire under the boiler. There was a small panic on board for a time, but at last the fire was extinguished, and we were safely landed at a new settlement called Haileybury, on the Ontario side. Here a town site has been surveyed on an ideal spot where the ground slopes gently up from the water's edge. A few buildings have been erected, a saw-mill, a hotel and an English church are in course of

erection. On the following day we were rowed five miles up the bay to another settlement named Liskeard, the rival of Haileybury. Here we attended a picnic given by the English Church Sunday school. There were about 70 people present, many of them being from Muskoka, and old acquaintances of Mr. Findlay's. I also found an old schoolmate who had taken up his abode here and was building a saw-mill. We were prepared if called upon to say some cheering and helpful words to these sturdy pioneers. But the desire to air our eloquence in this scarcely more than broken wilderness was quenched by the chairman, who remarked that as the children were invited out for a sail—which by the way never took place—we would have to forego the pleasure of listening to any other gentlemen present who might otherwise have favoured us with speeches. So we were compelled to bottle up our eloquence for future use, but returned to Haileybury delighted with our visit.

These two settlements are very promising. The soil is good judging from its appearance as well as from the excellent crops of hay, oats, wheat and vegetables which we saw. The land is fairly level and well-timbered. Prices are good, as the people can dispose of their produce to the lumber men. In the summer months they have communications by steamboat. The settlers are a good class, mostly English and Protestant, intelligent and full of confidence in the future prospects of their new home. A large number of young men are moving in. We were assured that they are not troubled with summer frosts, and that the winters are not severely cold. Last winter the lowest point reached by the thermometer was 35° below zero.

Considering the size of the settlement the Presbyterian cause here is strong, and Mr. Findlay laid the foundation of a future congregation. At Haileybury we received as a free gift, from Mr. Farr, a member of the Anglican Church, two town lots for church purposes. The location of these lots was chosen and trustees were appointed. The people are anxious for the services of an ordained missionary. This is certainly what the field needs. The right stamp of man would do excellent work by taking charge of the whole district in winter, and in summer having the assistance of one or more students. Here is a splendid opening for one of our manly, athletic graduates, who desires to render excellent pioneer service for the Church.

Where or under what strange guise will you not find Scotchmen? Paxton Hood in his *Scottish Characteristics*, gives instances of Scotchmen found in the disguise of Russian, Turkish and Sardinian military officers. But up here in this wild region we found a still more remarkable instance of Scottish ubiquity. One of the settlers related how when clearing his land some Indian youths came out of the woods and began helping him. Since they were so friendly he asked their names. To his surprise they answered in broad Doric that their respective names were Sandy, Donald and Rory. Truly the Scotch are a peculiar people.

On Friday Mr. Findlay and I separated. Leaving him on the Ontario side, I crossed over in the *Meteor* to Baie des Peres, passing on the way the beautiful summer resort of a United States millionaire, whose house of cedar logs, built on an island, cost \$7,000.

I visited Fort Temiscamingue, an old Hudson Bay station established about two hundred years ago. It is now abandoned and used only as a summer resort. Here in his old age lived Wm. Garson, an Orkney man, who spent fifty years in the Hudson Bay employ. He died recently in Montreal, and out of his hard-earned savings left \$500 for Presbyterian missions on Lake Temiscamingue, \$2,000 for the Presbyterian cause along the Ottawa river, and \$2,000 to the British and Foreign Bible Society.

On Sabbath morning I failed to gather a congregation together at Baie des Peres. There are only a few Protestant people in the village, and some were absent. It was