

In 1848, with commendable foresight, he started a girls' school for the children of better class people, his own slender purse providing the needful funds to begin with.

In 1854 cholera visited Newfoundland. So many children were left orphans that he at once started the Church of England Orphanage for boys and girls, now grown into two separate establishments; of this time one writes: "It is sadly true that there is not a house where there is not one dead. The clergy had to minister with their own hands (in addition to their priestly work) to the sick and the dying, the bishop directing us by example and fearless devotedness. I have seen him pouring nourishing drinks into the mouth of the poor agonized patient in a room where filth and offensive odours proclaimed the very hotbed of pestilence. Even when friends declined the office, the bishop assisted in carrying the sick to the vehicle in which to be borne to the hospital. He was helped by a lady who had given herself to the work here, and who not only toiled beyond a woman's strength but with more than a woman's kindness and sympathy."

With so few helpers he had great grief when one of his hard worked clergy died. On March 5th, 1856, he writes: "I have just performed the saddest and most painful duty by consigning to darkness and inaction 'his eye and his hand' in the person of the most fond, faithful and efficient arch-deacon bishop ever had. Never was a more real case of a man worked to death. At the same time another missionary was lost to the 'Church militant.' With wearied hand and eye and heavy heart I have to inform you of another sad vacancy in our small missionary band; poor Mr. Boland was caught in a snow storm and frozen to death within a short distance of his own home." A third death gave him in the same year great sadness, yet, as the author of 'Lost Amid the Fogs' writes: "The influence of good, as of evil, is contagious, and the chief missionary who gave up his delights in the fairest vale on earth, the Wye Valley, has not wanted followers even in this sacrifice," and from the lovely village nestling at the foot of the Malvern hills came one "full of faith" to supply one vacant place. With far seeing knowledge of man, he saw that the natives of Labrador must be reached through natives and at St. John's he was educating Kallihiruz, an Eskimo, brought to England by Capt. Ommaney and transferred to him by the authorities of St. Augustine's College; and of him, called by the Father of all races to his rest, he writes: "We miss him he was so gentle, kind and submissive, so regular in his devotions that he spoke by his actions what he could not express with his tongue."

In 1857 he suggested to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel the advisability of a coadjutor or suffragan, (call him by any name most correct and orderly), and with ripened wisdom he says: "A suitable person might be found in the North American colonies," and with his great unselfishness, "I should be quite willing to give up for his support all I now receive from the Society,

(£500,) or if necessary from the Government also, or (note his grand humility!) I should be quite willing and in some respects prefer that another bishop as Bishop of Newfoundland be appointed and I act as his coadjutor without any stipend save that of a missionary." Having little or no private means it is impossible not to admire the great humility and noble generosity of this unselfish apostle. The keen foresight which wished to provide natives as clergy to the Eskimo of Labrador, a girls' school for the upper classes in Newfoundland, also foresaw the grand use of women in Christ's work, and in 1849 he wrote "I should be thankful indeed to provide a stone or a brick house which might afford accommodation, also, if not too bold a thought for a Bishop of Newfoundland, for some sisters, servants of the church whose hearts would not be chilled by mercury below zero, and who, as to fish instead of meat, would not be frightened at a Lent which extended nearly through the year."

He had a very keen sense of humor. I remember him coming into the Church of England Academy and being so overcome by some ludicrous mistake, that after a short time spent in a corner, unsuccessfully trying to smother his laughter, he had to depart.

He always took a fatherly interest in all his Sunday School scholars, and, like General Gordon, kept the run of them. The following letter to me will shew this:—"I wish to introduce to you and your good doctor (Alexander, of Tilt Cove) a young man, who is going to work as a cooper at Tilt Cove. He was brought up in our Sunday School, was confirmed by me and is a communicant. I am anxious that by good advice and good example he may be kept in the right way. Please to express to the doctor my grateful appreciation of his kind and valuable services in the cause of religion and the Church.

"You had better remain till you have taken in a little more ballast, for if you go to Canada without it, sails flying and bunting spread you would be shipwrecked on the shoals of vanity or the rock of self will. I am, my dear Simon, your friend, Edward Newfoundland.

"Let me hear from you and let nothing hinder your due observance of our Lord's command, 'Do this in remembrance of me,' whenever you have the opportunity of proper self-examination. This will be to you a test and evidence of your continuing steadfast in your faith and duty."

In 1867 he secured a coadjutor in Bishop Kelly, who was in active work in Newfoundland for twelve years, and a coadjutrix in Mrs. Mountain, widow of his "right hand and eye, the Mountain priest," both perfect of their kind. His marriage with the widow of his former friend certainly added years (and comfort) to his valuable life.

Beneath a severe manner and at times abrupt speech there lay deep sympathy especially for the poor. It was his painful duty once to deprive a clergyman of his license for six months. This