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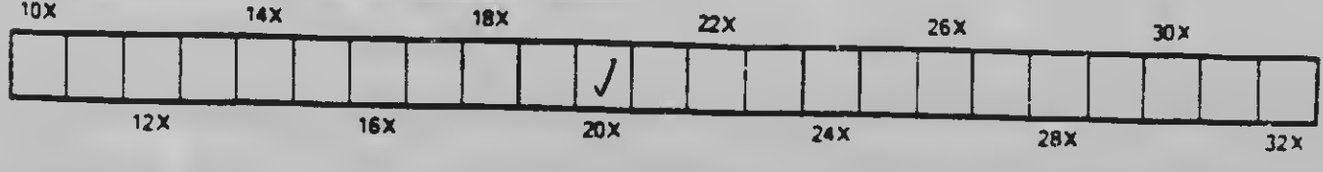

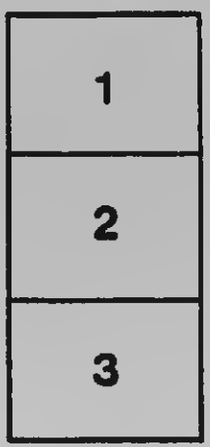

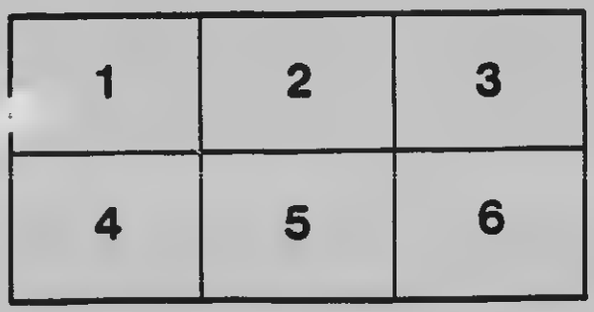

Missionary Pathfinders

Presbyterian Laborers
At Home and Abroad

DR. JOHN GEDDIE

Missionary Pathfinders

PRESBYTERIAN LABORERS AT HOME AND ABROAD

Edited by
Rev. W. S. MacTavish, B.D., Ph.D.

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PREFACE

Interest in Mission Study ought to be maintained. To keep it constantly aroused suitable provision must be made for it. The first requisite is a text book. What more helpful or fascinating course of study could be provided than that which is furnished by these brief biographies? These life stories tell of heroic, self-denying services rendered in this country and in lands afar. The young people who read tbem should surely feel that they are "the heirs of as noble deeds as were ever done 'neath the all-seeing sun"; that they should make the most of the heritage, and that they should prove themselves worthy successors of those noble souls whose characters are here portrayed.

The aims of the Committee when selecting subjects for treatment were to deal with each outstanding feature of our Church's work; and to pass under review the various fields in which our Church is laboring. These aims are, at least, measurably realized in the following pages. Possibly another committee would have selected different subjects, but it is only fair to say that the subjects herein treated were chosen after earnest and careful deliberation.

Cordial thanks are due the writers who have contributed articles to this work, and to the Foreign Mission Committee, the Committee on Sabbath School Publications, and the Westminster Company for cuts kindly loaned.

May this little volume stimulate and develop among the young people of our Church such an interest in Mission Study and such a love of Mission Work that they shall play well their part in the great work of world-wide evangelization.

W. S. MacTavish.

Kingston, November, 1906.

INTRODUCTION

VALUE OF MISSIONARY BIOGRAPHY.

REV. W. S. MACTAVISH, B.D., PH. D.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

But has missionary biography a special value? If so, what is it? Whether we can claim that it is of more than ordinary value or not, we can at least believe that when it is properly written there is nothing higher in the line of biography; because it tells of whole-hearted consecration to the service of Christ, of implicit faith in the divine leadership, of an absolute surrender of the will to God's will, of patient and painstaking labors, of heroic and self-denying services, and of earnest devotion to duty. If, as the poet maintained, we become a part of all we meet, then what we meet in the life-stories of God's honored missionary servants should make us earnest, devoted, diligent, self-denying. Henry Martyn was much impressed as he read the memoirs of David Brainard, and James Hannington's devotion was kindled by reading the story of the lives of Lieutenant Shergold and Mr. T. O'Neill, of the Uganda mission. Quite frequently, indeed, when reading the story of missionary endeavor have we found that those who went to the foreign field

were prompted to do so through the reading of missionary biography. One could wish that some of the young people who read the following brief memoirs might be induced to give themselves to foreign mission work.

The reading of missionary biograghy should awaken a spirit of heroism and self-denial. When we read of Alexander MacKay refusing to accept a lucrative appointment that he might give his life to Christ in Africa; when we read of the younger Gordon offering to go to the field where his brother had been martyred by cruel cannibals; when we read of Livingston suffering no less than thirty attacks of fever when prosecuting his labors in the "Dark Continent"; when we read of Bishop Hannington calmly singing "Safe in the Arms of Jesus" when he believed he was about to be murdered; when we read of Dr. G. L. MacKay, with unflinching courage, meeting the head-hunters of Formosa; when we read of John Eliot, a missionary to the North American Indians, defying those who threatened him, surely we must have a sluggish disposition and a lethargic temperament if we are not prompted to deny ourselves something for our dear Master's sake.

Missionary biography emphasizes the need of faith and patience in our work. Truly has it been said, "Continents like America are not converted in a day, nor in a year, nor in the lifetime of the oldest man." Just as Alexander MacKay was setting out for Uganda, he had a brief conversation with Robert Moffat. The young man asked the veteran what the chief qualification was for a missionary in Africa, and Moffat, with a knowing

smile replied, "Patience, patience, patience." Sometimes "God giveth the increase" soon after the seed has been sown; at other times, as, for example, with Carey in India and Judson in Burmah, the sower must wait long for a harvest. Shall he "murmur at the long delay"? No, "for the prospect is as bright as the promise of God is sure." Sometimes "one soweth and another reapeth." Shall the sower grow impatient because he sees no sign of harvest? No, he must not lose heart, for after awhile he and the reaper "may rejoice together."

We are reminded as we study the memoirs of missionaries, that a short life may be an extremely useful one. Harriet Newell scarcely spent long enough upon the mission field to master the language of the people to whom she was sent, and yet her short life told mightily for Christ. Craigie Hood's years in China were few, but the sweet influences of his life will long be felt, not only in Canada, but also in Honan. Dr. Lucinda Graham's career was brief, but short as it was, it was long enough to set in motion influences which shall long be felt in many quarters.

"That life is long that answers life's great end."

We shall read the following biographies in vain if we are not prompted to make our life answer "life's great end." Let us not forget that

"He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done, each day."

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MISSIONARY PATHFINDERS.

CHAPTER I.

A NOVA SCOTIAN PIONEER—REV JAS. MacGREGOR.

DR. R. MURRAY, HALIFAX.

In the sixteenth century Europe felt the thrill of a new life. The glorious Reformation burst upon the world. There came a spiritual awakening, and emancipation, for which earnest souls had long been praying. Nowhere had the Reformation been welcomed more eagerly than in Scotland. Nowhere had the Church more resolutely flung away the vices, the corruptions, and the errors of the papal system. The reformed Scottish Church was recognized and supported by the people throughout all the country except in the remote Highlands and Islands. King James VI. of Scotland strove to suppress the Reformed Church and in its place set up a servile Prelacy. His successors, Charles I., Charles II., and James II., followed the same policy to the incalculable hurt of the Scottish Church and people. The Revolution of 1688-9 put an end to the prelatic usurpation and persecution, and the Church of Scotland was again Presbyterian and pure. But its life-blood was well nigh

drained by long years of violence, oppression and cruelty. Hence when Presbyterians sought homes in distant colonies the mother Church had little heart or strength to follow them by pastoral care or missionary effort. The desolations at home required for their upbuilding and restoration the best efforts of her foremost men. Scotland had her Secessions, and the first missionaries to our people in this country were mostly from these smaller bodies. The first distinctively Presbyterian Congregation was formed at Londonderry, Nova Scotia. In this place as a centre the Rev. Jas. Lyon labored as a missionary, his parish embracing a wide region of country. He began work in 1761. Five years later the Rev. Mr. Kinloch from the "Burgher Synod," Scotland, arrived at Truro, labored for two years and then returned to Scotland.

In 1767 the Rev. Jas. Murdoch was sent from Scotland as missionary to Nova Scotia, "or any other part of the American Continent." His ministrations extended over three counties and continued till his death in 1800.

On July 3rd, 1770, took place the first ordination of a Presbyterian Minister in Canada. Bruin Romcas Comingoe of the Dutch reformed immigrants, to Luncnburg, N. S., was ordained to minister among his fellow-countrymen. The services were conducted at St. Matthew's Church, Halifax, by Messrs. Lyons and Murdoch (Presbyterian)

and Messrs. Seccombe and Phelps, (Congregationalists). This was the first meeting, and the first Presbyterian ordination. Mr. Comingbe's labors extended over a whole county and continued more than fifty years, until he attained the age of ninety-six years.

In 1786 the Presbytery of Truro was organized, the first in all Canada. At its formation there was present five ministers and two elders. Travelling in those days was slow and diffieult, and the population widely scattered. A large portion of Nova Scotia, the eastern section, had at that time been but rarely reached by the ministrations of any pastor or evangelist. The counties of Pictou, Guysboro, Antigonish, the whole Island of Cape Breton, the whole of Prince Edward Island and portions of Cumberland and northern New Brunswick were in much the same condition.

Many of the people were from the Highlands and islands of Scotland, and desired greatly the services of Gaelic-speaking ministers, and many, alas, were well content to live and die without the ministrations of the Gospel in any form. It was at this crisis when the Presbytery of Truro had been formed and when the necessities of the eastern districts were being fully realized that the Rev. Jas. MacGregor appeared upon the scene. It would be difficult to overstate the importance of his coming, for it was a time of sore need over an extensive area of country. Others might have

been stirred to visit the necessitous field, but there was no one available that was able to speak to the people in their own tongue.

It was the "Anti-Burgher" Presbytery of Glasgow that ordained Mr. MacGregor and sent him to Nova Scotia. It was in connection with the Burgher Church that the Presbytery of Truro had been formed. Mr. MacGregor took part in forming that Presbytery; but when in Pictou an "Anti-Burgher" Presbytery had been formed Mr. MacGregor withdrew from the Presbytery of Truro. So sensitive were our fathers in their unions and disunions and co-operations! However, in 1817 "Burghers" and "Anti-Burghers" united and formed the "Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia." Thus came the first Presbyterian reunion, the happy presage of many reunions since, and of more to come. Dr. MacGregor was a native of Perthshire, Scotland. His father had been brought to an experimental knowledge of the Saviour under the preaching of Ebenezer Erskine. His son, James, was a thoughtful, studious, active boy. He passed through an Arts course in the University of Edinburgh, and Theology he studied under William Moncrief, who was Divinity Professor of the "Anti-Burgher" branch of the Secession Church. Young James believed it to be his duty to preach the Gospel to his Gaelic-speaking fellow-countrymen and he accordingly studied Gaelic with con-

scientious care and diligence, so that he became a master in that language. Before leaving Scotland, and while still a young man, he was employed to revise the Gaelic version of the Scriptures. He wrote excellent Gaelic lyrics of the most orthodox flavor, lyrics often sung in the fields and by the fireside by devout and faithful Highlanders.

When appointed to come to Pictou he had but a dim realization of the character of his mission. He was certain on one point, that he was to preach the Gospel where the need was very great. He set sail from Glasgow June 3rd, 1786, and reached Halifax, N. S., about the 12th of July. He travelled on horseback to Truro with a friend, and found the road extremely rough. The young Scotchman writes,— "About eleven miles from Halifax the road grew worse, but the woods became gradually better, till their beauty, strength and loftiness far surpassed anything of the kind I had ever seen in the Highlands."

"After riding two or three miles through this beautiful scene I began to look for a house, but no house, great or small, appeared." They rode eight miles more, and found a house where they lodged for the night. After that there was no road; there was a perilous path which they traversed for about three days, and they then reached Truro. The new minister had forty miles farther to travel before reaching Pictou. He had to proceed on horse-back,

there being no road, but a blaze to guide the wary traveller. These blazed paths were not uncommon even sixty years ago. A chip off each side of a tree and in the line of travel, helped the stranger to mark his course while the light of day lasted.

Dr. MacGregor preached for the first time at the place where the town of Pictou was destined to grow. Where the town now stands, was then covered with primeval forest. Only two or three houses were within sight of each other, but when it was announced that the new minister had arrived a considerable congregation assembled in Squire Patterson's barn, to hear him. He preached in English and Gaelic. A majority of the people gave the minister a warm welcome, but there was an unruly element that would greatly prefer to be let alone.

Dr. MacGregor was at first profoundly depressed with the aspect spiritual, moral and material, of the field he was to occupy. The people were very poor and ignorant; the Lord's Day was neglected; the ordinances of religion were not generally prized; drunkeness and other vices prevailed; there were no schools or school houses; there were no Churches or organized Congregations; population was sparse; the poverty in some districts was extreme; Gaelic was the dominant language; most of the houses were of round logs with moss stuck between to keep out the winds and drifting snows of winter; the roofs were usually covered with hemlock

bark; horses were very few, and there was not a mile of carriage road.

Dr. MacGregor speedily won the confidence of his fellow-countrymen. His congregation included the settlements around Pictou Harbor and along East River, Middle River and West River. But it speedily extended far beyond Pictou County. It embraced Antigonish and Guysboro counties. It embraced the accessible population of Cape Breton. It embraced a large part of P. E. Island and Northern New Brunswick and a portion of the province of Quebec. No sooner was his charge in Pictou able to spare his services for a week or for successive weeks, than he hastened to fields where there still prevailed lamentable spiritual destitution. Wherever he preached he sought to organize the people in churches which would perpetuate the good work begun so hopefully.

In 1791 Dr. MacGregor made an evangelistic visit to P. E. Island, the garden of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The island was largely settled by immigrants from Scotland who were in extreme destitution so far as a Gospel ministry was concerned. Up to this date the only Minister of the Gospel on the island was a worthy Church of England missionary, a good preacher, and loyal and brotherly in all his dealings with ministers of other churches. In his first visit here Dr. MacGregor made the acquaintance of the Rev. Mr. Des Brisay of the Church of England and admired him and frequently

preached in his church at Charlottetown. The zealous and devout visitor preached in a number of congregations and baptized large numbers of children, often thirty at each service. The people were noisy at the first services but gradually a remarkable change for the better became noticeable. In some districts none had ever heard a sermon, though well up in years. When the Dr. happened to visit a home in which family worship was neglected he would earnestly exhort the parents to attend to this duty, and would sing and pray and read a short chapter in order to show what family worship meant.

There was no stated communication between the mainland and Prince Edward Island. Dr. MacGregor sometimes secured passage by open boat; sometimes by trading vessels.

The concluding days of his first visit to P. E. Island were spent at Princetown, a district never till then visited by a minister. A messenger had come thirty miles to convey a pressing invitation from the people that he should spend a few Sabbaths among them. His time intended for the island was up and he did not know how long he might have to wait for a homeward passage. Still he could not resist the urgent appeal from the people of Princetown. He started on Monday morning, "sometimes walking, sometimes riding and sometimes sailing. Our way was chiefly along a beach of fine sand, and at times among

rocks and stones almost impassable; while at the ferries we had to venture in small canoes and tow the horse after us. The Island horses are used to swimming in this manner and often cross ferries half a mile wide. One horse swam across Richmond Bay, which is six miles over." The people of Princetown had come chiefly from Cantyre in Argyleshire, twenty years ago, and had been ever since destitute of the Gospel. Ignorance abounded, and secret and family prayer was universally neglected. There were sixty unbaptized children in the settlement. Dr. MacGregor preached on the Sabbath days, and employed the week days in visiting every family and teaching from house to house,—especially conversing with parents who were seeking baptism for their children. He would baptize no children until he had a careful conference with the parents and was convinced of their purpose to live like good Christians and bring up their children in the fear of the Lord. Sometimes four or five would be with him at once under instruction, but he usually managed to give more or less instruction to each individual.

Of his return from Princetown he writes:—"I was so concerned for my passage home that I seldom neglected in my praying to beg of my Heavenly Father that He would provide me a passage so that I would be home on the following Sabbath. I resolved to leave Princetown early on Monday

morning lest by a little delay I should lose a passage." But numbers came to bid him farewell and he was detained at Cove Head all night. Early on Tuesday morning he set off for Charlottetown. He met a friend whom he asked if he knew of any vessel going soon to Nova Scotia. The reply was, "What a pity you are so late ! It is not an hour since a schooner left for Pictou." I answered, "Oh, I cannot believe you ; she could not go without me when I was so near." Dr. MacGregor asked the captain's name and address and found that he had not yet started for Pictou. In fifteen minutes he was sailing out of the harbor for home.

"I felt very happy and thankful," said Dr. MacGregor. The captain told him he was ready to sail the previous day. The wind was fair. He felt he could not go but knew not what hindered him. The devout passenger felt convinced that the captain had to wait for him. He told the captain of his delays and detentions and his anxiety for a passage. The captain's reply was that he was pleased to be the means of serving him. Dr. MacGregor reached home in a couple of days and was happy in telling his own people of what had been done in P. E. Island. The missionary believed without reserve in the particular providential care of God. He was a man of fine faith, and he remembered the apostolic injunction, "Pray without ceasing." He had spent six weeks

among the destitute Scottish people of the Island—weeks that he could ill spare from his own arduous and exacting home field. He sowed seed that has borne abundant and most precious harvests ever since. In Nova Scotia, Cape Breton and New Brunswick the missionary travelled extensively, through lonely forests, guided, perhaps, by pocket compasses, or a blaze, and often going long distances without any distinct indication of direction. He became a skilled forest ranger. He did not hesitate to explore the country in any direction that indicated inhabitants, however scattered or remote. He lodged in the log cabins of the pioneers as thankfully as in the homes of the wealthy, and relished the plainest food hospitably provided by the industrious poor. Missionary tours in summer he ventured upon as much as he could, making long journeys by boat, on foot, and sometimes on horseback. In the winter he clung to his own special field, but often resorted to snow-shoes and travelled many a league when the snow lay four or six feet deep in the woods. He accustomed himself to the snow-shoe and used it in the days of his prime, with complete mastery.

As he visited so extensively and travel was so slow and so arduous, his stay in each settlement was necessarily short—from a week to a fortnight—and his toil was incessant. He travelled and preached almost every day, leaving himself but little time for

sleep. From the religious condition of the people, the subjects on which he addressed them were the very essentials of the Gospel. His favorite texts were :—"This is a faithful saying that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" ; "God so loved the world, etc." ; "Be ye reconciled to God" ; "I count all things but loss for the excellency of Christ" etc. He dwelt on man's sinfulness and the evils of sin and the penalties of sin, only to show forth more brightly the love of Christ our Saviour.

Dr. MacGregor used the plainest language in addressing the people, and he spoke with equal fluency in Gaelic and English. He was ever active and alert as long as strength endured. He travelled while he could the pathless solitudes of the Maritime Provinces, not to collect the hire of the laborer from the people of the wood, but to share their hardships and to soothe their sorrows by the tidings of salvation. Wherever a prospect of usefulness opened or a cry of need was heard, he disregarded fatigue and out-braved danger, that the lost sheep might be brought into the fold. He felt the responsibility of addressing many who had never before heard the Gospel and who might never hear it again. Hence his pathetic earnestness and simplicity and singleness of purpose.

The pioneer home missionary a hundred years ago had to face dangers as well as difficulties. Sometimes while toiling wearily

through deep snows in the lonely forest, night would close down upon him. The "blaze" could not be discerned in the darkness and in those days there were no matches by means of which the belated traveller could start a fire. There would be the long cold vigil, the weary waiting for the dawn. Sometimes peril was encountered in crossing flooded mountain streams and rivers. Sometimes voyages along the coast had to be undertaken in open boats ill fitted to withstand rough seas.

Dr. MacGregor met in many districts men and women who were faithful witnesses for Christ—who had, in fact, brought with them from across the Atlantic the practical and saving knowledge of the truth and who were pining for the communion of saints and the ordinances of religion. These men and women, confirmed disciples, eagerly welcomed Dr. MacGregor's visits. They rejoiced to have him baptize their children and to dispense within their reach the Lord's Supper. Communions in the more destitute regions had been practically unknown; but where due preparation could now be made, and a church organized, the Communion was from time to time celebrated. On such occasions it was usual to conduct services on the Thursday, Friday and Saturday preceding the "Sacrament Sabbath," and on the Monday after that day. Communicants were at first very few; but religious revivals marked such occasions and many of the faithful were greatly refreshed. Though by

no means a Sacramentarian, he did not neglect either baptism or the Lord's Supper. He has been known to baptize husband, wife and seven children at the same time. He tells that on a missionary excursion he had agreed to baptize several children at public worship. But no one thought of providing a vessel for water. The preaching was in the open air beside a brook. When the parents presented their children there was no vessel. But the brook was near by, not deep enough for immersing the candidates but not too shallow for sprinkling them. They were sprinkled.

In houses where he lodged, neighbors would usually gather to listen to his prayers and remarks. His conversation would be prolonged far into the night. Some would be around again before breakfast was over. In his later years his farewells were solemn and deeply pathetic.

In 1817 Rev. James Thompson was settled as minister of Miramichi. In order to effect this settlement, Dr. MacGregor had to cross from Pictou to P.E. Island, and to secure there the aid of the Rev. Dr. Kier and one of his elders to proceed from Bedique to Miramichi. They secured passage in a new vessel bound for a cargo of timber. They landed safely, but had scarcely reached shore when the vessel for lack of ballast was capsized in the river. Having attended to the induction they returned in an open boat, 120 miles. The doctor slept soundly on the

stones of the ballast. His tours were invariably evangelistic. The Gospel was his daily song. Preaching was the delight of his heart. These excursions and tours were zealously carried on for thirty-three years, so that few, very few, small and remote Highland settlements failed to be visited by him. All this time he had charge of an extensive congregation and he took his full share in the general work of the Church. He visited Cape Breton twice, devoting months to the work. There were no roads and of course no carriages. Boats were largely used, and horses were occasionally available. Travel was always wearisome and sometimes dangerous; and sometimes in his longer journeys through the forest his strength would utterly fail. His own congregation continued to prosper. The first congregation was, before the close of his ministry, divided into five charges. The divisions in the Presbyterian ranks were largely healed by the union of 1817. Of that united Synod Dr. MacGregor was elected Moderator. In 1824 he was a second time called to the same office. He was one of the first men to urge the training of a native ministry, and he subscribed twenty pounds towards the institution at Pictou. He zealously advocated the cause of the British and Foreign Bible Society. He contended strenuously against the liquor traffic and the desolating scourge of intemperance which in Pictou in the earlier years

of the last century was terrible. He lived long enough to see much fruit from his arduous labors.

On the 3rd day of March, 1830, in the 71st year of his age, in the 46th of his ministry, Dr. MacGregor passed away to his rest and reward. His discharge of the active duties of his ministry continued till within a few days of his death. Only on two Sabbath days of his ministerial career was he hindered from preaching, and only on one of those days was illness the cause. Few men ever toiled more arduously and not too many have been given ampler tokens of the blessing of God. He has left a name untarnished by the faintest taint of self-seeking or any motive lower than the noblest and best. His coming was as life from the dead to his fellow countrymen in the Maritime Provinces and to many others in regions beyond, and his death was the occasion of much sorrow. The men associated with him were like-minded with himself, and he had the gift of winning and retaining the affection and confidence of other men. His monument stands :—A Presbyterian Church healed of its wounds, and zealous for missionary effort at home and abroad—zealous also for education and temperance and the dissemination of the Holy Scriptures, is the grand and enduring monument of the Rev. James MacGregor, D.D.

CHAPTER II.

A MISSIONARY EDUCATOR—DR. THOS. MacCULLOCH.

REV. FRANK BAIRD, M.A.

The Canadian Presbyterian Church had a John Knox of its own—it had Rev. Dr. Thomas MacCulloch.

At first thought it might seem that the comparison here implied by the placing of these two names side by side was unwarranted. Such, however, is not the case. It requires no particular gift of ingenuity to see and to trace a parallel between the great Scot and the great Nova Scotian.

To begin with, both were schoolmasters —which probably accounted for the large and fundamental place each gave to education. Both, by pen and tongue, were champions of Protestantism. Both had a keen sense of humor. Both spent almost all their lives in open and violent conflict with the state,—and both, notwithstanding some false estimates to the contrary, were gentle spirits, lovers of concord and peace. Both saw, with the prophets of Israel, the width and thoroughness necessary for the laying firmly and broadly of the foundations of a church: for each held with Socrates that "ignorance is vice," and both contended

that the state should be a religious agency. Still further, each appeared to die defeated and disappointed, despairing of his respective cause; and yet both left an impress upon the Church and State.

Thomas MacCulloch was born in Renfrewshire, Scotland, in 1766. At an early age he went to Glasgow University, where he took courses both in medicine and in arts. Later, he studied Theology, was ordained and began his ministry in Ayrshire. Having heard the call for missionaries to go to Nova Scotia he offered himself to the General Associate Synod (Antiburger) of the Secession Church, and was by that body appointed as missionary to Prince Edward Island.

In November, 1803, Dr. MacCulloch, then thirty-seven years of age, along with his wife and family, arrived at Pictou. Before the passengers had landed, a citizen of Pictou, John Dawson by name, boarded the vessel and was surprised to find in the possession of one of the passengers a pair of globes. On returning to shore he reported to the citizens the arrival of a man of learning. A little later the people, discovering that the gentleman was also a minister, they, by urging their need of a pastor, were able to convince Dr. MacCulloch that it was his duty to remain in Pictou. The next spring, on June 6th, 1804, he was inducted as pastor of the then meagre and scattered Pictou congregation.

He was met by hardships and opposition almost from the outset. While the Gospel had been preached in Pictou for several years previous to this, by Dr. MacGregor and others, the general atmosphere of the place was far from being religious. It is a mistake to take the Pictou of the present and endeavor to reason backward to the Pictou of a century ago. The community to which MacGregor first, and MacCulloch a little later came, was ungodly and immoral; and only by recognizing and acknowledging this at the outset can the greatness of the work done, and of the men who did it be measured. If, in later years, the place became Scotch and took on the traditionally religious Scottish spirit, it must be admitted that at the beginning it was not so. There is a sense in which the Pictou of to-day is as truly representative of the power of education and of the Gospel as some of the oft-cited islands of the sea.

But in spite of both apathy and opposition Dr. MacCulloch heroically set to work. Dr. MacGregor had been chiefly an evangelist. Dr. MacCulloch, while not denying the necessity for evangelism, was more impressed with the appalling ignorance of the people. He took a wider, less personal more prophetic and national view than did Dr. MacGregor. But he was not less truly an evangelist because more the schoolmaster than his forerunner. The work of each supplemented and strengthened that of the

other. The double appeal to head and heart rounded and secured the foundation of the infant church as nothing else could have done.

From the first, Dr. MacCulloch had been a lover of learning: the two globes prove that. However, it was not until 1805, two years after his arrival, that in meditating upon the alarming ignorance revealed by his catechising of some children at West River, he conceived the idea of founding a school. Before him there opened suddenly and as if by inspiration, the vision of a complete scheme of education, ranging from the primary school up to a college for the training of a native ministry. From that time on, he set himself resolutely and devotedly to give concreteness and reality to the ideal which had become the ruling passion of his life.

He first built, largely with his own hands near his own house in Pictou, a small school-building. It was of logs chinked with moss and clay mortar. The work of teaching was here scarcely begun when the little building was secretly set on fire by an enemy of Dr. MacCulloch, and burned to the ground. Undaunted, the intrepid master and minister built again, on a better site and on a larger scale. Here, in 1811, a dormitory was added to the building, which gave room for sixteen resident pupils. The fame of the little college spread. Students came from all over Nova Scotia, from Cape

Breton, and at one time there were six representatives from the West Indies.

But this school, known as a Grammar School, was but a small part of Dr. MacCulloch's original educational scheme. By 1815, when the Grammar School had been in operation for ten years, the time seemed ripe, and the pupils were ready for another advance step. Accordingly a number of Pictou citizens, who had previously formed a society, began raising funds for the establishment of a more ambitious and advanced institution to be known as an Academy.

It is at this point in time that Dr. MacCulloch and his plans first appear on the political horizon of the province. It has already been stated that his first little log school-house had been burned; but that evidence of hostility was but a foreshadowing of the opposition his larger scheme was to meet in the wider provincial field. And here a glance backward is necessary.

In 1788 there had been founded in another part of Nova Scotia,—at Windsor,—an institution subsequently designated King's College. Its charter, granted by the Imperial government, was reasonably liberal, but the parties to whose lot it fell to make by-laws, so hedged the institution about with Anglican tests and rules, that practically four-fifths of the population of the country,—all Catholics, Presbyterians, Baptists and Methodists — were excluded from its classes and privileges.

Consequently, when Dr. MacCulloch's plan for another institution of higher learning, open to all, was laid before the popular branch of the Legislature, namely, the Assembly, the movement was hailed with satisfaction, and a bill, incorporating a board of trustees for the proposed Academy, was passed unanimously. However, the other branch of the Legislature, termed the Council, took quite a different view.

The seats in this body were held largely by leaders of the Church of England. These, led by the bishop of the province, who was one of their number, seeing in the proposed institution a rallying point for all Dissenters and a possible rival of King's College, so amended the assembly's bill as to restrict the offices of trustee and teacher to either Episcopalians or Presbyterians. By this clever and subtle stroke it was hoped to lessen the chances for success of the new institution by denying authorative places in its government to Catholics, Baptists and Methodists.

But once more the courage and faith of our hero triumphed. Dr. MacCulloch, as first president of the new institution, in the fall of 1817, before the proposed building was erected, opened classes in the house of a private citizen, "teaching besides Greek and Hebrew, Logic, Moral Philosophy and Natural Philosophy. In each of these sciences he drew out a system for himself. And for the first five or six years of the in-

stitution, let it be remembered, he had charge of a congregation, and regularly preached twice a day, save when over-exertion ended in sickness."

Though he had a considerable staff to assist him, Dr. MacCulloch was the life and soul of the entire institution. And various as were the branches assigned him, he taught them all efficiently. Possessed of a clear and powerful intellect he went at once to the centre of any subject in either Arts or Theology: and in addition to being a scholas he was also an inspiring and popular teacher.

As time went on, application was made by the trustees to the Legislature for financial aid. This was generally given reluctantly, owing to the stubborn and hostile attitude of the bishop and Council to the Academy which, however, by the year 1824, was able to graduate a class of seven young men trained for the ministry in both Arts and Theology. Of these seven,—and they where the first regularly trained native ministers sent out by any college in Canada,—three proceeded to Glasgow, and there, on examination, won the degree of M.A. Several other young men entered other professions; and it was now considered that the Academy had vindicated its founder by showing its efficiency and usefulness.

But these evidences of success only roused to greater hostility the opponents of the Academy. Accordingly, when in 1825 the

trustees applied to the government for the removal of denominational restrictions regarding trustees and teachers and asked for the making permanent of the grant of £400 per year, the Council, though the Assembly approved, resolutely denied its assent.

In the year 1826 opposition from another source developed. Two ministers of the Church of Scotland both settled in Pictou, out of a spirit of narrow denominational jealousy on account of the advantage given the Secession Church by the Academy. entered a protest against the teaching of Theology, and joined with the bishops and extreme Episcopalians in opposition to the institution. After this the Council refused even the annual allowance of £400; thus in the year 1827 the Academy, after ten years of useful service, was stripped of all state support.

In 1828 the Council went still further by decreeing that all the Trustees, including Dr. MacCulloch, should be removed and the Academy reduced to the level of a Grammar School; but in this sweeping measure the Assembly refused to concur, and so matters came to a deadlock which continued through 1829 and 1830. The result was that the Academy languished, debt accumulated, and friends became disheartened.

However, by the resolute efforts of Dr. MacCulloch, and one of his former pupils, Jotham Blanchard, a member of the Provincial Assembly and a man of substance

and influence, the life of the Academy was prolonged. The Presbyterian friends of the institution rallied to its support up to the limit of their scanty means. Dr. MacCulloch went home to Scotland to plead for support for the languishing and unfortunate college. Mr. Blanchard carried the whole case to the foot of the throne; and the United Secession Synod petitioned the King with a view to obtaining justice for the Pictou institution.

As a result of these efforts the Governor of Nova Scotia was instructed to inform his Council that provision be made for the maintenance of the Academy out of the funds of the Province. To this order the Council had to bow, but while the grant was passed, the further teaching of Theology was forbidden, four members of the Kirk party were added to the board of Trustees, and while some of the higher branches were retained, it was ordered that a Grammar School be introduced. By these changes the primary and chief aim of Dr. MacCulloch was discarded and he, after years of virulent and unreasonable opposition, was practically forced to abandon the work for which he had sacrificed so much and suffered so long.

That the state of his feelings may be better understood, part of a letter written by him in 1825 may here be quoted.

"I have at present," he writes, "the prospect of beginning the world anew. No

man can have the interests of the Academy more closely at heart than myself, but if our clergy and congregations continue their torpidity, it must go down, and if I must leave it the sooner the better."

In 1838 Dr. MacCulloch, somewhat reluctantly, accepted the presidency of Dalhousie College, a position which he held till his death in 1843. The Pictou Academy, to which he had given so many years of his life, was closed in 1842, but was remodeled and opened a few years later, and is to-day one of the most vigorous and useful institutions of secondary education in Eastern Canada.

* * * *

Of the results of Dr. MacCulloch's forty years of patient and heroic efforts on behalf of education, much might be said. To him, beyond all others, is due the credit of laying the foundations in Canada for liberal, non-sectarian and progressive schools and colleges. His Academy had in it the germs of the present splendid Pictou institution; and he also paved the way for the success of both Dalhousie and Pine Hill. Wherever he went he created an atmosphere that demanded educational institutions. Moreover, he inspired others, and by causing a thirst and zeal for knowledge among his fellows, he lifted Pictou from the darkness of ignorance to that shining eminence which makes it, for all Canada, the true seat and centre of the aristocracy of learning. It is through no mere accident that we find Dawson of

McGill, Grant and Gordon of Queen's, Forrest of Dalhousie, Grant of Naparima, and MacRae of Morin, all College Presidents, were born and first trained in Pictou; and the list could be infinitely extended.

Passing from higher to primary education, Dr. MacCulloch's place is equally notable; for it was in the Pictou Academy that the men were trained who made possible the provincial school law of Dr. Charles Tupper.

Still further, he put the ministry of the Canadian Presbyterian Church on the bed rock of learning. He also struck the first effective blow in Canada for educational equality of rights for all citizens, and, unconsciously perhaps but nevertheless really, by having had the case of the Pictou Academy carried to the Legislature, and later to the Councils of the Empire at Westminster, he raised questions and let in such light upon the iniquitous system that permitted the government of the province by partizan cliques and compacts, as to subsequently make possible the establishment of representative and responsible government. And in this as in all he did, he was not a copyist. He had no model. The country and times called for a creator.

Speaking broadly and generally of Dr. MacCulloch, it may be said that he anticipated the future to a remarkable and unusual degree: for the new emphasis in religion to-day is not on the emotional but

on the intellectual and literary. His is no longer a voice crying in the wilderness. He saw with the single eye of the true prophet the unity of all truth ; to him, in the sphere of knowledge, there was no sacred and no secular—for all was of God and His Kingdom.

And for all his great services he, like Knox, was poorly rewarded, if, indeed, he was rewarded at all. But wisdom may yet be justified of her children. And then our great pioneer missionary educator shall come to his own.

CHAPTER III.

A MISSIONARY IN NEW FRANCE. REV. ALEXANDER SPARK, D.D.

REV. ROBT. CAMPBELL, D.D.

It is only in a special sense that Dr. Alexander Spark, Minister of the Scotch Church, Quebec, known as St. Andrew's Church since 1810, can be called a Missionary in New France, as the full story of his career will make plain. The events in his life are summarized on the mural tablet in the church which was erected during his ministry, and of which he was the first-named trustees: "Sacred to the memory of A. Spark, D.D., first minister of this church, who was born at Marykirk, Scotland, 7th January, 1762, ordained pastor of the Scotch congregation at Quebec 1784, opened this church for divine service 30th November, 1810, and died 7th March, 1819. This monument is erected by his surviving friends and members of his church, in token of their high opinion of his private worth, his public virtues, and his conscientious discharge of the duties of his office."

The present sketch is designed to show how, in the providence of God, Dr. Spark was brought to Quebec, built up a congregation—long the strongest and most influential of the denomination in Canada, and

was used to perform other signal services at a critical stage in the history of our country's development, it being thought important that our young people should know something about him as one of the pioneers of Presbyterianism in this country.

In order to estimate aright the worth and the work of this man we shall need to recall the circumstances under which his work was done and the conditions obtaining at the time he entered upon it. Only twenty years had elapsed since the taking of Quebec, and matters civil, social and religious, following the situation under the French regime, so graphically described by Parkman, were still in a somewhat chaotic state. Let me note two facts which will help us to realize that he belonged to the olden time :— Mention is made in his diaries and registers of negro slaves to whom he ministered, and of the news arriving at Quebec of the progress in Europe of the Napoleonic campaigns.

The English-speaking population of Quebec when he reached it was inconsiderable and of a mixed character. There were a few United Empire Loyalists, who, with a small number of officials from England, occupied whatever places of authority and profit there were to be filled. But there was also a Scottish element consisting of retired soldiers of different ranks, of young heads of departments in the lumbering and other commercial houses, of a few gardeners and

an occasional schoolmaster. These formed the materials with which he had mainly to deal. As a rule ex-soldiers and sailors are scarcely the persons one would choose to rest on for the building of a spiritual cause, being before they enlisted not unfrequently reckless youths prompted by the spirit of adventure. The military men Dr. Spark had to do with were indeed of a higher type than the common run of soldiers. It was the Fraser Highlanders that constituted the backbone of the Presbyterian cause in Quebec. Services were held for them during the time the British garrison was besieged in 1759-60, by their chaplain, Rev. Robert McPherson, who had distinguished himself at the taking of Louisbourg, and this was the beginning out of which St. Andrew's Church ultimately developed. When, at a later period, the headquarters of the regiment returned to Scotland, a proportion of the officers and men whose time was up chose to remain in Quebec, while a part took up their abode in Montreal, founding the St. Gabriel Street Church, while the major part settled on the lands assigned them in the Murray Bay district. It will be remembered that Pitt's policy for winning over the Highland chiefs from the Jacobite faction to the Hanoverian side was an inducement to them to enlist regiments from among their clansmen to fight for the royal cause of which they were to be the officers, a policy which was eminently successful. A

superior lot of men they were too—the flower of the Gaelic-speaking youth of Scotland, and the old records of the Scotch congregation, as it was called up to 1810, show what leal-hearted Presbyterians they were, and how zealously they upheld the hands of their ministers. But associated with them were retired members of other regiments, as well as a sprinkling of Scottish civilians who had left their own country to push their fortunes in the New World. The latter readily obtained appointments on reaching Canada, commended by the intelligence, diligence and character for fidelity which they had acquired at home. The young Scot of this type has for centuries been welcomed abroad, as he has been prone to wander beyond the confines of his own country to a greater extent than his fellow Britons. This is partly due, no doubt, to the fact that Scotland's harsher climate and more rugged soil yield narrower opportunities for its adventurous sons; but besides this, the better education imparted at the parish schools enlarged the outlook on life of the Scottish youth and so all the world became a sphere for them in which to exercise their gifts and energies. Not that they loved their own country less on account of its scantier resources, but because the equation of personal success counted for more with them. But those who are ready to make ventures are not always the most susceptible of religious impressions; and the

records Dr. Spark has left behind him show that he had his own share of difficulties and trials in dealing with them. The persons of whom Dr. Spark had the spiritual oversight were much of the same type as those found in the outposts of our own mission fields to-day,—a few people of culture, but mainly stout-hearted young men of the middle ranks, not seldom generous but of the kind specially liable to be operated upon by temptation.

Several regiments were quartered in Quebec during Dr. Spark's pastorate, to the Presbyterian contingent of which he ministered—among others the Cameronians or 26th, who more than half a century afterwards earned so unenviable a reputation by the part they took in the Gavazzi riots in Montreal. Besides, there are references in the records to visiting warships as well as many merchantmen which brought him work. Quebec was then a much more important point in its relation to the rest of Canada than it is to-day; it was really the only gateway to the interior, and many strangers sojourned in it for a longer or shorter period, and their presence added to the weight of the Presbyterian minister's responsibilities.

In addition to other considerations, Dr. Spark, living at the seat of Government, was expected to maintain a certain social status, as representing one of the National Churches of the Empire. During his minis-

try, no fewer than six different Governors occupied the castle of St. Louis, beginning with Major-General Prescott and ending with the Duke of Richmond, with all of whom the registers show he had something to do. Not a few of the foremost people in the country socially, the Smiths, the Sewells, the Rosses, the Reids, the Grants, the Aylwins, the Wilkies, the Torrances and the Blackwoods, had a more or less intimate connection with the Scotch Church in his day.

All things considered, it was of great consequence that the Presbyterian pulpit of Quebec should be strongly manned at this formative period. Stormy times were ahead, when the rights of the Church of Scotland, as opposed to the claims of the Church of England, had to be contended for. One of these he succeeded in securing in 1796, namely, the right to keep registers of civil status. The claim to a share in the Clergy Reserves was not conceded till nearly half a century later. His entering upon the pastorate of the Scotch Church in 1784 was most opportune. Rev. George Henry, an ex-military chaplain, had been minister of the congregation since 1765, and his strength was failing him when in the providence of God this new spiritual force came upon the scene to relieve the stress of the situation. In Dr. Spark, the man and the times met. A native of a parish in the east of Scotland, he had completed his college

course before coming to Canada. The University of Aberdeen was his Alma Mater, as it was of so many of the Presbyterian clergy who later took up the work of the pastorate in Canada,—and from it he received his degree of Doctor of Divinity in 1804. He was well equipped for the work lying before him. The diary which he kept for a period of nineteen years affords evidence that he was a man of culture who was abreast of the learning of the day. He was also of a scientific turn of mind as shown by the fact that he entered in his diary, during the entire period which it covers, every morning at eight o'clock and every day at noon, the readings of the barometer and thermometer and the direction of the wind; and it is an interesting fact that the two last entries were made on the day of his death. The obituary notice that appeared in the Quebec Gazette on the 11th of March, 1819, immediately after his death, shows the estimate in which he was held.

"The circumstances of the death of this most excellent and much regretted man are peculiarly striking and impressive. He preached in the forenoon on that part of the 24th verse of the 45th chapter of Genesis in which Joseph gave advice to his brethren: 'See that ye fall not out by the way,' and no subject could be treated in a way more fitted to excite piety and devotion. He concluded his sensible and impressive discourse by the words of St. Paul: 'As much as in

thee lies live peaceably with all men.' After this sermon, Dr. Spark went to a funeral and on his way to church in the afternoon he fell in an apopletic fit and almost instantly expired. He was in the 58th year of his age and the 36th of his ministry, and we may say beyond the reach of contradiction that he was not meanly skilled in letters, and in life and manners he observed a simplicity and innocence beyond what are seen in most men, nor has anyone died more universally and more sincerely lamented."

It would appear, therefore, that Dr. Spark was a worthy representative of the Presbyterian community, a man of character and attainments who could hold his own in comparison with the prelates and clergy of the Anglican and Roman Catholic Churches, and this was a matter of some importance at the beginning of our history in Canada. It was also helpful to him that he allied himself in marriage with one of the most influential families in Quebec, taking to wife the widow of a military officer, a daughter of John McCord, a prominent member of the first Parliament of Canada.

It would be misleading, however, to say that it was the possession of a missionary spirit that brought Dr. Spark to Canada, or that his coming was the token of the prevalence of a missionary spirit in Scotland. It was to remain for the 19th century to witness the revival of the apostolic zeal for missions throughout the Christian Church.

As there was no fixed or enlightened policy pursued by the British nation in peopling its possessions in the early history of its colonies, authorities at home, if they did not allow things pretty much to take their own course, at least going stumbling along with their experiments with varying success, as is seen in the sparkling pages of Parkman's histories, which all young Canadians ought to read. The same was true as to the attitude of the home churches; they did not realize the importance of following with watchful oversight their sons who went to dwell in the colonies. It was long before they put forth organized efforts in this direction. This was due in some measure to the insular ideas that prevailed in the British Churches. The spirit which moved the Christians at Antioch to send forth Barnabas and Paul to carry the gospel to regions beyond had been long dormant in Christendom. The Jesuits alone, to their credit be it said, seemed to have possessed it during the early part of the eighteenth century. A great change as to the claims of their fellowmen abroad has passed over the Christian world since the memorable scene took place in the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland when a venerable divine, hearing the argument gravely advanced that the church had too much to do at home to concern itself with the condition of the heathen, had to say to the Moderator on whose desk a copy of the Scriptures lay,

"Rax me the Bible," and to impress upon the brethren that no church was living up to its Lord's instructions that declined to join in the preaching of the gospel to every creature. We have perhaps no right to blame those at the head of affairs at the time in either Church or State, if they did not foresee whereto the colonies in North America would grow. The fact, however, remains that it did not dawn upon them that there was such a future for the New World as has come to pass. And even when there was formed here and there a nucleus of Presbyterians, it took time before anything like a system of church extension, such as happily exists to-day, was arrived at. The colonial churches had to learn by experience how to handle the home mission problem, and some of the early experiments were not very successful.

The career which was most attractive in the eyes of the Scotch divinity students was induction into a parish; and we may believe that had Dr. Spark been able easily to find such a sphere at home Canada would have seen none of him. But then to a greater extent than now, more persons offered for positions than there were places for; and some of the supernumeraries found their way into the army as Chaplains, but more of them turned their attention to teaching. And excellent teachers they made, adding to the already high reputation of the Scotch parish schools. And so when

Governor Simcoe wanted a head for the college he had resolved to establish in Upper Canada, his idea was that a Scottish educationalist should be had, and with this in view he appealed to Dr. Chalmers, then rising into fame, to aid him in procuring a suitable man, the result being that John Strachan, afterwards the redoubtable Bishop of Toronto, was selected. The scheme fell through owing to the Governor's early recall, but circumstances drew Mr. Strachan on to a strenuous life in an unexpected sphere. It was true also of Rev. James Somerville, the first inducted pastor of St. Gabriel Street Church, Montreal, of Dr. Black, founder of St. Paul's Church, Montreal, and of Dr. Urquhart, long the venerated pastor of St. John's Church, Cornwall, that they came to Canada as educationalists, although when openings offered in this country they found their way into the active Ministry. This was the case also with Dr. Spark. He arrived at Quebec in 1780 under a three years' engagement to teach in an Academy, and afterwards became tutor in the family of Colonel Sir John Caldwell, of Belmont, near Quebec. Encouraged by the congregation he visited Scotland in 1784 and was licensed and ordained by the Presbytery of Ellon, and returned immediately to Quebec to enter upon his life's work, first as colleague to Mr. Henry, who died in 1795, and afterwards his successor. Thus the Lord led him by a

way that he knew not, planning for him work different from that which first brought him to Canada.

In the absence of any policy in the home churches for supplying the religious wants of emigrants to the colonies, it was left to the settlers in Canada themselves to take the initiative in the matter of procuring ministers. It was a fortunate thing when there was a sufficient number of Presbyterian families in any settlement to warrant such action, and when there was sufficient heart-hunger for the bread of life to induce them to take it. Not seldom the British residents in the frontier settlements cared for none of these things and cast off all religious restraint when absent from home and country. And it was not always, when they sent petitions to Scotland for ministers, that they met with a prompt response. There was, as we have noted, a special indisposition on the part of candidates for the ministry in the Church of Scotland to go out of sight of those who had the disposal of parishes in their gift. They, indeed, accepted appointments to garrison towns throughout the provinces, but shrank from calls to the rural settlements. Greater success attended the applications made to the preachers of the dissenting churches of Scotland. For them there was not the same temptation detaining them at home and they were readier to take the risk of casting in their lot with their adventurous country-

men who had gone to hew out for themselves homes in the forests of America. Thus it came about that in the Maritime Provinces and in Upper Canada, the earliest pastors in the rural districts were from among the followers of Boston and the Erskines.

That Dr. Spark felt for the religious privations of his fellow-Presbyterians scattered as individuals and in small groups throughout the province of Lower Canada the entries in the parish register make clear. His energies were mainly spent on what may be truly called pioneer mission work. That term well applies to the character of his labors even in Quebec, dealing as he had to do with the Presbyterians who from time to time came to the city as soldiers or sailors, and others in search of fortune. He had to go occasionally as far as Reviere du Loup, Three Rivers, and even Sorel, to officiate at marriages or funerals. And as for baptisms, the entries show that parents brought their children to him from every section of the province. Among others who sought his offices in this matter were Neil McLaren of Malbaie and his wife Margaret Hewet, whom he married in 1811, whose son John was baptised on the 10th of August, 1813,—this being the venerable patriarch of Port-au-Persil, who went home to God in August last, at the age of 93 years. By rendering occasional services to the few Presbyterians scattered throughout

the province, Dr. Spark helped to keep alive in the hearts of his co-religionists a measure of appreciation of spiritual things while they were deprived of the stated ordinances of the Gospel.

Note.—Acknowledgement is made by the writer of the kindness of Rev. A. T. Love, of St. Andrew's Church, Quebec, in giving him free access to the records of that church, and to David Ross McCord, Esq., K.C., of Montreal, a relative, by descent, of Dr. Spark, for a perusal of Dr. Spark's diary in his possession.

CHAPTER IV.

A MISSIONARY WITH A WIDE PARISH. REV. ROBERT McDOWALL.

REV. WM. GRIGG, D.D.

The parish of which the Rev. Robert McDowall was the first Presbyterian minister was a wide one. It may be said to have occupied the same territory in Central Ontario which is now occupied by the Synod of Toronto and Kingston, then an almost unbroken wilderness.

Mr. McDowall was an American of Scotch descent, born in 1768, in Saratoga county, educated at Williams' Colleg-. He was ordained by the Classis, or Presbytery of Albany of the Dutch Reformed Church, whose views -e similar to those taught in the Westmin Confession of Faith and held by the French Huguenots.

The circumstances which brought Mr. McDowell to Canada were these: After the close of the Revolutionary war and the restoration of peace with England, 1784, many of those who had fought on the side of the British, resolved to emigrate to, and settle on Canadian soil. These became known as United Empire Loyalists. Of the Protestant Loyalists a large number were Presbyterians who settled on the banks of the St. Law-

rence, of the Bay of Quinte and of Lake Ontario. Hungering for a supply of Gospel ordinances they naturally applied to the Church of Scotland, but that church delayed help. The Associate Reformed Church in the United States could furnish only occasional supply, and the Scotch and Irish Secession Churches were devoting their chief attention to the Lower Provinces. The Dutch Reformed Church was the first church to adopt systematic and effective measures to supply the spiritual need of the U. E. Loyalists. It was for this purpose that Mr. McDowall was sent by the Classis of Albany to Canada.

He reached his destined field of labor in 1798 and acted for two years as a missionary at large. Declining an invitation to settle in Elizabethtown, (Brockville), he accepted a call to Fredericksburg, Adolphustown, and Ernestown. Fredericksburg was his home and headquarters. Here he was formally inducted in 1800.

At this time he was a stalwart, vigorous man, strong in body and mind, strong in faith and hope, apparently capable of great endurance.

There were great difficulties in the way of the undertaking on which Mr. McDowall had entered. These were referred to in a letter he wrote to the Synod of the Dutch Reformed Church in June 1806.

One great difficulty was the size of the country. "The country," he says, "is ex-

tensive. Many and pressing are the invitations which the missionary frequently receives from distant parts to go and preach the gospel to those who are destitute of it. He has several times gone to York, which is upwards of 200 miles from the place where he lives. It is a very pleasant town and contains a large number of inhabitants. The country is settled about 35 miles towards the north from York, through which settlement he has travelled several times and preached to the people."

Another difficulty was that the missionary used to travel through all the great extent of country, preaching, often, from six to nine times in the week; that in consequence the congregations, Fredericksburg, Ernestown and Adolphustown, among which he was settled, were greatly neglected, often being from three to six weeks without having the Gospel preached to them; and that the missionary's constitution was much debilitated owing to the abundance of his ministerial labors.

Mr. McDowall added: "Another difficulty is that while he is endeavoring to preach the Gospel there are opponents of the truth who are disseminating principles subversive of the fundamentals both of religion and morals. The doctrines of Grace, for example, are being misrepresented and turned into ridicule. Notwithstanding, the missionary has reason to be thankful that the truths of the Gospel have gained the

ascendancy over many and that some who were bitterly opposed to the doctrines of the Cross have cordially embraced them, and, in the judgment of charity, have felt their salutary influence on their souls."

Other kinds of difficulty experienced by the Missionary were found in his lengthened tours over bridgeless rivers, and preaching services in log houses. Thus, Dr. Canniff, in his History of Ontario, writes:—"Mr. McDowall travelled far and near, and in all kinds of weather and at all seasons, sometimes in the canoe or battcau and sometimes on foot. On one occasion he walked all the way from the Bay of Quinte to York (Toronto), following the lake shore and swimming the rivers where they could not be forded."

Additional and varied tours of Mr. McDowall are related by Mr. Thomas W. Casey in the Toronto Globe of the 18th June, 1898. "Sometimes," writes Mr. Casey, "he followed on up west the pioneer settlers, and in some of these trips is said to have watered his horse—his only travelling companion in all these wilderness journeys—in the waters of the Thames River, somewhere in the vicinity of where the city of London now stands. What hardships, privations, difficulties and discouragements in horseback journey through that stretch of nearly 400 miles of Canadian wilderness, a century ago, really represented, few of us can now imagine. Very few of the rivers

had bridges and could be crossed only by swimming or fording. There were no roads in many places, not always even a blazed track.

His first preachings were necessarily in the rude log homes of the early settlers. In many cases there was but one room in the house, with the large fireplace across the end and the beds end to end in the other, and the trundles for the children shoved underneath. The preacher would come sometimes during the day, and get word sent on of his coming. A horn would be sounded in a particular manner and word sent out to the nearest neighbors, who in their turn would send to others, until the news spread for miles around, and more would sometimes gather in than the house could contain. It was not an unusual thing for the preacher to stand in an open door and thus preach to those outside and in. In this way it was often managed to hold services every night during the week for nearly a month's round trip. As school-houses were built, nearly every one was utilized as a preaching place."

Mr. McDowall continued in connection with the Dutch Reformed Church until 1812, in which year the President of the United States, James Madison, proclaimed war against England. In these circumstances, it was difficult to retain the connection between Mr. McDowall and the Dutch Reformed Church. The Church, therefore,

abandoned the mission and Mr. McDowall withdrew and afterwards joincd what was called the Presbytery of the Canadas, which had been organized in 1818. He later joincd the Synod of Canada in connection with the Church of Scotland.

Then there was the rebellion of 1837, to which many people were goaded by a feeling of partiality and injusticc on the part of the rulers. There was, moreover, a long-continued and fierce controversy between rival churches on the subject of clergy reserves. These and other matters rendcred the duties of the minister burdensome and harassing.

From the letters of Mr. McDowall we can form some idea of the difficulties and discouragements he had to deal with, yet notwithstanding these the mission was not a failure. On the contrary, about the year 1806 there were about 17 churches in operation. The names of these are given in the manual of the Dutch Reformcd Church and are the following :—Adolphustown, Andriestown, Aussenburg, Bay of Quinte, Coenradstown, Elizabethtown, Ernestown, Fredericksburg, Hallowell, Little York, Markham, Matilda, Osnaburg, Sophiasburg, Sydney, Williamsburg, also a church 25 miles north of York.

Soon after coming to Canada, Mr. McDowell was married to Hannah Washburn, daughter of a U. E. Loyalist. They had eight children, of whom two died in infancy. Two sons went as ministers to the United

States. His wife survived him till 1852. Both parents and other members of the family are interred in the graveyard near the old homestead in Fredericksburg. For several years after his settlement Mr. McDowell was the only Presbyterian minister in the central part of Upper Canada, and as Methodist ministers were not then permitted by the laws of the Provinces to celebrate marriages, he was very frequently applied to, to unite in marriage those Protestants who did not belong to the Church of England. In a book kept for the purpose there are 752 entries of marriages celebrated by him between 1800 and 1822. The whole number of marriages which he celebrated till 1836 is estimated at 1,100. When Mr. McDowall was settled in Fredericksburg in 1800 there were only three Episcopal ministers in Upper Canada, the Rev. Messrs. Stuart of Kingston, Langhorn of Ernestown, and Addison of Niagara. There were then in the province six Methodist and four Baptist ministers. Four years later there were only two Roman Catholic priests in Upper Canada. The number of Presbyterian ministers in the Province in 1800 was four; these were Rev. Messrs. Bethune, Broeffle, McDowall and Collver, of Simcoe.

The closing month of Mr. McDowall's life are related by the late Rev. William Reid, formerly Minister of Grafton and Colborne, and for many years afterwards the general agent of the Presbyterian church in Canada.

Dr. Reid thus wrote :—"He was present at my ordination in 1840, and remained with me a few days. I well remember to this day some of the wise counsels which his experience, both as a Christian and as a minister, so well fitted him to give. The last time I saw him was at a communion in Demorestville. He was scarcely able to walk or stand, or even to sit, but he reclined in a sort of couch during the service, and addressed the communicants with great impressiveness and tenderness. His death took place in the following year.

At a meeting of the Synod of the Presbyterian Church of Canada in connection with the Church of Scotland in June, 1841, the members resolved to present to Mr. McDowall a testimonial of the high esteem with which they regarded him, and his long faithful and devoted services as a minister of the Gospel, and appointed the Rev. Dr. Mathieson and the Rev. Mr. Gordon to carry this resolution into effect in such a manner as they might deem most suitable and becoming. But within a few weeks after the resolution was passed, Mr. McDowall was beyond the reach of his brethren and friends on earth.

Might he not have adopted the language of the great apostle, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day ; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."

CHAPTER V.

WILLIAM PROUDFOOT: A MANY-SIDED MISSIONARY.

JOHN CAMERON, ESQ.

In the minister's vestry of the First Presbyterian Church, of London, Ontario, (in whose buildings was held the General Assembly of 1906), may be seen the framed pictures of the three pastors who have served it in succession from its organization as a congregation; namely, (1) the present pastor, Rev. W. J. Clark; (2) his predecessor for thirty-eight years, the Rev. J. J. A. Proudfoot; and (3) the subject of this sketch, the Rev. William Proudfoot, the first minister, by whom the congregation was founded in the year 1833. The portrait of William Proudfoot shows the forehead high; the eyes kindly and perceptive; the mouth firm.

William Proudfoot was born at Peebles, Scotland, in 1789; took honors in Arts in Edinburgh University; licensed to preach in 1812 by the Edinburgh Presbytery; and in 1814 united to Isobel Aitcheson in a union of the greatest happiness and affection. He was never so content as when at his "ain fireside" with wife and bairns not far off. He was settled as minister at Pitrodie, Perthshire, where he labored with success for

seventeen years. High-minded, chivalrous, and of powerful intellect, "it was scarcely possible," says one who knew him well, "to hear his conversation or his sermons without feeling elevated above everything unworthy, and without being stimulated to high and honorable purpose." At Pitrodie, too, he conducted with great success an educational Academy of high class.

In the year 1832 (in connection with what would now be known as the United Presbyterian Church) he volunteered as missionary to Canada, in company with Rev. Thomas Christie. and Rev. William Robertson, the first of whom travelled much with him in Upper Canada: in one case they made a trip of 700 miles together, variously on sleigh and waggon, on horseback and on foot. If ever a man had been Providentially trained by previous work and experience to lay foundations in a new country, that man was William Proudfoot.

William Proudfoot kept a daily diary; but most wonderful of all, and unlike most attempts at diary-keeping, for many years he kept it up regularly. This intimate record of things as they were in Upper Canada in the early part of the nineteenth century, is now in the possession of the widow of the late Dr. John J. A. Proudfoot, London. It would be of invaluable use in some future book on the men and times of that day.

It took fifty days for the sailing ship "Crown," from Glasgow, to convey William

Proudfoot and his family to Montreal. As they neared Quebec, the passengers saw the tin roofs of the Citadel glistening in the sun. Passing up the St. Lawrence, "the most beautiful river he ever saw," they came to Montreal. That was the dreadful cholera year. Among the hundreds who that year died of the disease, was one of his fellow-missionaries, Rev. William Robertson.

He pushed on westward, via Lachine, the St. Lawrence, and Lake Ontario, and arrived at "York" (now Toronto), where he remained for some time, and from which he visited Markham and other places. About the middle of September, 1832, he started on a trip and missionary exploration to what is now Western Ontario, going across to Niagara by boat; thence to St. Catharines by stage (there were no railways as yet in Canada); on to Brantford; walked seven miles to Paris through forest; took ticket by stage for London. The roads were bad; at some places the passengers would have to get out and walk, "sinking at every step to the middle of the leg."

He arrived safely in London, now a city nearing 50,000; then a straggling village of about 1,100 souls. "In most of the streets," he says, "are still standing stumps of large trees, and passengers must wend their way in and out of them in the best way they can."

There is no need to detail the chain of circumstances which decided him to make

London his evangelistic and missionary headquarters. In his diary of Nov. 11, 1832, is this entry: "On Sabbath morning I preached in the London school house. I enjoyed commending the Christian faith and the Lord Jesus Christ to men. There had been but short notice, but the house was as full as it could hold. *It was the first Presbyterian sermon in London.*" There was in those early days frequently a joint use of buildings, as we see Mr. Proudfoot preached one Sabbath morning to a full house, while "a Methodist, Mr. Jackson, occupied the place of worship in the middle of the day, and Mr. Cronyn of the Episcopal Church at 4 p.m." (The Rev. Benjamin Cronyn mentioned was afterwards Bishop of Huron, whose memory is perpetuated in the Bishop Cronyn Memorial Church at London.)

Mr. Proudfoot shortly after set out to return to York (Toronto) via Brantford. The roads were horrible. Before reaching Brantford, they called at a tavern called Butler's, "about 9 p.m., in the hope of getting tea; but the servants were all gone to bed. He could give us nothing but gin and crackers, which we did not take." They arrived at Brantford at half-past two in the morning. "Every bed in the tavern (Cotter's) full; we were compelled to go out and chop wood, and make a fire in the bar-room, and sit there weary and hungry and sleepless till the folks got up."

Then to Galt, "a thriving village," where Mr. Proudfoot's heart was warmed by Scotch faces, Scotch plaids, the Scotch accent, and a Scotch welcome.

In February, 1833, he made a tour from London to Goderich by sleigh; en route saw few dwellings and fewer people. "The town contains about 40 houses." Coming back, part of the way was done on an ox sleigh; they slept uneasily all night in a shanty, on the floor, on a bunch of straw, with their feet to the fire, and their heads on a pillow on an inverted chair.

If it is not explicitly so stated in each case, please remember that wherever he went, all over Western Ontario, he preached, and sought out those likely to be interested, and where possible arranged the beginnings of congregations. On March 21st he went over to St. Thomas in the mail coach, (no thought of railroads as yet in Western Ontario), at the bad-roads pace of 2 miles an hour. After looking the place over, he resolved, as he could not hire a conveyance, to take his valise on his back, strapped on with his comforter, and walk back to London. The road beggared description. Creeping along little more than a mile an hour, many times he had to leap the fence to get to a place where he would not be mired.

It was in the year 1883 that he accepted the joint invitation from London Village, Westminister, and the English Settlement,

to be their minister, but the history of the long and fruitful pastorate must be reserved for another occasion.

William Proudfoot has been spoken of not only as a missionary pioneer, but as a many-sided missionary. As the missionary promoter of new congregations, as a faithful evangelical preacher, he did yeoman work. He was the organizer and first clerk of London Presbytery, which held its initial meeting at London on October 3rd, 1843. He was the strong man in the organization of the first Synod bearing the name of London, and there, too, by force of superiority, he was made Clerk. This first Synod met at Hamilton on the 26th of July, 1843. He was likewise official correspondent to the Church in Scotland.

But he also left a great impress on Ontario, in particular, in the matter of education. It was his impulse that started the first public library in Westminster Township, adjoining London. His wise counsel had to do with the organization of day-school education in London. It was the outcome of his initiative that the London Presbytery of that early day established a theological seminary, termed "Divinity Hall," at London, for the training of a native ministry in accordance with the Presbyterian system. By right of acknowledged fitness he was made the first Principal and director, teaching Classics, Philosophy and Theology. One student was his

own son, the late Rev. John J. A. Proudfoot, D.D., afterwards for many years a distinguished Professor and Lecturer on Homiletics and Pastoral Theology in Knox College, Toronto. Another of his sons, by the way, occupied an eminent position—the late Hon. Vice-Chancellor Proudfoot.

Among William Proudfoot's students who in due time attained distinction, was the late Principal William Caven, D.D., of Knox College, Toronto, who in after life was proud to acknowledge that the guiding influences of the scholastic part of his life came from William Proudfoot. When young William Caven passed his examination before the London Presbytery with flying colors, his instructor said to a little group of onlookers, with a kindly twinkle in his eye, "What do you think of my laddie? Cannot we in Canada make ministers as well as the Old Country?" It would have gratified William Proudfoot could he have foreseen that William Caven would one day become Moderator of the General Assembly of Canada; and, later, Moderator of the world-wide Presbyterian Council. It may here be stated that the London theological seminary was finally removed to Toronto, where it eventually joined forces with Knox College; Rev. William Proudfoot journeying to and from Toronto as professor and lecturer, in addition to his work in London as minister.

Another signal service to education was

rendered by him in connection with the early organization of the Provincial University of Ontario (or Upper Canada, as the Province was then called). To get at the matter shortly, there were two contending views and tendencies at that crisis-time of long ago. One side desired the University and College at Toronto to be under the control of the Church of England, though maintained at the public expense. The other view was that the University and College should be truly public institutions, belonging equally to all denominations and to the general public, without denominational tests or control. This latter was the view of William Proudfoot, to whom, among others, copies of the Legislative Bill were sent; and it is on record that his representations to the Government of the day were so clear and convincing, that to him more than to any other is due the establishment in Upper Canada, once for all, of the principle of secular and undenominational control which is the foundation stone of Ontario's splendid university system as we find it to-day.

Another great public agitation in William Proudfoot's time was that for the "Secularization of the Clergy Reserves." To state this question shortly, it may be said the British Government of the early part of the 19th century was disposed to establish in Canada a State Church analogous in principle to the State Church of the Mother

Country. To that end a large quantity of the wild lands of Upper Canada was set apart for the maintenance of "A Protestant clergy." The proceeds of the sale or rental of these lands were to be reserved for the benefit of the clergy—hence the phrase, "Clergy Reserves." The question then arose, to whom were these benefits to apply. It was assumed by the then Governor of Upper Canada, Sir John Colborne, and his administration that the "Clergy Reserves" were intended for the benefit solely of the Church of England in Canada. This view naturally was opposed by the ministers and laymen of other denominations; and there was a long struggle before the view was finally adopted that in the Province of Upper Canada no denomination should be endowed by the State. Needless to say, William Proudfoot, on the public platform, with the pen, and by his singularly attractive conversational powers, was in the thick of the fight on the Voluntary side, aiding greatly in the ultimate victory.

William Proudfoot was a remarkable man, intellectually and spiritually. His style of writing and speech resembled that of Addison. He had a mind well stored through much reading and reflection. He possessed the rare art—one sees it in his diary—of making a subject plain in few words. He had a wonderful gift of expository preaching. Mr. Elliot Grieve, of Lon-

don, who heard him often, says he never knew a minister who imparted so rich an understanding of the Scriptures. The unconscious influence of his personality, though marked by simplicity, seems to have been altogether unusual. In his demeanor there was little of clerical professionalism: he readily adapted himself to all sorts and conditions of men. Fond of children, he loved to pat the little youngsters on the head, and had no slight dexterity in transferring sweeties from his pockets into the hands of boys and girls. He was an enthusiastic admirer of Paul the Apostle, whose logical clearness of mind, philosophical breadth of view, Christian enthusiasm, and capability for self-denial, found affinity in his own mind and heart. He seemed unable to refuse any Providential opening for usefulness; during all his life he did the work of two men—journeying, organizing, preaching, writing, teaching, inspiring, comforting.

William Proudfoot died at London on the 16th of January, 1851, in the 63rd year of his age, and the 38th of his ministry, 20 of which he had spent in London:—dying, as such a man should die, in the full assurance of eternal life. At his burial, we learn from the London Free Press of that time, "The ministers of the various denominations were present, and many mourners in carriages and on foot and the shutters of all the places of business were closed as a token of respect."

The Toronto Globe of January 21st, 1851, in an obituary notice written probably by the Hon. George Brown, said :— "William Proudfoot was a man of great strength of mind, of clear and acute judgment, calm and resolute in thought and action. His mind was of an order to have achieved for its possessor high eminence in any pursuit. A firm friend, a wise counselor, an upright citizen, a kind parent, and a devoted Christian—there are few such men as William Proudfoot."

CHAPTER VI.

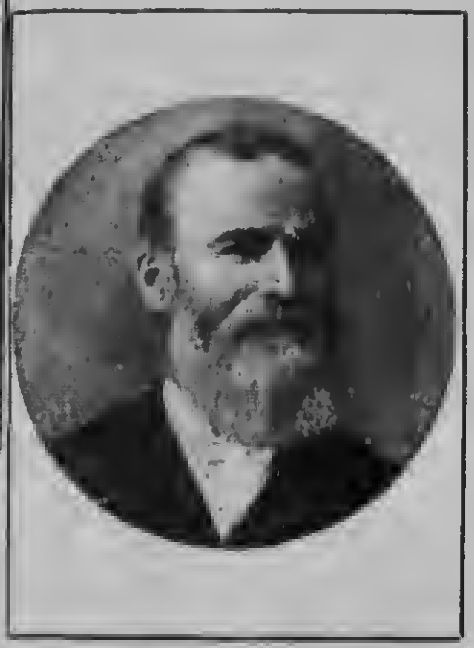
REV. JOHN BLACK, D.D., A WESTERN PIONEER.

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

John Black has peculiar claims to a place in this volume on Missionary Pathfinders. Though Nova Scotia had sent out Dr. Geddie to the New Hebrides four years previously, the subject of this sketch was the first to go out from the Canadas, and the Red River country to which he was designated was then looked upon as more remote, and, from a climatic standpoint, as more inhospitable than any of our present day foreign fields. In that new land Dr. Black endured great hardships as a soldier of Jesus Christ opening the way for the Church which makes Presbyterianism to-day the strongest element in the life of the Canadian West. To have done this, to have stamped his name on the educational life of the country and to have left the inspiring record of a singularly devoted and blameless career, entitles him to a place in the very vanguard of our missionary heroes. The aim of this chapter is to bring, in some degree, the influence of my old pastor to bear upon the young people who read here a brief sketch of his life.

In Eskdale Muir, in Scotland, on a somewhat bleak farm where t'.ere was plain living and high thinking, John Black was born in January, 1818. From the farm at Garwaldshiels to another at Highmoor, twenty miles to the south, the family moved when he was about seven years of age, but the surrounding influences were much of the same kind in both places. The people were mostly of the shepherd class, and their quiet pastoral life gave room for their natural inclination to study. Shallow-mindedness was looked upon as a reproach, and the district that gave the world men like Thomas Boston, who wrote "The Fourfold State"; James Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd"; and Thomas Carlyle, the Seer of Ecclefechan, was one calculated to produce character of strong type. From his earliest childhood John Black was an earnest student, and in his own home of the Red River I have heard him speak of the days when on the hillsides his wise collie would watch the sheep while the young lad, faring on oatmeal for his mid-day meal, feasted his mind upon the books that were his constant companions. The parish school had its famous dominies, and in his determination for advanced study we find John Black at the age of fifteen beginning the work of acquiring the French language. This seems a strange option at the outset, but now it looks Providential, because in after years he was to find this language opening the way in

French Canadian Mission work and becoming a factor in his being chosen to go to the Red River where many of the people were of French extraction. Thus, in what we call remarkable ways, does God work out his purposes with men. Other languages were added, and forty years later Dr. Black was selecting "lads of pairts" from his flock on the Red River and with the skill of an expert teaching them Latin and Greek that they might take up the study for the Gospel ministry. And thus steadily the young boy in the parish school was advancing, reading every book within reach and qualifying himself for the work of teaching with a view to entering the office of the ministry, on which he had early set his heart. But changes were at hand. His father had not been making any financial headway on the Highmoor farm and, urged by relatives who had come to America, the family left their beloved Scotland and came out to New York State, settling in a place called Bovina. Here he worked for a time on the farm till the family was fairly settled, but all the time he was studying with a view to the work on which he had determined. Through a visit to Bovina of a relative from Canada who was in the ministry, as well as through his own patriotic inclinations, he was led to look across the line as a sphere for future labor. He was taking note of the movements in the churches, notably the Disruption in Scotland, and when the same di-



PRINCIPAL MACVICAR

REV. JAS. NESBIT

REV. W. A. MCKAY, D.D.

DR. BLACK

visions that prevailed in Scotland were apparently to obtain in Canada, John Black felt himself drawn to the Free Church side of the situation. Hence, when the Free Church in Canada founded Knox College in Toronto in 1844 he came over and enrolled himself as one of the first students. It may be said here that he always deplored the divisions in the Presbyterian Church, and no one rejoiced more than he when thirty years later all these divisions came to an end in the great union of 1875.

Knox College was not very fully equipped in those early days, but the personality and power of teachers like Dr. Burns, Professor Esson and Professor Rintoul made deep impressions on the students and created a strong type of manhood. In that early class of students we may readily believe that there was not only a spirit of deep studiousness but an evangelical and missionary fervor of the most pronounced kind. Young men like John Black, Robert Ure of Goderich, John Ross of Brucefield, John Scott of London, James Nisbet of Prince Albert, and others, gave early promise of the zeal and energy that made them so influential upon the life of the country in after years. They formed the Knox College Missionary Society and did splendid service in the scattered settlements of Ontario and Quebec. During his first vacation John Black was missionary student in charge of Brock and other Ontario townships, but in his second

year the Missionary Society selected him for work in Quebec on account of his knowledge of French. In this work he engaged almost exclusively during his college course and for a year or two afterwards till the call came to him to go out to the far West to minister there to the famous Highland colony which had settled on the Red River as early as 1812.

It will be necessary at this point to say something of the people to whom John Black now went. and amongst whom he exercised his ministry till the close of his life. The history of Scotland makes us familiar with "the Highland clearances," a term used to designate the sweeping out of their tenants by tyrannous landlords who desired to use their estates for the raising of sheep or for the pleasures of the chase. These "clearances" involved the greatest hardships and loss to the tenants, and in my boyhood days I heard the old people on the Red River speak of how their parents had been turned out on the strath and their cabins burned for fear they should seek shelter in them again. One of these "clearances" took place on the estate of the Duchess of Sutherland in the North of Scotland in the opening years of the last century and great suffering ensued. But God overruled the cruelty of landlords and factors for good, since from these straths there went out to the new world God-fearing men and women who were to lay there

in righteousness the foundations of a new empire of freedom.

To the outcasts from the Sutherlandshire strath of Kildonan there came a Scottish nobleman, the Earl of Selkirk, who was then Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, and he offered to take them to the Red River country and settle them there in a colony under the protection of the company. Some would see in this only a selfish desire on the part of the company to provide for itself a source of supply upon its own ground. But the real fact is that Lord Selkirk was a philanthropist of the best type, that he was grieved over the misfortunes of his fellow countrymen, that he spent his private means in the interests of the colonists, and that, if canonising had been the practice of Presbyterians, Lord Selkirk would have been placed on the list of their patron saints by the old Kildonan settlers after his death in 1820 when he had worn himself out in the earnestness of his life work. As it was they always spoke of him with the utmost gratitude as their benefactor, and his title finds honored recognition amongst the place-names in the West.

When the colonists left Scotland they stipulated for and were promised a pastor of their own faith. One was then arranged for who afterwards was unable to go, and in the meantime James Sutherland an elder of the Church of Scotland, was licensed to

preach, baptise and marry and sent out with the earliest of the settlers. Thus, it should be remembered, the Presbyterians, though without a regularly ordained pastor, were the first to hold services in the Western country, and therefore they are specially expected to hold their pre-eminent place there.

For the first few years after their arrival in the Red River district Lord Selkirk was pressed with work above measure by the serious conflicts between the fur companies, and this, with his early death, accounts for the fact that he did not see the settlers supplied with a pastor according to promise. The story of the efforts of these early colonists to secure the services of their own Church cannot be told here. Suffice it to say that notwithstanding the entry of the Church of England in 1820 and the fine spirit in which the Anglicans and Presbyterians worshipped and worked together in the Church of the former, the Scottish settlers kept alive their own services and the study of their Church standards for well-nigh forty years, till, in answer to their constant requests and petitions to the Hudson's Bay Company and to the Presbyterian Church in Scotland and in Canada, the Rev. John Black was sent to them in 1851. He had graduated from Knox College in 1848 and, resisting opportunities for settlement, had given three years to work in French Canada, except for some weeks of visit to

his parents, who were always in his thoughts. The occasion of this new call was on this wise: Governor Ballenden of the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Garry, on a visit to the east made a special visit to Dr. Robert Burns, then pastor of Knox Church, Toronto, and urged upon him the sending of a Presbyterian Minister to the Red River. Already the matter had been referred to Dr. Burns by the Church in the old land, and with this double request the good doctor practically said that he would get some one to go or go himself. John Black was his choice, and he asked that he be relieved from his work in French Canada and sent to the Red River. Black accepted this pressing call with some hesitation born of his natural diffidence in attempting great tasks. He had no over-estimate of himself, but once he undertook it he would fulfil his undertaking at all hazard and sacrifice.

Writing to James, his brother, afterwards minister of Caledonia and now in Hamilton retired, and asking him to keep in close touch with his parents as he (John) would be far away, he left on his journey by way of St. Paul. There were many difficulties on the journey but he pressed on, the last stage being by birch canoe down the Red River to where Winnipeg now stands. Here he was received most hospitably by Sheriff Ross who had been mainly instrumental in securing the coming of a Presbyterian minister. Lord Selkirk had given the Scottish

settlers a grant of land for a church, and on this lot a manse was then partly erected which was to do for a place of worship for some time. In this place, on the Sabbath succeeding the minister's arrival, service was held and three hundred who had been waiting long years for that day gave their adherence to the new cause. Then they began to plan for a stone church, and despite the flood which next year swept their homes away and destroyed their property these devoted people toiled on, and in 1853 they opened, free of debt, the splendid old building which still stands, surmounted by its cemetery, the Westminster Abbey of Western Presbyterianism.

In this church, for the next thirty years. John Black found the centre of his efforts and the throne of his power. A preacher of prophetic fervor, a pastor of tenderest zeal, an educationalist by birth and training, he made the Kildonan Church a centre of religious influence, the Kildonan school a place of inspiration to young and old, and the Kildonan College (afterwards called Manitoba College and removed to Winnipeg) a reality fraught with enormous possibilities as a missionary institution. For ten years he labored alone without any ministerial help, then James Nisbet came to assist, but it was twenty years after Dr. Black's coming to the Red River that a Presbytery of five ministers was formed, with the honor roll :—John Black, James

Nisbet, William Fletcher, John McNabb and George Bryce, the latter having just then arrived to take up the work of organizing the college which is now doing such noble work. And in this connection special and honorable mention should be made of D. B. Whimster, the Ontario teacher who came to the Red River in 1869 and who, taking hold of the Kildonan school, raised it to such a point of excellence that the College had become an immediate necessity.

Despite the long period of his isolation from the outside world and from ministerial brethren, John Black had kept abreast of the best scholarship of the day, so that when Queen's College, Kingston, in 1876 conferred on him the Doctorate of Divinity, it was a recognition not only of his splendid missionary service but of his ripe scholarship, his power as a preacher, and his unusual excellence as one of the theologians of the Church.

As the changes consequent on Confederation took place, and as new settlers began to come, Dr. Black labored with excessive devotion in order that every point should have religious services. Nothing was more pronounced than his missionary enthusiasm. One might imagine that his lonely outpost duty and the pressing needs of a big territory would have prevented his caring much about still more extended work. But with him the commission of Christ to evangelize the world was ever present, and the follow-

ing extracts from a letter written by him to the Synod in the East in 1864 give a wonderfully vivid insight into his conception of the Church's most pressing duty. After saying that for thirteen years he had not had the privilege of attending a Church court he ventured humbly to suggest special consideration of a subject which he felt to be of great importance. "I am not satisfied," he wrote, "with regard to our Church's position in respect to missions. We are doing nothing directly to spread the Gospel amongst those that are without. I do not forget our Church's great work in Canada and we must establish ourselves with the very earliest in the new settlements. Still there is another branch of the Church in which we clearly fail. We have no heathen mission. If missions are the chief end of the Christian Church, then so far we fail in our chief end. I am not satisfied with this state of things. I feel it a check on my prayers for missions that we are not laboring for missions. I have little heart in trying to stir up a missionary feeling amongst the people when I cannot point out an appropriate channel through which that spirit can vent itself. Nor can I plead for a liberal offering for the Foreign Mission Committee when in the usual acceptation of the term we have no foreign mission at all. It is surely time that the present state of things was changed and our church put in her right position. I think that instead of

feeling such a work a burden we should feel it a relief, that we should feel a liberty and enlargement we do not now experience. Let this be the distinction of the Synod of 1862. Let it begin the work of heathen missions." These are noble words and it is a good thing to know that ere his death in 1882 John Black not only saw the great home work in his beloved land being organized under James Robertson, but that foreign missions amongst the heathen in our own land and elsewhere were being prosecuted with earnestness and success.

Protracted revival services in the old Kildonan Church in the winter of 1880-81 told severely on the already overtaxed strength of the grand old minister. His heart was deeply stirred and he rejoiced in the ingathering. Some of us who were boys then will cherish to the end of our days the conversations we had with him at that time. But even the well-knit frame whose strength we had often admired began to give way—the wonder was that it had stood the strain of that lonely ministry so long. He went East that spring and was present at the Assembly at Kingston where he was offered the Moderatorship but declined on account of health. He returned to Kildonan and took up his beloved work for a while, but gradually grew weaker, and on Sabbath, Feb. 11, 1882, fell asleep in Jesus. He was buried amid the deep mourning of the whole country. Readers of this brief sketch can

see a tablet to his memory in the old Kildonan Church and a great granite shaft over his grave in the cemetery. But when these shall have crumbled into dust the result of his foundation work will still be felt in the land for which he gave his life in the service of God.

CHAPTER VII.

JAMES NISBET—A MISSIONARY TO THE RED MEN.

Rev. R. G. MacBeth, M.A.

When, a few years ago, we found ultra-evolutionists pressing the battle "to the gate," an old fellow-student in Princeton used to say that in his country people felt that the question as to where a man came from was of far less importance than the matter of where he was going and what use he was making of opportunity. With this position agree the Westminster Divines who made the first enquiry in our Catechism, "What is the chief end of man?" Another friend once said to me that herein lay one of the chief points of superiority in our Catechism as against others. Some of them asked first of all, "What is your name?"—a matter of little importance at best, but we asked in affect, "What are you living for?" and thus sought to give a purposeful trend to life. But while we agree as to the relative importance of certain questions, no one of us consider heredity a myth. There are many exceptions, but, in the main, "blood tells," and back somewhere in the family record we generally find some explanation of the qualities of men who became known to

history. This thought came to me again the other day when, in Oakville, Ontario, I had some conversation with a son of the late Rev. James Nisbet, the missionary referred to in the heading of this chapter. This son was carrying a watch which had descended to him from his father, who in turn had inherited it from his father and had carried it during his active missionary life. It was a splendid gold time-piece of the best quality and construction and bore an inscription which stated that it had been presented by workmen in a great Glasgow shipyard to Thomas Nisbet "in approbation of his private worth and his abilities as a tradesman." These qualities to our personal knowledge, reappeared in James, the missionary grandson of the master ship-builder on the Clyde. His private worth, his splendid integrity of character are vouched for by all who came in contact with him, while his skill as an architect and carpenter is evidenced in buildings at the Oakville homestead as well as on the Red and the Saskatchewan Rivers. Perhaps it was the missionary instinct that led the old ship-builder to leave Glasgow and come in the forties to Upper Canada where, true to his love of the water-front, he settled in Oakville on the shore of Lake Ontario. He gave two sons to the mission field. One of them, Henry, went away to the South Seas where he settled in Samoa, the Island that became the home of Robert Louis Steven-

son, who used to tell his friends that after they left San Francisco his place was the third on the right hand side. Henry's career was a worthy one, but it is with the other son, James, that this sketch has to deal.

James Nisbet was born in the parish of Gorbals, Glasgow, on the 8th day of September, 1823. We have no distinct information as to his early advantages in education, but the Scottish home of the intelligent ship-builder would doubtless place every possible opportunity in that direction within reach of the lads who were growing up there. We have it on record that James was a remarkably diligent Bible student from his childhood and that he also took an active interest in the work of the Church and city missions. Perhaps his name still remains as one of the youngest of Sabbath School superintendents, since we find him actually presiding in that capacity over a Mission Sabbath School at the age of fifteen years. To his latest hour he put great stress upon work of this kind as being a leading factor in deepening knowledge of the Bible and in the development of all that is best in young life. When about the age of twenty-two James Nisbet came out to Canada intending at the time to engage in work of contractor and builder in the new land. But though the outlook was specially bright for making a comparative fortune in that direction, the need of missionaries

amongst the scattered settlements of Canada so appealed to him that he dropped his plans and decided, without regard to the financial sacrifice, to devote himself to the work of the ministry. Knox College, Toronto, had just been opened by the Free Church section of Canadian Presbyterianism and to this institution James Nisbet went amongst the earliest students. Here he found class mates like John Black, afterwards of the Red River, John Ross of Brucefield, Robert Ure of Goderich, young men whose apostolic zeal was to tell marvellously on the future of the country. Busy sessions of study with work in the mission fields between filled up the next few years, and in 1850 James Nisbet was ordained as the first pastor of Oakville, Ontario, with associated stations in the county of Halton. Here he labored with great diligence and success for twelve years, during which time the work made rapid advancement and took permanent shape. Throughout this whole region he is remembered for his absolute devotion to his pastoral duty and for the saintliness of his personal life. I have met many of the older generation who have throughout all the years cherished the memory of fellowship with him and to this day the influence of his pastorate is felt in the way in which the younger people revere the memory and the record of his work.

But a new field was calling for workers with a more clamant cry. John Black, of

that earliest class in Knox College, had gone out to the Red River in 1851 to minister to the Highland colony that had been waiting nearly forty years for a minister of their own creed. Settlement was taking place gradually in that new country, and for a whole decade Black had been bravely holding up the Blue Banner, like a solitary soldier on outpost duty. He could, with difficulty, conduct services here and there amongst the white settlers, but the Indians out on the great plains were unreached by him or his lay-helpers, and John Black felt this to be a reproach to Presbyterianism as an exponent of a missionary faith. Accordingly he kept constantly asking the Church in Eastern Canada to send out a missionary to these red children of the plains. For years the Church was thus importuned but did not see the way clear to respond till in 1862 it resolved to send out the Rev. James Nisbet of Oakville with a view to his assisting Mr. Black on the Red River, and with the prospect, at some time, of doing missionary service amongst the Indians. To reach the Red River country from Ontario then involved a longer time and more hardship than the journey for our missionaries to China at the present day, but Mr. Nisbet was not one to count the cost of his missionary spirit. His coming greatly rejoiced the heart of John Black, and for four years they wrought together in extending the work of the Church and in deepening the in-

terests of education. During this time, Mr. Nisbet, feeling that the old log school house which had served the needs of pioneer days had become unsuitable for the growing needs of the place, drafted a plan for a new stone building with great improvements in the matter of seating and ventilation. He took general charge of the building and did much of the inside woodwork with his own hands. So well was the plan conceived and executed that for forty years (1864-1904) this school served the purpose for the district. Within its walls many who in later years became prominent in the life of the country received their education, and in one room of this school Manitoba College was founded in 1871 and maintained for a year there till the separate building could be erected. Another important event in Mr. Nisbet's life was his marriage in the same year, 1864, to Mary MacBeth, a daughter of the Hon. Robert MacBeth, one of the Selkirk colonists and a member of the Council of Assiniboia under the Hudson's Bay Company.

Two years afterwards (1866) the synod acceded to the wishes of the two Red River ministers and appointed Mr. Nisbet to take up missionary work amongst the Cree Indians in the Saskatchewan country to the far west. At once preparations were made for the toilsome journey. The old Highland parish on the Red River, in which Mr. Nisbet resided and to which his wife belonged, took great interest in the enterprise, and

with much sacrifice helped to provide an outfit for the expedition. There was not much money about in those early days, but these sturdy Presbyterians raised an amount equal to $500 in our money, and many of them made valuable gifts in the shape of horses, oxen, carts and harness for the long trip across the prairies. Services were held in the old church and the mission was the child of many prayers. The day of the outgoing of the expedition must have been one of mingled joy and sadness in the home of the writer of this sketch. But a few months before the father had lost by death his partner in life. Now two of the daughters were going away, Mrs. Nisbet and Mrs. John MacKay, the latter being the wife of Mr. Nisbet's companion in the work, who afterwards became the missionary on the Mistawasis Reserve. To add to the sadness, the youngest of the two daughters left at home was greviously ill, and at the close of the first day's journey a courier overtook the missionary party to say that she had passed away. It was a mournful evening on the camp on the prairie, and the other day I saw in an old Presbyterian Record a letter written by Mr. Nisbet to Dr. Burns that evening. It related the circumstances and told how they all longed to return to the lonely home for a few days more, but this would mean an unsettling of all the plans for the journey, and after prayer they decided that it was their duty to go on in the

way God had called them. Verily, these missionaries were proving their discipleship in putting Christ first, and they did not lose their reward.

For full forty days they journeyed over the plains under the guidance of John Mac Kay, who was a noted buffalo hunter. In a letter addressed to the Sabbath School children of the West Church, Toronto, who were contributing to the work, Mr. Nisbet gives this note of the journey :— "All our goods were carried on carts, each drawn by one ox harnessed something like a horse. Mrs. N. and our little girl and a young woman rode on a light wagon with canvas top such as you sometimes use in Canada. For myself, I was generally on horseback but frequently walking as the oxen do not go fast. We had tents which we pitched every night in which we were generally quite comfortable. Both men and animals enjoyed the Sabbath rest and we held regular Sabbath services. We had to cross many rivers and creeks and our boat would generally be two cart wheels lashed together with a canvas or hide spread over the top."

Finally the missionary party located on the north branch of the Saskatchewan, and Mr. Nisbet called the place Prince Albert after the good Prince who had recently passed away, leaving the British throne "a lonely splendour." To-day the city of Prince Albert is a living monument to the work of its founder. The missionary and

not the land speculator has everywhere been the real maker of the West.

But those early days were days of great anxiety and ceaseless toil. Buildings had to be erected for dwellings, for school and mission work, and here Mr. Nisbet's skill as an architect and builder proved him the right man to be the founder of such a work. Roving bands of Indians occasionally objected to what seemed an interference with their hunting ground, but George Flett (afterwards missionary at Okanase) who had joined the party, claimed his rights as a native of the Saskatchewan country and said he was entitled to a share of the land which he could give to the mission. John MacKay was a tower of strength in those critical days. The Indians always admire strength and manly prowess and he was plentifully endowed with both. Broad-shouldered, deep-chested, immensely powerful, a leader in the buffalo hunt, and thoroughly acquainted with the language and habits of the Indians, MacKay had unbounded influence over them. In after years he was ordained by our Church and sent out to the Mistawasis Reserve as a missionary, and it will be always remembered that in 1885 when rebellion was afoot in the immediate neighborhood, his Indians not only remained loyal but offered their services to the government for the defence of the surrounding settlements.

As one looks back over the history he is

surprised to find how much Mr. Nisbet accomplished at Prince Albert in the brief space of seven years. Excellent buildings were erected for dwellings, church and school, farms were started that the Indians might learn the advantages of a settled life, numbers of Indian children were gathered together for training and large numbers of adults were brought into connection with the Church. The success of the mission farms and general work began to attract attention, and many white settlers from points as distant as the Red River began to take up land in the district. This, while a great tribute to the success of Mr. Nisbet's work, was in one sense a disadvantage, as the Indians would gradually withdraw before the incoming of settlement. But he adjusted the work to the changing circumstances and while arranging for services amongst the Indians, cared for the settlers as well, and thus laid the foundation of the present flourishing Church at Prince Albert.

But the health of the missionary and his wife was breaking under the strain of their protracted and arduous toil. In the hope of regaining strength by change and rest they started in the midsummer of 1874 for the old home at Kildonan, accompanied by the faithful John MacKay. The journey of over a month in a wagon across the plains did not tend to health; they had stayed too long at their post for that, and when they arrived at Kildonan they were both very

weak and worn. On the 19th of September, 1874, Mrs. Nisbet died there in the home of her childhood, and eleven days after her husband was called to his rest and reward. He was seriously ill only a few days apparently, but must have been borne up to the last by his indomitable spirit. He was taken ill one night, but as was characteristic of him he preferred to wait for the day rather than disturb the household, and next morning he said the experience was good because he had learned the meaning of David's words—"I long for Thee, O Lord, as those who watch for the morning."

In the old graveyard at Kildonan the dust of the devoted missionary and his wife rests under the shadow of the splendid shaft erected to their memory by the Presbyterian Church. But their noblest monument is the record of their self-sacrificing labor for the dusky children of the great Saskatchewan.

When we study the splendid work our Church is now doing for the Indians of the North West, our hearts go back to James Nisbet, whom the Lord called to the honored place of leadership, and who gave himself without reserve to the task.

In recognition of his devoted life, friends who knew the measure of his sacrifice recently placed a painting of this Missionary Pathfinder in the gallery of Western worthies at our College in Winnipeg. It portrays the mild but resolute face of one of the saintliest servants of Jesus Christ we ever had the honor to know.

CHAPTER VIII.

A CHAMPION OF AUGMENTATION: REV. D. J. MACDONNELL, B.D.

MRS. ROBERT CAMPBELL, MONTREAL.

Mr. Macdonnell was born in Bathurst, N.B., where his father was minister of the Church of Scotland for some years. Daniel James was the eldest son, and an uncommonly bright boy, reading Caesar at six years of age, and even then announcing his determination to be a Minister. With his father the education of his family was part of his religion. By the strictest economy and the most thoughtful self-sacrifice the parents were able to give their son the best advantages for higher learning. The family came to Ontario in 1852, and James was prepared for college by Dr. Tassie, of Galt, the foremost teacher of his day. He entered "Queen's" in 1855, taking first place in his classes, and holding it generally throughout his college course, winning at the same time the esteem and affection of his classmates, all of whom were older, some much older than himself. Graduating in 1858, he spent the next four years in teaching, carrying on at the same time his theological studies at "Queen's." In 1863, a plan long cherished by his parents was realized, and he went to

Scotland to pursue his studies under Dr. John Caird, D. Robertson and other Scotish Professors. He also attended classes in Heidelberg and Berlin, urged to do so by Dr. Norman McLeod, who was interested in him first as a friend of his father, and then for his own sake. The studies in Scotland and Germany at a time when the new spirit of inquiry in Theology was asserting itself, developed in him that openness of mind and candid frankness in dealing with religious difficulties, which were in part the secret of his influence with young men, so marked throughout his ministry. To quote from a chapter in his biography—"What was it that gave this man such an influence over men? It was not his unusual abilities, though he was admitted to be a scholar, vigorous in his thinking and forceful in his speech. * * * There were as great orators in the Toronto pulpit, and perhaps men of as large scholarship and as profound thought. It may be that his own personal experience, and the keenness of the struggle which came to him before he found "A stronger faith his own" gave to this man an insight and a sympathy, but that alone would not do it. Most men have had times of darkness more or less trying. It was his sympathetic insight, and his uncommon genuineness in thought and speech and life that made Macdonnell loved and trusted and followed."

He came back from Scotland in 1866, full of generous impulses and noblest long-

ings to serve the Master, and began his ministry in Peterboro in that year. His work there was happy and successful, and it cost him a struggle to leave it and accept a call to St. Andrews, Toronto, in 1870. He had not been tempted by an invitation from St. Andrews, Montreal, but the call from the "struggling and necessitous" congregation in Toronto was to him irresistible. Here he came, and here spent the best of his life—a laborious, happy, and useful life—supported in all his plans for the extension of the Kingdom of Heaven by a loving and helpful congregation. When the question of the union of the various Presbyterian Churches was to be decided, the congregation of St. Andrews was by no means unanimous for union. "The leaven of his spirit, however, kept working among them and as the movement was essentially a progressive one, they were nearly all won over sooner or later. When the union was finally accomplished in June, 1875, there was no one among the hundreds that assembled to take part in the proceedings who looked forward with more prophetic insight into the great future than the young Minister of St. Andrews Church, Toronto. Not even the strain to which his loyalty was subjected when, a year or two later when the Assembly questioned his position on crucial points of doctrine, could shake his belief in the intrinsic value of this union, so that he came out of that experience "As gold tried in the fire," feeling more deeply than ever

his responsibility as the Messenger of Christ to his fellow-men.

One of the difficult questions which had delayed the Union was concerning the colleges belonging to the various churches. Himself a graduate of "Queen's," her destinies at this time gave him anxiety, yet he foresaw that time and patience—putting the right men in the important places—and thorough equipment would solve the problem not only of Queen's but of all the others. To aid this work he gave time, energy, and money. "His services to Queen's form a chapter of his life." But he was not merely a Queen's man. He held a place for years on the Governing Board of Toronto University and Knox College, giving them of his best. Hence, it is said, "the effect of his utterances in helping to energize and invigorate the most aggressive agencies of the church."

The editor of the "Life and Work" says of Mr. Macdonnell and his people at this time: "St. Andrews was emphatically and above everything else a Home Mission Church, and its minister, though occupying no regular out field station, was one of the greatest of Canadian Home Missionaries. It was but natural then, that, "Among the causes which enlisted the sympathies of pastor and people a foremost place was taken by the new scheme of Augmentation." The necessity for such a scheme arose in this way.

During the first period after the Union of 1875, the efforts of the church were mainly confined to planting and maintaining Mission stations in outpost settlements. Once established as pastoral charges they were left to shift for themselves. The consequence was that being too weak to attract candidates, these congregations often suffered from long vacancies. The same difficulty was felt seriously also in weak and struggling congregations in the old settlements. So clamant were the cases in the Province of Quebec that the Presbytery of Montreal determined to find a remedy for these evils within its own bounds. The late Dr. A. B. Mackay, of Montreal, took up the matter with his usual vigor and enthusiasm, visiting and addressing the congregations of the Presbytery and stirring them up to consider the claims of weaker charges. Proposals were submitted to the Presbytery having in view the supplementing of the stipends of all the ministers in the Presbytery so as to secure that every one of them receive at least $750, and a manse. This scheme was reported to the Assembly, and gave rise to an animated discussion. It was conceded that the movement was needed, and the efforts of the Presbytery of Montreal were commended as showing a proper sympathy for the weaker causes on the part of the stronger ones; but the point was at once raised whether it was right that so strong a Presbytery as Montreal should

confine its sympathies and efforts to the congregations within its own borders.

No one so strongly deprecated action by single Presbyteries as Mr. Macdonnell. "The whole church, the whole cause of Christ was to him one great enterprise," and he made in the Assembly one of his impassioned speeches, beseeching the church to adopt a more generous and general movement under the control of the Assembly. His view was ably supported and a resolution carried that an effort should be made to raise the stipends of Ministers in the smaller charges throughout the entire church. That was the beginning of what afterwards came to be known as the Augmentation Scheme.

At first the matter was taken up by the existing Home Mission Committee, and was worked for a few years as part of the scheme under its management. In time, however, the actual Home Mission work of the church grew to such dimensions, while at the same time the demand for supplementing the stipends of settled pastors became so urgent, that it was felt that the interests of both would be best served by a division of labor, making each a separate department. The separation was approved of by the Assembly, and in 1883 Mr. Macdonnell was appointed Convener of the next Committee on Augmentation.

The principle of supplementing weak congregations, which had been long in operation in the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland was adopted rather than that of

a Sustentation Fund which some advocated, seeing the splendid results it had yielded in extending and maintaining the Free Church of Scotland.

So the scheme was launched, but it did not at once receive the support and sympathy of the Church. The Convener threw himself into the advocacy of the scheme with all his characteristic ardour and hopefulness. Another of his biographers writing of him at this time says: "The enterprise of bringing the salaries of ministers of weak and struggling charges up to a reasonable minimum appealed to one of the strongest and most susceptible elements of Mr. Macdonnell's nature."

"His sense of the oneness of the Church and the essential brotherhood of the Ministry was so strong and practical that the struggles and difficulties of any of his brethren were made at once his own. He reckoned his position of pecuniary ease and worldly advantage, not as a distinction, but as a privilege to be used for the well-being of his beloved church and his no less beloved fellow-workers. How often have we heard him protest in thunder tones that the real heroes of the Ministry were those who accepted hardships and privation for the sake of building up the waste places of the Church." * * * "With high hopes and great enthusiasm he entered on his mission (as Convener). It seemed all so good to him, and he so believed in the generosity of the Church that he laid broad plans, and

carefully perfected their details in anticipation of the first meeting of the Committee. Members dropping into his house before the sessions of that meeting went away impressed with the rare spirit of devotion and of reliance on the divine help, in which he approached the work. The meeting came and he was as one inspired. His prayers drew those who were present to the side of the Master and laid upon them this service as one in which He was interested and which He would bless. Then he unfolded his plans and talked rapidly and earnestly of all that should be done—sought advice and suggestions, and gladly accepted every helpful hint. * * * What inspiration there was in his words. In his presence no one could doubt that all he had spoken of would be accomplished. * * * Then he began the work, went everywhere arousing interest, ably assisted by Dr. Warden, Dr. Campbell of Renfrew, and others, and a certain degree of success was reached." The response was not so cordial as he had expected. Still he would not be discouraged. He was sure of the results at length—in time—"And encouragement came to him as he saw the speedy advance of congregations from a place on the augmented list to a self-sustaining position." * * * "So with the faith that failed not, he pressed on. Through the dark days when few believed with him, through the days when his home was left desolate—through the days of overwork and failing strength when he was mak-

ing large drafts upon the future, down to the very end he gave himself to the work. * * * The advocacy of this scheme probably occasioned more frequent absences from the city than did any other single cause. Sunday and week day meetings alike in town and country, were enlivened by his moving discourses, and probably no other single line of activity brought him to the hearts of his brethren, or contributed so much to the boundless affection cherished for him throughout the Communion. * * * A little more than a year before the end he suggested changes in the mode of working, and these were approved by the Assembly. * * * New plans were formed, Presbyteries were again appealed to, and the result of the first year's work was favorable. He was greatly encouraged, and again became hopeful. "Let there be another year without a deficit and we shall do well!" But it was his last message. Before the year closed he had entered into his rest. It cheered his heart in the end to know that there would be another year without a deficit. For the rest he left it in the hand of God, and handed back to the Church the work which had been committed to him, earnestly commending it to the Church's care."

And what of Augmentation now? Under the leadership of Mr. Macdonnell's successor in the Convenership Dr. Campbell of Renfrew, the scheme has gradually worked its way into the convictions and the good will

of the people. Its ultimate success is undoubtedly due to the energy and zeal of those who during the early years of struggle and difficulty never lost heart but believed that in due time "God would bring it to pass."

And in its administration it has been a boon and a blessing. No longer are small charges avoided, and long vacancies are comparatively rare. It is serving the double purpose of nursing and tending new causes till they become self-sustaining—174 such received aid during the last church year. And it is keeping alive small churches in old and decayed settlements, where otherwise ordinances could not be maintained, but which the Church dare not forsake, especially in the Province of Quebec.

CHAPTER IX.

THE REV. WILLIAM COCHRANE, D.D. —AN UNTIRING ADVOCATE OF HOME MISSIONS.

REV. R. N. GRANT, D.D.

Dr. Cochrane was a "Paisley body." In that old Scotch city, noted for its manufacturing interests and Radical politics, he was born on the 9th of February, 1831. His father was from Dalry, Ayrshire, and his mother from Arran. He was sent to school when four years of age. About his school days we have no information, and we need none. He must have been a bright, active, ambitious little fellow. Even a Paisley dominie could not have transformed a dull stupid boy into a William Cochrane.

At the age of twelve he entered the service of Murray & Stewart, booksellers of Paisley, as message boy, and in a few years rose to be manager of the business. He knew the contents of many books as well as their price, his manner was courteous and obliging, and he soon became a popular salesman.

During the years that he was in the book store mentioned young Cochrane was a member of the Free Middle Church of Paisley, then under the pastoral care of Dr.

REV. D. J. MACDONNELL

REV. DR. ROBERTSON

DR. COCHRANE

LUCINDA GRAHAM

William Fraser. There was a young men's society in the church, and it may go unsaid that William Cochrane was an active and energetic member. He was also a member of two or three other religious societies, and took an active part in their work.

In 1853, his mother, who had been a widow for years, died. The day on which she passed to her reward he described in his diary as "the most agonizing day of his existence. Oh God, what shall I answer Thee? Teach me, oh teach me submission."

It had always been his mother's desire and prayer that her son should be a minister. In that laudable desire the son most earnestly concurred. But there were difficulties, chiefly of a financial kind, in the way. To overcome, if possible, these difficulties young Cochrane, while still retaining his position as manager in the Paisley bookstore, attended classes in the Glasgow University. Lectures in his classes began at 7.30 in the morning and he had to travel 8 miles, often on foot, before daylight, in order to be in time, and then return to business in Paisley. Whether he could have fought his way to the pulpit through such difficulties no one can tell. Help came from an unexpected quarter. A few days after his mother's death, Mr. Robert Brown, of Cincinnati, an old friend of the family, came to Paisley to visit Mrs. Cochrane. She was then in her grave. Learning that her son wished to be a minister he generously proposed that he and his brother in Cincinnati

should provide the necessary financial help. They were helping a number of other worthy aspirants to the ministry, and he wanted to add young Cochrane's name to the list. There was one condition, however, which Cochrane and some of his friends did not altogether like. Mr. Brown stipulated that the young man should come to America and take his course in American Colleges. Cochrane did not care to leave Paisley. However, after much consideration and many farewells we find him in July of the following year on board the steamship Glasgow bound for New York. Young Cochrane fought and won many a hard battle, but sea sickness always mastered him. On this voyage to New York he lay in his berth most of the time, and according to his diary was "miserable, dull, dejected, downcast, disconsolate. A man who could pile up adjectives at this rate must have had some vigor left in him, a view of the situation which is strengthened by another paragraph in his well-kept diary. His berth mate was the late Rev. P. Glassford of Vaughan, one of whose sons is the esteemed pastor of Chalmers' Church, Guelph. "Glassford and I, poor mortals, lay and chatted about church and state. We discussed all the notables of the past and present centuries—Dr. Chalmers, Dr. McGill, Dickson, Cairns, McDougall, Brewster, etc. Got some good hints as to study."

All things come to an end sometime, and this voyage ended in fifteen days. After

spending a few days in New York calling upon friends and tramping through the city until his feet were swollen, the future Home Mission Convener started to Cincinnati, where he was warmly received by Daniel and Robert Brown and other Scotch friends. In Cincinnati he worshipped in the church with which the Browns were connected, taught in the Sabbath School and made himself generally useful.

The next step in the career of our untiring advocate of Home Missions was to select a college in which to begin his studies. Hanover was the nearest to Cincinnati, and after some consideration he and his friends decided that he should enter that institution. He had some difficulty at first on account of his deficient knowledge of mathematics, but that was soon overcome. After three years of continuous study—Hanover had a summer session—he was graduated in August, 1857. Soon after graduation he preached his first sermon. The late Dr. T. G. Smith of Kingston was at that time pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church of Cincinnati, and he invited Mr. Cochrane to preach for him. The text was I Corinthians i. 22, and the sermon fifty minutes in length.

In the following autumn Mr. Cochrane entered the Princeton Seminary, and there perhaps he spent the three happiest and most profitable years of his early life. He was in the formative period, and the influence of such professors as Hodge, Green,

Alexander and McGill told powerfully upon him for good. There was great preaching in the Princeton Seminary in those days by the professors and by representative preachers from different parts of the country, and all the days of his life Dr. Cochrane did really enjoy hearing good sermons. The Seminary prayer meeting and the Sabbath afternoon conference, usually conducted by Drs. Hodge, Alexander, Green and McGill perhaps, as much as the preaching, moulded his character and prepared him for his life work.

What kind of a preacher was Dr. Cochrane himself in his college days? Dr. McGill's criticism on his first Seminary discourses may throw some light on that question. "Very animated, and a style of oratory that might be expected from one born in Ireland, with a western education." The "born in Ireland" part of the criticism must have been intended for a joke. Dr. Cochrane did his first continuous pulpit work in the summer of 1858. While spending his holidays in Cincinnati he supplied a small congregation or mission station in Montgomery, near Cincinnati. It is said he stirred up the enthusiasm and put life into the people, an account of his early efforts which no one who knew him will for a moment doubt.

During his last session at Princeton he frequently preached in neighboring "vacancies" just as students do in Canada. Among other vacancies favored with his services

was the Scotch church in Jersey City. To this church he was called soon after his graduation, and on the 7th day of June, 1859, was ordained and inducted. Here he labored for three years until called by the congregation of Zion Church, Brantford. The call was accepted, and his induction in Brantford took place on the 14th of May, 1862. Thirteen ministers were present, and much local interest was taken in the services. The Rev. Walter Inglis, of Ayr, presided, Mr. George Irving of the same place preached the induction sermon, Mr. Cross of Ingersoll, addressed the minister, and Mr. McMullen the people. Of those who took part in the induction services Dr. McMullen alone remains. Nearly thirty-eight years afterwards he addressed the same congregation while the mortal remains of the newly-inducted pastor lay in the coffin before him.

Of Dr. Cochrane's long and highly successful pastorate in Brantford it is not necessary to write. Here we have to do with him as the untiring advocate of Home Missions.

In June, 1872, the General Assembly of the Canada Presbyterian Church met in Knox Church, Hamilton. The Rev. John Laing, who had been Convener of the Home Mission Committee, resigned in order to engage in some special work for Knox College, and Mr. Cochrane was appointed to fill the vacant Convenership. No better choice could have been made. The new

Convener was a thorough man of business; his early business training in Paisley having been the best of its kind. He was a ready writer and a popular speaker. He knew human nature better than most ministers knew it. He was an indefatigable worker, and no matter how weary he might have been seldom stopped until his task was done. He had a rare facility for settling disputes. He was a Presbyterian to the core and had a liking for committees and church courts. Thoroughly evangelical, indeed we might say evangelistic, he had no weakness for gush nor for short cuts to the Kingdom.

The Home Mission field in 1872 was small compared with what it was in 1898 when the Home Mission Convener was called to his reward. The following comparison is made in the Home Mission report for 1899, between the H. M. Field in 1875 and the field at Dr. Cochane's death :—As the date is not sufficiently definite for the years prior to 1875—from 1872 to 1875—the comparison is made from 1875, the year of the union of the churches. There were then under the care of the Committee 132 mission fields, including 267 preaching stations, with 127 missionaries and 86 supplemented congregations. At the time of his death there were 384 fields, with 1,116 stations, and 486 missionaries.

In 1872 there were one or two stations at Port Arthur, two small congregations and a few mission stations in and around

Winnipeg. In 1898 when the Convener died there were 14 Presbyteries west of Lake Superior. In 1872 there were a few stations in Manitoba and a few around Sault Ste. Marie. In 1898 there were two Presbyteries in that region. There was another Presbyterian Church in British Columbia in 1872. Ten years after Dr. Cochrane became Convener, and largely through his exertions, the Presbyterians of British Columbia became one body. At the time of his death the Home Mission field of the Presbyterian Church in Canada extended from the Eastern boundary of Quebec to the Yukon.

During the 27 years of his Convenership Dr. Cochrane travelled over a large part of this immense territory. The year after his appointment he made his first visit to Manitoba, and along with Dr. Ure and Prof. Bryce assisted in the delicate business of moving Manitoba College from Kildonan to Winnipeg. He also visited the 16 stations which then constituted the mission field of Manitoba. Eight years later we find him again in Manitoba and of course busy at Home Mission work. There was then a Presbytery which met in Portage la Prairie and continued three days in session. Some of the members had travelled 150 miles to attend the Court. At the close of the meeting of the Assembly in Winnipeg in 1887 he made another tour through the West, visiting Birtle, Elkhorn, Banff, Regina, Portage la Prairie, and a number of other places.

His last visit to the Prairie Province was made in 1897.

In the summer of 1878 he spent three weeks in Muskoka, and preached in many places. A second visit was made three years later.

In 1882, as already stated, Dr. Cochrane visited British Columbia, and besides doing his part in uniting the Presbyterians of that Province, he visited Victoria, New Westminster, Yale, Nanaimo, Langly, and other places of importance. In 1887 he again visited the Prairie Province and preached in several towns and villages. A third visit was made three years later when he preached eight times, lectured six times, and delivered nine addresses on Home Missions. The chief object of these tours was to open churches, form congregations and mission stations, deliver addresses, stimulate liberality, and above all to hearten the people.

Arduous as these labours were, Dr. Cochrane never considered them the hardest part of his work. He liked to preach and lecture, but the pile of letters he had to answer when he came home almost broke his heart. He used to say that many of these letters were about things not of so much value as the paper on which the letters were written, to say nothing about the postage stamp. But of course they had to be answered, and answering them added much to the Convener's burdens.

No estimate can be made of the number and value of the Home Mission addresses

delivered over all Canada by Dr. Cochrane during the twenty-seven years of his Convenership.

A few days before his death he presided over his last meeting of the Home Mission Committee. To some of his friends he complained of being weary, but that was no unusual feeling for him. His physicians knew that some months before there were symptoms of heart disease. The closing days of his last week were spent in pastoral work and in the preparation of two sermons that he intended to preach on the following Sabbath. On Saturday evening he became dangerously ill and on Monday morning he was not, for God took him. The intelligence of his death came as a shock to Presbyterians and to many others throughout the Dominion. His own city was moved as Brantford had seldom or never been moved before. He had always been so active, so energetic, so versatile, that people could not realize that he was no more.

Business ceased in Brantford while his body was being taken to its last resting place. The funeral services were conducted by his fellow Presbyters, assisted by several representative ministers, among others Dr. Torrance, Moderator of the General Assembly of that year. The untiring advocate of Home Missions has ceased from his labors, but he helped greatly to lay the foundation of Presbyterianism in this Dominion.

CHAPTER X.

A MISSIONARY STATESMAN— REV. JAMES ROBERTSON, D.D.

REV. W. S. MACTAVISH, B.D., PH. D.

Singularly appropriate, as applied to Dr. Robertson, is the title "A Missionary Statesman." In his resourcefulness, in his breadth of view, in his intimate knowledge of many subjects, in his aptitude in dealing with men of all classes and conditions, in his comprehensive plans and far-reaching aims, he was every inch a statesman. Perhaps no man ever superintended so large a Home Mission Field, and probably no man more efficiently superintended any field, whether large or small. Remarkably varied were the types of character with which he had to deal. The "old-timer" who looked with a certain disdain upon the new arrival, the adventurous prospector who sought for the "yellow metal," the rough miner who always hoped some day to "strike it rich," the hardy cow-boy under his sombrero who scoffed at fear, the navvy from lands afar, who laid down those steel bands which now unite the East and West, the enterprising rancher who was lured to the West by hope of larger gains, the farmer on the prairie, the lumberman in the mountains, the cul-

tured minister in the city, and the hard-wrought missionary in the plains—these were types with which Dr. Robertson had to deal, and well did he adapt himself to his ever-changing company.

The first sixteen years of the life of James Robertson were spent in Perthshire, Scotland, the place of his birth. With his father's family he came to Canada, and settled in what was known as the Scotch block, in the township of Esquesing, County of Halton, Ont. Like a great many other young men with the ministry in view, he spent a few years in teaching school; the famous county of Oxford, Ontario, being the scene of his pedagogical labors, as it was, subsequently, for five years, the scene of his ministerial work. When about twenty-four years of age he entered Toronto University, and after spending three years there, he proceeded to the Theological Seminary in Princeton, New Jersey. After two sessions at this famous seat of learning, he entered Union Seminary, New York. Returning to Canada in 1869, he was called to Norwich, Ontario, where he enjoyed a fruitful ministry for five years. At the end of that period he was invited to the pastorate of Knox Church, Winnipeg, and to that congregation he gave seven years of earnest, faithful work. In 1881 the General Assembly called him to a sphere which brought him into great prominence, but which entailed a tremendous burden of work and responsibility—the superintendency of

Home Missions in Manitoba, the Northwest Territories, and British Columbia. But heavy as was the strain, he bore it manfully, hopefully, faithfully and successfully, till called to his reward, January 3rd, 1902.

His was a striking personality. Tall and rather spare, with slightly stooping shoulders, a somewhat scanty beard, a high, square forehead and kindly eyes which looked out from under shaggy brows—such was the Superintendent. He spoke with a Scottish burr, and when his Celtic fire was roused, his words came as if from a trip-hammer, every word a stroke, defying resistance and moulding the opinion of his audience into the form which he desired. Some one has said of his oratory that "his words were like a hail of bullets from a Maxim, and a voice in keeping sent every word to its mark." Few men have the opportunity of exercising the gift of oratory under such varied conditions. During his career, he spoke in a gravel-pit near where a railway was being constructed, in bar-rooms temporarily utilized for a service, in little school houses, in shacks, in kitchens, in fashionable churches, before the General Assembly in this country, and before the Assemblies of the Scottish Churches. Everywhere did he command attention and respect; everywhere did he compel men to take an interest in his message. They might sometimes refuse to respond as he desired, but they could not refuse to listen, for his manly bearing, his direct style of address,

and above all, his blood-red earnestness, constrained men to give heed to what he had to say.

He had a marvellous faculty for remembering names and faces. In this respect he was probably not surpassed by Sir John Macdonald himself. One can easily understand that this was a faculty which was serviceable to him on many an occasion. Who does not like to be remembered and to be called by name?

Like other great men, he had a masterful grasp of the details of his work. When he had paid a visit to a mission station, he knew almost everything that was worth knowing about it. He knew the number of families; the amount of the revenue; how the funds were expended; how much, if any, debt existed, and what provision had been made for meeting necessary obligations. These details were all valuable at meetings of the Home Mission Committee.

Gladstone was one man who enjoyed the reputation of making statistics interesting, and in this respect Robertson was a good second. Of course, it must be admitted that the figures in themselves spoke eloquently, for they told of rapid development and almost unparalleled growth.

Like other eminent statesmen, he read human nature as he read an open book. When those keen, but kindly eyes looked out from under those shaggy brows, they looked pretty straight into the heart of the man with whom he was conversing. Quick as he

was in understanding men, he was equally judicious in dealing with them. The story is told that on one occasion he went to the place where men were engaged in constructing a railway. For some months a missionary had been laboring among them, but towards the close of the summer he lost the good-will of the men, and they declared in language more forcible than polite, that they would not pay him a cent of his salary. The Superintendent soon took in the situation. He went to the gravel-pit where the men were working, addressed them in his own hearty, manly and enthusiastic fashion, and closed by asking them what they were going to do for their missionary. There was no reply. It is said that silence is golden, but this silence was ominous. Then the Superintendent exclaimed, "Is there no man from Scotland here? It is a queer crowd that hasn't a Scotchman in it, and I have never struck a gang yet in the West that hadn't a "bluenose" or a "herringback" among them; and I have never yet seen the Presbyterian that was ashamed of his Church and was unwilling to pay for it." The word was like a hammer; it broke down all opposition, and in ten minutes the missionary's salary was assured.

This knowledge of human nature was most valuable to The Missionary Statesman when assigning men to their respective fields. It was worth a great deal to him, and to the Church, to know where to place

the men whom he could induce to go West. His aim was to locate them where, humanly speaking, they could do the most successful work. The man whom he selected for a certain field was generally well adapted to that sphere. No one would claim infallibility for the Superintendent, but in this department of his work his judgment reached as near the point of inerrancy as human judgments ever do.

Many and varied were the modes of travel followed by the Superintendent in his long and wearisome journeys. On foot, on horseback, in ox-cart, in buckboard, in cutter, in railway carriage, he travelled. The one style of conveyance which he too generally avoided, was the Pullman. Perhaps by so doing, he saved the Church's money, but he did not save the Church's servant.

During his long itineraries, he often suffered hardships by day, and terrors—unmentionable terrors—by night. It is said the western missionary who does his own cooking is confronted by three difficulties; first, how to get something to cook; second, how to eat what he has cooked; third, what to do with what he cannot eat. The second of these difficulties never confronted the Superintendent. He could cook his own food; he could eat what he had cooked, and he asked no questions regarding what was set before him from the hands of other cooks. Like "Honest John Tompkin," he had learned "the fortunate habit of being

contented," and he could extract sunbeams from very unpromising material.

Vastly different was the West in the early dnys of Dr. Robertson's superintendency, from the West of to-day. When he assumed his duties as Superintendent in 1881 it was regarded by many as "the great lone land." And, indeed, the name then was not nltogether inappropriate, for a very small proportion of the millions of acres of Western prairie had been broken by the plow of the settler. Men had hardly begun to dream then of the wonderful possibilities of the West. It was almost impossible to persuade the people of Ontario, Quebec, and the Maritime Provinces that there were great resources in the West to be developed; at all events, if they believed them to be there, they saw not the means for their development. The Western Provinces had revealed only a small portion of their enormous mineral wealth, and as for their forests, no one wanted them. Eastern Canada in those days did not require timber from British Columbia even if there had been facilities for transporting it. The newspapers published in the older provinces paid little attention to Western affairs, and the papers in the West were few in number, and, except locally, insignificant in influence.

It was probably not unnatural, therefore, that Robertson's first appeals as Superintendent fell upon somewhat unresponsive audiences. The East was not prejudiced against the West; it was simply indifferent.

When the Superintendent visited Theological Colleges in the older provinces, and in that earnest, virile way of his, urged the students, and especially the men of the graduating classes, to go West, the response was by no means encouraging. The Student Volunteer Movement had not then arisen, and no other organization had roused a thorough-going missionary spirit within the College halls. There were a few missionary enthusiasts among the students, but the Great Commission was not given the prominence that it deserved. The Superintendent was justified in remarking, as he did on more than one occasion, that too many of the students were actuated by no higher ambition than to get married and comfortably settled in a charge in Eastern Canada.

But Dr. Robertson never despaired. He knew the West; he believed in it; he was satisfied that the time was not far distant when the West would come to its own. And in less than ten years there was a turning of the tide. This man of vision, with his splendid optimism, with his far-seeing statesmanship, with his abounding faith, impressed upon the theological students and the Church at large, the facts that the West was the land of promise, that the country was being rapidly colonized, that the people were industrious, progressive, liberal; that many of the Churches there, if supported for a few years longer, would contribute, yes, contribute largely, to every worthy enterprise. With telling earnestness, he pointed

out, till men saw and believed, that the West had peculiar claims upon the Presbyterian Church in Canada; that the young men of the West were the sons of the Church; that they were met on every hand by temptations, subtle, vile, alluring. With tremendous emphasis, he warned the Church that the West would soon dominate the East, and that every consideration of patriotism, as well as of Christianity, should prompt the Church to send the missionary with the glorious Gospel into the new settlements, so that iniquity might be overthrown, materialism might be checked, and a noble type of manhood and womanhood might be developed there.

Was he not a true prophet? Was it not well that the Church was finally aroused by his trumpet call? During the last decade a constant stream of immigration has been pouring into the West. The centre of population has been gradually shifting westward. Though it cannot be said that the West now dominates the East, yet it must be admitted that through her press, through her great commercial enterprises, and through her representatives in Parliament she strongly influences the East. Was not Dr. Robertson's optimism justified? Many of the congregations of twenty years ago are now self-sustaining charges; more, they are contributing most liberally to the Schemes of the Church. Congregations which, two decades ago, received help from the Church and Manse Building Fund have paid what

they borrowed, and have since contributed to the fund. Many of the little mission stations of the early eighties have passed through the status of Augmented charges and are now able to support a minister of their own, and even to help weaker congregations support theirs.

And the work which he inaugurated so wisely and to which he devoted twenty years of arduous toil has not ceased, and must not be allowed to cease. The arguments which he presented so skillfully and earnestly are as cogent as ever, nor will they lose their force till all Canada is Christ's.

CHAPTER XI.

A LEADER IN AN EXPANDING CHURCH
REV. R. H. WARDEN, D. D.

REV. JOHN SOMERVILLE, D.D.

The present epoch in Canada is marked by the rise of such a national spirit as never thrilled the hearts of our people before. The Spirit of Empire broods over the land, and its power is felt in every department of the nation's life. Akin to the Empire Spirit in the nation is the Mission Spirit, which has taken possession of the Church. She has taken hold of the work committed to her, we trust, in the spirit of the Captain who has "girt his sword upon His thigh, and has gone forth conquering and to conquer." When the transitions and development in the life of a church or of a nation are rapid, it is well when leaders can be found to foster the new spirit, and direct the new energy along worthy lines.

The Presbyterian Church in Canada has had wise leaders in the various departments of her work since the union. In her Home Missions Dr. Cochrane, electric in his energy: Dr. Robertson with eye wide open upon her prairie stretches, her mountains and her coast lines, unlimited confidence in our Church's future, and dauntless courage to face her responsibilities: Dr. Warden, upon

whose shoulders the mantle fell when Dr. Cochrane was taken, sweeping the whole work of the Church in his vision, and making his influence felt in every department. He had long been in Midian preparing for his work as Convener of the Committee. Moses did humble work in Midian for forty years as keeper of the flocks of Jethro. But he learned every foot of the land, its resources, its richly watered vales, and its dangerous places. When the hour and the call came, he was ready as leader to guide the hosts of Israel. So Dr. Warden through his work as Secretary of the Committee became acquainted with the Home Mission Field.

Robert Harvey Warden was born in Broughty Ferry, Dundee, Scotland, January 4th, 1841. His father was a merchant who used his leisure hours in cultivating his literary gifts. He was the author of "A History of Forfarshire," "The Burgh Laws of Dundee," and "The Linen Trade." His son Robert was sent to Madras College, St. Andrews, and when quite young came to Canada. He began the study of law in Toronto, but in the midst of his studies turned to the ministry and entered Knox College in 1863, graduating in 1866.

His training, therefore, before entering the ministry brought him into close touch with the details of mercantile life, and with the principles of law, and thus was he being trained for exactness in details of business,

and clearness of statement, which made his work and counsel so valuable to the church.

In his pastoral charge of Bothwell, he was chosen Convener of the Home Mission Committee of his Presbytery, which introduced him to the Assembly's Committee of which he was chosen to act as Secretary from the beginning almost. When appointed to canvass for Knox College in 1874, he showed his ability for organizing work, and his aptitude in dealing with men. He learned intimately the great resources of our Church in Ontario, and when in June, 1876, the General Assembly appointed him agent of the French Evangelization Board, he was brought into touch with a different circle of the people.

His experience thus gained convinced him of the undeveloped resources of the Presbyterian Church. While in Montreal, he had the opportunity in that great business centre with its large enterprises of seeing things planned upon a large scale.

A true leader must be able to know accurately the problems he has to solve, and he must also know the resources at his disposal for their solution. More difficult still, he must be able to unearth and bring under his control resources which are hidden from the eyes of ordinary men.

The problem before the Home Mission Committee was the rapid extension of the Church into the West, the great influx of people from Britain, the older parts of the Dominion and from the United States, and

people from Europe, alien in their religion, language and views of citizenship. How shall the Church keep abreast of the incoming tide and reach them with the Gospel? For unless the Church keeps in step with the marching host of new-comers, it will be impossible in the after years to overtake them, and thus great reaches of our country will be left moral and spiritual desert. The problem was twofold; how shall we secure money for the work, and how shall we secure men?

With our leader the question of men to preach the Gospel was the vital one. He had an unconquerable faith that the Presbyterian Church was able and willing to supply money for the Lord's work. He faced the two-fold problem with vigor, believing that the Lord of the Harvest had men to do His work, and it was the business of the Committee to seek them out, and that He would dispose the hearts of the people to give the money required.

By resolution of the Home Mission Committee in Oct., 1900, "Dr. Robertson was appointed to proceed to Britain, should the state of his health allow him, in time to be at the union of the Free and United Presbyterian Churches of Scotland, and convey the cordial thanks of the Home Mission Committee to these Churches for their sympathy and generous aid to the Presbyterian Church in Canada in its Home Mission work; also to visit the Colleges in Britain and Ireland, and endeavor to secure for the

Northwest, several of next spring's graduates. He also was asked, if necessary, to proceed to the continent with the view of securing competent missionaries and teachers to overtake the work among the foreign population in the West." As a result of Dr. Robertson's visit, he received a promise that some thirty or forty labourers would come to Canada. Some of these men were graduates of Harley College, London, others of the Bible Training Institute in Glasgow, young men who had the ministry in view. The question of a special English course of preparation for the ministry for these young men was brought before the General Assembly through the Home Mission Committee, and Dr. Warden was appointed Convener of the Committee appointed to prepare such a course, and submit it to the General Assembly. This was done, and adopted by the Assembly, and provision made for these men reaching the regular ministry in due time. Men were secured from the continent, and as a result the religious and educational interests of the Galicians have largely been undertaken by the Presbyterian Church with the most hopeful outlook for the future of these people.

When this work was brought to the attention of the Church, money was from year to year generously provided according to the need of the Committee. The contributions rose steadily as the work extended, till last year they exceeded the sum of

$140,000 asked for the Home Mission Fund, and the estimate for 1906-07 is $150,000. Dr. Warden's appeals for money never failed, for the people knew when he appealed, it was needed, and they knew, too, how heartily and liberally he himself contributed. During the past three years the Fields increased from 457 to 528, and the Mission stations in these fields from 1180 to 1380. But during these same three years, 77 Mission Fields with an average of nearly three preaching stations in each were transferred to the list of Augmented congregations, making the number of stations really 1580.

One of the great enterprises undertaken by the Church was the raising of the New Century Fund. The address which Dr. Warden delivered in introducing the motion to the General Assembly inaugurating the Century Fund will stand out for a generation as one of the great speeches made in the General Assembly. Its sublime confidence in the willingness and power of the Church to raise a Thanksgiving Fund of one million dollars to commemorate the close of the nineteenth century and the entering upon the twentieth; its grasp of details in carrying out the scheme; and the missionary and benevolent spirit which pervaded it won the hearts as well as the judgment of all who heard it. After such an introduction no one could be surprised at the heartiness and enthusiasm with which the General Assembly entered upon the undertaking. The fact that Dr. Warden was Convener of

the Committee inspired every one with confidence that the issue of the scheme would be successful. There is no nced hcre to follow the details, but merely to state that when the final report was submitted to the General Assembly in 1903, it showed that not only had the $600,000 been raised for the missionary, educational and benevolent funds of the Church, but that at least one million dollars had been raised in addition for the purpose of removing debts upon local church property. That this magnificent result was achieved was not due to any one man, for the whole Church went heartily into the undertaking, but to Dr. Warden largely was due the organization of the forces which secured such a triumphant success. Doubtless the main motive which led him to take up this work was the necessity of increased missionary resources to cope with the great problem which the Church had to face. Every year he saw that there had to be a large expenditure to pay interest on the money borrowed to meet payments that had to be made throughout the year, inasmuch as the contributions of congregations for mission, educational, and benevolent schemes are not paid into the Treasury of the Church till near the close of the year. The Century Fund would furnish a reserve which could be used, and so obviate the necessity of borrowing from the banks for these current payments. Every one will say that was a sensible businces arrangement and well worth achieving.

The true leader will never waste either his resources or his men. His care will be that the most shall be got out of every dollar of money expended, and that every man shall be able to give of the best that is in him in the prosecution of his work. Our leader as he surveyed the Mission problem, as it affected not the Presbyterian Church only, but all the Evangelical Denominations of the Dominion, became convinced that it would tax the resources of all the Churches both in men and money to keep pace with the growth of the population. He saw clearly that in many places throughout the Dominion both in the new fast-settling districts as well as in the older districts where the population is stationary or even decreasing, there were many men employed who had not an opportunity of doing full work because of the narrow limits as to population within which they had to labour. This was true of other denominations as well as our own. He saw that Methodist and Presbyterian Congregations were planted side by side in places where neither could ever hope to become self-supporting, but where, were they able to unite, friction would be removed, and one man would do the work of two, and do it better because of the stimulus the larger sphere would give him.

No man more clearly than he saw the difficulties in the way of a union of the Evangelical forces, but he felt that duty demanded that a genuine, whole-hearted effort should be made to save missionary funds,

set men free to undertake work in the new districts, and thus follow up new settlers, and plant churches in every community of our Canadian people. Every one knows that he took a leading part in connection with the proposed union of the Methodist, Congregationalist, and Presbyterian Churches, and opponents of union said "the question should seriously be faced when a man like Dr. Warden joins with Principal Caven and declares he believes it to be not only possible but eminently practicable." Even should the effort fail our consciences will be clear from the fact that a sincere effort has been made to husband the resources of the Church, and make the best possible use of her men for the work. The confidence of the Union Committee was seen in the fact that he, another Presbyterian, was made the successor of Principal Caven as Chairman.

The men who wrought side by side with Dr. Warden were those who knew best the strength of the man, and his many sided versatility in the work of the Church. No matter what plan of work was proposed he showed that he had been facing the same problem, and had been seeking a practical solution. Like every true leader he was always ready to listen to the suggestion of others, and was quick to see when a suggestion was better than his own thought had been. May the Church never lack leaders such as he proved himself to be in every department of her activity.

CHAPTER XII.

A FRENCH-CANADIAN MISSIONARY—REV. "FATHER" CHINIQUY.

By George H. Smith, D.D.

Thc French problem in Canada is economic and religious as well as historic, in its true conception. There were French Protestants in this country since the days of Cartier and Champlain, for the real founder of the first colony in New France was Chauvin, or Calvin, a Huguenot of Rouen, and in 1604 he was followed by De Monts, whose expcdition was largely composed of Huguenots, and for a long time Huguenot and Jesuit strove together in the new land. In 1774 there were 400 Protestants in Quebec, exclusive of the army. After the Conquest, modest efforts were made to establish French Protestant missions in the country. The British Wesleyans sent over the Rev. Jean de Putron to prcach the Gospel in the French language, which work he carried on from 1815 to 1821. The Montrcal branch of the Bible Society began a similar work, and in 1834 the Baptists brought out Rev. Henri Olivier. Then came Madame Feller, who founded the Grande Ligue School, and after 1837 there came a little band of French-speaking missionaries from Switzerland, in-

cluding such heroic men as Amaron, Tanner, Vernier, Vessot and Chevallez, and the organized work of French evangelization was well under way. In 1852 Prof. Caissirat was appointed to take charge of the education of young Freneh-Canadians for the ministry, and in 1870 took up the work and procured the Pointe-aux-Trembles sehools, already doing good work. The Church of Seotland braneh of the Church had its mission of St. John's Church, Quebee eity ; and the Anglicans, Baptists and Methodists had organizations along similar lines. Then eame to the whole movement a tremendous impetus, when in 1858 the Christian world was startled with the announeement that a prominent Roman Catholie priest in Illinois, U.S.A., and well known in Canada, had renouneed Romanism and was prepared to expose the errors of that faith, and a few years later his followers by hundreds and by thousands joined the Presbyterian Church. This man is always known as Rev. "Father" Chiniquy.

In that remarkable book whose arguments are unanswered and unanswerable, "Fifty Years in the Chureh of Rome," Father Chiniquy has given his own aceount of his life. His father, Charles Chiniquy, was born in Quebec, and had studied for the priesthood, but being of an independent turn of mind, his plans were changed, and he afterwards married Reni Perrault, and settled in Kamouraska, where the subject of

this chapter was born, 30th July, 1809. A little later the family moved to Murray Bay. His father had received a Bible as a gift from one of the Superiors of the Seminary, and the reading of it by his mother was the delight of little Charles. He was sent as soon as old enough to a school at St. Thomas, Que., and lived with his uncle, who was a miller and well-to-do. The teacher was a Mr. Jones, a Protestant. Weekly meetings were held in the homes of the more thoughtful people of the village to discuss matters of religion and of general interest. Whilst those taking part were sometimes a little skeptical, nevertheless the good seed of independent thinking was sown in the heart of young Chiniquy, who was an attentive listener whenever he was allowed to attend these meetings. After his return home at one of the vacation seasons, his father died, his widowed mother and the two youngest children went to live at St. Thomas, and Charles was sent to Kamouraska to be adopted by his uncle, the Hon. Amable Dionne. Chiniquy's edueation was continued at Nicolet from 1822 to 1829, but he says he could easily have learned in three or four years what it took them seven to teach at Nicolet. His studies embraced Latin, French, Logic and Rhetoric. He was not satisfied with the quality of the work, and confided this fact to his fellow-pupils and teachers, for to a mind that seemed instinctively to rebel against the dogmatism of the Church

of Rome, he could find no comfort in scapularies, medals, holy water and such like; nor could he even as a youth see anything in them "to be of great service in battling with the most dangerous temptations, as well as in avoiding the most common dangers of life." And yet he says: "I earnestly desired to be an honest and sincere Roman Catholic."

In due course he completed the educational requirements of the Church and came up for ordination as a priest. All the while he was haunted with misgivings because of his God-given intellect, that the teachings of the Church were not sound, and especially that contained in the oath required at ordination: "I will never interpret the Holy Scriptures except according to the unanimous consent of the holy fathers." Nevertheless he was ordained a priest of Rome in the Cathedral Church of Quebec, Sept. 21, 1833, by the Right Rev. Sinai, first Archbishop of Canada. It was a most imposing ceremony, and he was terribly impressed with the powers that this act conferred upon him by which he was taught he could transform the sacramental wafer into the real body and blood of the Saviour. In his own account we read: "This was to me the most holy and glorious day of my life! Raised the day before to a dignity which was above the kingdoms and empires of the world, I was now for the first time to make a miracle at the altar, which no angel or seraph could

do. At my bidding Christ was to receive a new existence." How graphically he describes his feelings as that memorable morn drew near, when for the first time he was to celebrate the Mass! Little wonder he was overawed, for it is truly a ceremony of ceremonies, and the neglect, intentional or otherwise, of one of the one hundred positions of the body would be a great sin.

On 24th September, 1833, he was appointed curate of St. Charles, Riviere Boyer, twenty miles from the city of Quebec, and two years later he was placed in charge of the parish of Charlesbourgh, a little nearer the Ancient Capital. This year, 1834-35, is memorable for that dreadful outbreak of cholera; but the ravages of this great plague served to show the heroic bravery and unflinching fidelity to duty in the young priest as he went in and out among his afflicted parishioners and the citizens generally. In the same year, so rapid was his advancement, he was appointed Vicar of St. Roch, a prominent parish in the city of Quebec. In 1838 he was made curate of Beauport. He approached this charge with dread, for he describes the place as a "nest of drunkards," yet his determination to stamp out this vice was the beginning of that famous temperance movement for which his name is still cherished among the Catholics of Lower Canada. During his first Lenten services more than two-thirds of his parishioners had signed that pledge:

"For the love of Jesus Christ, and by the grace of God, I promise that I will never take any intoxicating drink except as a medicine. I also pledge myself to do all in my power, by my words and example, to persuade others to make the same sacrifice." As an apostle of temperance reform he met with much opposition from the other priests; but many have since regarded this as his first step towards Protestantism. That distinguished physician of Quebec, Dr. Douglas, helped him in his scientific demonstrations to show the fatal effects of alcohol upon animals. Temperance societies were formed in many of the parishes. The Bishop of Nancy came to his defence, but his superiors protested against the forming of these societies, so great was the opposition to the temperance movement at that time. Encouraged, however, by many eminent Protestants, conspicuous among whom was Mr. John Dougall, of the "Montreal Witness," this great reform spread rapidly, and far and near the name of Father Chiniquy was both loved and hated.

He was moved to Kamouraska in 1842, where he continued the temperance work in spite of protests from the neighboring priests. The second Sunday after his arrival the merchants were about to take their schooners to Quebec for their winter's supply of brandy. Chiniquy prefaced his sermon, before a crowded church thus: "My friends, I know that to-morrow the mer-

chants leave for Quebec to purchase their rum. Let me advise them as their best friend, not to buy any; and as the ambassador of Christ I forbid them to bring a single drop of those poisonous drinks here. It will surely be their ruin, if they pay no attention to this friendly advice, for they will not sell a single drop of it after next Sabbath. That day I will show to the intelligent people of this parish that rum and all other drugs sold here under the names of brandy, wine and beer, are nothing else than disgusting, deadly and cursed poisons." The sermon was effectual, and temperance societies were instituted all around. Kamouraska, like Beauport, became another radiating center for the movement.

In 1846 he joined the Oblates, an order of priests whose work was to preach retreats, or as we would say to carry on revival services, among the people. A year later, however, he left the Oblates to engage again in the temperance crusade. His little "Manual of Temperance" had a wide circulation, and the reform spread through Montreal, St. Hyacinthe and Three Rivers, until it was said that this great army of teetotalers numbered 200,000, and he was officially named the Apostle of Temperance in Canada, and Parliament voted him a grant of £500.

His doubts in Romanism really began with his preaching on the Virgin Mary in the Cathedral in Montreal, Aug. 15, 1850.

On reading the writings of the Fathers, his doubts increased because he failed to find the Church's doctrines in them. He accepted an invitation to go to the United States, and in 1857 he visited the State of Illinois. This visit to the Bishop of Chicago had important consequences, as we shall see. He wrote a letter back to Canada full of enthusiasm for the fertile plains of that country and urging his fellow-countrymen to come and settle in that State. Thus began a somewhat singular movement of the emigration of the French-Canadians to St. Anne, Ill. This colonization was in reality an attempt to spread Romanism through that part of the States. His religious doubts, however, increased, and when he insisted on giving the Bible to the people, the breach widened. Oppression failed in its effect. The leaven of Protestantism was already at work, and unconsciously he had travelled farther on the way to truth than he realized. The first separation with Rome came on Sept. 3, 1858, when, with his colony, he was admitted into the Presbyterian Church of the United States, and on April 15, 1860, the Presbytery of Chicago adjourned to St. Anne and received 2,000 converts in addition. Then followed missions which resulted in the forming of congregations among the French converts of Aurora, Kankakee, Middleport, Watiska, Stirling, etc. A committee from Canada, including Drs. Kamp and Caven, went to investigate the movement, and

partly as a result, Mr. Chiniquy returned to Montreal, where he labored among the French-Canadians for nearly four months. Seven thousand were converted through his preaching. This was in 1875, in the Craig St. Church. The building was mobbed by an infuriated crowd, then Cote St. Presbyterian Church was offered him for his services. The Protestant press was by this time aroused. The city police and a corps of 300 able-bodied Protestant sympathizers came to his protection. The students of the Presbyterian College acted as ushers, and amidst an excitement baffling description, the great work of the preaching of the Truth was carried on to the opening of the eyes of many that were in spiritual blindness and to the leading into the freedom of the Gospel many who were in the bondage of superstition. Among the stalwarts in the faith who stood by him were Principal McVicar, Professors Campbell and Caissirat, Rev. Dr. Burns, and the Rev. Messrs, Dondiet, Lafleur and Tanner. The result of the work cannot be estimated in figures, but an apparent outcome was the better organization for French evangelization that came with the union of the Presbyterian Churches in Canada that same year, 1875.

Not only was the work of French evangelization thus brought into great prominence, but it received such an impetus that in every account of the movement the share which "Father" Chiniquy had in it bulks

largely out, and his name is inseparably connected with it. Conditions attending the work have been peculiar, and it is impossible to gather correct and complete statistics as to results. Many of the converts have been compelled by force of circumstances to leave the country, and now and again is seen a token of the growing discontent with the mediaeval methods of life, thought and education in French Canada so out of harmony with the enlightenment and aggressive spirit of the twentieth century. The following "Summary" from the General Assembly's Committee report for last year may be of interest: "There have been employed during the whole or part of the year, 29 pastors and ordained missionaries, five licentiates and students, 12 colporteurs and 17 teachers (a total staff of 25), in all 63 workers. The average attendance of persons over 10 years of age at 73 preaching stations in 41 mission fields has been 1,879, representing 781 families and 415 single persons not connected with these families. There are 1,237 communicants, of whom 122 were added during the year; 848 scholars in the Sunday school, and 593 in the mission schools, of whom more than one-half belong to Roman Catholic homes. 1,961 copies of the Scriptures, and 33,540 religious tracts and pamphlets have been distributed. The fields contributed $5,637, of which $578 were for the schemes of the Church, and the schools $2,765, making a total of $8,402.

The receipts during the year were $38,468.60, and the expenditures $37,751.34."

Exhausted by the great strain of his work, "Father" Chiniquy made a tour of the world, during which he seized every opportunity to arouse an interest in his work. In 1893 he received the degree of D.D. from the Presbyterian College. He died in Montreal, January, 1899. Of the 90 years of his life, 25 had been spent as an active and honored priest of the Roman Catholic Church, and 40 years in the Presbyterian Church, which were marked by rare courage and unflagging zeal in the propagation of that Word whose entrance "giveth light." He was the author of many tracts, pamphlets and books, which have formed perhaps the most remarkable contribution to the Roman Catholic controversy from any one man. Some of his writings have been translated into several languages. His addresses on the "French Night" in the General Assemblies were notable features, and those who have ever heard him will not soon forget the burning eloquence and convincing argument on behalf of his fellow-countrymen, for whose religious liberty he had waged a long and vigorous warfare.

CHAPTER XIII.

PRINCIPAL MACVICAR—A LEADER IN FRENCH EVANGELIZATION.

REV. GEO. C. PIDGEON, D.D.

Principal MacVicar was the very embodiment of the spirit of Protestantism. All that was best in the traditions of the Reformation he had made his own. He inherited his Protestant zeal from his theological ancestors. A double portion of the spirit of Calvin and Knox was his. He had the same inflexible loyalty to truth, the same fearlessness in advocating it, the same sternness to all who trifled or dealt deceitfully with it. Policy or expediency in such matters was to him a betrayal of trust. The clearness with which he saw the essential truths of Christianity and the tenacity with which he held them gave him his abhorrence of Romanish error and superstition. He saw, as few men did, that the spirit and pretensions of Romanism are the same now as they were in Luther's days, that its doctrines are as dangerous, and that wherever it has the opportunity, its condition is as corrupt and its temper as tyrannical. Therefore if it was worth while fighting and dying for religious light and liberty then, it is so still. Consequently he was in the forefront of every struggle against Rome's un-

scriptural claims, and for the emancipation of her down-trodden people.

The subject of our sketch was born near Campbelltown, Argyleshire, on Nov. 29th, 1831. In 1835 the family moved to Canada, and settled near Chatham, Ontario. Donald Harvey MacVicar decided early in life to devote himself to the Christian ministry, and studied in Toronto, first in the Academy of the Rev. Alexander Gale, M.A., a noted educationalist of that time, and afterwards in old Knox College, under such men as Principal Michael Willis, Dr. Robert Burns, and Dr. George Paxton Young, the last of whom moulded most decisively his intellectual life. During his college course he engaged in teaching, and developed the wonderful power of imparting knowledge which distinguished him in later years. He was ordained to the ministry in Guelph on October 19th, 1859, and after a brief but successful pastorate there, he went to Cote Street Church, Montreal, where he was inducted on January 30th, 1861. Here his ministry was most fruitful. Great spiritual quickenings followed his preaching, bringing abiding blessing to the city, and refreshing and reviving his own soul. His doctrinal preaching not only instructed but inspired his people, and resulted in evangelical and missionary activity.

But Providence had a greater sphere for him than even the pulpit, and in 1868 he accepted a professorship of Divinity in the

newly founded Presbyterian College, Montreal. Here his life-work was done. Not only did he establish a great institution, but under his leadership 267 men were trained for the ministry, and every branch of the Church's work felt the influence of his personality and power.

Our chief concern in this chapter, however, is with his work as a leader in French evangelization. During his short pastorate in Guelph, he took steps to interest his people in this enterprise. But it was in Montreal that his great service to Protestantism was rendered. His successor, the Rev. Principal Scrimger, writes of his labors there as follows: "From the moment of his arrival in Montreal, he associated himself with those who were active in promoting the spread of evangelical views among the French-Canadians. He was one of the most earnest members of the old French-Canadian Missionary Society; frequently spoke on its platform, and on that of the Bible Society which was engaged in circulating the Scriptures throughout Quebec and Eastern Ontario. On the organization of the Presbyterian College, one of the things he kept clearly in view was the training of missionaries for work among the French-Canadians. The first permanent professor whom he associated with himself—Dr. John Campbell, was selected partly because of his knowledge of the French language, and the next, Dr. Couissirat, was one whose instructions were

to be given wholly in that tongue. At the time of the union of the churches in 1875, the first forward step taken by the united Church, and almost the only action of any importance at the first General Assembly, was the organization of the Board of French Evangelization, mainly at his instigation. He was appointed the first chairman of it, and continued to hold that position until his death. His very last act was to preside at a meeting of its Executive, and into none of his many enterprises did he throw more energy, zeal and anxious thought than into this.

When Father Chiniquy was brought to Montreal in 1876, and the church in which he preached was mobbed by angry crowds of excited Roman Catholics, Dr. MacVicar appeared in the pulpit with him night after night, and risked his own life in the effort to protect the preacher. More than once this experience was repeated at a later date, and he was never found wanting in the hour of danger. Again and again he appeared before the city authorities to demand protection for the speakers, until at length the police were shamed into doing their duty, so that Father Chiniquy could command a respectful hearing wherever he appeared.

When the Hon. Mr. Mercier proposed the Bill for the settlement of the Jesuit estates, which recognized the Pope's intervention in the dispute and provided for the compensation of the Church and especially of the

Jesuit Order for claims which had long been extinguished by the Imperial Government, Dr. MacVicar was the first to give the alarm in a paper read at a conference of the Evangelical Alliance in Montreal. In a few months the whole country was aflame with indignation, which did not indeed prevent the Act being passed by the Quebec Legislature, but which has largely prevented subsequent aggressions by the Church of Rome in other Provinces. He took little part publicly in the agitation, for he was no politician, but he was in thorough sympathy with the movement, and recognized its value. He expected more, however, in the long run from the education of the French-Canadians themselves, and during the forty years of his public life in the province, he had the satisfaction of seeing a great change for the better in the attitude of the people, and there was nothing that gave him greater pleasure than to observe the growing demand for better schools and for greater freedom from ecclesiastical control on their part. It would have been a great joy to him if he had been spared to see the new Pointe-aux-Trembles schools now being erected, and the greatly enlarged work that will shortly be carried on there."

Such sacrifices and services were not called forth by the fact that Romanism was dominant in Quebec, and that Protestants felt at every turn the pressure of her aggressiveness. This was the occasion for display-

ing them, but not their source. They were inspired by the character of the man, and in analyzing that we shall find the secret of his zeal and power in the maintenance of the Protestant cause.

His first and most important characteristic was his fervent loyalty to the truth. No one can understand Principal MacVicar who does not recognize this as the burning passion of his soul. The Word of God, with its revelation of the way of salvation, he regarded as the Church's priceless heritage, from which she derived everything of value that she possessed. He considered it the believer's first duty to "contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints." This treasure was made the more precious to him because of the struggles and sacrifices with which it has been defended. The faith and purity of worship preserved at the cost of the martyr's sufferings were too sacred to be lightly given up. It must not be thought that this devotion of his was mere loyalty to a theological system. He had, no doubt, his share of dogmatic zeal. But he held to the truth thus tenaciously because he saw that salvation depended on a personal acceptance of the doctrines of grace. Where the Gospel is faithfully preached men are won to God; where other things are taught men are not saved. When God sets his seal to the truth by saving men through the proclamation of it alone, His servants cannot do otherwise

than maintain its integrity at all costs. Dr. MacVicar therefore opposed Romanism because he regarded the system as the enemy of the truth.

It is not so much that this church denies the truth as that she has overlaid it with errors and superstitions of her own invention. In explaining to his class his attitude on the subject, Dr. MacVicar once said: "We do not hold that there is no saving truth in the Roman Catholic Church. But the truth that is there is covered over with such a mass of rubbish that few ever find it." Such Christian doctrines as the Divinity of Christ and the efficacy of the Atonement the Church of Rome holds firmly. But the Pauline doctrine that Christ's salvation is communicated to faith alone she has repudiated. Against the position of the theologians of the Reformation "Fides est fiducia," "Faith is trust," the Council of Trent says: "Refellitur inanis haereti corum fiducia." "We refute the heretics' empty trust." They substitute for it the Confessional and priestly absolution, the intercession of the saints and of the Virgin, the adoration of images and of the host, and other superstitions too numerous to mention. Thus while she traces salvation to the right source, she turns her people's attention to an entirely wrong channel as the way through which it may be obtained. The result is that the people comply with these outward requirements and often never come

into personal contact with God. One of our leading workers in Quebec said recently: "These French-Canadian Catholics have a very clear idea of God. But these intermediaries on which they place so much dependence have come between them and God. God seems afar off." Our missionaries all bear testimony to this that they meet everywhere devout Roman Catholics who have no experience of saving grace. And when such people accept the Gospel offer by personal trust in Christ, the new light that breaks on their minds and the new life that quickens their souls are as wonderful as if they had never heard the Gospel before. The conclusion is irresistible. Their intermediaries had separated the soul from its Saviour. In observing the outward form they missed the inward faith, and, missing that, they missed Christ.

Principal MacVicar held, therefore, that people who had not the truth in its purity should receive it at our Church's hands. And when convinced of this his nature moved him to such action as would give it effect. All who knew him felt that in his personality the theoretical and the practical were combined in rare perfection. Whenever he was convinced of any truth his first thought was to carry it out in action. This gave him his power. Truth alone is like the winter sun that neither melts nor quickens: truth combined with energy such as his is the force that transforms the face of the

world. Others had said in reference to the Quebec problem: "The truth will triumph anyway. There is no need of seeking to evangelize the French." Dr. MacVicar saw that wherever error is zealously supported it triumphs over the truth that is left alone. He saw Protestant congregations in Quebec steadily disappearing before the untiring propaganda of Romanism, and recognized that unless a vigorous policy were adopted our Church would soon be wiped out of existence there. In pure self-defence French evangelization was a necessity. Besides, love for the truth could not but move men to oppose this system. What he could not understand was how enlightened Protestants could see these errors and idolatries in daily practice, and notice their effect in preventing the development of a noble race, without opposing them. Yet against this indifference he had to contend. Again and again he exclaimed: "The spirit of Protestantism is dead." He strove throughout his whole life to arouse his Church to a sense of her responsibility in the matter, and he led all who would hearken into a vigorous policy of evangelization that has produced great results already and will produce still grander ones in the days to come.

2. Dr. MacVicar's patriotism was of too high an order to overlook the menace of Roman Catholicism to the liberties of the land. He saw the policy of the Church becoming increasingly ultramontane. Not

only did she exact unmercifully the money she wanted from her own people, but was constantly intriguing and agitating for special privileges from the nation as a whole. Her policy has brought on more than one national crisis that threatened Confederation. In the face of such a power, so regardless of consequences as long as she could secure her own ends, Dr. MacVicar held that unremitting vigilance is the price of safety. His own action regarding the Jesuits' Estates' Bill is a good illustration of his convictions in this matter.

At the same time he believed that in education and evangelization lies the only permanent solution of the Quebec problem. When the French people are emancipated by the Gospel, appeals to racial and religious prejudice will be vain. In an enlightened people, who decide public questions intelligently and conscientiously for themselves, instead of blindly following the dictates of the hierarchy the hope of the nation for the future lies. As a statesman Dr. MacVicar was ahead of his times in taking this position. Our public men are dealing with the difficulty in two opposite ways.

One set of them is continually crying out for peace and unity. The Gospel of goodwill is preached with great fervor. Every new demand of Romanism is met in a spirit of compromise. The outcome is almost invariably to leave ultramontanism in a stronger position than before. She did not

get all she demanded, but she got more than she had, and perhaps all she expected. Now, in the Principal's opinion, for Protestants to take this attitude is simply to cry: "Peace, peace when there is no peace." It is to act on the ostrich principle of hiding one's head in the presence of danger, and thinking the danger thereby removed. Protestantism might lay down its arms, but not for one moment would Romanism do so. It would continue its aggressions whether opposed or not, and placid, easy-going Protestantism only permitted it to do so unhindered.

The other class of public men meet Rome's demands with political agitation. Every new claim Rome makes is greeted by a storm of protest, which rages from end to end of the English-speaking provinces. No doubt these people do good work in keeping alive the spirit of Protestantism, and in sounding the alarm against the secret machinations and open aggressions of Romanism, and so checking her ambitions in the country at large. But it antagonizes Quebec. It enables the hierarchy to pose as the champion of French rights, as the persecuted adversary of Protestant intolerance. The effect is to rally the French-Canadians to the support of their religious leaders. Thus the Church, though checked abroad, is strengthened at home. Education and evangelization on the other hand strike at the root of the trouble and turn the people

themselves into advocates of truth and liberty. Until the people of our Protestant provinces awake to the fact that the only permanent solution of the Quebec problem lies in the enlightenment and emancipation of the French people, these political crises will occur with increasing frequency and acuteness.

Dr. MacVicar's missionary zeal impelled him to the sacrifices and efforts he made for French evangelization. He longed for the salvation of men and for the extension of Christ's kingdom. Every missionary cause found in him an earnest supporter. He was not one of those who waxed enthusiastic over the conversion of men in far-off lands, but felt no responsibility for the condition of those at their own doors. There are many such among the Protestants of Quebec. With him, on the contrary, the people in his own Province had the first claim on his sympathies and resources. It was his anxiety for the people's welfare that fired his hostility to their religious system and religious authorities. And to free the people from this bondage and lift them into the light and liberty of the Gospel of Christ was Dr. MacVicar's great desire. The means he relied on chiefly for this end were the preaching of the Gospel. He found it there as elsewhere the power of God unto salvation to everyone who believed. He gloried in his privilege of training men for this high calling. But the spread of the Scriptures

throughout Quebec, the educational work done in such schools as those at Pointe-aux-Trembles, were also great forces in this work. From these efforts there were two classes of results. There was first the conversion of many. Every French mission founded, every Bible sold, every school established meant the winning of men to a living faith in Christ. In his reports to the General Assembly he never wearies of expressing his devout gratitude for what God had wrought in this way. Of these converts he could say: "Ye are our glory and joy."

But next, every such effort meant the improvement of conditions in the Roman Catholic communities around. Every Frenchman educated in Pointe-aux-Trembles was not only a citizen enlightened, but was a power stimulating his countrymen to agitate for better schools. Every church organized had a reflex-influence on the teaching and practises of the Romish churches in the neighborhood. Every Protestant cause is a leavening influence, changing the moral nature of the whole community. Many examples might be given of whole districts whose religious spirit has been transformed by a mission planted by our Church.

This is the principle of the Counter-Reformation. Luther's great movement not only established Protestantism, but led to extensive religious reforms in the countries that remained Catholic. The present "Los von Rom" movement in Austria has, in addition

to winning multitudes to the Reformed faith, driven the Roman Catholic Church to abolish many of the abuses that gave the movement its birth. In like manner every Protestant mission in the French districts of Quebec changes for the better the tone and temper of Catholicism in addition to the converts it brings out of the church. Dr. MacVicar saw clearly the effectiveness of this reflex influence of Protestantism, and many of his labors, for instance those in behalf of English education in Montreal, were designed to stir up the Roman Catholics to improve their own conditions.

This is but a brief sketch of one phase of the life-work of a man who was one of the greatest forces of our day. He was pre-eminent as a thinker and teacher, as statesman and reformer, as educationalist and ecclesiastic, as preacher and leader of men. His courage was lion-like. No personal consideration, not even the interests of other causes which he had at heart, ever interfered with his utterance of the truths and principles he believed. His faith in the ultimate triumph of the right could not be shaken, and with it he was ready to stand or fall. A profound student and also a man of action; a theologian first, yet a man of broad culture; laying tremendous emphasis on orthodox belief but valuing most highly spiritual experience; holding his own views with a grip of steel, while ready to co-operate with other denominations in all

that they had in common; stern in his dealings with error and hypocrisy, yet tenderly sympathetic to all in need, and devoted as a friend and fellow-worker; and withal holy in his own life, and moved always by a deep personal love to Jesus Christ, he was one of the greatest prophets God has given to our age. May a double portion of his spirit fall on those who are privileged to continue his work.

CHAPTER XIV.

CANADA'S PIONEER PRESBYTERIAN MISSIONARY—REV. JOHN GEDDIE, D.D.

REV. J. B. FRASER, M.D.

One of the writer's most vivid memories of boyhood is the visit at his father's house for some days of a grave and gentle man in middle life, who was small of stature, but most attractive and impressive. This was Mr. Geddie, the Missionary. He had lived for more than fifteen years in a small island on the other side of the world, and had many strange and wonderful things to tell of life and work and the power of the Gospel in that far away land. To meet him was to remember him for life; to hear of his work was to want to know more of the man and to learn the secret of such a life, such a character, and such success as his.

The Boy. John Geddie was the only son of his father, after whom he was named, a Scottish clock-maker, who came to Nova Scotia in 1816 before his boy was a year old. He was a godly man and an honest and skilful workman, affectionate and gentle in disposition, beloved by all who knew

him, and ever ready to help in every good work. Greatly interested in missions to the heathen, he and his wife had from infancy but without his knowledge devoted their only son to this work. Missionary literature, very scarce in those days, formed the bulk of the boy's reading outside his school work. His heart was touched and his ambition kindled with the thought of the need of the heathen and the heroism of missions. So small that he was commonly called "little Johnnie Geddie," and shy as a girl, he was perhaps the last boy of the school, who would have been thought of as a hero or chosen for the task he undertook and accomplished. But, taking no part in the rougher games of the others, left him more leisure for study, so that at the age of twenty-two he was a licensed minister. It was during his college course that he finally decided on foreign missions as his life-work, a decision never repented of nor changed. And, though small of stature and shy by nature, he developed a resolution, a vigor and a persistence which gave early promise of the later success he achieved.

The Home Missionary. For long after he had decided to be a missionary to the heathen, the way seemed barred. He was intensely loyal to the small church of which he was a minister, but it had no foreign missions, and at that time but little interest in that work. But Mr. Geddie was hopeful that the church might be persuaded to

undertake a mission of its own. He thought, too, that a few years of work in the home field might better fit him for the foreign, so that he accepted the first call he got and devoted himself without stint to home mission work in a congregation in Prince Edward Island. Before long he was known throughout the Island and the Province of Nova Scotia as a man of an intensely earnest missionary spirit. But his congregation did not suffer. Indeed, his own testimony is that the more intent he was on the foreign work the more his interest deepened in the home work, and this is perhaps not an uncommon experience.

His Helpmeet. Two years after Mr. Geddie was ordained he married, but so intent was he still on the foreign work that he expressly stipulated in his engagement that if the way should open, his wife would go with him to the heathen. And although at that time the prospect of his ever going seemed so remote, when the way was opened five years after she proved to be a real helpmeet and a true yoke-fellow, and through all the after years entered most heartily and helpfully into all his plans and labors and shared most sympathetically all his perplexities and trials.

Arousing the Church. After he was settled, beginning with the congregations of his own Presbytery, he set systematically to work to organize missionary societies, and though the beginnings made were small, the

interest gradually extended and increased. At that time, probably, there was not another minister who thought that the Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia could or would support a missionary of its own. There were only in all thirty congregations, none of which were large or wealthy. But Mr. Geddie kept at it, and lost no opportunity of urging his views. The result was a splendid illustration of that text, "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth." Within five years the whole Church was leavened with the missionary spirit. In 1843 the question of undertaking a mission was sent to Presbyteries. In 1844 by a vote of 20 to 14 a Committee on Foreign Missions was appointed. In 1845 it was decided to select a field and appoint a missionary. The field chosen was New Caledonia, not far from the New Hebrides, and the missionary, of course, Mr. Geddie, although through all his advocacy of the cause he had kept himself almost out of sight as one who expected to be appointed.

The Courage of Faith. Faith had removed mountains, and the way was opened. But what faith it must have required to go to such a far away field in those days of slow sailing, with not more than $1,000 in the Church treasury, with the Church still far from unanimous as to the wisdom or feasibility of the project. The winter of 1845-6 and the following summer were spent in visiting the congregations of the Church,

giving information and stimulating interest. For though Mr. Geddie was enthusiastic, he was no mere enthusiast. His faith and courage were contagious. And such was the liberality evoked that before the end of the year the Committee decided to look for a suitable colleague.

Preparations for Setting Out. How much was crowded into those busy months! Mr. Geddie gave full proof that while he was a man of vision, he was no visionary. He took a course of instruction in medicine, learned printing, and house-building, and picked up as much as he could of other mechanical arts. And all this time he declined to accept any salary beyond his bare travelling expenses while visiting congregations.

A Problem Solved. During these months the problem of their three young children gave the parents much anxiety. His purpose was to take them with him, though relatives and friends protested and entreated that they should be left. The problem was solved in a very unexpected way. Within three weeks of each other the two younger of them died of some unknown ailment. The Great Shepherd took the lambs into his own loving care. On the 3rd of November, 1846, Mr. Geddie was solemnly designated, and on the 30th set sail. At Boston he took passage for Hawaii, and from there to Samoa, making his way as he could.

In Perils by the Sea. It is quite impos-

sible even to refer to his experiences by the way. It was not till the 17th of October, 1847, that he reached Samoa, where he was warmly welcomed by the missionaries of the London Missionary Society, with whom he counselled, and one of whom accompanied him to Aneiteum (pronounced Ah-nite-yum). His perils by the sea remind one vividly of the experience of the first foreign missionary —the Apostle of the Gentiles, but out of them all the Lord delivered him.

A New Trial. At Samoa his faith was subjected to another severe trial. The surviving child of the three, a girl of seven, had to be left behind to be sent home by the first opportunity because they felt that they could not and should not undertake to expose her to all the abominations which they discovered they would be compelled to witness among a wholly barbarous and heathen people. But the faith of the parents was equal to even this sacrifice, in the singleness of their consecration to the work. And their faith was amply rewarded. It was well with the child.

Choice of Field. It is most interesting to note how Mr. Geddie was led in the choice of Aneiteum as his field. It was the story of the triumphs of the Cross in the South Sea Islands that had fired the boy's heart, the Church was small and poor and the cost of living less then than in many other fields, and with characteristic modesty he believed he was more likely to succeed in a smaller

field and among a simpler people than in India or China. Providence at the same time seemed to point the way to the New Hebrides, though the first choice was New Caledonia, which was relinquished as it was deemed rash to attempt it with so small a force. He was fortunately detained long enough in Samoa to learn the language, which he afterward found of service, and to learn much from the missionaries there of the people among whom he was to work, and it was not till the 29th of July, 1848, that he and Mr. Powell, of the London Missionary Society in Samoa, landed on Aneiteum.

Beginnings. Mr. Geddie's first task was to house himself and family, a task which with his skill and energy was soon accomplished in a simple hut comfortable way. Next he undertook the language, and before long was able to make some use of it. An alphabet was decided on, as nearly as possible phonetic, and soon the printing press he had brought with him was at work, and the Samoan teachers who had come with him were busy teaching the natives to read. His policy from the beginning was instruction in the Scriptures, and his ideal for the mission was a band of native teachers and preachers to work under direction of the missionary.

In Perils Among the Heathen. The natives were at first curious, friendly or indifferent, but soon a change came. Their

superstitious fears were aroused. The missionary had in ignorance used things that were taboo. Coral had been burned for lime, and the fish had been scared away. The mission buildings had been located on the pathway of their natmasses (spirit-gods) to the sea, and they were offended, and were causing much sickness, etc. By a policy of kind conciliation, of which Mr. Geddie was an adept, their fears were allayed and confidence restored. He always respected the native sense of right and wrong, and as far as possible refrained from what they thought wrong while trying to teach them the truth, and he refused, absolutely, to use weapons for self-defence, or resort to force of any kind. On many occasions he deliberately hazarded his life in attempts to prevent wars, and the strangling of widows on the death of their husbands, which was the universal custom. The natives soon learned to trust and even respect him, and it was not till the third year of the mission that the inevitable conflict between heathenism and Christianity reached a crisis. This was through the opposition of the chiefs, who were also all priests of the natmasses.

In Perils Among False Brethren. Alas that the burdened heart of the isolated missionary should have been broken by the defection of a teacher who had come with him from Nova Scotia, whose spiritual strength was sapped by the atmosphere of lust in which he was compelled to live, and who

was overcome by the evil he should have overcome. He left the mission, but the shame and the scandal remained. Besides this, traders coming to the island and living on it, took advantage of the natives, treated them often very unjustly, demoralized them with drink and in other unmentionable ways, often behaving more like beasts than men. When remonstrated with by the missionary, they vented their rage and malice by stirring up the lewd natives of the baser sort, urging them to burn the houses of the missionaries and drive them out. Many a time Mr. Geddie's life, even, was brought into peril in this way. Such multiplied trials would have crushed the spirit of a weaker man. As it was they but served to reveal the heroic faith and courage and constancy of our pioneer missionary.

In Labors More Abundant. Mr. Geddie not only held on his way, but he gave himself up with ever-increasing zeal and devotion to his work instead of morbidly brooding over difficulties and discouragements. In season, out of season he was at work so that by the end of the first year a good beginning had been made along many lines. He went everywhere preaching the Word. The natives were on the whole friendly. Many of them were learning to read. The second year a small book containing some simple passages of Scripture was printed. The following year a Catechism. By this time many had broken with heathenism and

were learning the way of life. The missionary's hands were more than full of work, but his heart was full of gratitude.

Gathering Clouds. Before the end of the first year his colleague, Mr. Powell, whose health had failed, became utterly discouraged, and was compelled to forsake the field. Early in the second year the teacher who had accompanied him from Nova Scotia failed and fell. It was nearly three years after he left home before any letters came, and even then no promise of help. It seemed to him heartless that he should be left as he was to contend single-handed with the powers of darkness, 1,500 miles from the nearest neighbor missionary. They felt compelled to send away their second daughter, born just before they left home, as they had sent her sister back from Samoa, and so it seemed as if all things were against them.

Clearing Skies. Not till August, 1851, three years after landing, did Mr. Geddie venture to write, "the tide seems to be turning in favor of Christianity." A brother of the chief who had been a great savage and a bitter foe of the mission, who confessed that he had often watched for a chance to murder Mr. Geddie, turned from his idols. He was won by the truth lived by the first converts. Later in the same year he wrote, "There is a movement in favor of Christianity over the whole island." The tide had turned. But before the end of the year a

determined attempt was made to burn the mission house. It was the last open assault. A new day had dawned. Before the end of the year all the chiefs on the island had come out openly on the side of Christianity, and from this time the number of converts grew steadily.

Harvesting. By the end of the fourth year Mr. Geddie was well on with the translation of the Gospel by Matthew. The sandalwood traders had left. A native church was organized. In 1852 Mr. Inglis, who proved a true and valuable helper, came. But the work up to that time had been done wholly by Mr. and Mrs. Geddie. In four years the language had been learned and reduced to writing, many thousand pages had been printed, many of the natives had learned to read and to know Christ, hundreds had been turned from their idols to learn about God, in addition to the study of the language, preaching, the care and treatment of the sick, the erection of buildings, the making and keeping of peace. The precious seed, watered with many tears, yielded a rich harvest. A church was built by the natives to seat 500, and afterward a large and comfortable house for the missionary, showing what hold he had gained on their hearts, and how complete had been their surrender to Christ. And so the years passed, and with the help of Mr. Inglis, still more prosperously.

Trials. But not without their trials. An epidemic of measles, brought to the island by the traders, proved very severe and fatal, sweeping off more than thirty per cent. of the population. In 1861, a valued colleague, Mr. Johnson, died of brain disease just when his work was well begun. Shortly after the church and school were set fire to and burned. The same year a fearful hurricane wrought great damage and loss. But Mr. Geddie's faith never failed. Before the end of the year in which they were burned, the church and school were rebuilt, and better than before.

Furlough. It was not till he was compelled after fifteen years of such toils and trials that he yielded to the solicitation of the home Church that he should take a furlough. Leaving Aneiteum in January, 1864, he reached Nova Scotia in August, losing a bright boy of nearly three years on the voyage, who was buried at sea. But during his furlough he rarely rested, such was his eagerness to tell of the triumphs of the Gospel, and the eagerness of the Church to hear. His visit home gave a great impetus to the widening and deepening interest in foreign mission work. He left on his return in February, 1866, and reached Aneiteum in September. On the eve of leaving he was honored with the degree of D.D. by Queen's College, Kingston.

The Close. He immediately resumed and continued his work, but with declining

powers, and with intervals of compulsory rest till June, 1872, when he was stricken with paralysis, and on the 14th of December, 1872, in his 58th year, he was called to his rest and reward. Servant of God, well done! He was richly gifted for the work to which he was called, a man of simple but strong faith, of rare enthusiasm and energy, with a genius for acquiring and translating languages, with a happy faculty of gaining and retaining the confidence of the heathen, and with mechanical skill that made him a master of all handcraft, and he did his work with all his might, as unto the Lord.

The Day's Work. The sun of his life-work set on an Isle of the Sea won for the King and added to the kingdom of God, the Scriptures translated into a new language, two thousand people taught to read them, sixty schools established, twenty teachers sent to neighboring heathen islands, the Sabbath well observed, family worship in most homes, and 1,300 members of the Church in full communion. The inscription on the monument that marks his grave sums it all up in a sentence: "When he landed on Aneiteum in 1848 there were no Christians; when he left in 1872 there were no heathen."

CHAPTER XV.

TWO MARTYR MISSIONARIES—THE BROTHERS GORDON.

REV. CLARENCE MACKINNON, B.I.

Making a link in the great chain of volcanic islands that stretch from Japan to New Zealand lie the New Hebrides. Mountainous, wooded, fertile, rich in tropical beauty, blest with perpetual June they are

"Summer isles of Eden lying
In dark purple spheres of sea."

For centuries they have been the home of the most ancient but most savage of the fearfully degraded Malay-Polynesian. Flat-nosed, frizzle-headed, strong and muscular—though not so tall as the brown Polynesians farther to the east—these black tribes have habitually perpetrated the most frightful crimes against humanity; infanticide, widow-strangling and cannibalism. Under the dark superstitions of witch-craft and fetishism their soul has become as treacherous and gloomy as their forest glades where

"The woven leaves
Make network of the dark blue light of day."

Their homes were but wretched huts four or five feet high, a few branches stuck in the

ground, fastened at the top and around with leaves, destitute alike of comfort and decency. Nor had the advent of the white man mitigated the wretchedness or cruelty of their lot. Lured by the precious sandal-wood, the shameless trader was usually the first to drop his anchor in their picturesque harbors. With a worthless iron hoop he has been known to buy a whole boat load of the valuable cargo, and not content with such unblushing dishonesty, he added inhuman atrocities against these helpless children of nature and filled their breasts with so deep a distrust and so implacable a hatred towards any white face, that many a valuable missionary life has been forfeited, the innocence penalty for such evil deeds. Of all these degraded islands the worst was said to be Erromanga, so dark that

"None but itself can be its parallel."

Here the heroic John Williams had come in 1839; but though many a barbarous island of the Pacific had yielded with almost miraculous submission to that veteran missionary, his triumphant experience was not to be repeated. Hardly had he with Harris set foot on the fatal shore than he was attacked and clubbed by the ferocious cannibals. Subsequent attempts by not less noble Samoan teachers had little better success. True, two small chapels were erected and about a hundred of the natives partially influenced. But Erromanga as a whole remained obdurate.

The thrilling story of the first successful planting of Christianity in these dark New Hebridean islands has been already told in the last chapter by Dr. Fraser, when he described Dr. Geddie's wonderful achievement in Aneiteum. Equally good things were in store eventually for still blinded Erromanga though, alas! the price paid for them was to be very heavy. Far away in British North America, in another beautiful but Christian island, "the garden of the Gulf," Prince Edward Island, there was born in 1822, about four miles from the little town of Alberton, George W. Gordon. He began life in the tanning business; but so ardent a zeal for the salvation of men possessed his heart, that he found no contentment until he resolved to devote himself to the ministry. While studying at Halifax, so strong was this passion for souls within him, that his spare moments were employed in the trying work of a city missionary. When, therefore, repeated and urgent calls for a co-helper came from the heroic Geddie, one man stood ready whom neither the terrors of a ghastly cannibalism nor the isolation of those lonely islands could deter, and Geo. N. Gordon was the first to respond to the appeal. In May, 1857, he and his devoted wife, a Miss Powell, from London, England, arrived at Aneiteum. "We have long looked for them," joyfully wrote Dr. Geddie, "and they have come at last. Many are the prayers that have been offered up for help for the

dark islands around us, in private, in public and at the family altars in Aneiteum, and in the presence of our newly arrived brother and sister we can recognize an answer to them." Prayers, however, had not been the only preparation for the new missionaries, and on their arrival they were highly gratified by the very needful and acceptable gift of twenty-five large mats which the thoughtful native teachers and their wives had made for their new home.

Tana had been contemplated as the scene of the new missionary's labors, but from the very first his own heart had been set on Erromanga. His wish was granted, and to that difficult and dangerous martyr isle, the post of honor, he and his courageous wife were sent. Assisted by some Samoan teachers, who with the true perseverance of the saints would not despair of their task, and also by a young Erromangan named Mana, and greatly favored by the happy rumors now emanating from Aneiteum on behalf of the new religion, they began their work with characteristic energy and with encouraging success. The young were especially amenable to the softening influence of the love of God, and quite a number came to the mission house to reside and learn more of the wonderful story of the Cross. Dr. Paton describes a memorable visit which he made to that island at this epoch. He brought with him a small harmonium to Mrs. Gordon. When it was opened and she

had sung in her sweet and sympathetic voice a few of the simpler Christian melodies, the native women were in ecstasies. There was nothing they would not do to hear more of the lovely music. They put their hands energetically to the work. They rushed to the bush and brought burdens of long grass to thatch the printing office where Mr. Gordon was preparing to print the Scriptures in their own tongue. Never had there been a happier evening on Erromanga. Above the subdued moaning of the breakers on the beach rose hymn after hymn in tireless succession of praise. Next morning, being Sabbath, the little congregation assembled, delighted to hear again the message of the Gospel, while the small band of novices at the mission house who were preparing to become teachers, bent themselves to their arduous studies with freshened zeal. So bright overhead was the sky, so favorable were the prospects for the mission at the time of Dr. Paton's visit, how little could one think that so soon these same heavens would be overcast and the cruel island drink again the blood of martyred missionaries!

The Christian preacher has been the truest friend these lovely shores have ever known. The selfish trader has been their greatest curse. In those former days when the voyager was accused of "hanging his conscience off Cape Horn," as he passed into the Pacific seas, the poor native tribes were the victim of every device and barbarity

that avarice could plot against them. They were cheated without scruple. They were kidnapped without remorse. They were torn from their island homes, their cherished customs and their little ones, dear even to the hearts of savages, and transported to distant fields of labor. Naturally those engaged in this revolting and unchristian traffic looked upon the missionary as their most serious obstacle. One such fearless man could work their barbarous trade among the natives more deadly injury than a whole fleet of men-of-war patrolling the seas. Every evil tale, therefore, that their wicked imaginations could invent they strove to circulate broadcast about him and his work. They conferred with the savages, whispered suspicions into their ears, inflamed their cruel passions, and constantly incited them to kill their Christian teachers. Nor in their fiendish plots against the welfare of the islands did they always stop at words. Few things in the black annals of human outrage can surpass the deliberate introduction of patients affected with measles among the native population with the murderous intention of decimating it b the disease so fatal to these tribes. To D Paton's solemn protest against this inhuman conduct one of these shameless traders replied: "We have sent the measles to humble them. That kills them by the score. Sweep these creatures away and let white men occupy the soil." It was to the insti-

gation of such selfish and unnatural monsters that the awful tragedy about to be related was due.

A terrific hurricane had swept the islands, destroying houses, stripping fruit trees and threatening famine; a trading ship had infested Erromanga with the dreaded measles, and the epidemic played fearful havoc among the natives. Mr. Gordon had ever been a fearless man, and in his preaching had not hesitated to warn the people that if they persisted in their evil ways and scorned the light of salvation they would incur a Divine judgment. The ruthless traders were not slow to turn the missionary's words against himself; they persistently persuaded the native mind that the prevalent sickness was the judgment the missionary had promised, and he alone was responsible for it, and contradictory though it was, they added that the ousted pagan deities had sent the plague by way of revenge. Consistency was nothing, provided suspicion was aroused and dread of the new teacher instilled into the heart.

For the benefit of Mrs. Gordon's health, and to escape the annoying and contaminating influence of the sandalwooders on the new converts, the mission house had been removed a mile up the hill. On the 20th May, 1861, Mr. Gordon was at work roofing his printing office, half way down to the shore. Ugly rumors were afloat, and his assistants were very reluctant to leave

him alone. To do great things, the old aphorism has it, a man must live as though he had never to die; and this was the spirit in which the brave missionary toiled. He laughed at fears. He dismissed his boys into the bush to gather more grass. In their absence a party of designing natives came upon him. They asked for calico. He wrote an order to Mrs. Gordon on a chip. They refused the chip. "Come and see a sick man," they said. The faithful missionary hearing of a case of distress, rolled up in a napkin the dinner he had just received, and walked toward his home. In crossing a streamlet his foot slipped. The next moment a tomahawk was buried in his back and a second blow almost severed his head. Frantic yells of triumph arose from the ambush where the savages were watching. Mrs. Gordon heard the shouts and hurried to the door. "What is the matter?" she inquired. "Oh, nothing!" said a native; "only the boys." And then stealthily stepping behind her buried his tomahawk also in her spine, and with a second blow cut the arteries of the neck. Thus were sacrificed two noble missionaries who without hesitation had coveted the most perilous station on the field, the one, "a man of strong mental powers, immense energy, thorough devotedness, than whom a braver soldier of the Cross never trod heathen soil;" the other, "a little woman, quiet, amiable, intelligent, and possessing a heart full of love

to the heathen," the first European woman to win a martyr's crown in these southern seas.

In August, 1861, a single ship brought to the home Church tidings of the hurricane, the epidemic, the burning of Dr. Geddie's church and the death of Mr. Johnston. A few weeks later came the still more mournful news of the murder of the Gordons. But never did the home Church rise more grandly to face disaster. Applications were immediately in the hands of the Board to take the place of the fallen, but the most noble of all came from a theological student, James D. Gordon, brother of the martyr, asking that he might be permitted to take his brother's place and preach a gospel of forgiveness and peace to those who had been his brother's murderers. Nothing ever more nearly touched the heart of the Church than this offer, and nothing served more

"To shew that power of love how great
Beyond all human estimate."

In 1864, "The Dayspring," on her first memorable voyage landed him in the New Hebrides. Once more the work was resumed, but progress, though steady, was still much impeded by the old obstacles. In addition to measles, diphtheria came to scourge the island. The "slave" trade, grown still more cruel, had filled the natives with the worst apprehensions on the approach of a white man, and the greatest caution was necessary in visiting new dis-

tricts, if the old disaster was not to be repeated. The Divine seed, however, had been sown; it had taken root and begun to spread. Interest was deepening, attendance at church rapidly increasing, new islands were approached, fresh additions to the missionary staff welcomed, when the second tragedy occurred. The summer season of 1872 had been exceptionally unhealthy. The missionary was of course to blame. A man named Nerimpaw had lost two children to both of whom Mr. Gordon had administered medicine. The energetic missionary was translating the seventh chapter of Acts, and had just completed the words describing Stephen's martyrdom, "He fell on sleep," when Nerimpaw entered and seizing his opportunity, drove his tomahawk into the side of Mr. Gordon's head. The Christian natives attempted to avenge the murder. These heathen, they said, call us women; they say we cannot handle the battle-axe, and they can kill as many of us as they please. But we showed them we were men who could defend our friends against their cruelties." Perhaps the greatest triumph of the Cross in Erromanga was when this temporary effort at a very natural revenge yielded at length to the spirit of the Prince of Peace.

It has been our task to tell the tale of mournful tragedy, and yet with it all how true are the words of William Orme: "In the whole compass of human benevolence there is nothing so grand, so noble, so

Christian, so truly God-like as the work of evangelizing the heathen." Nor can one forget the words of the veteran Dr. Paton, who spent his life, so mercifully preserved, in the midst of these same perils: "Oh, that I had my life to begin again! I would consecrate it anew to Jesus in seeking the conversion of the remaining cannibals of the New Hebrides." But soon the wish will itself become obsolete, for

"Our enemies have fallen, have fallen: the seed
The little seed they laughed at in the dark
Has risen and cleft the soil and grown a bulk
Of spanless girth that lays on every side
A thousand arms and rushes to the sun.
. . . . . .
The tops shall strike from star to star, the fangs
Shall move the stony bases of the world."

CHAPTER XVI.

A MISSIONARY CRUSADER—MACKENZIE OF KOREA.

REV. W. H. SMITH, B.D., PH.D., SYDNEY, NOVA SCOTIA

Among the "Missionary Pathfinders" of the nineteenth century, none is held in higher appreciation than William John MacKenzie. The story of his life finds its sources in the quiet hill country of the beautiful West Bay of Bras d'Or Lake, Cape Breton, amid the pioneers from Sutherlandshire, Scotland, who for three generations had been creating a type of character which came to its glory in the heroic saint of Korea. MacKenzie was born July 15th, 1861, the third of six children to Robert MacKenzie and Flora MacRae. He was blessed with a Christian home and the sympathetic interest of his godly grandfather, William MacKenzie, who sought to lead him into the kingdom. In boyhood he was unusually strong, full of wit, the centre of sport and the hero of contests. As a young man he became "one of the giants," and his splendid physique was a life-long treasure. He showed intellectual ability, becoming a teacher in the public school at thirteen

years of age, and taking his "Grade B" license at fourteen. He continued teaching with marked success until he was nineteen. During these years he had serious thought of the soul, and commenced the study of Greek and Latin. Attending Pictou Academy during the winter of 1880 he consecrated himself to Jesus Christ. He entered Dalhousie College in 1883, and was graduated Bachelor of Arts in 1888.

The summer of 1887 found him a student missionary at Cape George. This he not only enjoyed, but it gave him an enlarged vision of his calling. The aggressive spirit was already moving. His studies were interrupted by ill-health, and a summer was spent at sea. The experience gained was invaluable at Labrador.

About this time the students of the Presbyterian College decided to undertake mission work on the Labrador coast, where a scattered population was living almost destitute of educational and religious privileges sometimes on the verge of starvation, and without any medical assistance the greater part of the year. The whole coast swarms with fishermen during the summer. When a volunteer was called for, Mr. MacKenzie at once offered his services, and the Missionary Crusader went forth to organize a work which has stood as a beacon, the success of which is largely due to his courage, tender sympathy and Christ-like spirit.

The eighteen months spent in Labrador

were momentous in his spiritual life, and afforded excellent preparation for Korea. Labrador must ever shine side by side with Korea as the record of great sacrifice and success. When leaving Halifax he commenced a diary which was faithfully kept, and its pages show the growth of his own life as well as the history of his work. It is impossible to follow him. A few glimpses must suffice.

During the slow voyage MacKenzie was busy. He studied the problem of missions. Among other books he read one on Korea. His comment is, "Why not go out there and do as Paul did? Get there some way, and grow into their life by some trade or labor, and also preach. Then stir up the Church, if need be, for assistance." Already the passion for Korea was being kindled.

He entered upon his new work with enthusiasm. From the first he engaged in personal work. Regardless of creed he visited every family, had heart-to-heart talks, read the Bible, sang and prayed. Up and down the bleak coast he travelled, hearing the tale of hardship, winning by his frankness, and imparting light until at last new hope began to stir in the lives of the people. He gave attention to the fishermen and sailors, visiting aboard their ships and holding services. Seeing he must have independent means of transportation, he bought a boat and began a visitation of the settlements. This was very trying work. Ice, rain, fog,

sleet and stormy blasts all disputed his progress, but amid all he pressed onward in the spirit of a soldier. All shared his sympathy. The Esquimaux were in a deplorable condition and he gave them his best. But amid the rush of busy work is also heard the note of victory. His commission was to save men, and he frequently records the blessing as, "Some four or five young men resolved to begin to lead Christian lives."

After months on the coast he received his first mail containing the request for further service. To this request he readily responded. With supplies from Nova Scotia he faced the long winter. He made Harrington his headquarters, where he was cheered by a wonderful revival and the ingathering of many souls. The subjects of his preaching show the burden of his message: "One thing thou lackest." "Prepare to meet thy God." "When I see the blood I will pass over." A trip north in mid-winter was attended with great danger. Here is an entry, "I slept in the loft, where I could see the stars through the roof and put my hand out through the seams. My nose was nearly frozen; had to spread my overcoat over myself; a bitter cold night, etc." These trials he gladly shared, seeking only to lead the people to the Saviour. During the summer he visited the Moravian Mission at Hopedale, further north. Here for the first time he saw a people redeemed from darkness and

the fire of love for the heathen and Korea flamed out anew.

Much could be written concerning this missionary tour. He had gone forth with faith and hope. As he left Labrador his gaze was still upward. He had proven himself a workman that needeth not to be ashamed. With physical energy only surpassed by Christian heroism he had visited every settlement on that lone shore, touched the people with the infection of a holy life and saw the transforming power of the Gospel. As the vessel sailed up Halifax harbor he closed his diary with the doxology. He had seen the glory of the coming kingdom, and no crusader ever gazes upon the Holy City with greater joy than did MacKenzie upon the redeemed life of the least in the kingdom of his Master.

He resumed his divinity course, adding medical studies, and was graduated from the Presbyterian College in 1891. He accepted a call to the congregation of Hewiacke, N.S., but he felt that this was not to be his life-work. He offered himself to the Foreign Mission Board, but his request was declined. He, however, decided to remain the representative of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, depending entirely upon voluntary offerings for support. Resigning his pastoral charge he accepted work near Halifax, carried on his medical studies, and in October, 1893, started for Korea. The heart of the Church was kindled. The peo-

ple were eager to hear him, and contributed so generously that there was soon enough and to spare. In his parting message there was supreme faith. "Certainly I will be with thee," was his conviction. "Anywhere with Jesus," his favorite hymn. The writer will not soon forget his last visit to the College. When he grasped his hand he said, "Would you give that to the Labrador Mission for me? Never mind my name, just a friend." It was a twenty dollar bill. His farewell services, his refusal to travel by train on Sunday, the transformation of a drunken revel to a soul-saving service during that Sunday on the foothills, his singing of Coronation on seeing the Rockies, the services at Vancouver, his evangelistic work with the sailors, these were characteristic, the natural expression of genuine piety. Embarking, he wrote: "Stepping on board ship, I did not wish it otherwise leaving my native continent. Have no regret, nor do I feel badly about it. Oh, 'my grace is sufficient for thee!' It is no sacrifice; would be to stay. Henceforth may Korea be the land of my adoption. May I live and work there many a year for the glory of God, and may my dust mingle with theirs till the great trumpet shall sound, when Death shall be swallowed up in Life." On December 12th, he sighted Korea and wrote: "As we came on deck I saw the rugged hills of Korea for the first time. It is with feelings of awe I approach this land as ambassador of no

earthly nation, but of the King of kings, eternal. How weighty is my responsibility !" He landed at Chemulpo, and after an unsuccessful attempt to reach Seoul, the capital of Korea, by steamer, he made the journey on foot, twenty-eight miles in seven hours, suffering greatly on account of the slippery roads and bad weather. He met the missionaries of the American Presbyterian Church, secured a teacher and began work on the language, giving five and six hours per day. These were days of heart-searching consecration and prayer. The closing words of 1893 are: "Prayed for the spirit's filling and the conversion of hundreds and thousands. If in faith it will be answered. Prayed into the New Year."

Before deciding upon his field he made a ten days' journey northward, which gave him a good opportunity of studying the life of the people. He finally selected the village of Sorai, on the west coast of Korea, in the Province of Hwang-Hai, about 180 miles from Seoul and three-quarters of a mile from the Yellow Sea. There were about 30 houses and 280 people, who lived by farming. Some years before a man named Saw had visited China, become a Christian, returned to Sorai, and was recognized as a man of power. MacKenzie, hearing of this, at once called, when a friendship began which will find its consummation only beyond the Veil. This was February 3rd, 1394. The following Sunday, fifteen persons met in Saw's

house for worship. He at once engaged a teacher, and in less than two months decided to get along in the Korean language. Soon truth seekers began to call, discussion arose, interest deepened, and with strong sympathy for the sinner even when condemning the evil, he won them to his confidence. His medical skill was also most helpful.

The Koreans are a strange blending of Tartar, Japanese and Chinese. On account of the exclusion of foreigners, Korea was called the Hermit Nation. The restriction was removed about a quarter of a century ago. The prevailing religion is ancestor worship, largely associated with demon worship, in which fear is the ruling motive. The people are generally poor, inclined to laziness and filthy. They are very hospitable, eager to learn, and are easily reached by the missionary. In common with all pagan religions, the moral conscience is very imperfectly developed. With these people MacKenzie sought to construct the kingdom of God.

During the month of June, when he was in Seoul, the Tong Hak rebellion broke out. The Tong Haks were "armed reformers" who, professing loyalty to the king, undertook to expel offending officials. They kept up civil war. In 1894 they became numerous and overran the whole country. They were the occasion of the war which followed between China and Japan. On account of the disturbances he was prevented from re-

turning to Sorai until September 10th, when he was heartily welcomed by the people. He now faced the last chapter in his work. The war had created new problems. The worst rumors were afloat and uncertainty prevailed everywhere. The Tong Haks and soldiers were sweeping over the place and bloodshed and murder were common. In the midst of this surging sea, MacKenzie stood firm as a rock, the enemy of evil, the friend of the oppressed.

He gave his full strength to his work. The meeting for prayer on Wednesday was regularly observed. To get into closer touch, he adopted Korean food and clothing. The very dangers of the rebellion and war drew his people toward him for comfort. Many leaders of the Tong Haks showed him personal friendship, which he returned, and though his life was threatened he was never attacked. To distinguish his church and Sunday from surrounding heathenism he erected a beautiful banner, St. George's Cross, which on December 12th, 1894, first floated in the breeze as they sang, "All hail the power of Jesus' name."

The first words for 1895 are, "Shall I see its end?" The year opened hopefully. The attendance at the services reached 50, women coming for the first time. Soon the prayer meeting numbered 50, and the Sabbath services were crowded. Plans for a church were prepared and subscriptions gathered. He started a Christian school, the first en-

dowed native Christian school in Korea. Just before dying he left $170, which was invested in land, the rental of which supports a teacher in what is now called the MacKenzie School. Work on the church proceeded so rapidly that the first services were held June 9th. This was the first church built by native Christians in Korea without one cent of foreign aid. Its site was for centuries the spot where "devil worship" was observed. MacKenzie regarded this church with great satisfaction. He says, "Church roofed with tile; pillars and beams of more than ordinary workmanship—a perfect beauty." He further insisted on self-support, which principle has been amply justified.

During these months he lived in constant danger. He remained at his post when every other missionary fled for refuge. It was a severe strain. In April he was attacked by fever, and on June 16th the symptom became alarming. His last entry was on June 22nd. On that day he sent a touching appeal to Dr. Avison, closing with "Please try and save a friend's life if you can." He also wrote to his mother, and made his will. In a note to a friend he said, "Jesus is so precious now; never knew or experienced so much of His presence. We'll meet where there is no parting. Oh, to be there!" On Sabbath morning he was worse, and sending for his friends, he told them he was going to die, and gave instruc-

tions for his burial. During the hour of service as the people worshipped in the church their sainted leader and best earthly friend passed through the gates into the city.

There is neither space nor necessity for any special tribute to his memory. His character was known and read of all men. Nature had richly endowed him, and the Spirit of Jesus consecrated all. Boundless human sympathy, far-reaching vision of the kingdom of God, uncompromising loyalty to truth, which led him out into the unseen and unknown, are all inseparably bound up with our thought of him. He felt he should fulfil his purpose "looking to Jesus." Like a brave knight he led the way to the kingdom. The hosts of the Lord are pressing forward in his steps.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE APOSTLE OF FORMOSA— REV. GEORGE LESLIE MACKAY, D.D.

REV. J. A. MACDONALD.

MacKay of Formosa was a missionary hero whose name holds a high and an enduring place in the annals of a century of missions. In any well-chosen list of a dozen great world-missionaries of the nineteenth century his name would appear. There was that uniqueness in the work he did, and that distinction in his way of doing it, which gave to his career a touch of romance. He was in a class by himself. In his methods he was a law to himself. Nature did not design him for routine service. He had intuitions and impulses that to him were authoritative. It was this personal touch that gave to his life-work the element of surprise, and that for him lifted ordinary incidents out of the region of the commonplace. If ever a man found his true place and worked under conditions that gave his talents a chance that man was MacKay of Formosa.

George Leslie MacKay was a native-born Canadian, but in every fibre of his being he

bore the qualities of a Scottish Highlander. His father, George MacKay, emigrated to Canada from Sutherlandshire, Scotland, in 1830. George Leslie was born in 1844, the youngest of a family of six children, and was brought up under the ministry of the late Rev. Donald McKenzie in the congregation of Zorra, in the County of Oxford. Of his home training and of the influence of his old minister he spoke in his later years with the most reverent affection. While he was yet a boy, the great missionary, William C. Burns, visited Canada and addressed the Zorra congregation on the call and claim of the heathen world. Those appeals made a lasting impression on young MacKay's life, and he dated his desire to be a foreign missionary from that event.

It was in June, 1871, four years before the Union, that the General Assembly, meeting in Quebec, called "George L. MacKay to go forth as a missionary of the Canada Presbyterian Church to the foreign field." He had been educated in Toronto and at Princeton, New Jersey, and was ordained on September 19, 1871. One month later he left his home, designated to work in China, the first foreign missionary of his Church.

In March, 1872, he stood on the deck of a Chinese ship at the mouth of the Tamsui river, in North Formosa, and, as the record runs in "From Far Formosa," he had an instinctive feeling that he had been divinely guided: "One look toward the north, another toward the south, another far inland

to the dark green hills, and I was content. There came to me a calm, clear, prophetic assurance that here would be my home, and something said to me, 'This is the land.' "

That assurance was made doubly sure by the experiences which made up the long and eager years of his missionary service. North Formosa was his field. Tamsui was his home. There he labored with singular devotion and great success. There, on June 2, 1901, he died, and there, in the burying-ground at Tamsui, his body was laid to rest, even as in life he so desired—"within sound of its surf and under the shade of its waving bamboo."

The story of Dr. MacKay's life and work is told with considerable fulness of detail in "From Far Formosa," and need not be repeated in this brief sketch. When he landed in North Formosa in 1872, he found a heathenism untouched at any point by Christian missions. When he died in 1901 he left sixty churches, with 1,891 communicants on their roll of membership, and fifty-four native preachers engaged in congregational and missionary work. What that result cost, the sorrows and persecutions and seeming defeats that crowded those years, the heroism involved, and the wide range of influence which statistics can never represent, are all a part of the warp and woof of MacKay's life-story, which ought to be read as told in his own biography.

Looking back over Dr. MacKay's life

and missionary service one cannot but be impressed by the marvellous ways in which the man was made to match the work he had to do. The work of the pioneer missionary in North Formosa had in it features peculiar to itself, difficulties and discouragements of its own. By his temperament and his aptitudes MacKay was singularly equipped for that work.

Nature did much for him. Had he not been a missionary he might have been a soldier. Indeed his grandfather was a soldier in the Highland regiment and fought at Waterloo, and the soldier spirit was everywhere manifest in the missionary conquest of North Formosa. At every turn, in every conflict with the forces of heathenism, when his efforts failed and when he succeeded, MacKay behaved as a general organizing and working out a plan of campaign. He made overtures. He reconnoitred. He manoeuvred. He led a scouting party or a flying column. He made forced marches and sometimes took the enemy unawares. If there was no other resource he marched straight forward into what seemed inevitable defeat, and when the enemy gave battle he stood to his guns. An illustration of the temper of the soldier in the life of the missionary may be found in that chapter in "From Far Formosa" fittingly titled, "The Taking of Bangkah."

Not only had MacKay the spirit of the soldier, he had the body as well. His con-

stitution, in every nerve and sinew and fibre, was admirably organized for a life of exposure and hardship. He had great powers of physical endurance. In his missionary work he made long journeys with his Chinese students, riding or rowing or walking great distances. During the day, and in the evening he taught the students as though they were all in the class-room of Oxford College at Tamsui, and if they halted at a village he conducted a missionary service and preached the Gospel to the people. He could endure whatever the Chinese could endure, eat whatever they ate, sleep wherever they slept, and in all things could be one with them in the life they lived. That physical equipment was part of Nature's endowment for his missionary leadership in Formosa.

More than that. Dr. MacKay was by nature an optimist. He hoped for the best. He might be defeated, but he would not stay defeated. For him to believe that a thing ought to be was an assurance that it would be. For a little moment he might fear that all was lost, but presently his truer self would regain control and he would declare that nothing was lost, and that in the end this seeming defeat would work out a greater victory.

But Dr. MacKay's optimism was by no means an affair of good digestion and steady nerves and fair weather. His faith in the ultimate triumph of righteousness and his

confidence in the supremacy of goodness were if anything stronger and more invincible when the skies were gray and the east wind blew. He was a Christian optimist. He held the Christian view of life and of history. He believed God was at the heart of everything good, and that when Jesus Christ died and rose again He redeemed all life from destruction and gave the pledge of immortality to every good deed and honest word.

And for him that unconquerable faith in truth and goodness was no mere matter of a creed. The God in whom he believed was very real and very personal to him. The Saviour in whom he trusted and to whom he pledged his life was nearer to him than any earthly friend. His Celtic imagination was an aid to his intellectual belief and religious faith. God and the verities of the spiritual world made a very direct and very vivid impression on his soul. His life-story is full of incidents illustrating this sense of Divine nearness in the face of defeats and dangers. Stephen's vision of the glorified Master standing interested and watchful while His servant faced death for His sake was no nearer or more entrancing than was MacKay's sense of the same overshadowing Presence in the midst of Chinese hate and barbarian cruelty.

When George L. MacKay became a Christian he also became a missionary. To him acceptance of Christ as Saviour and Lord

carried with it the obligation to make known the good news of Christ to all other men. That obligation became a glorious privilege. Because of that he went out to China in 1871, and that passion burned hot in him through all those eventful years in Formosa, sending him here and there as a clansman with the fiery cross, calling to repentance and obedience all alike—the Chinese in the cities and villages of the north, the Sek-hoan in the west, the Pepo-hoan in the Kap-tsu-lan plain, the Lamsi-hoan far down the perilous east coast in the Ki-lai plain, the untamed and head-hunting aborigines in the mountains, the British consuls and the merchants and travellers of Europe and America, and at the last the incoming Japanese victors—calling all alike to repent and to believe and to be free.

And what Christianity was to him he sought to make it to those who through him believed on Christ—not a philosophy to be taught, not a creed to be believed, but a life to be lived. From the day when A Hoa, his first convert, became a Christian, down to the communion day when for the last time he admitted members into the fellowship of the Church, he preached the Gospel of service to all who accepted the Gospel of salvation. From his life of unflinching obedience and self-sacrifice his students learned the secret of effective service, and to this day the Church in North Formosa feels the thrill and the power of his flaming devotion. Persecutions came to that Church, the

horrors and desolations of war overtook it more than once, and the blood of its martyrs sealed its faith and watered its root. But through it all the Church in North Formosa stood fast, and the fidelity of its members was in part due to the example of the man who first taught them the truth of the Gospel, and who, when duty called, knew not how to surrender or turn back.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A MISSIONARY TO INDIA'S VILLAGES —REV. NORMAN HOTSON RUSSELL, B.A.

REV. J. McP. SCOTT, B.A.

The Rev. Norman Hotson Russell, B.A., was one of God's notable workmen. He was born in Toronto on January 30th, 1864, and died in Mhow, Central India, on July 10th, 1902, in the 39th year of his age.

HIS HOME AND BOYHOOD.

Norman had a good home. He was the second eldest in a family of five sons and three daughters, children of Mr. and Mrs. James Russell, at present resident in the city of Winnipeg. It was easy for him to be a missionary. The atmosphere of the home was godly and missionary. That three members of this one family gave themselves for God's service in the Regions Beyond is a fact that awakens interest in the character of his upbringing. Godly parents, with a healthy and bright home religion, is the ground-work that lies behind our study of this missionary's life. He was born, and spent his boyhood days in Toronto. Few missionaries in connection with our own

Church or any other Church have entered upon their work with better educational equipment. He had the special advantage of the thorough discipline and education of the Provincial Model School. As in the Collegiate Institute, and afterwards in the University, so also in his school life at the Model, he held no inconspicuous place. He was unusually clever. Learning never burdened him. With ease he took high place in his classes; with equal ease, he took large place in the affection and confidence of the boys in school and out of school. He lived a healthy boy's life, fond of fun, eager, happy, buoyant and breezy; but withal manly and honorable. Honor and manliness were elemental traits of Norman Russell's character. Vivacious, alert of body and fond of fun as he was, his life was never tarnished by unworthy or unmanly acts.

His religious experiences were early and definite. His missionary interest and missionary purpose appear early in life, and that both should evidence themselves at so early a period is not hard to understand when it is remembered that he was reared by a godly mother of intelligent missionary convictions. It is a great thing to record of any missionary, that he got his first missionary information and first missionary impulses within his own home. His mother —a woman of true piety—was also a person of deep missionary convictions. She was the companion of her children. Deeply at-

tached to her as they were, their lives opened under her influence, not only to the Christian faith, but to her missionary view. It will be kept in mind, that the Rev. F. H. Russell, M.A., of Dhar, Central India, and Mrs. Andrew Hall, of Iloilo, Philippine Islands, formerly Miss Jean Russell, are contributions to the work of Foreign Missions from this same home. When nine years of age, Norman one day said to his mother: "Mother, I'm going to be a missionary." This earnest declaration followed his reading Livingstone's life, "The Boy Weaver Who Became a Missionary." Central Presbyterian Church, Toronto, of honorable record and fine missionary history, had a special place in Norman Russell's life. His father and mother took large share in its life and work. This was the church home of the children during all their impressionable years. Here at thirteen years of age, Norman publicly professed Christ and united with the church. There was emphasis and enthusiasm about all his movements. His eager, enthusiastic nature which gave him zest in play, expressed itself in his religious practices, in a refreshing zeal for Christ. At fourteen years of age, he conducted prayer meetings among the boys at Central Church. At seventeen,—the period when it is hard for a boy to face the banter of his companions,—he preached on the streets in connection with the Elizabeth Street Mission work, and sang in the open air the Gospel

hymns. He was a good chorus singer. As in the Gospel hymns, so later in the University, his clear, ringing voice was often heard in the college glees, which he knew and sang so well.

HIS COLLEGE DAYS.

The subject of our sketch was a good scholar. He entered the University of Toronto unusually well prepared. His preparatory work was unhurried and thorough. After leaving the Model School, he entered Jarvis Street Collegiate Institute to prepare for entrance into the University. After a creditable course there, he matriculated into the Provincial University at 18 years of age. He had a splendid career as an undergraduate. Year by year he stood high in the Honor list, and he stood well up in first-class honors at the final examination. He was one of the best known and honored in the large class of men admitted to their degree of B.A. in 1887. He entered enthusiastically into University life, and was one of the strong all-round men of that time. Those who were interested in the religious life of the College at that period will have thankful memory of the strong spiritual and missionary force the College Y.M.C.A. then was. It was at that time the present building was erected. At that time, the Student Volunteer Movement was organized, and touched for the first time the Toronto Colleges. Then it was that James S. Gale was sent to Korea, supported by the

students and alumni of the University. Never before, and we fear not since, has there been a religious movement among University students more fruitful to the kingdom of God than the one at that time. With the graduates now widely scattered who knew the history of these days, Norman Russell has an honorable place as one of the men who did things.

Mr. Russell's family, having meanwhile removed to Winnipeg, he entered upon and pursued his theological studies in Manitoba College under the late Principal King. During his theological course, he found opportunity to give effective aid in mission work. While for long his heart had been set upon witnessing for Christ in the dark places of the earth, he was fully alive to the growing importance of work in the far West. The missionary spirited men view aright human need wherever it is. Those whose heart God burdens with the need of the heathen have usually right views of the conditions and needs of the home land. For two summers he served in the Home Missions of the West, and at other times did important foundation work in the extension of Presbyterianism in the City of Winnipeg During his theological course he became organizer and first missionary pastor of Augustine Church, Fort Rouge, and for a time also supplied the pulpit and shared in the pastoral labors of St. Giles' Church of the same city.

His appointment as missionary to India

came when he was 26 years of age—the year of his graduation in Theology; and in October of that year, 1890, he sailed for India.

LABORS IN INDIA.

Familiarly associated with Norman Russell's name is Mhow, the station in our Central India Mission where nearly all his work was given. What Norman Russell was at home in life and missionary purpose, that he was in zealous, unwearied labors on the field. From the first he was keenly alive to the suffering and needs of India's people. Writing his mother shortly after reaching the field, he says: "Pray for me, dear mother, that my heart may not get indifferent to the suffering around me until I learn the language and can tell them about Jesus." As would be expected, he speedily acquired a sufficient knowledge of the Hindu language to enable him to begin those messages to the people in which later on he became so proficient and effective in his evangelistic work.

On November 21st, 1892, he was married in Bombay to Miss Minnie Hodgins, of Toronto. During the ten years they were spared to each other, Mr. and Mrs. Russell, with their missionary associates, accomplished a great ministry in Mhow and surrounding villages. Seconded and aided by so true and worthy a helpmeet, Norman was his best.

Mhow being the location of a British

military camp, the chaplaincy duties fell to our missionary, in addition to his other work. The testimony of a brother missionary is that "he did this work with great earnestness and sympathy, and not a few of the British soldiers under his ministrations were led to accept Christ."

His great work, however, was his evangelistic labor among the natives in Mhow, and in the villages of that district. Ninety per cent. of the people of Central India live in villages. The district covered by the Mhow field is very extensive, reaching 40 miles south to the Nerbudda, and some 30 miles beyond that again. And from east to west, it extends at least 50 miles. This great district, with its teeming village communities, was ministered to from Mhow. Here in evangelistic work, Mr. and Mrs. Russell, with their missionary associates, labored. Mr. Russell's special joy was touring among the villages. "He went out into the native districts from village to village over a great extent of country, making friends with the headmen and officials, gathering crowds by day by his enthusiastic singing, and by night with his picture lantern, and on them ever pressing the claims of his beloved Master." While his out-station and village work took large place with him, no small measure of labor was required and ungrudgingly given to the important orphanage work at Mhow. It is here there has been concentrated the whole orphanage work for boys

in our Central India Mission. It is only as one has in mind the establishment and administration of the orphanage work, and the share he took in the educational and industrial work, that the magnitude and exacting nature of his work is understood.

Early in 1906, he was brought to the brink of the grave by a severe attack of enteric fever. In answer to the earnest prayers of fellow-missionaries and friends, he was given back to his work again, although doctors and nurses had despaired of his recovery. A short stay at home wrought speedy restoration. This was his last visit to Canada. His ringing appeals in India's interest will not soon pass from the memory of those who heard him. He always spoke to edification. His fine literary ability and training, and the fire that burned within him for India's needs, were evidenced in his telling addresses. They were of conspicuous power and ability; particularly effective in address was he during his last limited stay in the home land.

In 1901, he was found back at his post in Mhow, throwing himself with even more than his usual energy into his work. It seemed as if his descent to the edge of the valley had given him a new view of the sacredness of opportunity, and had warned him that his day's work would soon end. A pathetic interest attaches to his words in his last report: "Until we have more missionary help, it seems impossible to over-

take all the pressing claims." The strain was quite too great for a constitution already weakened by his previous illness; and when his last sickness came, he gradually sank under it.

HIS LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH.

The early days of July, 1902, were melancholy ones for the little staff at the Mhow station. Little Gordon Keith, just two years and six months old, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Russell, was taken from them on July 3rd, after the briefest illness. Before the little form was laid to rest, the illness that proved fatal was upon the grief-stricken father. He was removed to the military hospital where all that medical aid and the ministrations of love could render were given. Norman's working day was over, "having served his own generation by the will of God, he fell on sleep," July 10, 1902.

On July 11th, at sundown, he was laid to rest in the quiet little spot, "God's Garden," in Mhow, made beautiful by the well-ordered profusion of shrubs and roses and lilies. Because he served for the Church of Scotland as chaplain to the forces, he was given, at the special request of Sir Richard Westmacott, a full military funeral. His coffin was an officer's, of black velvet and gold braid. This placed upon a gun carriage and covered by the Union Jack, was drawn by nine magnificent black horses. The firing-party, the military band, the

general and officers, the Presbytery of Indore, the York and Lancaster regiments, and members of the native church, all found places in the sad procession that moved from the hospital to the little cemetery where they laid to rest, till the resurrection morn, the sleeping form of God's dear servant. He sleeps now in the land, and among the people he loved. Father and child gave their lives for India's redemption; but it was a willing sacrifice. In that far-off Eastern land, a plain white marble slab marks his resting place, on which can be read the words: "A man greatly beloved;" "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life"; and out on the Mhow road is a more enduring monument which shall speak for many years of the one who gave his life so willingly for India's poor famine-stricken children. This is Russellpura (Pura, village)—the orphanage and community surrounding it, so named in loving memory of the beloved friend and teacher who, till within one week of the end of his earthly service, gave himself so unselfishly to the interests of these poor famine waifs.

There were certain outstanding characteristics in Norman Russell's life:

First, his godly life. He talked and walked with God.

Second, his devotion and loyalty to, and fearless testimony for, his Master.

Third, his literary ability. One of the fin memorials of his great service for India, and a strong message to the Church, is his wonderfully graphic book, "Village Work in India,"—a book of 250 pages, written just before he returned to India from his last furlough. It is cleverly written; anything that came from his pen was admirably done. He was, in his style, a writer of pure and exact English. The book describes phases and experiences in work in the villages of India, particularly about Mhow. These were intended, not as exceptional but as typical features. The book reveals not only his fine literary skill, but also the largeness of his sympathies and the sanity of his judgments.

Fourth, his zeal and enthusiasm. The traits of boyhood and college days showed themselves in his eager and unresting labor in India. Just a few days before his death, in urging on the part of his fellow-missionaries greater faithfulness in personal dealing with souls, he told of the heavenly joy which comes from leading one and another out of heathen darkness into the light of God.

Fifth, his love for his work. Before leaving for India the last time, at a farewell meeting in Central Church, Toronto, he said: "If when I came home on sick leave the doctor had said, 'You can never go back to India to live,' it would have broken my heart." Writing just before sailing, when on his way back to India the last time, he

said: "As I sat at the hotel window looking out over the sea toward India, my eyes filled with tears of gratitude at the thought that I had actually been spared to start once more for this land and share in what is to me at least perhaps the most momentous work at present going on under heaven —the bringing of India to Christ." Shortly after this, on his arrival in India, at a meeting held to welcome him back to India and to Mhow, he said: "I was warned against coming back to India; but I felt God wanted me back, and here I am, and here I will stay and work. I love India, and I love India's people. Oh, brothers, I love you all; and if God asks me to lay down my life for your sakes, I will gladly do it."

Sixth, his intense life. He accomplished in his twelve years' service, because of his intense convictions and intense energy and enthusiasm, more than many others of equal equipment in a life's work of twice the length. Of the late Hon. Ion Keith Falconer, after his short but splendid career in Arabia, it was said: "The best is not too good for God's work; and the length of life is not the measure of its service." Let this be said also of Norman Russell; for "that life is long which answers life's great end."

Seventh, his spirit of self-sacrifice. Sir Richard Westmacott, the British military commander stationed at Mhow, said: "If ever a man gave his life for the people of India, that man was Norman Russell."

Writing later to Mrs. Russell, he used these words: "We, too, as well as the poor natives, loved your husband, and would like to show him all the honor possible. To me he was the perfect type of the Christian missionary. His only fault was that he was too full of thought for others, never remembering himself. I and many others are better men for having known him."

CHAPTER XIX.

A MISSIONARY IN PALMY TRINIDAD—REV. JOHN W. McLEOD.

By Rev. J. W. Falconer, B.A.

My most vivid remembrance of Rev. John W. McLeod is connected with a present which he gave me as a boy. This was a copy of the Revised Version of the New Testament, which had then been recently published, and it was my first introduction to the fact that there were different translations of the Bible. The gift was characteristic of the man, for it revealed that true love for scholarship which was one of the most striking features of his life. He had a decided preference for the rewards of knowledge, and had many of the instincts of the linguist.

John McLeod was born at North River, Colchester County, Nova Scotia, on April 23rd, 1853, not far away from one of the sources of early Presbyterianism in Canada. His home was only a few miles distant from Truro, where the First Presbyterian Church had existed ever since the ministries of Rev. Daniel Cock, whose communion tokens bear the date 1772. About the middle of last century the long and illustrious career of

Rev. Dr. William McCulloch was already making itself felt, and his name and reputation gave distinction to the town of Truro, which already had many traditions for religious zeal and educational progress. Even the names of the places about Truro would speak to the impressionable youth, for every time he drove into the town he would pass over Bible Hill, whose strange name could not fail to leave some suggestion.

His mother died when he was twelve years of age, but her influence did not cease to tell upon the young boy. Her prayers had constantly gone before God on behalf of her son, and in early years John was set apart for the service of the Lord. His grandfather, to whom he bore a very great resemblance, was John McLeod, of Earltown, a man of shrewdness and devotion, accustomed to conduct services in the Gaelic-speaking congregations of Pictou and Colchester Counties, in the capacity of Bible-reader and catechist. He belonged to that caste of Scotch leaders called "men," who played so conspicuous a part in the life of the Highlanders. Rather stern of manner and severe of aspect, they were yet rich in religious experience and thoroughly versed in the teaching of the Bible and the doctrines of the Church.

Brought up amid such traditions, John naturally turned his thoughts to the ministry as his life-work; and to add to these forces that drew him in that direction must

be mentioned that fact that his elder brother, the late Rev. Dr. McLeod, of Thorburn, N.S., had preceded him in the same calling, and had undertaken to impart the preliminary training in Latin and other subjects.

The High School which he attended was Pictou Academy, famed in the annals of Nova Scotia as being the germ cell of our free education system, and the foster mother of many of the leaders of our country. From this place he passed to Dalhousie, in 1872, a college that still bore the rule of our Church and was struggling towards the front ranks among the too many colleges of the land. Here John McLeod distinguished himself in classics and mathematics, securing the highest prizes in his classes. He graduated B.A. in 1875, and M.A. in 1880. From Halifax he passed to Princeton, New Jersey, and there took two years at the theological seminary school, which was in the acme of its glory, through the name of the Hodges. The last year of his theological course was spent at Park Hill, Halifax, where he graduated in 1880.

Immediately after receiving his license from the Presbytery of Truro, he spent a few months for the Home Mission Committee, and on November 23rd, he was appointed to be the fourth missionary to Trinidad. Before sailing he was married to Miss Bessie W. Dowling, of Lunenburg, and together they entered upon their new sphere

of missionary labor with high hopes and devoted zeal.

Trinidad is one of the most beautiful and prosperous among the West India Islands, and presents features that render it peculiarly fit for the labors of the Christian missionaries. It is one of the most healthy of all the group, and has a heathen population of large dimensions formed by a race which is susceptible to the teaching of the Gospel. This population is formed by coolies or native laborers from the East Indies, who have been drafted to the West Indies to work upon the sugar estates. Their predecessor on the sugar estates, the negro, had once been a slave and then had been compelled to work by the force of the master, but on the emancipation of the slaves the negro asserted his inborn love of a quiet and idle life, and refused to work except when starvation urged him. Accordingly the managers of these large estates had to look elsewhere for labor. Then it was that these necessities of modern industrialism found a most happy issue for Trinidad in the importation of coolies from India, who came indentured for five years to work on these estates. The system accomplished two things, in that it removed from the dense population of India some of its over-supply, while it also gave steadiness to the important sugar industry of Trinidad.

The Indian is of a different type altogether from the Negro, and is much more

capable of receiving the gift of Christian civilization. His mind is alert and accustomed to entertain the deeper problems of thought. He is also open to spiritual influences, being related to that class of the "over-religious" whom St. Paul addressed at Mar's Hill. Subtleties of thought and of social distinction prevail among them and furnish an interesting field for the careful student of human nature who wishes to give a new direction to the religious convictions of a people. It is true that the coolies of Trinidad belong for the most part to the lower castes, but in all of them there are the features of the race; while in addition, the passage from India by sea has necessarily interfered with some of the terrible prejudices of caste, which are the despair of the missionary in India. The narrow confines of the vessel, and the troubles of the deep play havoc with some of the hereditary customs of India, the ocean becoming thus a force of enlightenment.

It was among these people that Mr. McLeod spent the five short years of his ministerial life, acquiring Hindustani, establishing and superintending schools among coolies, instructing native teachers and preaching on Sabbath and on week days. His home was Princetown, which Dr. Morton had left for the new-comer, he having gone to open a new field at Tunafuna, a few miles east of the Port of Spain, the capital of the Island. The manse lay in a

beautiful situation, surrounded by some of the fine tropical foliage of the Island. On the south side there was a garden, while to the east there was a ravine, down which there ran a rather primitive tram line. To the north and west were the various buildings of the mission. The village was near enough to be an easy source of supply, while it was far enough away to give seclusion to the house. Such was the happy home where these devoted workers for Christ carried on their toil for several years, now cast down by the ignorance and moral torpor of the people, now buoyed up by some tokens of success and affection among the converts.

But Mr. McLeod's strength was not equal to the task of such a field and climate, and his constitutional weakness of the lungs ere long began to manifest itself, all the more because his zeal fought against any reduction of toil.

And when failing health at last compelled him to retire from a part of the duty of his field, he would not withdraw altogether, but gave himself to a branch of work which has since then grown into one of the most important departments of the missionary enterprise in Trinidad. He now undertook the instruction of native teachers. It was an office for which he was peculiarly adapted, and in which he attained considerable success, and from these early beginnings there has grown the college at San Fernando, which now sends forth teachers

and native ministers to labor among their fellow-countrymen throughout the Island and in other islands also.

At length strength failed him even for this, and he removed with his family to Tunafuna, where he took a cottage near the mission premises. It soon became apparent that the end was not very far off; but his spirit of hopefulness and love of service never failed him. Among the signs of affection in which he was held by his pupils is the following incident as told by Mrs. Morton: On the Monday before he died, one of his young teachers, who had long been prepared for baptism, but had postponed it in deference to a father's wish, was brought by that father to receive the rite from Mr. McLeod's own hand; his weakness was such that he could do no more than sprinkle the water and repeat the formula.

On an afternoon in the spring of 1886 he said to his wife: "It is getting dark." Dr. Morton at once asked if there was anything he would like to say. He answered with much difficulty: "I want my wife to bring up my children in the fear of the Lord." A slight struggle and a sweet smile and he was gone; for his passage to his home was so peaceful that the onlookers long bore it in memory. One of the servants was heard to say, "I did not think he was dying, he looked so pleased."

A group of native teachers carried him to his grave, and mourned over their loss, won-

dering why it had pleased God to remove from their necessities one who gave promise of such service.

So closed the short earthly chapter in the life of another of that godly group of missionary heroes, who are the glory of our Church, men who have ventured from home, not for the gains of the world nor for the delight of adventure, but to proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ. It is well to wait a while beside such lives of sacrifice and devotion, if perchance we may learn of them to follow a little more closely in the footsteps of Jesus Christ our common Master.

It may be well to add that his widow returned to Nova Scotia; but her strength, exhausted by the faithful attendance upon her husband, soon failed her, and she survived him but a little while, having ever revealed a sweet disposition and a pure devotion to duty.

CHAPTER XX.

A MISSIONARY AMONG THE SUGAR PLANTATIONS—REV. JOHN GIBSON, M.A., B.D.

REV. R. HADDOW, B.A., B.D.

John Gibson was born in the Township of Markham, not far from Toronto, on August 8th, 1856, being the fifth in a family of eight children. His parents were both Scotch, and his grandfather was one of the early settlers in the Township of Scarboro'. His early education was received in the local school and in the Hamilton Collegiate Institute. He graduated B.A. from the University of Toronto, in the year 1879 with first class honors in mental and moral science, and winning the silver medal in this department.

He then entered Knox College, where he studied for three years. Having completed the prescribed course in Theology, and being desirous of prosecuting his studies still further before entering on the duties of the ministry, he went to Princeton and afterwards to Union Seminary, spending a session in each college. On his return to his native land he passed the required examination and received the degree of B.D. from his alma mater, Knox College.

There came to the General Assembly of 1883 an appeal from a body of Presbyterians in connection with the Church of Scotland, requesting the appointment of a missionary to the Indian immigrants in Guiana, and proposing that one-half of the salary of £400, together with schools and buildings, should be provided there, and that the General Assembly provide the man and £200 per annum. The proposition was entertained, and the Eastern Committee instructed to seek out a man so soon as necessary arrangement could be made, and the Western Committee to furnish the necessary £200 per annum.

The following June the Eastern Committee had to report that they had failed to secure a suitable man. But while the Assembly was still in session, Mr. Gibson proffered his services for the Demerara Mission. In due time he was unanimously chosen, and in accordance with the suggestion of a local body, called the Presbyterian Missionary Society of the West Coast, Demerara, he was instructed to proceed to Trinidad and there spend some time in acquiring the language, gaining a knowledge of the practical side of missionary life, and taking part in the missionary work there, the Presbytery of Toronto was requested to ordain and designate him to this work. Accordingly, in St. Andrew's Church, Scarboro', where his father had been an elder for many years, on September 26th, 1884, he was or-

dained to the Gospel ministry by the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery, designated as the first Canadian missionary to Demerara, and commended to the Great Head of the Church for guidance and strength in the prosecution of his work.

He left at once for Trinidad, where he devoted himself for six months to the work assigned him as preparatory to the work in the field toward which his face was set. Leaving Trinidad about the 20th of May, 1885, he went to Demerara and took up his work in St. Luke's parish, the field to which he had been appointed, entering upon it with enthusiasm and hope. His optimistic spirit, which kept him from magnifying and inclined him to minimize the difficulties of the field, speaks out in these words: "Going as a missionary to the coolies of British Guiana does not mean going to live in a country where there are only heathen. The hardships endured by those who have gone to labor among savages and uncivilized tribes can form no part of the experiences of missionaries to Demerara. Although my work is a new undertaking, the sphere of my labor is not a new or undeveloped country. In the parish of St. Luke's there are fifteen estates, and on almost every one of them are several handsome houses. The gardens and lawns of the West Coast, Demerara, are not the indication of a country either undeveloped or poverty-stricken."

Among the thousands of coolie laborers

in Demerara he labored assiduously, devoting his time and talents to their spiritual welfare. The reports presented by the Eastern Committee to the Assembly in 1886 and in 1887 speak of "the good prospects," and say, "The mission started two years ago among the coolies of the West Coast of Demerara by the Rev. John Gibson is not behind its neighbor in Trinidad in promise of great success and usefulness." At the same time the Committee had to report: "It has fallen on evil days financially, but we trust for only a brief period. The P. M. S. of Demerara promised £200 of the £400 salary to be paid the missionary. Last year, through the failure of the sugar trade, the subscription to the Society fell off, to such an extent that they felt obliged to notify our Church that they could not fulfil their promises. Fortunately, however, their fears were not realized, and they were able to meet their obligations. This year again the same trial, in an aggravated form, is upon them, and they have asked us if we will assume the responsibility of the whole of Mr. Gibson's salary for a time."

But whilst there was hanging over this young mission field this dark financial cloud the work was growing apace. We read of "eighteen persons baptized," "fifteen names added to the communion roll," "the present number of communicants, thirty-one," and in the report presented by the Committee to the Assembly in Halifax in 1888, we read

these sentences sent by Mr. Gibson: "In spite of discouragements which frequently appeared sufficient to put an end to our work, we still continue to labor and to wait. To say that our difficulties have vanished would be misleading in the extreme. The mission is still struggling for bare existence. The desired extension of our operations has not been realized. On the contrary, the number of helpers has been diminished. The unsatisfactory state of the funds, and the unfinished condition of our house, have been the constant reminders of our unsettled situation. The work has suffered seriously from uncertainty of support." These words wrung from one who was not a pessimist, speak volumes. In a more hopeful strain he writes: "The demand for Bibles, both Hindi and English, is good evidence that the habit of searching the Scripture is becoming more general, and that the seed which is the Word of God is being silently sown in soil which shall in due time yield a plentiful harvest."

Little did those who listened to these words dream that before another Assembly would be held the heart whose murmur we catch in these subdued sentences would be at rest, and the hand that penned them cold in death.

In April, 1888, Rev. James A. Johnston, of Nova Scotia, a nephew of Dr. K. J. Grant, of Trinidad, went out to supply the Scottish Church in St. Luke's parish, and

he and Mr. Gibson became closely associated in their work, and were intimate companions. But they were not to labor together long here below, nor were they to be separated many days. For in September of the same year, while attending a meeting of Presbytery in Berbice, Mr. Johnston was stricken with bilious fever, and died a few days later. During his illness Mr. Gibson attended him tenderly and faithfully, and on Sabbath evening, Nov. 18th, contracted the same disease, and in spite of all that medical skill and tender affection could suggest and accomplish, he gradually sank, until, having sent messages of love to friends in Canada, and given utterance to his abiding faith in the Saviour and in the Gospel that saves, he fell asleep on Monday, November 26th, 1888.

During these months these two soldiers of the Cross stood shoulder to shoulder fighting the battle of their Lord; in their graves their mortal remains lie side by side in St. Luke's parish churchyard, and in glory their souls are reunited in the service of the Sanctuary above.

The funeral took place on Tuesday afternoon, and was numerously attended, nearly all the leading gentlemen on the West Coast being present, mourning the loss of a good man and deeply sympathizing with his bereaved partner in life, to whom he had been married two short years before. It was said in one of the local papers: "It was a touch-

ing spectacle to see many little coolie children from the schools of the mission walking in the funeral procession and standing around the tomb; and when the coffin was lowered into the vault their sobs and tears bore eloquent testimony to the love they felt for him who could teach them the way of life no more." We read also: "How well he began and carried on his difficult work, it is almost superfluous for us to say; his heart was in it, and he looked forward with pleasure to the proposed establishment of several new schools in the early months of next year. Mr. Gibson was universally respected and beloved; indeed to know him was to love him."

He was richly endowed with gifts and graces of both head and heart, and he most assiduously, patiently and carefully cultivated and employed them in the Master's service, ever looking on them as a sacred trust.

He was no recluse during his college courses, burying his head in books, storing his mind with facts, but drifting away from the practical issues of life, and having neither time nor inclination for anything outside the study and the class-room. He took deep interest in all the departments of college life, and entered with enthusiasm into everything that tended to develop true manliness, even if it did not have a place in the curriculum. He took his part in the "Feast of Reason and the Flow of Soul"

around the table in the dining hall. No one enjoyed more than he the corridor's half-hour-after-tea. He was found in the room where the Literary Society held its meetings; on the campus where muscles and joints were strained and trained; and in the room where in quiet prayer the class met and waited upon God until their hearts burned by being in close touch with the great glowing Heart of Eternal Love.

Thus was he made to feel more and more the solemn sacredness of the work for which he was preparing, and thus did he seek to guard himself against becoming the slave of intellectualism, broken in body and dwarfed in soul. Thus did he seek to cultivate and develop the whole man, body, soul and spirit that he might bring to his work sana mens in sano corpore.

He was greatly beloved and trusted, and held in high esteem by professors and fellow-students alike. The Senate appointed him tutor in Greek, and the members of the Literary Society elected him to the presidency, the highest honor in their gift.

He passed away from the busy activities here below at the early age of 33 years, a loving husband, son, brother, a true friend, a good man, a faithful and efficient preacher and pastor.

Some said when he was appointed to this work, Why send away to the foreign field one who is so eminently fitted for some prominent place at home? But it has al-

ways been, and we trust, will ever be, the policy of the Presbyterian Church to give to the Master's work abroad those whom the Lord has called, however great their gifts, however thorough their training, and however mature their minds, counting no sacrifice for His sake too great to lay upon this altar. And now when called so soon away, now when we speak of his untimely death, many as they compare the long years of preparation with the few years of service will ask, Why this waste? But to the devout, trustful heart who knows that "God reigns and the earth may well rejoice," that "God is in His heavens and all is well," and that "all things work together for good to them that love God," many answers suggest themselves, as they loom up dimly through the mist and mystery of suffering's ministry.

To those who remain how solemn the call, "Be ye also ready"; how stirring the appeal, "Work, for the night is coming," and how needful the response, adopting our Master's own words, "I must work the works of Him that sent me, while it is day. the night cometh when no man can work."

But does it not give us a glimpse of the beyond? We say there must be a beyond where the wrongs we see in this life will be righted, where the good will be rewarded and the evil punished. Does not the same line of thought lead to this, there must be in that beyond a service to be performed for

which we have been schooled by adversity and suffering, or by active development through use of the gifts that have been entrusted ?

What a meaning and value it gives to the life that now is ; and when one who has been faithful and efficient here is called to engage in the service above, those who are left behind, whilst sad, rejoice, in the honor conferred on the one who has gone, and we cease to speak of untimely deaths, and are no longer staggered by the thought that time and talents have been thrown away, for this life is but an infinitesimal part of the life in its entirety which is eternal.

To the young the call comes, and the thought is thrilling, this may be your only opportunity to do some work for the dear Saviour who redeemed you with His own precious blood, and with whom you expect to spend eternity. To the aged it is a reminder of the many years with their many opportunities that have been given to them for service, and "to whom much is given of them much shall be required."

He has gone home, to his reward, which, as here, so doubtless there, is a call, to the faithful, to higher service in a larger field.

CHAPTER XXI.

INFLUENCES FROM A BRIEF CAREER —REV. T. CRAIGIE HOOD, B.A.

REV. A. GANDIER, B.D.

As the title of this chapter suggests, a life may be short, the amount of work actually accomplished small, but the influence great and lasting if only the quality is good.

Thomas Craigie Hood was born in Essex County, Ontario, October 13th, 1868. His parents were connected with the congregation at Harrow, and in that congregation "Tom" grew to boyhood and manhood.

His thoughts early turned to the Christian ministry, and after a course in Toronto University, from which he was graduated in 1897, he took the regular training prescribed for the ministers of our Church in Knox College.

Not only did young Hood acquit himself well in his university and college course, but like many others who have rendered the most eminent service to our country and our Church, provided through his own exertions most of the money necessary for his education.

Wishing to serve Christ where the need was greatest—to be a light where the darkness was densest, he offered himself for work

in the foreign field. Having been appointed to Honan, in North Central China—at that time our newest foreign mission field, and one that had been opened up through the missionary zeal of the young men in our colleges, he was designated by the Chatham Presbytery on August 2nd, 1909, and sailed from Vancouver September 11th.

Of his coming to China, Rev. John Griffith writes: "Mr. Donald MacGillivray, with whom I had been keeping 'bachelor hall' in Honan, left for his Shanghai work just before Mr. Hood's arrival in Tientsin, and as those were the days when the trip inland still meant a three weeks' boat journey, I was sent down river to bring Mr. Hood to Honan. We lived together for the two following years, and I not only found him an admirable character to begin with, but one whose steady and splendid development made me (and our whole mission) feel that in Thomas Craigie Hood we had been privileged to receive one of the noblest men with which a foreign mission field has ever been blessed."

Another of his fellow-missionaries, immediately after his death wrote: "He was certainly, taking him all round, one of the finest characters I have ever known. He was a most lovable man, strong in his convictions of what was right, and firm in standing by his principles, yet he seemed always ready to listen to other men's views. I do not remember ever hearing an impatient word escape from his lips. If he had beset-

ting faults they certainly were not much in evidence, for I cannot recollect any."

Mr. Hood's character was such a beautiful combination of gentle simplicity and strength, as commanded the respect and won the affection of all his fellow-missionaries.

He had been less than a year in the field when, with the other members of our staff, he passed through the terrible experiences of the Boxer outbreak. In "The Chinese Recorder" for September, 1900, Mr. Hood tells the story of the flight of the members of the Canadian Presbyterian Mission—a four weeks' journey by cart and house-boat through the midst of a people hostile and excited.

More than once as they passed along the deep Chinese roads, a perfect hailstorm of stones, bricks, clubs, etc., showered down upon missionaries, mules and carters. On one occasion when the mules had been killed or disabled, the excited mob pressed in upon them, clubbing the male missionaries and hacking them with swords, evidently intending to kill the whole company. But the hand of an unseen God rescued them, and after alarms and hardships, of which the Church will never know, robbed of their money, stripped of their clothing, some of them seriously wounded, they reached Fan-Ch'eng, where friends supplied them with silver and clothing and sent them on in safety to Shanghai.

Strange to say, Hood was the one man

of the party to come through unwounded. In closing his account he says: "God was indeed good, in that He spared the life of every member of the mission. The flight had been hard, but its lessons for us were not a few. We were shown how helpless we are, and what a mighty God is ours. We understand more fully than ever before the greatness of that greatest of all great needs—the need of giving the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the heathen, especially the Chinese heathen."

For a year after that event Mr. Hood lived at Chefoo, and worked hard at his study of the Chinese language, in which he made rapid advancement. In the autumn of 1901, as soon as the British and Chinese authorities granted the necessary permission, Mr. Hood, in company with Dr. McClure and Messrs. Slimmon, Mitchell and Griffith, returned to Honan.

Mr. Hood spent the winter at Changte Fu, continuing his study of the language, and the next spring was appointed by Presbytery to the city of Hwai-Ching-Fu, one hundred and forty miles from Changte. Before the Boxer uprising, the hostility manifested toward foreigners in the great capital or "Fu"—cities where the official classes lived, made it impossible to secure property or locate permanent workers, and our missionaries had to make the market towns of Chu-Wang and Hsien-Chen the centres of their work.

But after their return, finding that their

former premises had been destroyed, and that the officials and people were now much more friendly, the missionaries decided to make the three great "Fu"-Cities, of North Honan—Chang-te, Wei-Hui and Hwai-Ching, the central and permanent stations, and began by erecting buildings in Chang-te and Wei-Hui. But, as stated above, in the spring of 1902, Hood was sent by Presbytery to reconnoitre the city of Hwai-Ching and prepare for the opening of a new station there.

He began work on April 10th, in a bamboo tent, preaching every day to hundreds who never before heard of Jesus Christ. Letters which did not reach home until after his death speak most hopefully of the work in the new station which he had the honor of opening. He tells of the two million of heathen in that city and the district round about it, and of the students who came to the city for the examinations, and to whom he preached the Gospel for the first time. In June, when the very hot weather began, he returned to more sanitary quarters in Chang-te for a few weeks. In September, though cholera was very prevalent among the people, he felt it to be his duty to return to his station.

The roads were in a terrible condition and progress slow. The evening before reaching Hwai-Ching he was stopped by a swollen river, and during the night in a miserable hovel was seized with violent sick-

ness. It was cholera. Next day the Chinese carried him the few remaining miles to Hwai-Ching, and before night fell he passed away, 80 miles from the nearest white man, Mr. Mitchell, of Wei-Hui.

When he knew that he had cholera, and was likely to live only a few hours, he made this entry in his diary :

Honan, China, Sept. 19th, 1902.

4 a.m.—Fear I have cholera. Reached here last eve and had severe diarrhoea ; since then worse and worse. If it is God's will that I should give over life in this little hovel, then His will be done. I should like to live longer for the work's sake. May some young man better fitted physically for the work, than I have been, take up the work. May our Church never give up till all the heathen about me here have heard the glad sound.

Farewell to the Foreign Missionary Committee ; farewell to the dear home Church ; farewell to all friends ; farewell to dear father and dear sisters and brothers, each one farewell. We'll meet again and with us thousands who now sit in darkness. God grant it.

Half an hour later he wrote this letter to the home friends :

Honan, China, Sept. 19th, '02.

4.30 a.m.

Long before this reaches you I shall have gone home to mother and Forrest I expect. I am lying in a little hovel about 10 li (or

three miles) from Hwai Ching, and I believe I have cholera, and as I am far from aid there seems to be but one thing for it, that is to die bravely. This little place is called Lin 'win.

I hardly know how to say good-bye. I am sorry to lay down the weapons at this stage, but He whose is my life on earth knows best. I'm not sorry I came to China. Oh ! no. But I would like to have a few more years to work for Him here. I say this not complainingly, for I am satisfied to go if that be His will.

Good-bye. God be with you and bless and keep you.

TOM.

When the sad news of Mr. Hood's death became known, the Rev. R. A. Mitchell had the remains borne to Wei-Hui and reverently buried within the new mission compound he had secured in that city a short time before.

About the time Mr. Hood was appointed by the Presbytery of Honan to open work in Hwai-Ching, he was assigned by the Foreign Mission Committee to St. John's Church, Toronto, as their special missionary. The congregation of St. John's Church was at that time neither large nor wealthy, and was face to face with the necessity of erecting a new and permanent place of worship, but with a missionary spirit that has been characteristic of the minister and the people from the first, undertook, over and above all other mis-

sionary contributions, to provide Mr. Hood's salary. Only six months was he spared to be their worker, but in that short time he became known to them through his letters and intensified their interest in Honan.

In a letter written just before leaving upon what proved to be his last journey, he said :

"Are there those hesitating to offer for the work until things become more settled ? Are there Christians withholding their gifts until China is more safe and less likely to destroy life and property ? Why not be brave and break the box of ointment now ? What though it should turn out to be but an anointing for the burial ? There will be those who ask, 'To what purpose is this waste ?' But never mind, it shall be told for a memorial. Offer now for service. Give now for the work. What is done for China must be done in faith."

Little did he know as he penned these lines how prophetic were his words. But a few short days elapsed, when alone in the great city of Whai-Ching, the box was broken and his own life poured ut. But 'twas no waste. The feeble cry of this dying man, in the awful loneliness of a heathen city in the heart of China—a cry for others stronger physically than he to come and stand in the breach made by his fall—proved louder than the thunder's tone or the voice of many waters, for it sounded across China

and across the broad Pacific, and across the vast continent of America, and, in the ear and heart of a young Nova Scotian, who said, "I will go and take Hood's place."

Rev. George Murray Ross, a man of splendid physique, a fine specimen of our young Canadian manhood, was sent to Honan in the autumn of 1903, as Hood's successor, and supported by the same congregation. That his life may not be endangered by the same unsanitary surroundings which caused Hood's death, the congregations of Chatham Presbytery have given $2,000 for the building of a Hood Memorial House, in Whai-Ching. There Mr. and Mrs. Ross will live in comparative comfort and safety.

Nor was George M. Ross the only one who responded to Hood's cry. There went with Mr. Ross, Revs. Harold M. Clark, J. Mowatt and A. W. Lochead. Since that time there have followed for the work in Honan, Revs. Gillies Eadie and Andrew Thomson, and Drs. W. J. Scott and Shirley O. McMurty. Whai-Ching is to-day a strong central station, with a hospital and chapel, and a staff of three ordained and one medical missionary. These with their wives make eight Canadian workers in Whai-Ching, and the number will be increased as soon as the last mentioned missionaries reach China. A church has been organized, and there are many enquirers and catechumens, not only in the city but in the surrounding villages.

A corn of wheat fell into the ground and died, but in dying it brought forth much fruit.

The brief career of Hood teaches three things:

1. It is not length of life and quantity of work that counts, but the character of the man, and the quality of his work.

2. Devotion means more in the cause of Christ than great physical strength or outstanding ability.

3. The love that does not stop to count the cost but lavishes the whole life for Christ and the souls whom he died to redeem, is very precious in God's sight, and He makes it very fruitful.

Before venturing back to Honan in 1901 after the Boxer outbreak, the missionaries made their "wills" and left them in Tientsin. A year later Mr. Hood's took effect, and it was found that he had left every dollar which could be realized from the sale of his books, clothes, etc., to the carrying on of the work he had so deeply at heart. Living or dying, he had but one thought—China for Christ.

The last words written to the home Church by the trembling hand of the dying man were: "May our Church never give up till all the heathen about me have heard the glad sound." From one extremity of our land to the other, let young Christians take up the cry and echo back, "Never! Never!"

CHAPTER XXII.

A HEROINE OF MEDICAL MISSIONS—DR. LUCINDA GRAHAM.

MRS. JOHN MACGILLIVRAY.

My talents, gifts and graces Lord,
Into Thy blessed hand receive;
And let me live to preach Thy Word,
And let me to Thy glory live,
My every sacred moment spend
In publishing the Sinner's Friend.

Few pages of mission history in connection with our own Church are more full of the heroic than the story of the planting of the Cross of Christ in Honan. Struggle and victory have marked the pathway, and some of our leaders have fallen.

The position of woman as a pioneer medical missionary in all Asiatic countries is ever attended by hardship and suspicion. Dr. Graham had fearlessly gone forward, believing that through love and service, the Master would make use of her life as a physician in helping to break down those barriers behind which lay such sin and suffering which only a knowledge of the Sinner's Friend could relieve. Just as these barriers were falling, revealing the largeness of op-

portunity and the unspeakable need, the Divine plan of her earthly life was fulfilled. The richness and completeness of that life are revealed now in the sacred pages of its story, and we thank God for such a wholesome happy Christian character who, whether at home or abroad, made life to all with whom she came in contact the better worth living.

Dr. Lucinda Graham's early years were passed in the County of Simcoe. When about twenty years of age she removed with her parents to Toronto, and furthered her schooling with a view to teaching. Up to the time she left for the mission field she had been ever under the direct influence of a happy Christian home, and was the second daughter whom the parents unhesitatingly gave to the Master's work in heathen lands. Her gentle Christian spirit showed itself from tenderest years, and as her young life advanced the true nature of that spirit unfolded itself in a ceaseless mission of love and usefulness to those about her. Her exceptionally bright disposition was especially remarked, not only within the sacred precincts of the home, but in the outer world. The universal opinion of those who knew her best is summed up by a friend: "No one could touch her in jovial disposition; her merry laughter kept the dullest of us in good humor, and with it all she was ever the peace-maker."

After completing her Collegiate and Nor-

mal courses, she taught one year, then entered for medical training and hand-in-hand with all her studies went her full share of Christian work. She was an active member of Westminster Church Young People's Society, and was for a time its President, while her Sabbath-school class of young girls remained dear to her heart to the close of her life. She kept up a close correspondence with them, nor rested till she knew each one had given herself to the Saviour. Her hope for them was that they, too, might become "laborers together with Him."

During her course of training at the Woman's Medical College, 1888-91, we can follow the trend of her ideals as there gathered about her a group of young women of like Christian character. Such were Miss Susie Carson, now Dr. Susie R. Leinhardt of Thibet; Miss Mary McKay, now Mrs. Buchanan, M.D., of our Church's mission, Amkhert, India; Miss Jennie Hill, now Mrs. Mitchell, M. D., of our Honan Mission; Miss Rita Gifford (now Mrs. Kilburn) of the Methodist Mission, Chen-tu, who was very directly influenced by Dr. Graham to give her life to China; and Dr. Jean Dow, who took up the work of our fallen leader when she was laid to rest in '94. These were all kindred spirits in whose hearts the hope burned that God would make plain the way in which they might serve Him best; whether that way would lead to the foreign field they knew not then.

To Dr. Graham it seemed as though that way to work abroad was not to open. No special outward force had set her desire on the foreign field; that which was ever uppermost in her mind was a conscientious purpose to serve her Lord at all times in whatever way He appointed. She knew the need in heathen lands, and was intimate with those of our missionaries who had proceeded to Honan, among them her older sister.

During her second year at college, a farewell gathering was held for a party of missionaries. Dr. Graham was there, and was casually asked on the way home by a member of the Foreign Mission Committee if she would be willing to break her course and go to India, as a worker was needed. Her parents gladly acquiesced, and she sought the usual medical assent required by the Church, only to be met with the bitter disappointment that her constitution would not stand such a climate. Yet a secret hope remained that she might be fitted for service abroad. She completed her course with distinction and began her medical work in the city, taking charge of a public dispensary under Dr. Ross. As she wandered home one evening, thinking of the great privilege that was hers, to help and to heal, the thought flashed upon her: "My work is to be here; I will do what I can to support someone else on the foreign field." Strange to say when she reached her home, a mes-

sage was waiting that the Foreign Mission Committee wished again to meet her with a view to work in Honan. This was the second direct call and each had come unsought for. Again her answer was: "Yes, I am ready, if it is His will." It was, and on September 1st 1892, she was set apart in her own home Church as the first lady medical worker to Honan, going out under the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, the Montreal Woman's Board coming forward to share in the expense of her salary.

A foothold had been won ere this in Honan, and the pioneer staff had moved in from Ling Ching, whence they had viewed the long hoped for field of Honan for so many waiting months. The first open door at Chu'Wang* was followed by the renting of a small property at Hsin Chen,* and here Miss McIntosh, who is a trained nurse, and the first of our single missionaries with other of the married workers was seeking the confidence of the people. The need was urgent; Miss McIntosh's days were full. It was as her co-worker that the Presbytery of Honan had sent home the appeal: "Send us another single lady, preferably a physician."

On September 5th she bade good-bye with the same bright countenance. That she fully comprehended the sacrifice it

* Note—The Mission property at these stations was destroyed in the troubles of 1900. When the work re-opened better centres were available at the prefectoral cities Chin-tu, Wei-Hwei, Hwai-Ching.

meant from home and loved ones is revealed in her diary for that date: "What heaviness of heart I felt in those last few hours,—to sever all the home ties and those that bound me to friends and Church,"—as though a mysterious voice were whispering that not again till with the heavenly throng would those human ties be linked. Yet no sign of doubt or loneliness is ever recorded. Her diary reveals ever a bright and hopeful outlook, a life lived close to her Saviour; prayer and her Bible were her continual support and guide.

Accompanying her was the mission party, Dr. and Mrs. Malcolm, and Rev. W. H. Grant for Honan, also Mr. and Mrs. Gauld for Formosa. As they sailed from Vancouver her message back to her fellow-workers was her favorite hymn, "My times are in Thy Hands."

Before leaving Tientsin, she and Miss McIntosh, who with the Goforths had come to escort them inland, visited the MacKenzie Memorial Hospital. Little did she think as she stood by the grave of him whose life-story had so impressed her, that within two short years this little cemetery would mark her last resting place.

Her study of the language began on the house-boat from Tientsin up the river, a journey of three weeks, the luxury of railway travel over the same distance in 24 hours was not possible for some ten years later. "As I sat on the deck," she writes,

"Miss McIntosh gave me my first lesson in Chinese,—the first verse of the Gospel of St. John." She proved an apt scholar, and was not only able to read and speak with ease, but became a beautiful writer of Chinese characters, a difficult accomplishment. Her Chinese teacher, who was greatly interested in her progress, put it: "She knew not a little." Eight months later, on June 17th, she records: "This morning I was able to conduct family worship in Chinese."

The mission property at Hsin Chen was limited. Experience had taught them that property could only be had at the peril of their lives, and at the peril, too, of those Chinese who dared to offer it. An additional bit of property for dispensary work was sought for at this time,—an old wine shop adjoining the single ladies' native house, in which they had become as safely domiciled as native conditions would allow. But the molestation of their newly found home was no uncommon occurrence, especially in the hours of darkness. The natives were determined that possession should not be had of this new bit of property, even at the cost of tearing down the walls and threatening fire, and weeks of uncomfortable waiting passed before the actual lease passed into the mission hands and the Mandarin's edict of protection was declared. The tone of bitter resentment to the foreigner was still intense. The literati were scattering the most horrible untruths. Stories that

the foreigners had come to kidnap the children to make use of their eyes as a medicine were at high pitch. These strangers were spies, for could not their blue eyes penetrate deeper down into the secrets of the earth than theirs. Men, women and children were flocking in numbers to see the new comers, but their curiosity was rather to see the foreigner's feet than face. Doctors McClure and Smith had gained the confidence of numbers of the men, and some were showing an earnestness in the missionaries' message; but for woman, learning was never meant; it was against all Chinese ideas of propriety for a woman to consult a male physician, and so it was in this service to her needy Chinese sisters that Dr. Graham's life seemed so invaluable.

It was not always foreign mission work in the sense that one might be apt to picture. True, there were the daily crowds, but only clamoring to be shown over the house. Yet it was mission work, for prejudice had to be overcome, the preparatory work had to be done, the pathway to their souls discovered. A few relented, in so far as to invite a return visit to their homes, to a few the light had dawned in a faint gleam, and through these the open door was gained.

Throughout the year 1893 the hopeful feature of the work was that "so many of the homes had been thrown open through sickness." Prejudice and superstition seemed passing away. In February of that year,

during a short stay at Chu'Wang, a man had appeared one morning to consult about his wife's health; that was as far as he would permit. Hearing that there was a lady physician he at once brought his wife to her, with the result that she became the first in-patient. Numbers of others came inquiring. At Hsin Chen, too, the first patient, a Mrs. Wang, from across the Yellow River, had come and taken home with her the wonderful story of Jesus. The news spread quickly, and with it came frequent calls from the surrounding villages for both doctor and nurse. These tours meant many trying drives in a Chinese cart over Chinese roads, followed ever by the curious multitudes. On one of these occasions she writes, "As we drove through that ever lengthening street, we pulled the curtain over the front of the cart, but the crowds peeped through the little window hole in front. We held a cape over this, but it made the people angry and bold, so we were forced to lower it. Finally the cart stopped and we were surrounded with shoutings of 'Foreign devils,' 'Go on, go on.' Oh, how long that street seemed, and what a relief when we got at last to the city gates."

By 1894 the medical work for women and children seemed firmly established, but in the spring of that year there had been much sickness in the mission, and Dr. Graham had proved herself the friend of little children, as well as the kind physician to the

missionaries themselves. Her own health had been excellent, as she wrote: "The year to me has been full of the evidences of God's loving care and protection." Circumstances, however, in connection with other of the missionaries' health necessitated that both Misses Graham and McIntosh go to the coast. On reaching Shanghai she took advantage of a six weeks' post-graduate course with a view to greater efficiency, and proceeded from there with the mission party to Arima, a rest place near Kobe, Japan. It was here that Dr. Smith's little child was laid to rest, and in the hour of sorrow Dr. Graham endeared herself to the parents beyond all words. Her buoyant, happy disposition had drawn the hearts of the little children about her, and in the hour of sickness and death her hand was that of a ministering angel.

At the close of their holiday the party proceeded back to Tientsin, intending to go at once inland, but the clouds of war had meantime gathered between China and Japan. Ruffian bands of soldiers were coming outward to the coast, and though Honan was almost deplete of workers, with the exception of two of the single men, the consular orders were: It is not safe to enter, stay for a while at the coast. Accommodation was being sought for when Mrs. Malcolm took suddenly ill. The doctors had been unable to diagnose the case exactly, and required the assistance of both Misses

Graham and McIntosh. On the sixth day Dr. Graham had gone for the night to take charge of her patient, and a few hours later was stricken down with a malady even her vigorous constitution could not battle against. A few hours of intense suffering, and she had passed away, from Asiatic cholera. On Sabbath morning, Oct. 13th, she was laid to rest in the little cemetery at Tientsin, near the graves of MacKenzie and Roberts, and within a few more days her friend and co-worker, Mrs. Malcolm, was laid beside her.

As we look back over the story of her short life, just unfolding in all its richness, her call from earthly service seems but the more mysterious. We doubt not the wisdom of His Divine plan in our lives. She had joyously, fearlessly sought out His will, "Them that honor Me I will honor," and He had need of her. A short time before she had sat at the communion table with some 30 or 40 Chinese, and wrote of this first experience: "Oh, what a glorious ingathering that will be when people of all nations and tongues shall praise Him."

Rev. Murdoch MacKenzie, who knew her most intimately, wrote of her: "There was in her a beautiful blending of Christian gifts and graces which are indispensable in all great missionaries. She did much by her presence to brighten our lives. She was a Bible reader and lover as well. Jesus was very precious to her, and her faith in Him

grew stronger every day." Dr. Smith has also written: "What impressed her fellow-workers most was her bright hopefulness amid the many discouragements and difficulties to be faced in that particular stage of Honan mission history. Her's was a rare combination of kindness and firmness, gentleness and strength, calmness and enthusiasm so necessary for such a life-work."

The verse attached to this little sketch was found in her diary, and breathes forth the high ideal of Christian usefulness she sought to attain, and to those who would seek out the noblest and the best, her spirit, though now in more immediate glory, still speaks.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ONE OF THE TEMPERANCE VANGUARD—REV. W. A. McKAY, D.D.

REV. P. WRIGHT, D.D.

The Township of Zorra, County Oxford, Ontario, has been the birthplace of many distinguished men. One of the greatest foreign missionaries Canada has produced, the late Geo. Leslie McKay, D.D., was a Zorra man. So also was the subject of this sketch, the late William Alexander McKay, D.D., of Woodstock, Ontario, and probably of all whose youth has been nurtured in that favored spot, not one has spent a more strenuous and fruitful life, or laid his country and his Church under a deeper debt of gratitude.

He was born in 1842 of parents whose piety and parental fidelity are eloquently attested by the fact that out of seven sons born to them, five devoted themselves to the Gospel ministry. He received his elementary education in his native county, and there, too, at the early age of seventeen, he assumed the duties of a teacher of youth. This vocation he pursued for seven years, during which period he married Miss Amelia Youngs, of Zorra, who through all the experiences of these forty-two years of wedded

life, has been a beautiful example of a helpful and devoted wife, and of ideal Christian motherhood. Of this union twelve children were born, seven of whom survive, all occupying honorable and influential positions in our Canadian life.

With that mental alertness that marked his whole career, Mr. McKay had meanwhile prepared himself for matriculation in Toronto University, from which he graduated in 1869 with high honors. His great capacity for study had induced him to overlap his Arts and Theological courses, which enabled him to graduate from Knox College in the 1870 class, of which the writer of these lines was a humble member. It was a small class of seven, unique in this respect, that four of us were married men with families. Yet many years after, the late beloved principal told me that up to that date the 1870 class had not been excelled for its high average standard of ability and scholarship. In forming this estimate he had special reference to that kingly soul, the late Rev. James Breckinridge, of Streetsville, and to our more recently departed friend, Rev. Dr. McKay. These two men were well fitted to confer distinction on any class, and I count it a privilege to have formed with each of them a friendship true and tender and lasting as life.

But it was after Dr. McKay was settled in the ministry that the nobility of his character, the versatility of his powers, and the intensity of his moral convictions were more

fully revealed, as they were brought to bear on the great work of life. He was ordained and inducted into the pastoral charge of Cheltenham and Mount Pleasant, in December, 1870, translated in 1874 to Baltimore and Coldsprings, and to Woodstock, Ont., as successor to the late Dr. McTavish, in 1878, where he remained until his death, on November 28, 1905.

Though from earliest manhood he was a fearless advocate of temperance, yet it was not in the field of moral reform that he achieved his first distinction. In his first charge he felt obliged, in the interests of his flock, to withstand the aggressiveness of his Baptist brethren, whose teachings he held to be hurtful from the immense emphasis they laid on the mere mode of baptism, the interpretation they gave to the ordinance, and their exclusion of children from its benefits. He made a thorough examination of the whole subject, and published the results in a small treatise, which for lucidity of style and power of argument would be difficult to excel. By means of it hundreds of our ministers have been more profoundly convinced of the strength of our position, and better equipped to maintain and defend it. The popular estimate of the book may be inferred from the fact that it has passed through fifteen editions, and, after thirty years, is still in large demand. The estimate of learned men was amply attested by the high praise bestowed on it by some of the best known theologians in Britain and America.

His two books, "Pioneer Life in Zorra," and "Zorra Boys at Home and Abroad," entitle him to an honorable place in Canadian literature. The style is clear, the matter laden with a genuine human interest, and the whole made subservient to a high moral purpose. Readers of these books, as they find themselves breathing the atmosphere of a veritable Canadian Drumtochty, begin to see why Zorra has been so prolific in noble men.

His book, entitled "Outpourings of the Spirit," is better known in the United States, where it was published, than in Canada. The fervent piety of the author, his fine evangelical spirit, and his power of imparting moral uplift to others, are reflected in these glowing narratives of spiritual quickening, as nowhere else in his writings.

But while these glimpses into other fields of activity are necessary to give us any just idea of his many-sided character and fruitful life, it was in the field of moral reform, and chiefly in connection with the temperance movement that he shone with a special lustre and achieved his highest triumphs. Here was his influence most widely exerted, and his personality most profoundly felt. With an ear acutely sensitive to the cry of misery, and a heart ever responsive to its call, he beheld with shame and indignation the ruin wrought by the liquor traffic. The vision of starving children, weeping mothers and desolate homes; the physical, intellec-

tual and moral wrecks produced by strong drink; four thousand drunkards in our own fair Dominion ever year sinking into hopeless graves; the fact that the State by licensing the traffic is really a partner in its guilt and a partaker of its gains; the thought of a city lighting its streets by revenue derived from darkening its homes; building its sidewalks by planting along them death-traps for our unwary youths; educating its children with the price of their father's shame,—all these things so appealed to his chivalrous spirit that he resolved to fight the traffic in strong drink with all the energy of his nature, and so long as life might last. Hence for the last thirty-five years, a period embracing all the important temperance campaigns in Canada, he was ever found in the storm-centre of the struggle.

In the early years of his ministry he supported the Dunkin Act with his powerful advocacy and ready pen. The stirring appeal to the voters which he published had an immense circulation, and profoundly impressed the electorate. But the temperance movement soon outgrew the Dunkin Act, whose unit of area was a single township, and had many inherent elements of weakness. The temperance sentiment of the country was gathering momentum year by year, and in 1878 the Canada Temperance Act, usually called the Scott Act, after the name of its promoter, was passed by the Dominion Parliament. It was in many respects a

distinct advance, though applicable to nothing smaller than a Dominion constituency. In the strenuous struggles that ensued, as one county after another was brought under the Act, Mr. McKay was an acknowledged leader of the Prohibition forces. There were other leading spirits, of course,—such men as Geo. E. Foster, afterwards Finance Minister of the Dominion, and F. S. Spence, of Toronto, whose conspicuous ability and genius for leadership should be ever mentioned in terms of superlative praise. But it is safe to say that in the heart of Ontario especially, no man was more looked up to and confided in than Mr. McKay; and certainly no other minister of our Church expended half the energy or wielded half the influence that he did. He was regarded, therefore, not only as *primus inter pares*, but, in many respects, as the

"Hesperus,
Who led the starry host and rode the brightest."

His stirring appeals through the press and on the platform were addressed to what is noblest and best in the human heart, and were equally adapted to inspire a deep heart-hatred of the traffic and a tender compassion for its victims. During these years his labors were of the most arduous kind. I was with him on many a platform, rendering my feeble assistance, and can bear testimony to the value and power of his addresses. But he neither faltered nor complained. The stern joy of battling in a

noble cause sustained him. Though pressed with the cares of a large congregation, which never ceased to be the centre of his affections, and toward which the main current of his marvellous energy was ever flowing, yet his enthusiasm in the larger cause of humanity inspired him to assume and to accomplish labors from which most men would have shrunk in dismay.

The temperance measures thus far enacted were never regarded as efficient prohibition instruments. They were accepted by prohibition leaders as neither adequate nor ultimate, but as a partial relief and an educative influence. As no farmer can keep his fields clean while his neighbor's ranch abounds in noxious weeds, so local prohibition is hampered in its operation by the contiguity and contagion of liquor territory. No one appreciated this fact more fully than Mr. McKay, and no one strove more earnestly for national prohibition, alike of importation, manufacture and sale. It stands to his lasting credit that he was prominent among those who forced this larger question into the political arena and into our church courts, whence it can never finally emerge till it is settled on a basis of righteousness. To assume that the liquor traffic is to endure in its present form is to believe in a powerless Gospel, and to reject the Saviour's Golden Rule as the ultimate standard of human conduct.

But the cause of temperance kept marching on. There were haltings and retro-

gressions here and there ; but these were like eddies in a river whose main flow is ever onward to the sea. The Senate of Montreal Presbyterian College had meanwhile conferred on Mr. McKay the degree of Doctor of Divinity for the many valuable services he had rendered to his Church and country. The plebiscite long promised was granted at last, and Dr. McKay threw himself into the conflict heart and soul. His campaign pamphlet, "How Shall I Vote ?" of which about 20,000 copies were sold, is a fearful arraignment of the liquor traffic, and kindled in thousands of hearts a desire for its destruction.

Our space forbids enlargement. Suffice to say that in this and the Ontario Referendum Campaign a few years later, he was one of the central figures. As President of the Ontario Alliance he was looked to for leadership and guidance, and he ever rose to the occasion. He had, in rare degree, the power of reaching men's conscience. He made them see the evils of the traffic as never before, and to realize that with the electorate the entire responsibility must rest. "I appeal," he says, "to all who have the love of humanity or the fear of God before them. Is it right to permit, foster and encourage a traffic which has not one redeeming feature, but exists as a blighting, damning curse on everything that is pure, holy and virtuous in society ?"

He incurred the opposition of a few of our ministers and elders by what they

called his extreme views. These were very few indeed, for our church courts have taken high ground on this question, and nobly maintained it. No literary ability on the part of his opponents ; no prestige derived from their high position or past achievements ; no eminence of theirs even in grace or goodness, could tone down his earnest call on the Christian Church to destroy the saloon as a Satanic agency in ruining men. Nor could the threats of the traffic itself move him. Fear was foreign to his nature. Hence the numerous letters he received, threatening violence and hinting murder, only served to intensify his zeal to extirpate a traffic that both in its results and its methods so ignores the value of human life.

His fidelity and courage had much to do with the banishment of the liquor bar from the House of Commons at Ottawa. Unseemly conduct, causing scandal, had been indulged in. In a sermon which was published, Dr. McKay denounced the evil, and in the name of public decency and morality, urged the abolition of the bar. The offenders threatened to summon him to the Bar of the House to justify his charges. One grudges to think what a splendid scene was missed by the failure of this threat. But the second thought of his accusers was marked by greater sobriety and prudence, for instead of Dr. McKay being summoned to the Bar of the House, the whiskey bar was summoned to depart.

He never imagined that legislation was

the sovereign remedy for the evils of drunkenness ; but he did believe in educating the masses so as to protect the weak by prohibitory laws, "broad-based upon the people's will." He knew and taught that the only road out of our social ills is that by which men ascend the slope of Calvary, joyfully to lay their burdens down at the feet of the world's Christ ; but he knew also that even this road is sadly and sinfully blocked, until the Church of Christ obeys the Master's call and takes up the stumbling-block out of the way of His people.

He would follow only where conscience led. Hence in the Ontario Referendum he was obliged to oppose the policy of Premier Ross, who, he believed, had made his temperance principles subservient to political exigencies. This was a severe trial, for he was a personal friend of Mr. Ross, and an admirer of his brilliant career. Possibly in his zeal for a noble cause he may have judged his friend severely. But in any case, the spectacle of a man willing to imperil the most valued friendship for the public welfare, and abandon party allegiance to advance a moral issue, is good to behold, and sufficiently rare to be refreshing.

In all his varied labors he never forgot the paramount claims of his beloved flock. He was an able and earnest preacher, and a faithful, sympathetic pastor ; and was ever applying the principles of the Gospel to practical life, and to the heart-needs of his people. This evoked their admiration and

love in a degree rarely excelled. And when the body, worn down by years of toil, and wasted by months of sore sickness, was no longer a fit medium through which the brave spirit could find expression, he sent to his flock a final message, which in its simple, tender pathos formed a fitting close to a long and fruitful ministry. On Sabbath, the 13th of August, 1905, this message was read to his assembled people, whose sad and tear-stained faces but faintly revealed the deep sorrow of their hearts. For three months more he lingered. All available means to restore health were tried in vain. On the morning of November 28th, the call came, when he passed into the Unseen Holy, through the gate that men call death, but which to him, as to every believer in Christ, was the gate of Life Eternal. By his labors here many a heart has been lightened, and many a home has been brightened, so that of him it may be truly said: "He rests from his labors and his works do follow him," for

"Great truths are portions of the soul of man,
Great souls are portions of eternity,
Each drop of blood that e'er thro' true heart ran,
With lofty message, ran for thee and me;
For God's law, since the starry song began,
Hath been, and still for evermore must be,
That every deed that shall outlive Time's span,
Must spur the soul to be erect and free."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE CONGREGATION—A MISSIONARY ORGANIZATION.

W. R. McIntosh, D.

"The great need of the time is not some new missionary organization within the congregation, but the realization that the congregation itself is a missionary organization; that it exists for the purpose of ministering Christ to the world, that all its office-bearers are the officers of a missionary society, and all its communicants members who are pledged to support this missionary society with their gifts and to share in its work."—Rev. A. Gandier, B.D., in Reapers in Many Fields.

Can this principle be established?

How can we get congregations to accept it?

What methods should be adopted to put it into operation?

THE PRINCIPLE IN CHRISTIANITY.

That this is so, that Christ's disciples were intended to be dispensers of God's grace to the world, that the Church was founded to be a missionary organization, is the unvarying conclusion they arrive at who think deeply and clearly upon the subject.

The conviction is based not so much on

the fact that it is explicitly taught and even commanded, but that it is inherently implied in the very nature of Christianity. And nothing but human selfishness and unbelief can ultimately prevent this fundamental principle of the faith from leavening the entire Church with the missionary purpose and passion.

It is the very nature of God to give, not merely to give gifts, but to give Himself.

'Tis only God can be had for the asking,
'Tis only Heaven that is given away.

And every revelation of God has impressed into it this principle of His life.

Nature in all her processes is a ministering angel to the world. The running stream and breaking clouds are preachers of the missionary obligation to men.

"Pour out thy life like the rush of a river,
Wasting its waters forever and ever,
Scatter thy life as the summer showers pouring
What if no bird through the pearl rain is soaring,
Look to the Life that was lavished for thee."

When first we hear the voice of God in Scripture it is a missionary voice seeking the lost and promising redemption, and from that opening hour of human history God labored to prepare agents of His salvation for the world. He made the covenant with Abraham to this end that in him all the families of the earth should be blessed.

He called Israel out of Egypt, organized, disciplined and circumscribed her life, and gave her His law and His sanctuary for this same purpose that she should be the medium of salvation to contemporary nations and to succeeding generations. In the fulness of time God sent forth His Son with the announcement from Heaven that His coming would mean glad tidings of great joy for all the world. And when Jesus declared His mission to be the founding in God's name of a kingdom of blessedness on earth for men, He called to Himself the Disciples with the express purpose of fitting them for the extension of that kingdom throughout the world. And when the Spirit came at Pentecost and the disciples became an organized Church, this passion of Jesus for the lost so took possession of them that they went everywhere preaching the word and succeeded in their own generation, according to the testimony of Paul in evangelizing the entire known world.

The impulse behind this single-minded zeal of the Apostolic Church was not so much the soldier's unhesitating obedience to an explicit command as the loyalty of fond hearts to the spirit and purpose, in life and death, of their Risen Lord and Master.

THE PRINCIPLE IN THE CHURCH.

The possession of this spirit has ever been the hall-mark of the true Church, the index of its spiritual strength, and the secret of its blessedness. Not in architecture, nor in

government, nor in liturgy nor even in doctrine has been the crowning glory of the Church, but in its Christ-passion for the lost. Deeper than music and oratory, and deeper than money and men, lies the life-blood of the Church of Christ in the possession of His missionary spirit. This is the supreme equipment. It means reality, joy and energy to the Church itself, the sense of the presence and fellowship of Jesus according to the promise to the disciples, "Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you," and which to a spiritual institution is more precious than gold, or anything gold can buy. It means power with men, for it is the vision of the Cross that saves. It is the identification of the Church with Jesus in His sufferings for the world that gives efficacy to the Gospel appeal. Where is the power to come from to save the lost? From a Church baptized into the death of Christ; from the falling on the blighted lives of men, transmitted through the living Church, of the shadow of this Figure of pain and prayer and loving sympathy and willing martyrdom. This is the supreme dynamic of social service, of national regeneration and of the world's evangelization. Blessed is the Church that gives itself up to the nurture and control of this missionary spirit. You see it in the Apostolic Church in the way it faced up to its great task with the love light in its eyes and the unquenchable purpose in its heart. You find the

same spirit in the Church of the Martyrs, the Church of the Mamertine prison, of the Colosseum and the Catacombs, which kindled in its day fires of faith and love that have never since ceased to guide the wandering hearts of men to God. You see it also in the Church of the Reformers that lost everything rather than lose Him and His heart of compassion for the multitudes. And this sacrificial spirit of Christianity is blossoming into its consummate flower in the missionary enterprise of the modern Church that has lifted up its eyes to the white harvest fields of the world and is daring the rigors of climate and cannibalism, of darkness and superstition, of loneliness and expatriation on a hundred foreign shores, that it may share the fellowship of Jesus in His passion for the lost.

THE PRINCIPLE IN THE CONGREGATION.

What is wanted now is that this spirit should take possession of every congregation and of the entire membership of each congregation. At first missionary work was done by a committee outside the Church altogether; then by committees and organizations within the Church. The last stage, the one we must now press for, is that the congregations shall take themselves seriously as missionary organizations and in the totality of their membership shall discharge the missionary obligation as the one great end of their existence. The accu-

sation of the heroic Duff against the Church as "playing with missions" still describes the methods of most modern congregations. To leave to the women and children or to a special committee of the membership, or to a special collection, the great work of missions is surely a trifling with the command of Christ, and an obscuring of the purpose for which He founded His Church. What is a congregation? A sort of spiritual freemasonry in which men fraternize for mutual benefit who hold the same religious password? A kind of devotional dreamland where men listen with mingled patience and pleasure to an hour's service with the feeling that in some ill-defined way it is connected with goodness? A congregation has many indirect and secondary uses, but it should consider itself mainly as a body of redeemed men and women, who have agreed to unite their prayers and means, their lives and labors to reach the lost with the saving grace of Christ. To bring his congregation to this state of mind, and to adopt suitable methods and channels by which this spirit may find expression, ought to be the great aim and ambition of every minister, and into this sacred conspiracy every member of the congregation should enter who loves the Lord Jesus Christ, and who longs for the coming of His kingdom on earth. And this ideal is not impossible of realization. This transformation has been effected in many congregations during a single ministry.

Everything yields in time, even human selfishness and indifference to the influence of a dominant passion and purpose. If Christ reaches the springs of life, the Christ who gave Himself in tears and prayers and labors and sacrifice for the lost; if wise and practical methods be personally and patiently applied to secure co-operation, if the world's need be lovingly and tellingly pressed against the heart and conscience every congregation will answer in time to the majesty of the missionary appeal with a full-hearted and united response. We have in connection with our Canadian Presbyterian Church many congregations that are missionary pathfinders in the forward movement of special missionary support, the story of whose steady growth in missionary interest, aggressive methods, noble sacrifices and splendid achievements, would, if written, make a very interesting and inspiring volume for missionary study in our Canadian Church. If all our congregations could be induced to follow according to ability in the wake of these aggressive leaders, who can measure what joy of the Lord it would create in both the heart of Christ and of His Church, and what tidings of great joy it would bring to those who now are sitting in darkness and in the region and shadow of death?

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