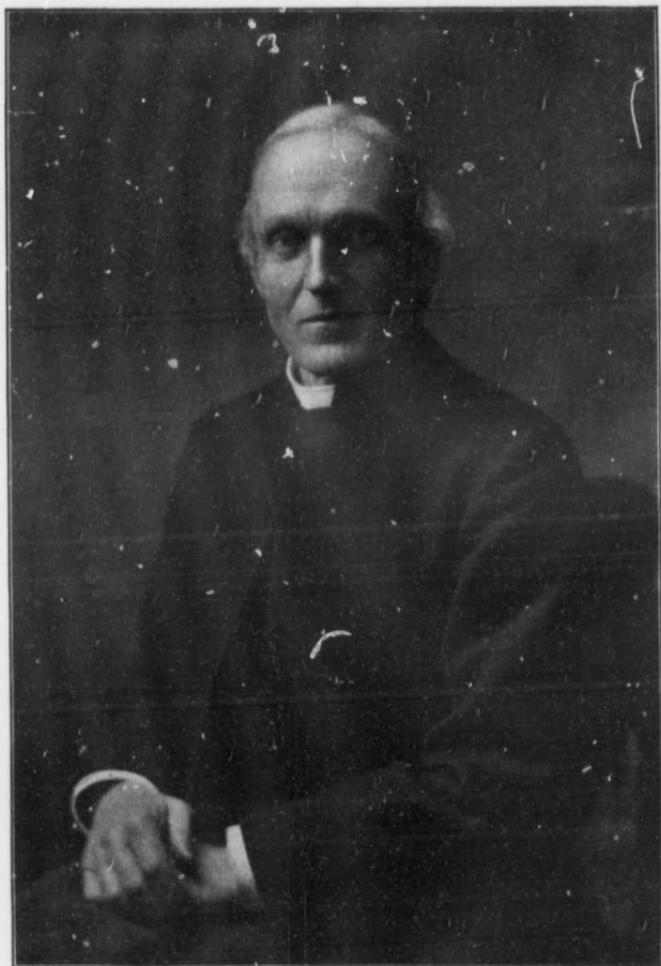
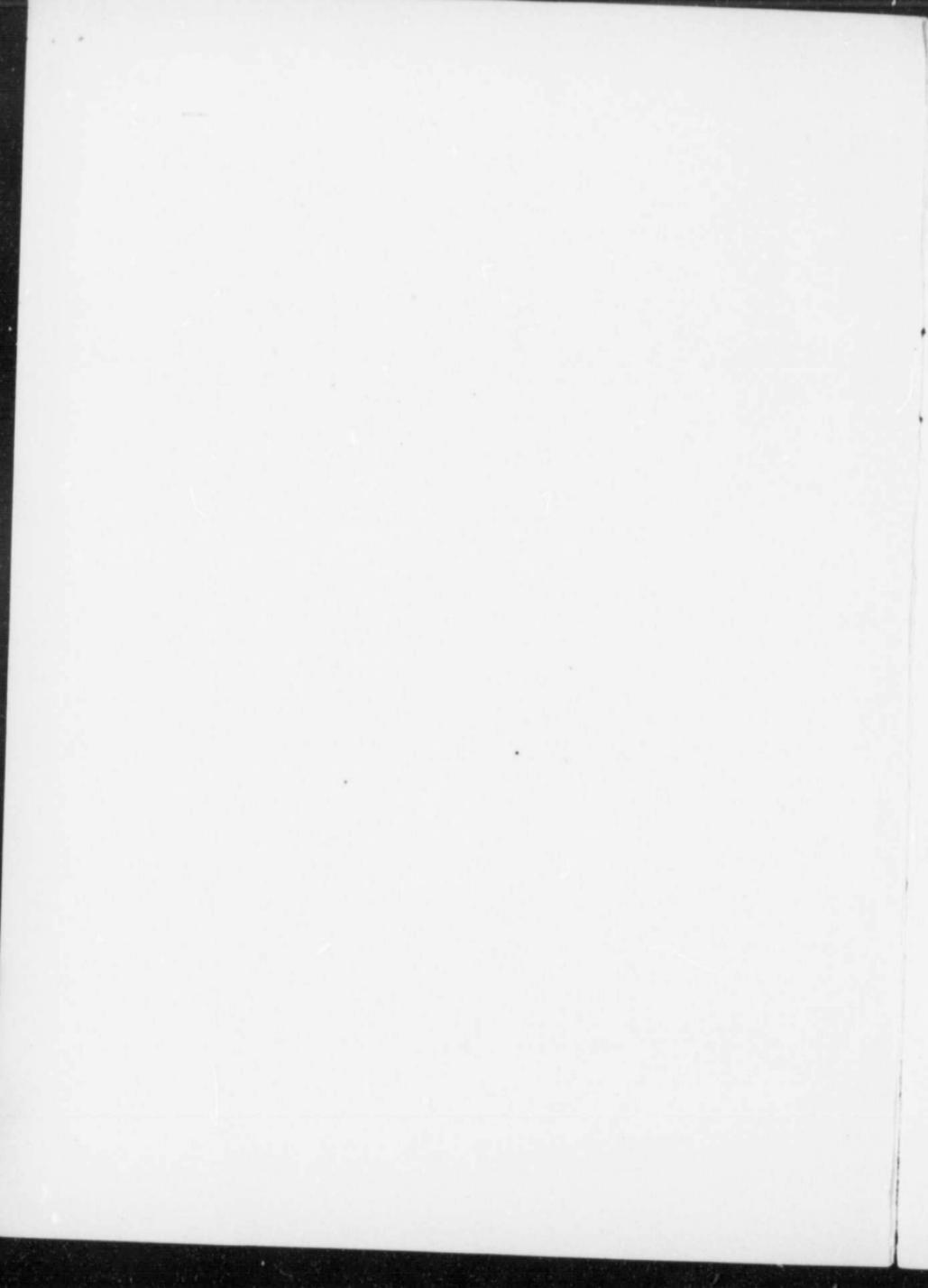


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THE LATE ARCHDEACON SMALL
OF LYTTON, B. C.



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In Memoriam

Richard Small, Archdeacon

In the death of Archdeacon Small, the Church in British Columbia has lost one of its most striking personalities—a Priest who was widely known and was loved and respected as widely. He was one of those rare characters whose firm faith, unselfish lives, and sunny dispositions make it easier for man to believe in GOD.

Richard Small was a native of Petersfield, Hants, and was educated at Holbrook Rectory, under the Rev. C. F. Childe; at Repton School, and at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. He took his B. A. Degree in 1872, and his M. A. in 1879. He was ordained Deacon in 1873, and Priest in 1874. His first Curacy was that of Low Moor, near Bradford, Yorks. He was afterwards Curate of Holy Trinity, Bradford; of St. David's, Exeter; Curate-in-Charge of Allerton, Yorks; and Chaplain to the Sisterhood of All Saints', Ditchingham, Suffolk. He was, also, at one time, with the Cowley Fathers, but his health broke down, and he never proceeded to take the vows. But the missionary spirit was strong in him, and in 1884, he came out at the invitation of the Bishop of New Westminster, to take charge of the Mission to the Thompson River Indians, in succession to the Rev. J. B. Good. The Mission was then centered at Forty-two Mile House, on the Yale and Cariboo Road, and here he lived for two years in company with Rev. H. Edwardes, after which he found a more

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convenient centre in Lytton. And here he made his headquarters until his death—except for a short interval in 1890-91, when he went to help Bishop Corfe in Corea. In 1896, he was appointed Archdeacon of Columbia, which was left vacant by the lamented death of Archdeacon Woods; but the next year he resigned, and was made Superintendent of the Indian Missions throughout the Diocese, with the title of Archdeacon of Yale.

The religious views that he held were the result of firm conviction, based on study, of the Catholicity of the Anglican Church, and he held them all the firmer as the outcome of early Evangelical training. He was one of the best type of Anglo-Catholics, with a deep sense of personal religion, an intimate knowledge of the Bible, and a living interest in Missions. Catholic to the very core, mere sentimentality or fancy ritual were thoroughly disliked by him. Sound scholarship, together with an intimate acquaintance with the writings of the Tractarian leaders, the Anglo-Catholic Divines, and the early Fathers of the Church made him eschew anything that had not, as he so often expressed it, "the flavor of antiquity." Indeed, the extraordinary weight of his travelling bag was due to his custom of carrying round with him one or more volumes of Patristic Theology. There was in him, however, the most gracious charity towards those who could not see as he saw; and his friendships were never narrowed by his unbending orthodoxy.

The work of his life was the Christianizing of the Indians. He was one of those "Sons of Consolation,"

Whom Thy Spirit's dread Vocation severs
To lead the vanguard of Thy conquering host,
Whose toilsome years are spent in brave endeavours
To bear Thy saving Name from coast to coast."

And no pains were too great, no journeys too arduous, no sacrifice too costly, to achieve this purpose. He followed them in their migrations, lived with them in their houses, and even in the curious underground pits, in which they sheltered themselves from the bitter winter's cold—instructing them, preparing them for their Communion at the Great Festivals, hearing their complaints, settling their disputes, pushing their interests, and identifying himself with them in every way. The distances he covered were enormous—Cariboo, Nicola, Lillooet, Yale, Chilliwack—he visited them all in turn, and he took much pleasure in his work. His last visit to England he cut short because he must be back in time to prepare his Indians for their Christmas Communion. And when he arrived back in Lytton he wrote: "What a happiness it is to be back again with the Indians in their Church!"

It is not too much to apply to him St. Paul's description of his own work, "In journeyings often, in perils in the wilderness, in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness, beside that which cometh daily—the care of the Churches."

But probably he will be remembered as much by his influence upon the "whites" as by his work among the Indians. In his journeyings to and fro, he came in contact with an immense number of people of all classes and occupations,—pioneers, and miners, railway men, traders and ranchers—and he made friends of all. He won their respect by his complete unselfishness! He was "strong in self-oblation." Said one man, "What a treat it is to meet a man like him now-a-days, who is the very incarnation of unselfishness." And he won their affection by his sympathy and kindness of heart. A lady wrote, "We all feel

we have lost our best friend." He was in this sense also, a "Son of Consolation," one of those

"True helpers, patient, kind, and skillful,
Who shed Thy Light across our darkened earth.
Counsel the doubting, and restrain the wilful,
Soothe the sick bed, and share the children's mirth."

There was a loveliness about him that was irresistible, and not least among those who totally disagreed with his views. He was not satisfied with acquaintances; he must have them friends. And, having made his friends, he never forgot them, but in every place he went to, there were always a number of people to be looked up. No one valued his friendships more than he. Of all the services of the Church, he loved to take baptisms, and his God-children were legion, and all were remembered with prayer and gift.

He died as he had lived—helping others. A fire broke out in the "Rancherie" at Lytton, and the Arch-deacon came at once to the rescue, and was soon hard at work trying to put it out; and when the Indian woman, whose house it was, told him that she had left the savings of her lifetime in a receptacle in her bedroom, the Arch-deacon, at considerable personal risk, dashed through the smoke and flames, and succeeded in finding and bringing out the canister that contained the treasure, which he restored to the grateful owner. But the cold winds of the Fraser Canyon caught him, hot and tired as he was, and brought on a severe attack of pneumonia and pleurisy.

The Rev. E. W. Pugh, his colleague, found him next morning, in great pain, and, having wrapped him up properly, took him by the next train to Vancouver, and placed him under the care of Sister Frances, at St. Luke's

Home, where he had everything that skillful nursing and affectionate care could do for him, and he appeared to be progressing favourably until the day of the "crisis," when some adverse symptoms appeared. The doctors, however, held out good hope that he would pull through. But it was not to be. Shortly before midnight he said, "I think I will go to sleep now," and he turned round and settled himself down, and was soon fast asleep. But in a few minutes' time, Sister Frances and Nurse Brodrick noticed a change in the breathing, and almost before they could get to the bedside, he had breathed his last, and his brave and loving spirit had taken its flight.

Funeral Services were held in St. James' Church, with the full ritual that he loved carried out with reverence and deep feeling. They were attended by the Clergy and a large number of his friends on the Coast. Afterwards, his body was taken to Lytton and placed before the Altar in the Indian Church. There he lay in his own Church, among his own people, and they came up one by one to take a last look at the beloved face of their Pastor and friend.

The lines of care and hardship had all passed away, and there was left a face of youthful beauty, dignified and spiritualized like a cameo of a younger Dante. It was most touching to see the Indians as the fruit of his teaching confessing the Faith of Christendom in their own language, and taking their part with intelligence and deep reverence in the Divine Liturgy of the Church. At the Burial Office, the Church was filled to its greatest capacity with white people, Indians, and the boys of the Industrial School; and the whole congregation followed in long procession to the grave, which was just where the Altar of the first Church in Lytton had stood. Here the loved remains

were committed to the ground; and, when the service was over, the mourners still lingered on, singing hymns in Indian and English, while one after another took up the spade to fill in the grave and then at last slowly and reluctantly return to their homes.

It is the wish of many of the late Archdeacon's friends to erect some memorial, and that which would be the most suitable is a new church for the Indians at Lytton, the centre of his work and his home for so many years. A permanent building to take the place of the present wooden and shaky Church is what he himself would have desired, and to give of their substance to the work for which he laid down his life is just what his friends will be ready to do.

For the purpose of carrying out this wish, a committee has been formed, and they estimate that the sum of \$15,000 will be necessary to build such a Church as is suggested. In case, however, the whole of this sum be not subscribed, they hold themselves at liberty to devote the money that may be received to any other object for the permanent good of the Indian Mission.

The members of the Committee are the Rev. C. E. Cooper, Victoria West; the Rev. E. W. W. Pugh, Lytton, and the Rev. H. G. F. Clinton, Vancouver, B. C. Subscriptions will be received and acknowledged by any of these, or they may be paid direct to the "Archdeacon Small Memorial Fund," at the Bank of Montreal, Vancouver, B. C.