



Volume VI.

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In Memoriam.

(Continued.)

ONCE more, the death of God's saints is precious in his sight, because of the fruits it bears in the lives of those who survive and remain. The death which in one closes the eye to all earthly sights, and the ear to all earthly sounds, and lays the ice-cold arrest on the thrilling, throbbing pulses that vibrate to and fro in the heart, can yet become in another the mighty force that stirs and quickens the life-blood into energizing activity. "Except a corn of wheat (said Christ) fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." Seeds, to be propagated, must not be stored away in the isolation of the granary, they must be put into the ground and die, and be disembodied there, under the influence of air, sunshine and shower, for only thus will they spring up again, clothed in a vesture of rich mellow fruits. The Saviour of men was that corn of wheat, a root out of a dry ground; let Him spare Himself, and even He had abode alone; let Him die, and His sepulchre becomes the seedbed out of which has come, for a hungry world, the "Bread of Life." And of this law, whose highest illustration we discover in the sinless Son of God, we see faint, far-off examples not so much in the lives as in the deaths of his saints.

I have made passing allusion to David Livingstone, the pioneer explorer of Central Africa. Nowhere does history record a more thrilling tale, not merely of varied adventure and hair-breadth escape, but of brave single-handed conflicts against what he called in his last words "the world's open sore," the hated odious slave trade. And yet, heroic as were his labors for its abolition, they did not stir the heart

of England with half the power that was wielded by the story of his death in those vast solitudes, with no white man near, no love of gentle wife or sister to moisten his parched lips or cool his fevered brow. Or coming still nearer to our immediate theme—does history anywhere record a more touching tale of missionary heroism than that which the graphic pen of Charlotte Yonge has told of the gentle, modest, but brave-hearted Coleridge Patterson, who, little more than ten years ago, gave up a brilliant prospect in England to go and labor among the savages of the Pacific; how he mastered one dialect after another of most difficult and complicated languages, nursed the boys of his school through diseases the most loathsome and revolting, with his own hands washed by habits of long confirmed uncleanness, consoling himself the while in his hours of loneliness with the thought that the finger of God's Providence had led him there, and that this was the work He meant him to do.

But touching and impressive as all this was, and calculated to rebuke the selfishness of many a soft, luxurious, self-indulgent life spent in self-pleasing, what new point and force was given to the lesson when we heard of the fate of the young martyr Bishop, how he died at the hands of the savages he had often risked his life to save, and his body was laid on a mat in an open canoe, and left to float alone, bearing the marks of the five wounds he had received, a palm branch in his breast, his hands folded as if in prayer. That simple tragic story gave an impulse to the missionary zeal of England's Church which vibrates through all her being still.

Brethren, our own Diocese can tell its tale too of voluntary self-sacrifice for its sake. Its first chief pastor fell at his post, slain, not indeed by the

hands of painted savages, but certainly crushed by the accumulated weight of manifold anxiety and care. His burden was a heavy one, and under its pressure the strong man bowed and fell.

For long years, in the brief intervals which he was able to snatch from his missionary labors, he had ministered with unwearied faithfulness beside the couch of a beloved wife, to whom God had been pleased to deny the precious boon of health, soothing her sufferings with all a woman's gentleness, counting himself well rewarded for all his watching could he but prolong a slumber or alleviate a pain, drawing fresh inspiration meanwhile for the duties of his office from the spectacle of her uncomplaining patience, and her words of hope and encouragement, till at last after that weary journey, undertaken in ineffectual search for returning health, the end came, and he was left, though none knew for how brief a time, to tread his thorn-strewn path alone. How touching those last words of his written within an hour or two before his own departure, to one now present who knew him much more intimately than I.

"The sad void (he writes) which my dear wife's departure hence has made seems to grow wider and deeper, and it seems difficult to settle down to work as of old. Although I was obliged to be so often away from her, there was always something for me to look forward to on my return which now there cannot be, and I fear that a feeling closely akin to selfishness, though, I trust, not of murmuring or repining is growing upon me. I must try to realize more fully than I have done in the past what a blessing her presence for more than thirty years has become." The weary spirit was already going down into that valley of loneliness, where it craves though vainly "the touch of a vanished hand, the sound of a voice that is still."

Any of us, brethren, who have ever known what it was to go about the demanded daily task, while a fresh burden of sorrow or anxiety was lying heavily on the heart, will understand in some degree how heavy a trial it must have been for the departed head of this Diocese to discharge his official duties, with the vision of that pale face and feeble suffering form continually before his eyes, night and day, while he himself was hundreds of miles away unable to minister to her needs. Yet never once did these strong domestic claims succeed in drawing him away from his appointed duties. The most distant Missions were none the less faithfully visited. For not merely days but weeks together he journeyed to and fro, discharging his Apostolic office, caring for the spiritual well-being of the few scattered sheep in the wilderness, baptizing their children, laying holy hands on the heads of young men and maidens, delivering God's message of peace from the pulpit, dropping words of counsel and of kindness in the daily round of private intercourse, which have made his name a household word, and his picture a much prized treasure in multitudes of homes to Algoma's utmost boundaries. Well may these Children of the Forest treasure up his memory with deepest affection. Well may we dedicate to that memory a goodly sanctuary such as this, built specially, though not exclusively, for their children.

Among all the gathered reminiscences of his Episcopate, none is more touching, none more beautifully illustrative either of the lovingness of his own nature, or of the all comprehending inclusiveness of the Gospel he preached, than the story of his toilsome wanderings over that great lone lake Neepigon, or "boundless sea," as the Indians term it, in search of the benighted Pagans who had waited patiently thirty years for a minister of England's Church,—how he found them, taught them, baptized them and their children, singled out one among them whom he admitted to the Church's brotherhood, called by his own name, counted him ever afterwards as his own "son in the Faith;" till now the unequal race of both being run, both sleep peacefully side by side in yonder cemetery, in sure and certain hope of a joyful Resurrection."

Brethren, let us gather, out of the grave round which we have assembled and here within these walls, erected to perpetuate his memory, on ground hal-

lowed by his tread, and selected by him as a site for a House of Prayer, a new inspiration for the task before us. If home is sanctified, life glorified, and love purified by the touch of death, so also is duty solemnized and hallowed by a new and unwonted consecration.

Death lifts the veil, floods the present with the clear light of eternity, and shows us how short and fugitive our days are. By the removal of your first Chief Pastor there is one soldier less in the battle field, one toiler less behind the plough. But the battle remains still to be fought, the field to be tilled. And to this service, through this vast territory you and I stand pledged.

We are to-day "baptized (afresh) for the dead." Be it ours, brethren, to accept the trust, and each standing in his lot, occupy till the Master come. While others mingle in the din and turmoil of theologic strife, vexing their souls and wasting their energies with the petty controversies that divide our Zion, even as Jerusalem was once rent asunder with the tumult of internal faction, be it ours to understand that meanwhile the embattled legions of sin and unbelief are loudly knocking at our gates. Souls are perishing around us, souls for which the Christ we profess to believe in suffered and died. Hungry souls are everywhere famishing for the bread of life, thirsty souls sinking and fainting by the way for lack of the living water. We have it in our keeping. God will hold us accountable if our abundance do not supply their need. The time is short, the soil rough, the hindrances great, the workers few, but just so much the more is necessity laid upon us. Yea woe is unto us if we do not preach the Gospel alike by precept and example, by word of mouth and by the sometimes more effective eloquence of the daily life.

Does it seem sometimes as if it were words spoken into empty space, as if work done for Christ, done oftentimes "in weariness and painfulness, in hunger and thirst," were fruitless, profitless work, done altogether in vain? Let the blending voices of God's promise, Christ's own personal ministry, and the Church's recorded history, for ever silence the thought.

"My word (saith God) shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."

"WEE DAVIE."

WEE DAVIE was the child of William Thorburn, blacksmith. He had reached the age at which he could venture with prudence and reflection, on a journey from one chair to another, his wits kept alive by maternal warnings of "Tak care, Davie; mind the fire, Davie." When the journey ended in safety, and he looked on his shoulders with a crow of joy, his mother, he was rewarded, in addition to the rewards of his own brave and adventurous spirit, by such a smile as equalled only his own, by the well-merited approval of "Wee Davie!"

Davie was the most powerful and influential member of the household. Neither the British fleet, nor the French army, nor the Armstrong gun had the power of doing what Davie did. They might as well have tried to make a primrose grow or a leaf sing!

He was, for example, a wonderful stimulus to labour. The smith had been rather disposed to idleness before his son's arrival. He did not take to his work on cold mornings as he might have done, and was apt to neglect many opportunities, which offered themselves, of bettering his condition; and Jeanie was easily put off by some plausible objection when she urged her husband to make an additional honest penny to keep the house. But "the bairn" became a new motive to exertion; and the thought of leaving him and Jeanie more comfortable, in case sickness laid the smith aside, or death took him away, became like a new sinew to his powerful arm as he wielded the hammer, and made it ring the music of hearty work on the sounding anvil. The meaning of benefit-clubs, sick-societies, and penny-banks, was fully explained by "wee Davie."

Davie also exercised a remarkable influence on his father's political views and social habits. The smith had been fond of debates on political questions; and no more sonorous growl of discontent than his could be heard against "the powers that be," the injustice done to the masses, or the misery which was occasioned by class legislation. He had also made up his mind not to be happy or contented, but only to endure life as a necessity laid upon him until the required reforms in church and state, at home and abroad, had been attained. But his wife, without uttering a syllable on matters which

she did not even pretend to understand; by a series of acts *out* of Parliament; by reforms in household arrangements; by introducing good *hills* into her own House of Commons; and by a charter, whose points were chiefly very commonplace ones,—such as a comfortable meal, a tidy home, a clean fireside, a polished grate, above all, a cheerful countenance and womanly love,—by these *radical* changes she had made her husband wonderfully fond of his home. He was, under this teaching, getting every day too contented for a patriot, and too happy for a man in an ill-governed world. His old companions at last could not coax him out at night. He was lost as a member of one of the most philosophical clubs in the neighbourhood. “His old pluck,” they said, “was gone.” The wife, it was alleged by the patriotic bachelors, had “cowed” him, and driven all the spirit out of him. But “wee Davie” completed this revolution. I shall tell you how.

One failing of William’s had hitherto resided Jeanie’s silent influence. The smith had formed the habit, before he was married, of meeting a few companions, “just in a friendly way,” on pay-nights at a public-house. It was true that he was never “what might be called a drunkard”—“never lost a day’s work”—“never was the worse for liquor,” &c. But, nevertheless, when he entered the snuggery in Peter Wilson’s whisky-shop, with the blazing fire and comfortable atmosphere; and when, with half-a-dozen talkative, and, to him, pleasant fellows and old companions, he sat round the fire, and the glass circulated; and the gossip of the week was discussed; and racy stories were told; and one or two songs sung, linked together by memories of old merry-meetings; and current jokes were repeated, with humour, of the tyrannical influence which some would presume to exercise on innocent social enjoyment—then, would the smith’s brawny chest expand, and his face beam, and feelings become malleable, and his six-pences begin to melt, and flow out in generous sympathy into Peter Wilson’s fozy hand, to be counted greedily beneath his sodden eyes. And so it was that the smith’s wages were all lessened by Peter’s gains. His wife had her fears—her horrid anticipations—but did not like to “even to” her husband anything so dreadful as what she in her heart dreaded. She took her own way, however, to win him to the house and to good, and gently insinuated wishes rather than expressed them. The smith, no

doubt, she comforted herself by thinking, was only “merry,” and never ill-tempered or unkind,—“yet at times,”—“and then, what if—!” Yes, Jeanie, you are right! The demon sneaks into the house by degrees, and at first may be kept out, and the door shut upon him; but let him only once take possession, then he will keep it, and shut the door against everything pure, lovely, and of good report,—barring it against thee and “wee Davie,” ay, and against One who is best of all,—and will fill the house with sin and shame, with misery and despair! But “wee Davie,” with his arm of might, drove the demon out. It happened thus:—One evening when the smith returned home so that “you could *know* it on him,” Davie toddled forward; and his father, lifting him up, made him stand on his knee. The child began to play with the locks of the Samson, to pat him on the cheek, and to repeat with glee the name of “dad-a.” The smith gazed on him intently, and with a peculiar look of love, mingled with sadness. “Isn’t he a bonnie bairn?” asked Jeanie, as she looked over her husband’s shoulder at the child, nodding and smiling to him. The smith spoke not a word, but gazed intently upon his boy, while some sudden emotion was strongly working in his countenance.

“It’s done!” he at last said, as he put his child down.

“What’s wrang! what’s wrang!” exclaimed his wife as she stood before him, and put her hands round his shoulders, bending down until her face was close to his.

“Everything is wrang, Jeanie.”

“Willy, what is’t? are ye no weel?—tell me what’s wrang wi’ you?—oh, tell me!” she exclaimed, in evident alarm.

“It’s a’ right noo,” he said, rising up and seizing the child. He lifted him to his breast, and kissed him. Then looking up in silence, he said, “Davie has done it, along wi’ you, Jeanie. Thank God, I am a free man!”

His wife felt awed, she knew not how,

“Sit doon,” he said, as he took out his handkerchief, and wiped away a tear from his eye, “and I’ll tell you a’ about it.”

Jeanie sat on a stool at his feet, with Davie on her knee. The smith seized the child’s little hand in one of his own, and with the other took his wife’s.

“I hav’na been what ye may ca’ a drunkard,” he said, slowly, “and like a man abashed, but I hae been often as I shouldna hae been, and as, wi’

God’s help, I never, never will be again!”

“Oh!” exclaimed Jeanie,

“Let me speak,” said William; “to think, Jeanie,”—here he struggled as if something was choking him,—“to think that for whisky I might beggar you and wee Davie; tak the claes aff your back; drive you to the work-house; break your heart; and ruin my bonnie bairn, that loves me sae weel; ay, ruin him in saul and boddy, for time and for eternity! God forgie me! I canna stand the thocht o’t, let alane the reality!” The strong man rose, and little accustomed as he was to shew his feelings, he kissed his wife and child.

“It’s done, it’s done!” he said; “as I’m a leevan man, it’s done! But dinna greet, Jeanie. Thank God for you and Davie, my best blessings.”

“Except Himsel’!” said Jeanie, as she hung on her husband’s neck,

“And noo, woman,” replied the smith, “nae mair about it; its done, Gie wee Davie a piece, and get the supper ready.”

“Wee Davie” was also a great promoter of social intercourse; an unconscious link between man and man; and a great practical “unionist.” He healed breaches, reconciled differences, and was a peacemaker between kinsfolks and neighbours. For example: Jeanie’s parents were rather opposed to her marriage with the smith. Some said it was because they belonged to the rural aristocracy of country farmers. They regretted, therefore, it was alleged—though their regret was expressed only to old friends—the day when the lame condition of one of their horses had brought Thorburn to visit their stable, and ultimately their house. Thorburn, no doubt, was admitted to be a sensible, well-to-do man; but then he was, at best, but a common smith; and Jeanie was good-looking, and “by ordinary,” with expectations, too, of some “tocher.” Her mother, with the introduction, “Tho’ I say it, that shouldna say it,” was fond of enlarging on Jeanie’s excellences, and commenting on the poor smith, with pauses of silence, and expressions of hope “that she might be mistaken,” and “that it was ill to ken a body’s ways,” all of which remarks, from their very mystery, were more depreciatory than any direct charges. But when “wee Davie” was born, the old couple deemed it proper and due to themselves—not to speak of the respect due to their daughter, whom they sincerely loved—to come and visit her. Her mother had been with Jeanie at an earlier period; and the house was so clean, and Thorburn so

intelligent, and the child pronounced to be so like old David Armstrong, Jeanie's father, especially about the forehead, that the two families, as the smith remarked, were evidently being welded, so that a few more gentle hammerings would make them one.

(To be Continued.)

To the Editor Algoma Miss. News.

In one of Disraeli's novels a story is told of a *chef de cuisine* who was engaged to go down to the country seat of some Duke to superintend the banquets when the heir came of age. He sent up a magnificent dinner the first day, but no word of compliment. He surpassed himself on the second; no compliment. "I will do my very utmost to-morrow," he thought, "and leave if I do not please." The third day he was preparing to go. The Duke heard in dismay; all his distinguished guests there, and no one capable of preparing a repast adequate to the occasion. His Grace applied to a man of great tact who had engaged the cook. This gentleman at once found him. "What is the matter, I hear you are leaving?" "I have not received," he said, "though I have done my utmost, one word of compliment, and I am out of heart, *can't* work." "My dear sir, I did not bring you down here to receive compliments, but to *educate the taste* of the Duke and Duchess." With such a programme before him, our *chef* set to work again at once, put on the apron of his subordinates and attended to details and management alone.

Let us remember that the Master has not sent us here to receive compliments, but to *educate the taste* of a sinful world, to give them a love of holiness.

JOTTINGS.

The Bishop of Algoma sailed for Liverpool Oct 3rd, by the "Lake Winnipeg," accompanied by Mrs. Sullivan. The Bishop requests us to say that during his absence the Rev. E. F. Wilson, of Sault St. Marie, will act on his behalf as Commissary, and that his own address will be 6 Belgrave Place, Edinburgh, or care of Rev. H. W. Tucker, 19 Delahay St., Westminster, London, S. W., England.

The new Garden River Church is now completed, and will be opened for use on Sunday, Oct. 28th.

A carpet is greatly needed for the chancel of the Bishop Fauquier Memo-

rial Chapel; also stove and pipes. Who will give them before the winter sets in? There is also a considerable balance to pay off on cost of other fittings.

NEEPIGON.—The Rev. R. Renison and family returned to the Neepigon Mission by the *S. S. Manitoba*, on the 20th September. No news has as yet been received from them.

On Thursday, Sept. 27th, a successful Harvest Thanksgiving and picnic was held by the congregation of St. Mark's, Emsdale, at which the Rev. Mr. French of Huntsville, preached an admirable sermon. At a shortened service during the afternoon the new Incumbent was solemnly introduced to his flock by the Rev. W. Crompton, who bade his old friends an affectionate "good bye."

Rosseau.—An entertainment was given to the Sunday School scholars of the Church of the Redeemer. The children assembled in church for prayers at 1 o'clock p. m., after which they went for a sail in Mr. H. Ditchburn's large boat, which he kindly lent. The trip on the water was enjoyed by all who took part in it. The provisions were plentiful; and Mr. J. Monteith kindly gave permission to use his grove, where swings were erected, and tables prepared. A very happy day was spent by both parents and children.

APPOINTMENTS.—The Bishop has recently made the following appointments:—Rev. C. Kilner, of London, England, to the Burk's Falls Mission; Rev. C. A. French to Huntsville; Rev. S. E. Knight to Bracebridge. Also Catechists: Mr. Gowan Gillmor to Algoma Mills; Mr. J. J. H. Pitcher to Port Carling; Mr. Magnan to Gravenhurst; Mr. Coldwell to Allansville.

—I watched some Indians shopping and was astonished to see how invariably they waived aside inferior goods and chose such material as merinos at \$1.50 to \$2 a yard. One of the merchants told me it was useless to offer them anything but the best. An Indian, who could not speak English or French, and wanted five things, divided his money according to his idea of their relative cost in little piles on the counter, and going through a pantomime descriptive of his wants, was handed some silk handkerchiefs. Taking one up he felt it, held it up to the light, and throwing it aside shook his head vigorously, muttering an "Ugh" of disgust. When shown a better one he was doubtful; but a much superior article being pro-

duced, he took it, and willingly handed over one pile for it. This, however, was too much, and when given the change he put it on one of the other piles, and proceeded in the same way to make the rest of his purchases. "How easily the could be cheated;" I said to the clerk after the Indian had left. "No," he replied, "not so easily as it would appear." They generally come in from their camps in great numbers once a year to sell furs and make purchases. They go to different shops, and on their return compare notes as to the cost and quality of their goods. Then if one has paid more than another or has been cheated in quality, he will never enter the shop again, and the firm that gives the greatest bargains is most patronized on their return.—*Miss Fitzgibbon's Bazaar on Manitoba.*

INDIAN HOMES.

Receipts.

Mrs. Renaud, \$5; "An Evangelical Churchman," for support Johnny, \$10; Cathedral S. Sch., Quebec, \$10; Mr. Pigot, \$5; Rev. T. H. M. Bartlett, Shingwauk, \$4—for Wawanosh, \$1; St. Peter's S. Sch., Toronto, for boy, \$32.50; Christ Ch. S. Sch., Deer Park, for girl, \$9.39; Trinity S. S., St. John N. B., for boy, \$18.75—for girl, \$18.75; Per A. H. Campbell, for Shingwauk, \$3.63—for Wawanosh, \$9.00; T. Buckerfield, \$5; E. F. Merriam, \$1; Holy Trinity, Toronto, for boy, \$12.50—for Wawanosh, \$2.50.

MEMORIAL CHAPEL.

R. S. B., \$25; M. S. L. H., \$1; M. H. B., \$1; C. L. M. B., \$1; Trinity S. School, St. John, N. B., \$37.50.

DIOCESE OF ALGOMA.

Rev. W. Crompton (W. & O. fund) \$3.00.

ALGOMA MISSIONARY NEWS.

Rev. C. J. Machin, 35c.; Mrs. Noy, 50c.; H. M. Spike, 50c.; Mr. Davidson, \$3; Miss Burrows, 35c.; Miss Farquhar, 35c.; Miss Burton, \$1.25; Miss Smith, \$1.05; Rev. H. B. Owen, 70c.; Miss G. Milne, Home, 35c.; Rev. J. Codd, 35c.; A. Staley, \$1; E. F. Merriam, 35c.

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