

**A Touching Story.**

REV. G. GILLMOR.

I CAN recall it to mind so well, where and when exactly I first met him, and how we spoke, he and I, for a few minutes. He has often asked me since if I remembered that first meeting, and the subject of our conversation. It is now some five years ago, and I was making my way wearily enough on foot from Cook's Mills, on the Algoma branch of the C.P.R., to old Construction Camp 13. I had passed over the iron bridge, and with the Serpent River now on the left and some hills on the right, the track mounts up for nearly two miles, the steepest grade in my railway experience. I had passed Beshaw's house, on opposite bank of the river, and the trestle bridges, and reached the top of the ascent, where the dump appeared to me of most formidable height, and where surely a broken rail, a broken wheel, a landslip, or a washout would prove for an unfortunate train utter destruction. Right before me I had to pass through a deep rock-cut, and just at the near end of it I met him. He was the Section-foreman, and for him the constant, ever-vigilant care of that portion of the track. That he performed his duty well, no one who knew him could doubt; and I do not believe the Company could find a truer or more faithful servant. How much of hospitality and kindness I have received from the hands of him and his family it would be difficult for me fully to express; and certainly I could never do so to the satisfaction of the grateful promptings of my own heart. I have been welcomed in his house on the Serpent River, and it was the generous, spontaneous effort of the entire family to make one poor man happy and comfortable, and at rest, not, I feel assured, for my own sake alone, but because I was a Section-foreman likewise, but in the service of the Great Master, and striving humbly in the Doctrine and Fellowship of the glorious Company of the Apostles to prepare His way. There at Serpent River Camp I got to know his eldest daughter, then a girl of some thirteen years, and his second daughter, and the little twin daughters, and the little son, whom I used to call "the Boss." I could see so plainly how great was the affection of the parents for these children. I single them out in particular from a family consisting

also of elder, well-grown sons, because those ones, if possible, seemed to me most beloved. Yes, I have good reason to refer specially to the four daughters and the little boy, "the Boss;" for they are now "absent from the body, present with the Lord." I know that these children in this life, though of tender years, all unconsciously perhaps, had acted towards me in obedience to His loving will, as we shall hear Him express it in those words: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." I remember so well how he used to come in from his work at Serpent River, worn and fagged; but from the moment of his entrance until their departure to bed he had those little flaxen-haired twin daughters mounted one on either knee. Before he went to work and when he returned they seemed to me to be always thus in occupation of him, and he himself ever absorbed in the duty of dandling them, and singing to them, and pacifying them. Some time after this the branch line was abandoned, and he moved with his family as Section-foreman to the main line. Again I was welcomed in his house at Lakeview, and still at that place the family circle was unbroken, and I had opportunity of observing the growth and progress of those little ones. But then sickness and affliction came upon them—the great scourge of the line, Typhoid Fever, attacked them, and the second daughter succumbed to it. She was then about thirteen years of age, a bright, happy little girl, and contributing a very large share of gladness to the household. I received a telegram from him to meet him on board the express train, for he was bringing her body out eastward for burial. I met him in his sorrow at Sturgeon Falls, and he left it to me where she should be buried. I decided on the little cemetery beautifully situated on the hillside at Mattawa. There we laid her body to rest until the trumpet sounds. I saw how great was the grief and severe the bereavement. He used to sing well, having been trained himself, and having taught others for some years. But when she died he gave it up, for the voice of melody appeared to have departed from him. Since then, for the last few years, he has lived at Chapleau, and on my visits there I have always found a home with them. They were all growing big and old, and the eldest son had married, and a little grandchild had arrived.

It is yet but a few weeks ago when on a visit to Chapleau, I found that Diphtheria, in all its dread malignity had broken out. In one family a girl was already lying dead, and her little brother about to follow. I had to leave for North Bay with a sad heart, praying the good Lord to spare my old friends. But that fell disease entered in its full force amongst them, and to intensify its severity accompanied in each case with measles. I returned in haste to their aid and comfort, and it was my great privilege to minister hour by hour through the weary length of a terrible night by the bedside of the eldest daughter, then aged eighteen years. For her a lingering death of agony, most appalling, and suffering in one of its most awful forms—suffocation. I used to read, of course with sad interest, the accounts of the bitterness of death as it closed around the late Emperor of Germany; but now I could realize it, for I had even worse before me for the time of its fatal course. It is a source of hope and comfort to such patients to be assured that if necessary at a moment's notice, the operation of tracheotomy would be performed. The instruments and apparatus are all there laid out ready to hand. But how reduced and sad a position it is indeed, when hope and comfort in the patient hang upon such last effort. For her this operation was impracticable, and I told her the whole truth, and then it was her constant prayer in earnest faith in her Saviour to be taken quickly to Himself. She constantly required me to pray over and over again that He might come quickly, and implored that I might explain to her why He delayed so long. But at last, and it was to us all a most sorrowful time, He did come, and she was at rest. What agony her parents and eldest brother endured as helpless witnesses of her awful sufferings, fortunately but few are called upon to experience. She, the idol and pride of the family, was taken away, and the little boy, "the Boss" was taken away, and the little flaxen-haired twin girls were taken away. Her last dying wish whispered in the ear of her poor old father was that her funeral might be delayed until he to whom she was engaged in marriage might be enabled to reach Chapleau, and take one look before the lid was closed. I thought his poor heart would break as I heard him reply: "Yes, my darling, it shall be so." Surely, I considered, it is difficult for these parents to say "Thy will be done;" but they did say it, and they showed so truly that they trusted Him, and would trust Him always. They blessed God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort. Then I myself realized once more, how glorious a privilege for me as Christ's servant, always to be sure, steadfast and greatly rejoicing even through the darkest portion of the darkest night of sorrow and affliction, concerning the love and will of our Lord Jesus Christ, so that "we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God." They knew that their beloved children were but lifted up from the life with sin and pain and failure here below to Heaven itself. They

realized that He had but gathered them around Himself. They rejoiced in that He needs them while they are young and innocent, and children, and takes them away so that they may be forever such in His Kingdom. They recognized now that the maiden would be a maiden forever in glory, and the sturdy little boy, and little flaxen-haired girls would be bright children ever and always in the happy innocence which is His eternal gift. But they find, and bitterly, that children are necessary to happiness on earth, and therefore look forward to obtain what is lacking here in meeting them, children still, in Heaven; where they will never again be taken away, and where the cankerous care as to their growing up to wickedness and folly is past and gone with this life. They find the parental feeling as strong as ever for those dear ones gone before, and that it will still remain as they grow old and older, if only they continue His true, faithful servants. His purpose in leaving the parents on here for perhaps yet many a long year is manifest, even that they may be engaged in preparing and making ready the way, as a good Section-foreman, for the coming of the King. I do find when looking back over those five years that God has blessed them, and is just drawing them nearer and nearer to Himself.

Echoes from Nepigon.

FOR some time past the only echoes heard from this isolated Indian mission have been those of the letters received from its devoted missionary, the Rev. R. Renison, and how graphic they always are, our readers are all aware, giving, as they do, a lifelike picture of the actual condition of this remote little field, with its changing lights and shadows, the difficulties and hinderances that sometimes almost stagger the laborers' faith; but also the encouragements that, like sunshine making through the rifts in the clouds, cheer his heart, and give him cause, like the Apostle, to "thank God and take courage."

The Bishop's inability to visit the Mission last year, in consequence of the preoccupation of all his available leisure by the Parry Sound Conference, and other special duties, was a great disappointment to the Indians, one of whom described the appearance of the "big black coat" as the "brightest spot in their sky." This year the promise of a visit has been redeemed since the Bishop's return, and our readers will be glad to hear a few echoes of it from his note book.

"By 7 a.m. on Monday morning, Sept. 27th, all was ready for the start for Nepigon, the necessary preparation of boat equipment, provisions, clothing, &c., for the Indians having been made by my fellow traveller, "Misquahbenooqua," at very short notice, owing to delay in the receipt of a reply to my enquiry as to the convenience of the date appointed. Thanks to the completion of the Branch Line last year, we made the run to Sudbury, a distance of nearly two hundred miles, in about seven hours. This Branch will be an invaluable aid in our missionary work, running as it does, through Garden River, Bruce Mines, Thessalon, and

other important points. At Sudbury a delay of twenty-four hours occurred, as no train runs westward on Tuesday, in consequence of the observance by the Canadian Pacific Co. of the rule not to send out any train from Montreal on Sunday. This rule, also, holds good with regard to eastbound traffic from Vancouver. The detention, however, was a great gain, as it gave an opportunity of a visit, however hurried, to the neighboring copper mines, of which so much has been heard recently. This was successfully accomplished, in company with Dr. Selwyn, Director of the Geological Survey Department, through the courtesy of Dr. Peters, the General Manager, who has had large experience in mining operations in Spain, Portugal, Germany and the United States, and Mr. Evans, the Engineer in charge, both of whom escorted us, on a flat car behind the Company's engine, to the Stobie Mine, about four miles from Sudbury. The works there, as at the other points, are in their infancy, but on the very surface lies enough to show the most inexperienced eye that the prospect is very full of promise. Indeed the whole face of the hill seems one solid mass of ore. Two tunnels thirty or forty feet long have been run in and a considerable quantity of ore quarried, while the drill is busy at work on the top, driven by compressed air, and the crusher is grinding away below, reducing the masses of ore to sizes easily handled and ready for the furnace. About 3000 tons of ore have been already shipped for treatment, I believe, in the United States; but large smelting works are being erected at the Copper Cliff mine, which I afterwards visited, about eight miles from the Stobie, at which the ore from these and the Evans' mine will all be gathered and dealt with. At the Copper Cliff, a shaft 350 feet in extent has been at work in the vein, while a six-drill air compressor, a large hoisting engine, a rock-breaker, a rock-house for separating ore, several pumps, and other machinery has been provided at a cost of about \$30,000. It is very evident that valuable mineral developments may be expected in this neighborhood before long, which will bring many hundreds of men to the spot. Who is going to care for their spiritual needs? For such a field a first-class missionary will be required. Will not some one volunteer; and will not some one else undertake the task of raising the funds necessary for his maintenance? So surely as the Church of England neglects this golden opportunity, others will take it up and put her to the blush once more for her indifference and apathy, by their greater missionary zeal and aggressiveness.

To return, however, from this mineralogical digression. On Tuesday afternoon we resumed our railway journey westward, travelling for about twenty hours more through a long succession of wild bush lands, skirting along chains of lovely lakes, following here and there the serpentine movements of broad, deep rivers, now rushing swiftly over a level road bed, which for smoothness would hold its own with many even in England itself; and now creeping cautiously through cavernous tunnels and between overhanging rocks, along a track hewed out of the solid mountain side,

with so narrow a margin left that in case of serious accident there could have been no escape from an instantaneous plunge into the clear blue waters of Lake Superior, as they rolled up and flung themselves against the granite barrier, fifty or a hundred feet below. Indeed a single trip over this wonderful railway along the northern shore of this great inland sea suffices to show what a complete triumph engineering skill has won here over seemingly insuperable obstacles, and how highly this iron pathway redounds to the credit of the Dominion as a monument of colonial push and enterprise.

On Wednesday, 30th, Nepigon Station was reached, and we caught a glimpse of Mr. Renison's beaming countenance, smiling all over with the thought that the Bishop was actually on the spot, and that his heart's desire was to be realized this year, at least, without fail. Eighteen pieces of baggage, large and small, including several bales of clothing for the Indians, lay strewn about the platform, while the intending travellers stood ready to continue their journey, though in a fashion very far removed from the luxury of a Pullman car. But here occurred our first difficulty. Our own Indians had not yet arrived, being still on the river with the last of the summer tourists, who still lingered about their favorite summer resort in hopes of hooking a few more five or six pound trout; others might have been secured, though at a cost of \$3 a day and board, but even this gilded bait did not tempt them, in the face of the priest's strict orders "not to work for the Protestant," such being the interpretation put to the golden rule by this large-hearted ecclesiastic! Verily "boycotting" is not confined to one side of the Atlantic.

(To be concluded in next issue.)

Foreign Missions—their Proper Place.

MARK xvi, 15, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature;" Luke xxiv, 27, "Beginning at Jerusalem." These injunctions were among the last words of our Lord—the sacred commission of his disciples, empowering them to become henceforth the preachers of the Gospel of Christ Jesus. For the commencement of their work, the directions were explicit. They are to begin at Jerusalem. The persecution that arose after the death of Stephen, scattered abroad the members of the church which was at Jerusalem throughout Judea and Samaria, many disciples thus became Itinerant preachers, going from city to city as they found acceptance. In Antioch the gospel found an open door, both among Jews and Gentiles. "A great multitude believed and turned to the Lord." A link with this interesting period in Antioch, remains in the name of Christian, used for the first time to designate the members of this newly formed church. Here Barnabas and Saul ministered for a considerable time, for we find them carrying to the poor in Jerusalem relief in the time of famine, from the brethren in Antioch. We cannot doubt a warm attachment had sprung up between this infant church and their teachers, who had brought them the glad tidings of a new and better way of access to God.

How fondly they would cling to them, and treasure up their words. In such circumstances it must have been a severe trial of their faith and obedience, when the message came to the elders of the church, "separate me Barnabas and Saul, for the work whereunto I have called them." The first thought would be, How can we let them go? Surely we need teaching and building up ourselves. We are but young christians, and then in Antioch and around it, multitudes have not been reached yet. The command was distinctly God's voice. Antioch soon became a central point for the diffusion of Christianity among the Gentiles, and maintained for several centuries a high rank in the christian world. Thus, the preaching of the gospel begun at Jerusalem, was now carried into new countries, even to the distant islands of the sea, so that "during the first century it was witnessed for throughout the then known world. This episode in the early history of the church of Antioch furnishes a plea for "foreign missions." The command in all its length and breadth is as binding now as then, the gospel claims its promulgation equally at home and abroad. If the duty is plain, the honor and privilege attending its fulfilment is greatly to be prized. What nobler ambition than that of being "fellow-workers with Christ!" His ambassadors charged with the glorious message of reconciliation, "to beseech men in Christ's stead, to be reconciled to God." Again, Jesus said, "as My Father sent me, so send I you," and just in proportion as the love of God takes possession of the heart, will missionary zeal and activity spring up, and find new spheres of usefulness continually opening out.

The Rev. Dr. Duff, whose success in introducing a christian education into India, was so remarkable, said "There was a time when I had no care or concern for the heathen; that was when I had none for my own soul; when, by the grace of God, I was led to care for my own soul, I began to care for them. In my closet I said, 'O Lord, silver and gold have I none, I offer Thee myself, wilt Thou accept the gift.'" Looking at the position and action of the christian church of our own day, how is it fulfilling the last command of its Lord and Master? That missions should require a plea at all in their behalf, marks a low ebb of spiritual life. A common reason frequently given for neglecting the foreign field is the pressure of home claims. That the internal prosperity of a church is not hindered, but increased by taking an active part in foreign missions, is strikingly illustrated in the wonderful missionary enterprise, undertaken by Pastor Harm's church in Hermansburg, in Hanover. The congregation was composed of farmers, peasants and day labourers. In 1849, a society was organized for sending the gospel to foreign parts. A widow brought six shillings, a labourer, sixpence, and a child, a silver penny, this was the financial basis. Soon volunteers came forward; one farmer brought his farm and dwelling house, which was turned into a training school. Africa was chosen as a field of labour, and the training of recruits began. A sailor suggested building a ship in 1853. The

Candace sailed with a missionary colony, comprising 8 missionaries, 2 smiths, a tailor, butcher, dyer and 3 labourers, their work was among the Kaffers in the neighbourhood of Natal; ere long several stations were organized, a constant correspondence was maintained with Hermansburg, and the intelligence circulated through their own Missionary Magazine was widely diffused.

The *Candace* was constantly going to and fro with new recruits—more than 40 left Hanover at one time. In 1883, 30 years after the *Candace* first sailed, over 30 stations had been established; there were 40 ordained missionaries, 22 ordained native missionaries, 55 lay assistants, bible women, &c., nearly 4000 communicants, and over 8000 adherents had been gathered out of heathendom. The expenditure for that year, 1883, was \$70,000, a goodly growth from the widow's mite; truly this gospel grain of mustard seed had become a great tree, whose "leaves were for the healing of the nations." During the 17 years that Pastor Harms conducted this missionary enterprise, his parish enjoyed one long revival period. While the work grew abroad, many new members were gathered into that church-fold, proving the truth of the words of scripture, "there is that scattereth, and yet increaseth." It is proposed to show in another paper, special causes why, at the present time, the subject of foreign missions claims particular attention.

THE Rev. Mr. Noble, the clergyman who is to succeed the Rev. Mr. Osborne in St. James' Church at Gravenhurst, has quite recently come from England with Bishop Sullivan. Mr. Evans, a lay-reader, now stationed at Port Carling, came over at the same time.—*Packet*.

A COMMUNICATION with the post mark Dover, England, was received in October, but unfortunately the packet was insecurely wrapped up and the four first pages are missing so that the article cannot appear.

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