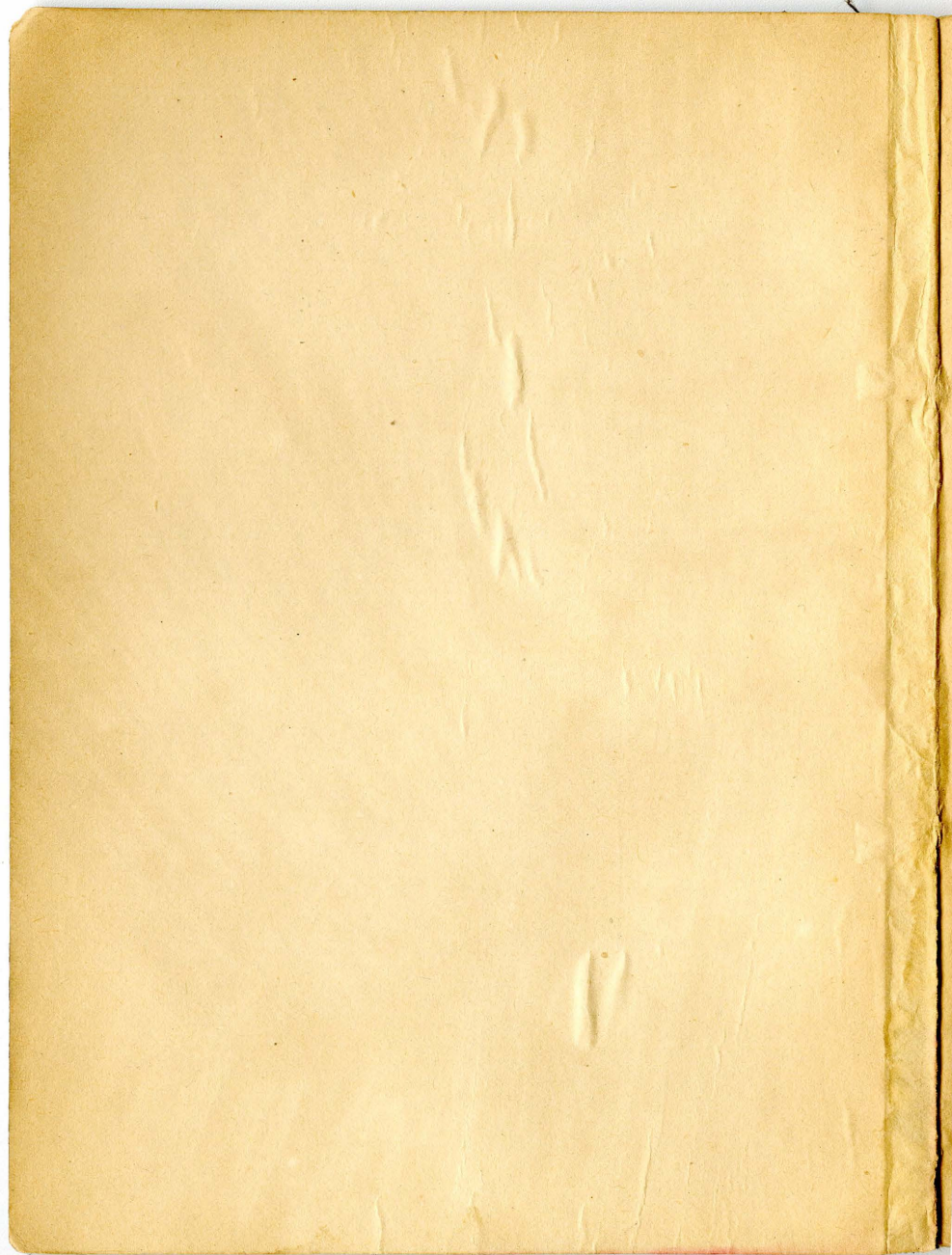


In Memoriam

REMINISCENCES
OF
OUR WORK AMONG THE INDIANS



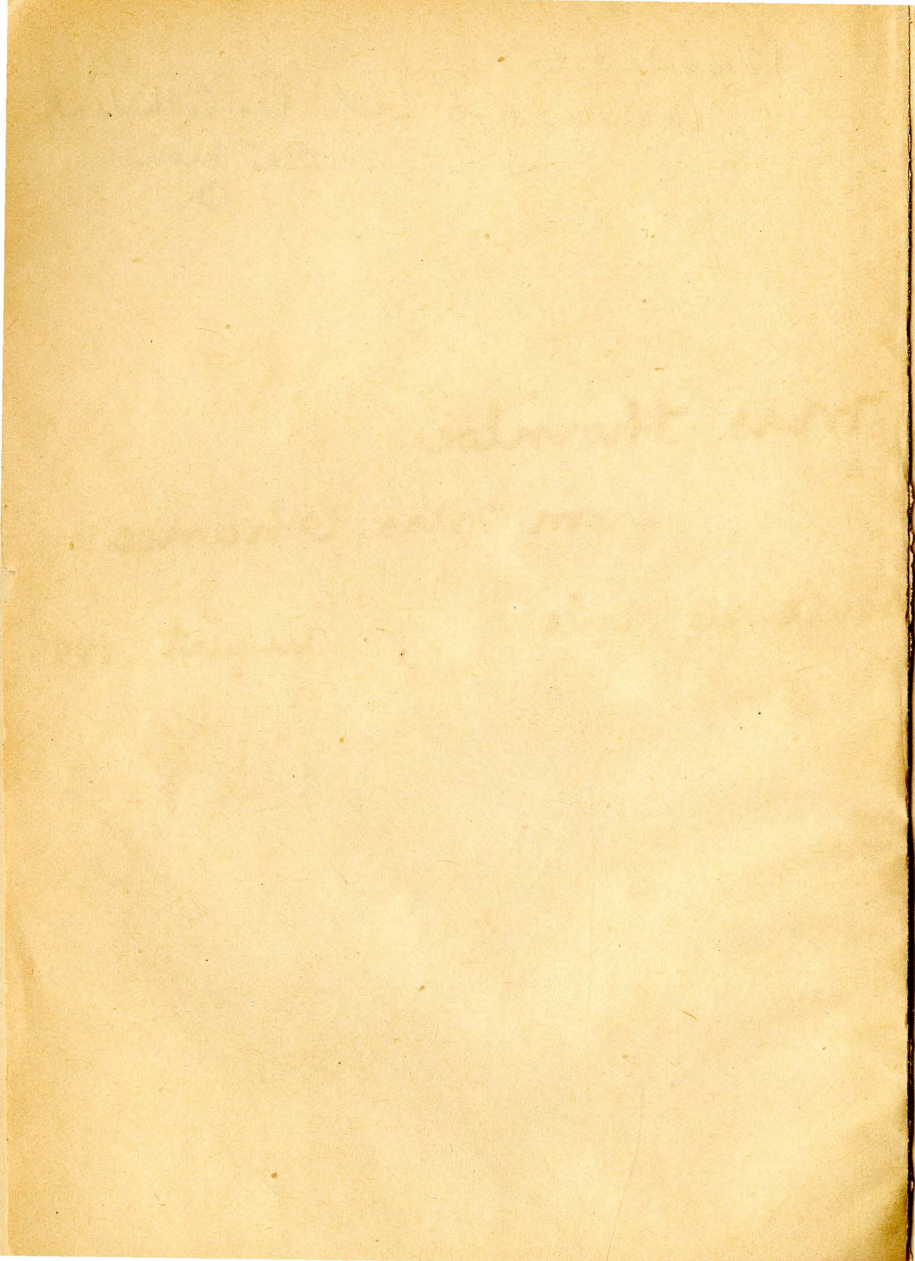
Presented to
Archives of St. Luke's Pro-Cathedral
Sault Ste Marie.
Ont.

Mrs. Thornloe

from Mrs Chance.

Sault Ste Marie

August, 1898.



OUR WORK
AMONG
THE INDIANS



THIS LITTLE WORK IS WRITTEN
AT THE REQUEST OF DEAR
RELATIVES AND FRIENDS, IN
LOVING REMEMBRANCE OF A
FAITHFUL SERVANT OF CHRIST

HEAL & FLEMING
PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS
LONDON, ONT.



OUR WORK AMONG THE INDIANS.

I HAVE been repeatedly asked by friends to write a short memoir of the late Canon Chance, and also to give a brief account of his Missionary labors in Canada, and especially among the Indians.

The Rev. Canon Chance was born on July 1st, 1829, near the beautiful and picturesque village of Amblecote, on the banks of the Stour, Worcestershire, England. He was educated at the endowed school of Red Hill, subsequently at the college at Cheltenham. Before he completed his college course he received an urgent call to undertake Missionary work among the Indians on the north shores of Lakes Huron and Superior. He responded to the call and left England in 1853, under the auspices of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, with the promise of ordination in Canada, and was subsequently admitted into Holy Orders by the first Lord Bishop of Toronto, the Right Reverend John Strachan. He was ordained Deacon in 1856, and Priest in 1857.

When Mr. Chance first came to Canada, in 1853, by the advice of the Rev. Bishop Strachan, he went to Mahnetooahning for the first winter to study the Ojibway language, with the Rev. Dr. O'Meara, who was an excellent linguist, where he had also a good opportunity of becoming acquainted with the manners and customs of the Indians, whom he frequently visited with either Dr. O'Meara or an interpreter; he soon discovered how very unsatisfactory it was to depend upon interpreters. Oh, how many ruinous mistakes may be made through misinterpretation, and especially if the interpreter is not an apt or very clever man. He used to say, "If you do not understand the language yourself, you have no possible way of finding out whether they have comprehended to the full what you wish to make known;" and to illustrate this he used to tell a good story of how one evening he was called from his room to see an old Indian woman, who said she had come for the dress that the interpreter had told her the young minister was to pray to God to give her; he was so very much disgusted with himself and the interpreter that he gave the old woman the price of a dress, and determined to perfect himself in the language as soon as possible, so as not to have to depend upon an interpreter. Dr. O'Meara, however, explained to the old woman that Mr. Chance had been speaking of the robe or dress of Christ's righteousness. In after years the Dr. used often times to tease Mr. Chance about

this incident, and remark, "We frequently learn more by our failures than we do by our successes." Be that as it may, he did learn the language in a very short time, and grammatically, too.

One of the many things that Mr. Chance brought out with him from England was a portable grist mill, in sections, which, with the aid of written directions, he was able to put together and set up, to the great delight of the Indians, who had previously been induced to sow some wheat. They brought their grist to the mill, and took home with them, rejoicing, the flour they themselves had ground. That was, I think, the first wheat cultivated and ground in the District of Algoma (not then, however, formed into a district.)

During the winter, Dr. O'Meara, Mr. Chance, Capt. Ironsides, the then Superintendent of Indians at the Island, and Mr. Weymes Simpson, one of the Hudson Bay officers stationed at LaCloche, drove up on the ice, a distance of more than 200 miles; (in making long journeys on the ice, they generally went in companies, when it was possible, in case of accidents, which often occurred), the object of this journey being one of Dr. O'Meara's periodical visits to his distant parishioners, and especially at this time to introduce Mr. Chance to the Indians of his future Mission at Garden River, to which he had been appointed by Bishop Strachan. He returned from that journey very much discouraged and thought he could not undertake

the Mission, there being no dwelling house, except the log houses inhabited by the Indians; nor any place where he could procure board and lodging. He was, however, a little encouraged by the evident anxiety shown by the Indians that he should come and reside among them. Old Chief Shingwaukoons, the father of Augusta and Puhgwudgenene, said, that until a suitable place could be built for the purpose, they were welcome to hold all or any services in his house; and Puhgwudgenene said that if he would decide to come there to teach them, he and his family would vacate their house for him, and they themselves would live in a bark wigwam, which was subsequently done. While living at the island he became acquainted with Miss Foulkes, who had then been there nearly three years, having been sent there in 1851, under the auspices of the Colonial and Continental Church and School Society, in answer to an appeal made by the Rev. Dr. O'Meara for a teacher to establish an Industrial School for Indian girls on the island, and she strongly advised him to accede to the wishes of the Indians.

Upon the opening of navigation, at the end of April, Mr. Chance bade good-bye to his friends at the island, going up to Garden River, to see if the house vacated by Chief Puhgwutchenene could be made habitable, and finding that with the aid of a little lumber it could be made tolerably comfortable, he at once sent to

Detroit to procure some, and in a short time he had the one room divided into three, forming a study, bedroom and livingroom, which for some time also served for a schoolroom. When these were completed he wrote to Miss Foulkes to ask her to come and share them with him and to take charge of the housekeeping, for he said he could not manage that part, especially when there was so very little to start with; there were no bakers' shops to run to, to get a loaf, nor indeed shops of any kind; but there was abundance of fish in the river.

Having gained the consent of the Colonial and Continental Church and School Society to her transfer, they were married on the 10th of July, 1854, at Mahnetooahning, by the Rev. Dr. O'Meara, going up to Garden River to spend their honeymoon. Fortunately they were pretty well supplied with furniture (Miss Foulkes having furnished her own room at Mahnetooahning), and what they were short of, they made out of barrels and boards and furniture print.

So soon as they were pretty well settled in their new home, they sent to Mahnetooahning for the five orphan girls that Miss Foulkes had adopted when their parents died of cholera. They received some little towards the support of these girls from friends in England, and this led to the first Industrial School being established among the Indians of Lake Huron. Dr. O'Meara first adopted these orphans to rescue them from Popish relatives, having them secured to him by a

written agreement, given to him by their blind grandfather. He it was who also interested friends in England to give some little towards their support, having done which, he transferred them to Miss Foulkes, at her own special request.

The first seventeen years of their married life were spent at Garden River, and though they had many trials there they had very much happiness. Their five children were born there. The first was born on the 14th of April, 1855, in the cedar bark roofed house of the Indian chief, and in this house they had school twice a day, and occasionally night school for adults.

While old Chief Shingwaukoons lived, the Church services were held at his house, but after his death, which occurred the second year after their arrival, the services were held in the house of Kabeosa, who was a son-in-law of the old Chief, until the Mission house was built, when one long room the whole length of the house was partitioned off and the day and Sunday schools and all the services were held there until the Church was built. Some time elapsed before sufficient funds were collected in England and Canada to build a Church first, and afterwards a school house. All three buildings were built under Mr. Chance's superintendence, by Indian workmanship, and much labor was given voluntarily.

Soon after his appointment to Garden River, he was asked to have service at Sault Ste. Marie for the

white people, and for some time service was held at the residence of Mr. Wilson, the Custom House officer, every Sunday, once a day, in addition to his Indian services, which he never neglected ; and often when the wind was too strong to row against, for there was always a strong current, he would walk the ten miles, and sometimes there and back, through the bush, without any hope or thought of remuneration, though a collection was generally taken up to defray travelling expenses.

After a time the Sault was made a free port. A stipendiary Magistrate and other government officers were appointed, and the stone house, formerly built, I believe, by old Mr. Ermatinger, was fitted up for different offices, and it was then decided to hold the Church services in the Court Room. Mr. Chance then issued an appeal for funds to build a stone Church for the white people at the Sault, in which they now worship.

Mr. and Mrs. Chance had a good day and Sunday school, which were appreciated and well attended by the Indians, by Roman Catholics for a time, as well as Protestants, there being no resident Roman Catholic priest there at the time, and they soon learned to read and write well. The school was always opened and closed with prayer, and every morning a portion of Scripture was read in the Indian language, but no effort was particularly made to proselytize, but when

the Roman Catholic priest heard what was being done, and that the Indians were so anxious to be taught, they sent there a lay brother to pretend to teach them and gave strict orders that they were not to attend our school on pain of excommunication. Mr. Chance had also a night school for the men and older boys, where they were taught to read the Holy Scriptures in their own language, and also to familiarize them with proper use of the Book of Common Prayer which the Rev. Dr. O'Meara had translated into the Ojibway language.

We were indebted to the ability and indefatigable efforts of the Rev. Canon O'Meara for an excellent translation of the New Testament and the Book of Common Prayer into the Ojibway language and kindred dialects of the Ottahwas and Potahwahtomas. This was the only literature then extant in the native tongue, to which Mr. Chance added a primer for use in the day school, adapted for teaching the Indians to read in Ojibway and English, and for the acquisition of the English language, which was a special object in view for their educational advancement, as the Indian language, though regular and beautiful in its construction, lacks the richness of expression.

By the acquisition of the language, we gained the confidence of the Indians at Garden River, and commanded the respect and attention of the bands of Indians at the different encampments along the northern shores of Lakes Huron and Superior, who always

anticipated our visits with pleasure and gave us a hearty welcome.

It was really surprising how soon some of the men learned to read and to make the responses in Church. One old man in particular, whose name was Masquah-benoka, learned to read so well that when Mr. Chance had to go away on some of his Missionary journeys, and be away over Sunday, he would invariably, after the lessons and prayers had been read and a hymn sung, get up and read most devoutly and correctly the exhortation in the Communion Service, and would be listened to so seriously and attentively that Mr. Chance had no hesitation in leaving them to themselves occasionally, as he had to do, or others would have been neglected. The Indians never objected to being left so long as Mr. Chance went to pay visits to their own people, but they did not really like him to leave them to go to the white people.

The Garden River Indians were, I think, even as pagans, more honest and truthful than many Indians are, but under the transforming influence of the Gospel, of which they are as receptive as white people, they exemplified those Christian graces and virtues which adorn the followers of Christ in every age. In their pagan state they were as indifferent to the Christian religion as other pagans, who believe that the God of the white man gave him his religion, and the God of the Indian gave him his religion, which he is bound to

observe. Hence the great difficulty, which is only overcome by the operation of the omnipotent power of the Spirit of Truth.

When, a few years ago, Mr. Chance was hesitating whether to go to England or to British Columbia for a much needed vacation, he received a letter signed by Chief Puhgwutchenene and others at Garden River, expressing their wish that he would come to see them again before they died or he died. This letter decided his choice and gratified his long desire to visit British Columbia, calling at Garden River on the way. This visit gave unbounded pleasure. He held service among them, and although somewhat out of practice, he conducted the whole service in the Ojibway language and preached again to them that blessed Gospel to their edification and comfort which had proved the power of God to their salvation. It was, he said, delightful to witness their attention and to hear their devout responses and their sweet singing.

As he passed through the plains of the north-west he saw many pagan Indians at different stations, and was surprised that he could understand them speaking. At one place he saw a fine looking Chief with some of his people whom he addressed, and anticipating their question as to who he was and how he came to speak their language, he told them that he had been a Missionary to some of their nation at Garden River and others on the shores of Lakes Huron and Superior, and

that in love to them he had devoted many years of his life in propagating Christianity among them, which they had embraced to their soul's salvation; he still had great love for all Indians and longed for them everywhere to participate in the blessings of the Gospel which he then proclaimed. They listened attentively for some time, then the old Chief replied: "If it is all true what you have been saying, and you really care for the Indians, then you will give me some shuniah" (money).

At another station where the train stopped for some time, he addressed the Indians assembled there and told of the great love of God in sending His Son to die for us all, red men as well as white men, but some were too busy selling their goods to attend to what he was saying and others who listened only laughed and said scornfully: "Ah-wa-nan owh Kesha muh-ne-doo oo-gwiss-un" (who is this Son of God)? But Mr. Chance did not feel discouraged amongst them finally, for of such at one time were the people of Garden River, whom so lately he had revisited and among whom he had held such a delightful Christian service and whose voices he had heard singing from experience, "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds in a believer's ears," and he knew what it had done for them it could do for those poor Indians on the plains. As I said before, it had proved to the former, the power of God unto salvation, had brought them from darkness

to light, and transformed and elevated them to a happy Christian life, giving them the hope of a happy Christian death, and of eternal life beyond.

If you could have seen that young man at Garden River dying of a painful and lingering disease, and heard him singing praises to God and testifying of a Saviour's love! or that married woman, young yet in life, but now on her dying bed, with her second child lying near to her! when in health the mother was seldom, if ever, absent from the Sunday or week-day services, though she had to walk a long way, and often had to carry a child along with her; in her dying state she is happy in the prospect of her departure to be with Christ, but casting a wistful glance at her sleeping child, she said, "Oh, I should be perfectly content to go if I could take my little boy along with me." "Can you not," we asked, "leave him with confidence to the care of your loving Saviour?" After a moment's pause, she smilingly said, "Oh yes, I can," and soon after departed in peace. Her sacred trust was duly honored, for the last time we saw the motherless boy, he was acting as monitor in the Shingwauk Home, and had grown up into a fine young man, and a true Christian.

It is no small encouragement to the faithful Missionary, and no small part of his present reward to witness the transforming and sustaining power of the Gospel among the aborigines in all states and conditions of life. See, again, that old man, Wah-buh-no-sa, once

a pagan, but for many years he has been a true follower of Christ. He is now sick unto death, and lying on a straw mattress on the floor of his wigwam, with a death-like hue on his emaciated countenance, his once stalwart frame is almost wasted away, yet he is patient, resigned and peaceful, for he has peace with God through Jesus Christ our Lord. It is near the holy season of Christmas, which the Indians so delight to celebrate, and in reply to an expression of regret that he could not attend the Christmas services, he smiled, and raising his attenuated arm, he pointed with his long, thin forefinger towards Heaven, and said, with prophetic certainty, "I shall spend a happier Christmas there." And he did.

I would now mention the conversion of a notable medicine man, and conjuror. He was Chief of a small band of Indians on the borders of Bear Lake, all the members of which had become Christians, nominally at least, except the Chief and his family. He could not prevent others from embracing Christianity, but with a remnant of superstition still clinging to them he exercised considerable influence among them. In his native costume he had a very wild appearance, and could assume a most savage aspect, and he was no doubt capable of savage deeds, and terrified some of his own people. He tried to frighten Mr. Chance once, and did succeed in frightening Mrs. Chance, by drawing a huge knife threateningly from his belt, because

he refused to grant him a very improper but urgent request. Some time after this, when Mr. Chance was on his way to Bruce Mines for Missionary services, he called at the Chief's encampment, and found that his eldest son was dangerously ill, and all the magical arts and medicines and incantations of his father did not benefit him; he went into the wigwam and ministered to, and prayed with and for the young man and all the family. He then continued his journey to the mines, where he spent a few days. On his return homewards he called again at the Indian encampment, where he met with a cordial reception from the old Chief; his son, he said, was recovering; the Kesha Muhnedoo had heard his prayers and answered them, said the Chief, and he wished to place himself and family under his religious instruction, preparatory to their admission into the Christian Church. Mr. Chance made arrangements and carried them out, and in due time he baptized the whole family, who came to live in the village and were regular attendants at the services of our Church.

I will now describe one or two Missionary journeys, copied from Mr. Chance's journal:

Very few, outside of actual Missionary life, can realize what it is to live far away from their own kindred and friends, shut out from intercourse with congenial and cultured society, with no possibility of obtaining medical advice and aid, and among people of

a different race and speaking a strange language; but such is the case with hundreds of our devoted Missionaries and their families, in different parts of the world, and no one knows, but themselves and their God, the anxiety which they feel when leaving to encounter the dangers and perils of extensive Missionary tours still further beyond the boundaries of civilization, and amongst a yet stranger and more unsympathetic, if not a more hostile people. Those devoted servants of Christ need, and should have the prayers of all true Christians.

We were very much isolated at Garden River, being 150 miles distant from the Mission east of us, and more than 500 miles distant from the nearest Mission northwest. But we soon had friends among the Indians, and by identifying ourselves with their interests, by acquiring their language, and seeking their highest good, we endeared ourselves to them, so that I could leave my wife and family in their midst and set out on long Missionary journeys, with the assurance that all possible care would be taken of them. The following is the account of one tour on Lake Superior.

Having finally committed my family, myself and Indian boatmen, consisting of two Indian Chiefs and a Brave, to the care and protection of Almighty God, we left the village, embarked in the **“Missionary”* for a

* The *“Missionary”* was subscribed for by the Church Sunday School children of Toronto.

tour along the north shore of Lake Superior. We reached the Sault, made some purchases at the stores there of needful articles, and then passed through the canal in tow of a friendly steamer. On the eastern side of "Gros Cap" at the entrance of Lake Superior, we pitched our tents for the night. We were soon surrounded and violently attacked by hosts of vicious and blood-thirsty mosquitoes; but after our supper we enveloped ourselves in smoke for protection. We had of necessity to close our eyes and mouths, and stretching ourselves on our pine branch mattresses we sought forgetfulness of all mundane annoyances in sleep, which the mosquitoes, either owing to the smoke or the chilliness of the night air, were powerless to interrupt.

On the following morning we continued our voyage, and reached an Indian encampment, where we held Divine service and preached the Word of Life. My companions being Christians, and able to read a translation of the Prayer Book, were of great use to me on these occasions.

The next day we reached another encampment and had religious services, and much conversation. After leaving here we encountered a strong head wind, which so increased in violence that we had to make for a small desolate island, where we were wind-bound for two nights and part of two days. There was not much room for physical exercise, but we spent our time during the day very pleasantly and profitably in read-

ing, singing and conversation on some portions of Holy Scripture, and in prayer. My rest in the first night was very much disturbed by the violence of the waves dashing against the rocks, which produced at intervals sounds like distant thunder, and then like the wailing and cries of hundreds of human beings in great peril and distress. Added to these disturbances, on the second night, I heard a great commotion and excited, loud talking in the tent of the Indians, which was in close proximity to mine. I got up and went to enquire the cause, and found one Indian in a great state of agitation and fear, and the other two, though not very far removed from that condition, were trying to sooth him and allay his fears which had been produced by the appearance of a cheebye (or ghost), at their tent door, in the shape and condition of a man dripping with water, as though he had come up out of the lake. I enquired what had become of him, and blamed them for not having offered their hospitality to the ghost. My apparent anxiety for the welfare of the cheebye completely broke the spell of their superstition and dispelled the fear of the hallucination. I retired to my tent and heard nothing more until day-dawn, when they came to inform me that the lake was calm.

After reading and prayer we set out and rowed about twelve miles before breakfast, of which we partook in a beautiful place, where some wild fruit was found and formed a luxury to our meal. This being finished we

proceeded to the encampment of a small band of Indians. It was a most fishy place ; the surrounding air was impregnated with the odor of fish ; everything, in fact, smelt of fish. The Indians lived on fish, and in their scaly-like habiliments, with fish scales actually adhering to them, they looked very fishy. But poor and degraded as they seemed, they had precious and immortal souls and were not inattentive or unresponsive to the Gospel message which was delivered to them.

Being anxious to reach Michipicoton, a trading post of the Hudson Bay Company, to hold services there on Sunday, we left the encampment and continued our journey. Early the next morning we came in sight of Nah-na-boo-zhoo, a small Island, sacred to the Indians, with a few square yards of land, grass-covered ground, terminating abruptly in a perpendicular rock, which on the outside rose up from an immense depth out of the water to about twenty feet above the surface.

“Nah-na-boo-zhoo,” according to Indian mythology, was one of the deities who slept during the winter in some secluded locality, but before this hibernating he has a big smoke which, it is said, produces that peculiar hazy appearance during the Indian summer. In the rock above mentioned an altar has been made about five feet above the ground, and on this rude altar offerings of tobacco were accustomed to be made by the Indians to propitiate the deity. On reaching the island we went ashore and inspected the rock and

the altar, which contained no offering, but from the strange conduct of the Indians I suspected that it would not long remain empty, and returning at the last moment whilst they were embarking I found, that either from a playful joke or a lingering remnant of superstition, three pieces of tobacco had been deposited on the altar.

We had not proceeded far when, as the Indians were rowing and I was steering and trolling, I caught a large salmon trout about four feet long, and the Indians playfully remarked on this capture that it was a token of Nah-na-boo-zhoo's good will towards us, though the one who had caught the fish had made no offering to him. Soon after a favorable breeze sprung up which, at this time, the Indians valued more than the fish, and they gave Nah-na-boo-zhoo the credit for this additional favor. The oars were shipped, the sails hoisted, and they enjoyed their *otium cum dignitate*, or their ease, with that complete and happy abandonment so characteristic of their race. The breeze continued until we had made a grand traverse across the mouth of a deep bay to a point of land where there was a nice, sandy beach. The wind at this time was about to change and we went ashore for dinner. By the time it was ready we saw a canoe coming along the shore from the bay, containing an Indian in native costume, without a hat, and his wife and several children, and presently they came to the beach, and the man came ashore and

up to us, partly impelled, perhaps, by curiosity and partly by the desire for a good "square meal," which we gave him. His wife did not leave the canoe, but sat silently, solemnly and apparently in great dejection of spirit. I went to her and kindly enquired about her health, but she replied with much deep feeling which choked her utterance almost, and which much affected me, that she was "kush-kan-dum" (very sad at heart). Her little daughter had died a few days previous when they were alone down the lake and she was disconsolate, too "kush-kan-dum,"—too grieved in spirit even to eat. They had to make the little coffin of birch bark, dig a grave with their paddles and bury their little girl with their own hands, with tears and wailings only—nature's only promptings—for prayers. They were pagans and I availed myself of this painful and providential opportunity to speak a good word in season and minister as far as possible to their spiritual need. We supplied them with some provisions and invited them to pay a visit to Michipicoton.

We were many miles away from there and only expected to reach there late at night, but in this we were doomed to disappointment, for after making a considerable distance, a head wind and threatening thunderstorm compelled us to seek a refuge. After some time, (the coast along here, being rocky and dangerous) we found an inlet, narrow and deep, walled on either side by perpendicular rocks, to the height of

two or three hundred feet. At the end of the inlet there was no beach, only fragments of fallen rocks. The inlet, however, was so narrow at the mouth, that even if the wind changed and blew in, it could not affect the boat. We pitched our tents as well as we could and fastened them in position with stones, only just in time to shelter us from a fearful storm. The rain came down in torrents, the lightning and thunder were most appalling, so that the Indians came into my tent and asked me to read to them, and by the light of a candle in a very primitive candlestick I read to them that grand Psalm about thunder and storms (Psalm xviii.), which seemed by its assurances of protection to tranquilize their minds. After this we had to turn out and secure the boat more firmly, which we did by the light which the vivid flashes of lightning afforded.

In the morning (Sunday) I awoke after a night of much discomfort and unrest, but I could not sing with the good George Herbert "O day so calm, so bright," for we were enveloped in a dense fog. Everything outside the tents was saturated with the previous rain, and some things inside were wet, and the boat was half filled with water. We bailed it out, put in our tent's provisions and traps and set out for Michipicoton, closely hugging the shore on account of the dense fog. By the time we reached the mouth of the river the fog had disappeared, the sun shone forth in all his glory, and then I could sing with Herbert. We pitched our

tents, dried our things, breakfasted, and made ourselves prim for Sunday and its services. Then we proceeded up the river, called and paid our respects to the white people at the Post, and again pitched our tents on a most lovely spot in view of the beautiful falls.

The Indians had just returned from their hunting grounds, and readily responded in large numbers to the summons for Divine service. Some appeared in Indian costume. Some of the men had coats of broadcloth covered with bright brass buttons, and some of the women were dressed up in European finery, procured at the Post, and forming in semi-circles in front of our tent, they presented a most interesting and picturesque appearance. I put on my robes, and standing in the door of my tent, with my trunk for reading desk and pulpit, I conducted the grand service of our Church, and preached the blessed Gospel to the Indians in their own language. I held a service in English at the Post, and a second service at our camp for the Indians, and baptized several, old and young. It was a day of blessedness indescribable, but never to be forgotten.

After the Missionary services at the Fort, a gentleman introduced himself to me as a botanist, and subsequently found that he was professor of botany in a college at Belleville. He informed me that he had been sent by a society in Montreal to botanize on the shores of Lake Superior, had arrived by steamer at Michipicton very recently, and having heard that I was about

to continue my Missionary tour as far as the "Pic," sixty or eighty miles distant from there, and altogether out of the way of steamers and ordinary tourists, he solicited the privilege of accompanying me, hoping thereby to enter upon a new field for botanical research and investigation, and offered to pay for his passage and board. He seemed a nice, modest sort of man, and as I was interested in the subject of botany, I readily assured him that if he could adapt himself to our somewhat primitive way of living he was quite welcome to a seat in my boat, a "shake-down" in my tent, and a chair and plate at my table, this figuratively of course, for a squat on the ground beside a cloth spread over a limited spot of mother earth and bearing for a certainty a plentiful supply, morning and night, of flat cakes, pork and black tea, without cream or milk, and with the prospect of fish, fowl and other game as a luxury. He expressed his thanks and confessed his willingness to eat and drink anything and sleep anywhere if he could accompany me.

I arranged for an early start, as usual, on the following morning; and the botanist was in good time, with his face radiant with the anticipated pleasure of soon discovering some new specimens to enrich his botanical treasures. The sun had not yet appeared above the horizon, the temperature of the atmosphere was cool and refreshing, the weather was calm and clear, not a cloud was seen in the firmament, but its

ethereal blue was richly tinged with a rosy hue of the advancing beams of the orb of day. All nature was silent and still except for the singing of the birds, which seemed to be raising their sweet notes of praise to the Great Author of their being; the air also diffused the rich fragrance of the shrubs and flowers, and as we glided softly down the river into the magnificent bay, where the risen sun was now shedding his golden beams and casting his glorious effulgence over the peaceful and beautiful scene of land and water, we could not fail to realize an antepast of the beauty and tranquility and blessedness of the Paradise of God.

Between seven and eight o'clock we reached an island near the mouth of the bay, where we went ashore and breakfasted; but while the preparations were going on for the much needed repast, the botanist, with botanical thoughts intent, set out to explore the island. He returned in time for breakfast with his satchel and arms full of grass, ferns, flowers and other objects of botany, and he seemed greatly delighted with his success. Our cook stood in a wondering but ready and receptive attitude, as though he thought the "strange man" had brought some new vegetables to be cooked for his breakfast, and when I explained to him the object of the "strange man" he wanted to know if I had considered what would be the magnitude of their unprofitable cargo if I allowed him to ship such a useless heap at every halting place.

We set out again immediately after breakfast. When we had rounded the point, and come out full into Lake Superior, we met with a head wind which, I feared, would continue throughout the day, and as we slowly advanced it increased in violence and raised so great a commotion that the botanist seemed to lose all interest in the botanical specimens which he had been carefully arranging and looked over the bulwarks into the water as solemnly and intently as though his most engrossing study after all was Ichthyology. I was both surprised and sorry to find that he was suffering from "*mal-de-mer*." If we had been under sail I could have given him no hope of relief, but as we were rowing against a strong head wind and making very little progress, I resolved only to continue the struggle until we could reach a suitable place for landing and camping.

When we had accomplished this, and my new friend had recovered sufficiently to set out on a botanizing expedition, I was detained in camp, and my attention was directed by the keen-sighted Indians to the indications of bears having been in that locality only a few hours before we arrived there. When, therefore, the absence of the botanist was prolonged beyond our expectation, I began to be anxious about his safety and dispatched two men in search of him. They met him as he was returning from his expedition laden with specimens, some of which were entirely new, and their discovery delighted him beyond measure.

He had seen the tracks of the bears, but he was so engrossed in his pursuit as to be utterly indifferent to everything else. I was glad, however, to have him safely in camp and to discuss with him the enrichment of science and the proper nomenclature of his new specimen.

Thinking that the bears might scent the remnants of our fried pork and be tempted thereby to pay a visit during the night to our camp, we lay down with our guns close at hand ready for an attack, which some of us hoped for rather than feared, anticipating victory and some good bear steak for breakfast. But if the bears scented the fried pork they also scented, no doubt, the unfried "*homo*," especially the "*americanus*," and their like for the former was counteracted by the dislike and dread of the latter. Be that as it may, however, we had no fresh bear for our morning meal.

We set out early the next morning, but finally encountered a strong head wind and had to go ashore and camp, and so on the next day. The Bishop with his steam yacht will overcome such difficulties, but he will have to encounter severe storms with no probability of escape to a safe harbor or place of refuge. A small boat can be run into places where a steam yacht could not.

A few miles south-east of the Pic we found a small encampment of Christian Indians who gave us a hearty welcome. They subsisted chiefly on fish, but they

were less fishy and surly looking and more happy looking and cleanly than some others we had previously met with. We had a religious service and ministered to their spiritual wants, then proceeded to the Hudson Bay factory at the Pic, where we met with a most cordial reception. Most of the Indians were preparing to go away into the interior on a hunting expedition, but waited for Divine service and the administration of The Holy Sacrament of Baptism and The Supper of the Lord. We held services in the Fort and in the open air, and through The Holy Spirit's influence they were seasons of great blessings to our souls.

My friend, the botanist, was a Presbyterian, but rejoiced as every Christian should rejoice at the apparent success of our Missionary work. I was charmed with his company and caught something of his enthusiasm in his science which amply repaid for his passage. He was kind enough to confess his indebtedness, especially for spiritual benefits derived from intercourse with me. Having missed the steamer at Michipicoton on our return, I took him down to the Sault, and one day we had to run before a gale of wind through a heavy sea, which greatly unnerved him; but since then he has become a great traveller, having accompanied Principal Grant and Mr. Fleming through the Rocky Mountains to British Columbia. He is now one of the most distinguished botanists in Canada, but I do not think he has forgotten the Indian Missionary.

THE DEATH OF THE REV. MR. SIMS, OF SHEGWAINDAUD.

After a prolonged missionary tour along the Northern Shore of Lake Superior, where we had encountered strong winds and heavy seas, I and my men had only just returned to Garden River, with thankful hearts that God had preserved us in our going out and coming in, and restored us in health and safety to our anxious families, when the steamer came in and brought the painful intelligence that my fellow missionary, the Rev. Mr. Sims, of Shegwaingaud, Mahnetoolin Island, was drowned in the bay.

In the morning he had been occupied in his garden, which he carefully cultivated, not only for the benefit of his family, but as an example and encouragement to the Indians; but as the day was beautifully fine and bright, with only a fresh and favorable breeze, the thought occurred to him that it was a good opportunity to go and fulfil his promise in visiting the people on one of the small islands some few miles distant, and baptizing some of their children. He accordingly left his horticultural occupation for this more purely ministerial work, and went into the Mission House to inform Mrs. Sims of his intention, and to ask her to accompany him. She readily consented and began at once to make the

necessary preparations, expecting to have a pleasant sail and an interesting visit. Alas! little did she think of what awaited her; the dread idea never crossed the threshold of her mind that it was the last time she would ever go anywhere with her husband alive; little did she think how suddenly and inexpressibly sadly that anticipated happy voyage was to terminate, and that in a brief time, in the course of an hour or two, she would become a widow and her five children fatherless.

All unconscious of his fate, Mr. Sims and his eldest son, with an Indian, made ready the boat, and Mrs. Sims after completing her preparations and putting some provisions in a basket, went with her youngest child down to the shore. The other children were to remain at home—at least they were not to go in the boat—they went down, however, to see the others embark and to say their adieux. Poor children! little did they think, as they wistfully saw the boat sailing slowly away, that they should never see their dear papa again in life. They returned home with some pardonable feelings of disappointment that they were not allowed to go in the boat, but those feelings soon gave way to pleasurable anticipation of the boat's return. That event, alas! happened much sooner than expected.

At first, to the glad surprise of the children, they clap their hands and run down to the shore to meet the boat, and as it approaches they see mamma and little

Mary and Johnnie and the Ahnishenahba, but they do not see papa. Where is he? Has he been left on some island, or is he hiding at the bottom of the boat? What has happened? How sad they all look! They are all crying; what can have happened? Alas! their dear papa is at the bottom of the lake, under the cold water. Who can describe that heart-rending meeting of the widow and fatherless children? Who can express the anguish felt in that home without a father, whose lifeless body is lying down in the deep lake?

The day, as previously stated, was fine and clear, only wind enough for a pleasant sail. The Indian had charge of the boat and was steering, Mr. and Mrs. Sims and the boy occupied different positions in the boat to keep her in proper trim. After a time someone proposed having something to eat, as it had been too early to have dinner before they left home. Mr. Sims went to the front of the boat where the provisions had been stored away to procure some, and in passing his wife he playfully tapped her on the cheek; Mrs. Sims turned her head to look at some object, thinking that her husband had returned to his place in the boat, but on looking around she discovered that he was not there, and immediately made inquiries for him; no one could give her any information but her little baby girl, who said, that she had seen her papa's shoes on the water. The sail was taken down at once and every effort made to discover him. It was thought that a dizziness, to

which he had been subject, must have seized him. He rose to the surface once, and then sank to rise no more.

Most of the above particulars were subsequently communicated to me. All I heard at Garden River, was that Mr. Sims was drowned, and his body had not been recovered. I resolved at once to set out for Shegwaindaud. I summoned my men, whom I had shortly before paid and sent to their homes, and they readily responded, and off we sailed for another voyage of 150 miles or so. Owing to bad weather and adverse winds, we only reached our destination on the morning of the fourth day.

In the meantime, the body of my late fellow Missionary had been recovered and buried in the graveyard. The service being read by the Schoolmaster. My visit, however, was a great comfort to the poor widow and the fatherless children in their great time of need.

The Mission was then in the Diocese of Toronto, and the bereaved family received some support therefrom, and by permission they remained at Shegwaindaud. That Mission, and several others established of late years, are now in the Diocese of Algoma, which has no Widows' and Orphans' Fund, and if one of the present devoted Missionaries were to meet with a similar fatal accident, what would become of his destitute family? God works by means, God provides for Missionary necessities, through the instrumentality of

His Church, and since He has so richly blessed the Church in Canada, He expects her to do her duty towards the Missionary Diocese of Algoma.

I cannot omit to mention one winter journey, chiefly on ice, which, though it was only "one sun," as the Indians say, or could be accomplished in one day, the distance being about thirty miles, yet it turned out to be the severest journey I ever undertook. It was to visit an old man of very unsettled and nomadic habits, whose home, if he had any, was at Garden River, but who had gone away for some months and pitched his moving tent of birch bark on the shore of Lake Huron. He had been the last of the Garden River Indians to abandon paganism, and I had the unspeakable satisfaction of admitting him into the Christian Church by Holy Baptism. Having heard incidentally from another wandering Indian that the old man was dangerously ill, I set out, accompanied by a fine young Indian, to visit him. My companion carried on his back a valise containing two days' rations, books, and pocket Communion service, and I carried, strapped on my back, a pair of blankets; I knew, of course, the direction, and my guide knew the locality, which was on the American side, but not the exact spot; and an isolated wigwam is sometimes as hard to find as a cunning bird's nest.

We travelled more than half the distance without stopping, except to slake our thirst with the pure water

which temptingly presented itself through a crack in the ice. We took something to eat, then crossed the point of land into Hay Lake, and crossing that in its southern extremity, we proceeded down a channel between an island and the main land. The ice there, owing to springs and a rapid current, was dangerous; it gave way under me and I sank into the water, but by a superhuman effort, I sprang out on the firmer ice. My clothes, however, were drenched, and I had no change whatever along with me; in consequence, and through the intense cold, I was soon encased in ice, which greatly impeded my progress. We looked anxiously ahead but no appearance of a wigwam was visible. The sun set and night came on; then we made for the mainland, intending to cross another point, and hoping to discover the desired wigwam, but we could see nothing except the weird trees, the fallen and falling snow, and hear nothing but the violent wind and the screeching of the owls.

The snow here being between two and three feet deep, and not having snow shoes, I found it utterly impossible to travel any farther in my already exhausted state. We made a fire, dried our clothes as well as we could, and then partook of some food. Having no kettle to boil water to make tea, we made snowballs and sucked them, as a substitute, and then prepared to spend the night here in the snow. Fortunately there was lots of dry wood lying around here, so we gathered

quite a pile of it and made a good fire, for the weather was perishingly cold. We agreed to lie down to rest and try to get some sleep by turns, one to watch and keep up the fire while the other slept. The Indian insisted that he should watch first while I tried to get some sleep; after some little time I awoke to find ourselves in total darkness, my companion being so exhausted had also fallen asleep, and the fire having melted the snow underneath it had sunk down out of sight, so we made a fresh fire and determined to watch it for the remainder of the night.

We did not discover the wigwam of the old man until noon of the following day. We were received with much gratitude by the inmates of the wigwam, who were very poor as well as sick, having scarcely anything to eat but Indian corn pounded into meal. The old man was indeed ill, his old wife nearly blind, and their married daughter and son-in-law—who was a “French half-breed”—were indolent and untidy. We remained there in much discomfort until the following morning and ministered to their spiritual necessities, and also to their temporal wants, as far as we could from our supply of sugar and tea, and our sense of discomfort almost vanished at the manifestation of so much joy and gratitude which our visit called forth.

We reached home on Saturday evening, but having been exposed to the glaring sun all day I suffered fearful pain from “snow-blindness.” I officiated, however,

in Church on the morrow, but suffered afterwards from a violent cold which settled on my chest. My doctor (Mrs. Chance), at once applied a fly blister and that, with God's blessing, relieved me, but it was some time before I quite recovered my usual health.

LITTLE ALICE, THE MISSIONARY'S DAUGHTER.

Little Alice was the third and much loved daughter of a Missionary to the Indians. Her papa and mamma had, under the influence of the Saviour's love, left their happy homes in England to devote themselves to Missionary work amongst the red men of the forests in Canada. Alice and her three sisters, Lina, Annie and Edith Lily, and her only brother, Johnnie, were all born in the Indian country; but Edith Lily, a most beautiful babe, died when she was only three weeks old, and went away to bloom in the paradise of God.

When Alice was born, her mamma was dangerously ill for a long time, and was unable to nurse and take care of her, so she was committed to the nursing of an Indian woman, the wife of Puhgwutchenene, or the wild man's wife, and, according to Indian custom, she was strapped in a cradle and carried behind the back in Indian fashion, like an Indian papoose. It grieved her papa very much to see his darling Alice thus carried about the village, and he often wished that he had a kind mother or sister to take care of her; but they were

thousands of miles away, and he was very thankful when her own dear mamma was sufficiently recovered to have her under her own care at the Mission house.

There Alice in time grew up to be a most lovely and loveable child. She was the pet of the household, not only because she was the youngest, but because she had a most amiable and winning disposition, and she was also beloved by all the Indians. She was most deeply attached to her sister Annie, and the two were inseparable ; though Annie was nearly two years older, she was very little, if any, taller than Alice, and they were one in heart and mind, and shared each other's little joys and sorrows, so that to offend one would be to offend both, and if you pleased one you would by the same act please the other, and it was very delightful to witness their love, one for the other.

But little Alice not only loved her sister Annie dearly, but she loved everyone in a measure, and above all she loved the Saviour. She was always present and always punctual at the Indian Sunday School, and seldom failed to repeat her catechism, collect, hymn, and verses of Holy Scripture. She could understand and speak the Ojibway language, and her sweet voice would be heard above those of the Indian children in singing the beautiful hymns translated for their use.

Some children go to Sunday school because their parents wish them, but Alice went from choice as all

good children do, and although apart from her own family she met no other children there except Indian children, it would have been the greatest disappointment not to have been able to attend.

During her short life she never saw but once anything of the outside world, and that when on a visit with her mamma to Toronto and Port Hope, and on the journey she saw for the first and last time apple trees laden with fruit, and she was quite overjoyed at the beautiful sight.

Little Alice had a most unselfish disposition and would cheerfully share her good fortune with others and exercise self-denial that she might have something to give to the needy. She often acted in the capacity of a ministering angel to the poor sick Indian children, and when on these errands of love with her little basket filled with good things for the sick, and accompanied by her sister Annie, she seemed so bright and happy as to form a beautiful picture of charity.

It was her mamma's custom to read for an hour every evening from some interesting and instructive book, and these readings were highly valued by the children, but by none more than by Alice, who, like the others while listening to the readings, would have some useful work in her nimble little fingers. It was a very happy sight to see this isolated family sitting around the table thus employed, and occasionally discussing the merits of some traits of character or of

some points in the subjects read to them. But the Sunday evening with the Bible questions and singing and special readings suitable to the holy occasion was the most enjoyable of the seven.

That little family at the Mission house, though far removed from civilized society, was indeed a very happy and united one, but like others, it was not to be exempt from the ravages of mortality, and never shall I forget little Alice's last Sabbath on earth.

It was in the early spring, and the weather was mild and lovely all day. After tea Alice and Annie, with their arms lovingly encircled around each other, walked up and down the path in front of the Mission house, in all that freedom from earthly cares and anxieties, and all that perfection of happiness which such children enjoy in the springtime of life. Then came the time for singing, followed by Bible questions and reading, and the evening was spent very happily and richly enjoyed by all, who were of course utterly unconscious of the terrible calamity that was about to overwhelm them, for no thought whatever crossed the threshold of their minds as they kissed one another good night that it was the last Sabbath which Alice would spend with them in this world; yet so it was, for death came suddenly and unexpectedly and with its resistless hand snatched her away into eternity at the early age of ten years; and never can I forget, though I find it impossible to describe, the scene that followed

this sudden departure from this world of the loved one of the household.

Little Alice was very lovely, even in death. Her immortal spirit before it took its everlasting flight, seemed to have had a sweet foretaste of eternal happiness and a bright view of the glorious angels who came to bear her spirit upwards to the realms of bliss, that left a heavenly radiance on her beautiful countenance, bespeaking a triumph over death (which after all was but the messenger of Jesus), and a victory over the grave, into which silent precincts, however, her body had to be committed until the morning of the resurrection.

Her poor heartstricken papa had to perform this last melancholy office himself, as there was no other clergymen within 150 miles of Garden River, and her mortal remains were laid in the grave amidst the general weeping of a large assembly of Indians.

My dear young readers, it was the religion of Jesus which made Alice's short life so happy. It was that alone which supported her dear papa and mamma under their bereaved circumstances, and we hope that same blessed religion is now influencing your lives, so that you may have its consolation in death, to which you are all subject.

Let me ask you for your efforts in the Missionary cause, and for your earnest prayers on behalf of Missionaries and their families in their distant and isolated fields of labor.

If you should accompany your parents on a tour of the upper lakes, then, when the steamer calls at Garden River, if there is time for it, go up to the Indian graveyard and take a look at the last resting place of little Alice, the Missionary's daughter. Strive to emulate her simple virtues, and seek, by the merits and grace of Christ, to reach the same Eternal Home.

Early in the year 1869, owing to the state of health of his family and himself, and the educational requirements of his children, Mr. Chance expressed a wish for a Mission further south if the Company had one at their disposal. Later in the year they sent him to inspect the Mission at Chemong, near Peterboro, and they offered to appoint him there if he thought proper to accept of the appointment; but Mr. Chance found the Mission there under the charge of the Baptists, and as there were no pagans, and no members of The Church of England, and as the population was not even large enough for one Missionary, he advised the Company to abandon the idea of appointing him there.

In the following year, 1870, the Rev. R. I. Roberts arrived early in May at Garden River, and said the New England Company had sent him to inspect the Mission and to propose an exchange, but he refused the offer of an exchange with Mr. Roberts, for reasons of a providential character, which seemed to operate against our leaving Garden River at that time.

However, in the month of October of that year, the Rev. Bishop Cronyn, the first Bishop of Huron, wrote to him as follows: "The Hon. Mr. Bottsford, from New Brunswick, is at present in this county, acting as Commissioner for the New England Company. He called upon me to-day and asked me to ascertain whether you would exchange your Mission for that held by the Rev. R. I. Roberts, on the Grand River Reserve, near Brantford. The Mission of Mr. Roberts is among the Six Nation Indians, and presents a good and extensive field for Missionary work, indeed I know of no Mission more agreeable in this country. I should be very glad were you to accept the exchange, and I feel that if Mr. Roberts were removed to a new sphere it would greatly conduce to his comfort and the good of the Church."

Mr. Chance finally yielded to their request, and left Garden River, to the profound sorrow of all his people, and the regret of the Bishop of Toronto, and undertook the charge of the Kanyungeh Mission. On his removing from the Diocese of Toronto, he and his wife were the recipients of a unanimous vote of thanks from the Synod of that Diocese, for the invaluable services rendered by them to the Indians. The following resolution was passed by the Indian Committee of the Toronto Diocese:

"Your Committee cannot allow the Rev. Mr. Chance and his most faithful and efficient fellow-

“laborer to leave the Diocese without expressing their
“own sense (and they trust that, also, of the Synod),
“of the loss sustained by our Indian Missions in their
“removal. The spirit in which Mr. and Mrs. Chance
“entered on and carried out their labor of love is best
“evidenced by the fact that from the commencement of
“their Missionary work they set themselves to master
“the difficulties of the Ojibway language, and so
“thoroughly succeeded, that for the past fourteen years,
“no interpreter has been employed in the Mission, all
“the members of the Mission family being able to com-
“municate freely with the Indians in their own language.
“Moreover, several young Indians whom Mr. and Mrs.
“Chance, with great sacrifice of domestic comfort, have
“brought up in their family, are now affording to their
“brethren useful examples of the blessings of Christian
“civilization; while others who died under their roof,
“or shortly after leaving it, gave satisfactory evidence
“that they ‘fell asleep in Jesus’. The grateful affection
“of their Indian flock and the heartfelt sorrow evinced by
“them at their departure, are among the most pleasing
“proofs that their labor among them has not been
“in vain.”

When the Indians at Garden River were informed that Mr. Chance was about to leave them they held a meeting and passed a resolution, unanimously, to send the following petition to the Lord Bishop of Toronto :

OUR GREAT FATHER,—We, the undersigned communicants of the Church of England at Garden River, have heard with profound sorrow of the probable removal of our Missionary and his family. Mr. Chance has labored faithfully for many years to promote our temporal, spiritual and eternal interests, and has preached to us in our own language the blessed Gospel of Christ. Mrs. Chance, too, has been an invaluable blessing to us and to our families, and we should all sustain an irreparable loss by their removal from us. We therefore humbly petition you, our Great Father, against their removal and earnestly pray that you will use your influence on our behalf, that they may continue their labors amongst us at Garden River for our temporal and eternal welfare.

We are, our Great Father, your obedient Ojibway children,
 SHEBAHKEZHUK (Messenger),
 CHIEFS AUGUSTA, PUHQUDGENENE, WAHBEMAMA,
 And 40 others, Male and Female Communicants.

To our Great Father, the Lord Bishop of Toronto.

The following is the Bishop's reply :

To the Chiefs and other Members of the Congregation at Garden River:

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—I was much pleased by the kind words contained in your petition adopted on the 13th of March last. It expresses just what I feel myself in regard to your Missionary, the Rev. James Chance. It is not from any wish of mine that he desires to leave Garden River, and if he felt that it was right for him to continue there I should be very happy, but if from a sense of duty to his family, or from any other consideration he should make up his mind to leave, we must all look upon it as God's will, and believe that the everlasting Father will kindly provide a suitable minister to take his

place. My best exertions will be used to secure this, and my best wishes will always be for your welfare.

I remain, dear children,

Your affectionate Father in Christ,

A. N. TORONTO.

The following is a letter sent to the Church "Herald" by Mr. Chance's successor, the Rev. E. F. Wilson :

SIR,—Many of your readers who have perused the address of the Indian Chiefs at Garden River to their Great Father, the Bishop, praying that the services of their Missionary, the Rev. James Chance, might be retained to them, will be interested to hear a further proof of the deep attachment existing between these people and their Pastor, whom they are now losing. Nearly the whole of the flock, I am told, were gathered on the wharf on the Friday to bid him a sad farewell, and the men fired their guns as the steamer left her moorings. Two days after, the bell of St. John's Church summoned the congregation together as usual to worship, but the flock was without a shepherd, and sorrow sat on the countenance of the people. A young Indian read the service and then the Chief, Puhqudgenene by name, stood up to give an exhortation from his seat. He began a few words, but his voice failed him ; with choking utterance he tried to proceed, but he could not do so ; the tears fell from his eyes and he sat down and buried his face in his hands. The whole congregation became then visibly affected, and soon there was not a dry eye in the Church—men, women and children were all weeping, sorrowing over the loss of their beloved pastor. Few, I believe, know how zealously, lovingly, and untiringly the Rev. Mr. Chance and Mrs. Chance have, for the past fifteen years, been carrying on the Lord's work among these poor ignorant

people. We have known what it is, perhaps, to suffer sickness, affliction, and bereavement, but we have not, perhaps, experienced these in a place where no medical aid was procurable, and no friend of our own blood present to comfort us. It is bitter to see the partner of one's life suffering excruciating pains, or to watch a beloved child on her death bed, even when the experienced physician is at hand to lend his timely aid, but tenfold must the bitterness be increased where the feeling wrangles in the breast,—if medical aid could only have been procured I might, by God's will, have been spared this affliction, perchance my child had not died. Mr. and Mrs. Chance have truly been a father and mother to the Indians at Garden River. They have made themselves one with their people, their house has always been open to their visits; medicine has been given freely to relieve them in sickness; no want has ever been left willingly unsupplied; and above all, the blessed news of the gospel of salvation, through the blood of a crucified Saviour, has been faithfully preached to them. The bread has been cast on the waters to be gathered after many days.

E. F. W.

Extract from a letter from the Secretary of the Colonial and Continental Church Society, July, 1871, respecting Mr. and Mrs. Chance :

“I am sure we would have been most sorry if we had ceased to number her (Mrs. Chance), among our agents without giving any sign of our regret that it was so, for I am sure there is no one in whose work we have felt more interest, or for whom, personally, we have always felt more esteem and regard. You may be quite sure we shall always be glad if we can be of any service to Mrs. Chance or yourself, and I hope you will not scruple to let us know if you think we can help you in any way. Mr. Moran forwarded to you the resolution of the Committee, which I hope you have received ere now :

“*Resolved*, that the Committee much regret to hear of the Rev. James and Mrs. Chance's departure from Garden River Mission, and desire to place on record their high testimony to their valuable labors.”

This Secretary was the Rev. Mesac Thomas, who was afterwards Bishop of Goulborne, Australia (lately deceased).

Garden River was greatly endeared to both Mr. and Mrs. Chance by long missionary associations, toil and trials, and also because of the early domestic joys and sorrows which they here experienced. Their married life was commenced there 44 years ago. Anyone visiting there now, for the first time, in one of the magnificent steamers of the C. P. R., or by rail, could have no idea of its isolation and destitution at that time, there were not more than a dozen white people all told at the Canadian Sault, and the whole population at Garden River, 10 miles below the Sault, consisted of Indians. No roads, no bridges, no canal, no railway,—nor even thought of,—the only way of communication was by water and that by one slow steamer once a week during the summer months. In the winter time they were more excluded from intercourse with the outer world, except by mail carried by Indians three or four hundred miles. Their five children were born there, two of them died there under very painful circumstances, and their mortal remains had to be committed to the tomb by their

sorrowing father, though in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection to eternal life. There was no other clergyman nearer than the Mahnetoolin islands. Partings, however, and separations which transpire through the force of circumstances have ever been, and ever will be in this life, productive of the most painful results to those who have been happily united and fondly attached. This world is a place of farewells, human life is a succession of them, and death, is but a final farewell to all beneath the sun.

The change from Garden River to Kanyungeh was felt to be very great. It had its advantages, it is true, but it had also its disadvantages. The warmth of Mr. Chance's reception by the Indians of the Six Nations was owing to his reputation as a successful Missionary among the Ojibways. A number of Chiefs assembled at the Mohawk Parsonage, the residence of the Rev. Canon Nellis, to receive him upon his arrival. A letter of introduction from the Ojibway Indians to the Six Nation Indians was presented and read to them, and a suitable reply was made.

Mr. Chance labored in his new Mission with much acceptance and success, from 1871 to 1879, and he was the recipient of many tokens of their love for him, and many proofs of the deep regard which his people entertained towards him and his family. A very large and handsome family Bible was presented to him, accompanied by the following address :

We, the undersigned members of your Indian congregation, beg to present you our sincere congratulation on this your natal day, and to express the happiness which we feel in doing so on this occasion and in wishing you many happy returns of the same. We assure you of our deep sympathy in your affliction occasioned by your late accident. God's faithful servants are subject to the trials of the changes and chances of this mortal life as well as others, but they are always comforted by the consideration that they are ever permitted for their benefit. We beg that you will be pleased to accept this copy of The Holy Bible as a token of our respect for you and gratitude for the benefits which we receive from your efficient ministrations; not on account of its pecuniary value, but because it is the best of books—The Word of God. We assure you of our ardent aspiration for the welfare of yourself and family and of our earnest hope that you will be long spared to watch over the spiritual interests of the people committed to your charge.

Signed by

SHONAGARWANE,
KAWEANANORONH,
CATHERINE CARPENTER,
And thirty others.

The following is a copy of the letter sent by the Garden River Indians to the Indians of the Six Nations:

“BROTHERS,—It is the intention of our Spiritual Father, the Rev. James Chance, to leave us to-day, to take special charge of your religious interests. We part with him after nearly twenty years of faithful service, with profound regret, but as it seems to be the will of the Great Spirit for our minister to leave us, and become a father to you, we submit to the Divine will, hoping that the Great Spirit will send us another Minister, who will be as a Father unto us, and that our present loss will be an

immense gain to you, and tend greatly to strengthen the ties of friendship and brotherhood that have happily for many years existed between our two ancient tribes. We salute you from our hearts, and hope that you will be kind to our Father, and highly esteem him for his works' sake. We are,

Your Ojibway brothers,

THOMAS AUGUSTA,

HENRY PUHQUDGENENE, } *Head Chiefs.*

(Signed on behalf of their band at Garden River),

To the Chiefs of the Mohawks, at Grand River.

The foregoing letter was read to the Chiefs, who assembled at the Mohawk Parsonage, the residence of the Rev. Canon Nellis, to receive him on his arrival, and a suitable reply was made.

The Kanyungeh Mission was about ten miles from Brantford, and contained a beautiful white brick Parsonage and a perfect gem of a Church, the windows were all of stained glass, two were very large, handsome memorial windows, the one in the Chancel end was presented by the Rev. Archdeacon Nellis, in memory of his first wife, the one at the opposite end was presented by the Rev. Adam Elliott, in memory of his wife. This window I thought more chaste and beautiful, because it was emblematical, but not nearly so expensive, though much more elaborative; Mr. Nellis' came from England, Mr. Elliot's from the States. The side windows are also stained glass and also presented.

There were three other Clergymen doing duty in other parts of the reserve, but Kanyungeh was the most

important Mission. They had here an excellent interpreter, a very good, consistent Christian man, who was a great help to Mr. Chance, but he died when we had been there about two years. His successor was a splendidly fluent interpreter, but a young man, who consequently lacked the experience of Joseph Carpenter, but worked well with Mr. Chance.

There were nine Day Schools on the Reserve, superintended by the different Clergymen; Mr. Chance had four, he engaged and paid the teachers and dismissed them when necessary, and examined the schools monthly.

The Rev. Archdeacon Nellis lived in Brantford and had charge of the old Mohawk Church, where service was held for the pupils and officers of the Mohawk Institute.

It was said that there were, in 1879, about 3000 Indians on this Reserve, of whom about 300 were pagans. Mr. Chance's work on this Reserve was much more laborious than it had been at Garden River, and he felt the very great disadvantage of not being able to address the Indians in their own language, as he had been accustomed to address the Ojibways for so many years.

The Indians here belonged to six different nations, each tribe speaking a distinctively different language: Mohawk, Onundahguh, Oneidah, Cayugah, Senecah and Delaware, though all understood more or less the

Mohawk language, and many—though they would not speak it—understood the English language.

The Church Services were read partly in Mohawk and partly in English. The Prayers and Commandments were read in Mohawk by the Interpreter or by the Indian Catechist; The Common Prayer Book of The Church of England (or rather a part of it, having been translated into Mohawk by the late Rev. Archdeacon Nellis). The Lessons and Psalms were read in English. The Sermons were preached in English, and interpreted into Mohawk. The Hymns were generally sung in Mohawk, translated by the Rev. Isaac Barefoot, the English version being also given. The tunes were in general very old ones, and very quaint, led by one of the Indian men, and when sung by these Indians with their soft minor voices sounded, I thought, very sweet. The Indian men sat on one side of the Church and the women on the other side, but this is now changed, the men and women sit side by side.

Mrs. Chance, while living there, collected from friends in Brantford money to buy an organ, and I am told that the Rev. Mr. Strong has lately introduced a Surplice Choir. Mrs. Chance also collected funds for a bell for the Church, the old one being so badly cracked could not be heard at any distance, but the old bell is still preserved as a relic, and is, I think, still kept at the old Mohawk Church near Brantford, where also the old Bible given by Queen Anne is kept. The silver vessels

for Holy Communion, also given by Queen Anne, were buried by the Indians during the war of 1812, and when peace was restored and the Indians joined the English and became subjects of the English Crown, they dug them up and they are now used for the Holy Communion Service at Kanyungeh Church.

Mr. Chance was a great believer in visiting from house to house, having reading of God's Word and Prayer, and for this purpose he made systematic visits twice a week to distant and different parts of his Mission on the Reserve, with an Interpreter. This was laborious work, as most of the time they had to go over bad roads on foot, over corduroy and through swamps, and owing to which he frequently suffered from Fever and Ague. Most of his family suffered from this, more or less.

He had Service every Sunday morning in the Church and every alternate Sunday afternoon at different School Houses.

During his life among the Six Nations the two oldest of his children were taken from him to the better world in the short space of five months, his eldest daughter and his only son, who was at the time previous to his departure a most promising student in the Medical department of Trinity University, Toronto. He had now, however, the consolation of knowing that he was within reach of medical aid, and that all had been done for them that human skill could suggest, but it

was the will of the Heavenly Father to take them home, and he gave the parents grace to acquiesce and to say, "Father, Thy sovereign will be done."

Mr. Chance had at this time many brother Clergymen to condone with him, and to visit his sick and dying children, and to commit their mortal remains to the tomb.

Mr. and Mrs. Chance had addresses delivered to them of a most gratifying character by their people, expressive of their sympathy and respect. One of these I will produce.

"Caroline Ridgeway, the subject of this memoir, was the eldest and beloved daughter of the Rev. James Chance. She was born in 1855, at Garden River, in a log wahkahegun (house), roofed with cedar bark, and without any to bid her welcome except her mother, and it was doubtful for some time whether either would live, but God in his mercy spared both to the anxious husband and father, and the child grew up to be a true Missionary in heart and life.

When she was only a few days' old there came on one night, about midnight, a most fearful tornado, with thunder and lightning, hail of immense size, ending in heavy rain which came trickling down upon mother and babe as they lay helpless in bed, the greater part of the roof having been blown away, but here again God was merciful, for in the next house to this the whole

roof was blown off and also the top logs, but fortunately the Indians to whom it belonged were all away in the sugar camps, and there also they suffered very much and must have presented a most grotesque appearance, their bark wigwams having been torn to pieces with the storm. To protect themselves they had to cover their heads with their sugar kettles, which appeared like helmets.

Caroline, or, as she was fondly called, Liney, had one brother and three sisters, but the two youngest died and were buried there in the Indian graveyard. From necessity for many years she had no association with white children, and her intercourse outside of the family circle was confined to the Indian children, in whom she easily took a deep interest. She acquired the Indian language and could converse freely with the Indians in their own native tongue, and by her amiable disposition, her gentle and winning manners and her tender sympathy and loving heart, she became a universal favorite. Her education was for many years conducted at home from necessity ; later she attended a school at Guelph, and later still she was sent for some time to the Hellmuth Ladies' College and enjoyed the advantages of that excellent institution.

She was fond of literature, especially of a moral and religious character, and she dearly loved her Bible which was her chief study and consolation in her illness. She was also very fond of sacred music; she had a low,

sweet voice and took great pleasure in playing and singing such music because she preferred it, and for the great enjoyment of her papa and mamma. When she was well she officiated as organist in the Church, and she was a very efficient helper in the Mission.

The good things provided for her during her illness were never more enjoyed than when she shared them with others, especially with the sick Indians, and she would never let her papa go on his visits to them without taking for them some of her dainties, and occasionally she would send them some of her handiwork in the shape of necklaces, etc., which she made even during her illness for the sick Indian children. On more than one occasion she expressed a wish that she had enough money to build a hospital in which the poor afflicted Indians could be well nursed and cared for in their afflictions, and no wonder that, with such love and tenderness in thought and deed, she was universally esteemed. She was the most loving, gentle, amiable, guileless, unselfish young Christian I have known for many years, and she was a great help and comfort to her dear parents. In life and in her death she exemplified the principles of the Gospel of Christ.

During a painful and lingering illness she was most patient and thoughtful for others, and never failed to express her thankfulness for every little act done for her. She never manifested any fear of death for she had that perfect confidence in and love for her

Saviour which casteth out fear; in fact she enjoyed being spoken to and to speak of death and her home beyond the skies. On the last evening of her life on earth she was perfectly calm and composed and made a final disposition of her few possessions, and her last hours were spent in listening to portions of scripture, prayers and the singing of some of her favorite hymns, and in exhorting those who came to pay their last visit to love and serve the Saviour, and to meet her in heaven. She also spoke most lovingly to her sister, and desired to speak to her brother, whom she loved with a true sisterly love, but he was unavoidably absent; she, however, gave a message for him which he cherished in his memory as long as he lived. Her last words, almost, were "Jesus is mine"; then she cast a loving glance at her devoted mamma, who was her only nurse during her illness, and looked fondly on her papa, who was very dear to her, and with her hand clasped in his she fell sweetly asleep in Jesus, without a groan or movement of any sort except a gentle, yielding breath, so that we could hardly realize death; so happy and peaceful was the death of the missionary's daughter, and dear young servant of the Lord Jesus Christ. May our last end be like hers!

She expressed a wish some days previous to her death to be buried at Garden River, by the side of her sainted sisters Alice and Edith, but she subsequently thought it would be better to be buried near the en-

trance to the vestry at Kanyungeh, for reasons which all could appreciate; and on Sunday morning, after Divine service, her mortal remains were committed to their last earthly resting place, in the spot which she had calmly chosen. The chief mourners were her papa and mamma, and brother and sister, but the whole immense congregation mourned her departure. The pall bearers were Drs. Dee, Harris and Bomberry and Messrs. Hunter, Styers and Martin. The corpse was met at the Church gate by the Rev. Canon Nellis, Rev. R. I. Roberts, and the Rev. A. Anthony. The sentences were read by the Rev. Canon Nellis; the Morning Service by Rev. A. Anthony; Rev. R. I. Roberts read the lessons and afterwards preached a most appropriate sermon. The Rev. Canon Nellis read that part of the service appointed to be read at the grave, and afterwards committed her body to the tomb "in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life." The funeral was very largely attended, and the Church was crowded, some had to stand all the time, and others had to remain outside, but all, I think, heard the excellent sermon, and it is hoped by God's grace that they were greatly benefitted thereby, so that her death, as well as her life, will redound to the glory of the Saviour.

Her parents do not sorrow for her as those would sorrow who have no hope, for they have the most perfect confidence that she is now numbered with the

saints in glory everlasting, and they do not weep for her, but for themselves; they feel that they have been bereaved of a precious child who was a great comfort to them. May the Lord Jesus compensate for their loss by his unceasing nearness and presence. May the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, comfort them, and may they look forward to that grand reunion in Heaven which shall never be interrupted."

A visit of condolence by the Mohawk Chiefs to their Missionary, the Rev. Mr. Chance and Mrs. Chance:

"A very pathetic and interesting scene was witnessed at Kanyungeh Parsonage a short time ago, when the Chiefs and a few others paid their visit of condolence to their bereaved Missionary and his wife.

The venerable Chief, J. S. Johnson, speaker of the Council, in addressing the Missionary, said through the interpreter, Chief A. G. Smith, that it was a custom handed down to them by their forefathers to pay visits to the bereaved and to condole with them in their bereavements, but they came on this occasion as a Christian people, and as representing Christian congregations, and under the teachings of our common Christianity, to condole with their Missionary and his wife, and to express the deep sympathy which they felt for them in the great loss they had so recently sustained.

A very dark cloud had for some time been gathering over their minister and his family, ever increasing

in its blackness and density until at length it had burst upon them and overwhelmed them with sorrow. He had watched the gathering of that cloud with great anxiety because the one whose life was endangered thereby was one much beloved by himself and his people, and at the same time they were powerless to dissipate the cloud and to avert the doom which it threatened. Death, he said, was no uncommon or unusual and infrequent visitor, always irresistible and mostly unwelcome to surviving friends, and although he and his fellow Indians knew that their minister and his family had the unspeakable satisfaction of knowing that their beloved one was, through the merits of Christ, numbered among the happy spirits in the blessed country beyond the tomb, yet he was sure they had a big lump in their throats which prevented their usual freedom of utterance,—that they had a great sorrow in their hearts which made them move slowly and heavily along,—that they had tears in their eyes which interfered with their clearness and distinctness of vision, so that although the flowers, shrubs, plants and trees and all the beauties of nature were really as beautiful as ever, yet they no longer, for the time, appeared so to them; but he and his brother Chiefs and fellow-Indians hoped that the great Lord of life would take the clean linen of His Holy Word and wipe away their tears, so that they may soon again look upon the face of nature with their usual smile of satis-

faction, and that The Holy Spirit, the great and effectual comforter, would take away the sorrow from their hearts and the lump from their throats, so that they might move and speak as freely as before.

Their much loved daughter had found a grave in the burying place of the Mohawks, and that grave should ever be respected and protected, so that no careless foot should tread upon it nor the rain penetrate into it; although the winds of Heaven might blow over it, yet the sacred remains should rest in undisturbed repose until the resurrection morn.

The old and venerable Chief, with much emotion, again assured the Missionary and his wife of his own deep personal sympathy and that of his brother Chiefs and fellow-Indians in their circumstances of sad bereavement, and again expressed the hope which they all felt—that the Great Spirit would effectually comfort them.

The Missionary made an appropriate reply and thanked them much for the kind Christian sentiments and sympathy which they had expressed towards him and his sorrowing wife and family.”

John Bromley Chance, the subject of this memoir, was the only and much loved son of the Rev. James Chance, Missionary to the Indians of the Six Nations, and formerly Missionary to the Ojibways, on the northern shores of Lakes Huron and Superior. He

was born on the Garden River Indian Reserve, on the 6th of April, 1857. He was brought up among the Indians and nursed by Indian girls, and it was owing to this fact that he spoke the Ojibway language more readily at first than the English; he would say in the Indian vernacular "Pah-kah-koo-nuh-mah," easier than he could say in his mother tongue "Open the door for me," and the facility with which he spoke in the native language, together with his kind, unselfish disposition, endeared him much to the poor Indians. He had, when very young, two very narrow escapes from death. Once he was taken out of the river, apparently lifeless, by an Indian, who promptly applied an effectual remedy and tenderly carried him to his mother. When he was between five and six years old he attended a missionary meeting, the first ever held in those parts, and during the collection he stood up by the side of his mother and said, "I have no money to give but I will give myself to be a Missionary," and his fond parents hoped that God had preserved him from death for some good and noble purpose.

He attended the Indian school at Garden River, and received private Instruction from a governess, and from his father until he was sent to the grammar school in Guelph, where his paternal uncle resided. He was afterwards sent to Hellmuth College, in London, where he was a great favorite. His parents never forgot his early promise to be a Missionary, and they did not fail

to remind him of it, but they refrained from insisting upon its fulfilment, but left him to make his own final choice of a profession, praying that God would guide him in his choice and direct him by His gracious providence.

He expressed a preference for the medical profession, and though his parents may have experienced some disappointment they were in a measure reconciled to his preference; knowing that the medical profession is next in importance and usefulness to that of the Christian ministry. He knew that a missionary life, especially among the heathen, demanded a tremendous sacrifice in worldly point of view, and necessitated a condition of comparative poverty, attended by many hardships and privations, both to the Missionaries and their families. But it did not appear that he was influenced in his choice of a profession by these facts, or prejudiced by them against a missionary life, though on his death-bed he expressed his doubts whether he had been right in his choice, and confessed to his father that when he was pursuing his medical studies, he had resolved, that if God in His providence should make the way clear for him to become a Missionary, he would follow in that way, and that he thought his medical knowledge would increase his usefulness in the service of Christ in the distant Mission field. His parents had a lingering hope that this would be the case when they yielded to his preference.

It was arranged that he should spend twelve months, before going to Toronto, in Brantford, with Dr. Harris, a most excellent young man fresh from Trinity College, possessing a competent knowledge of all that was new and valuable in medical science, and perfectly qualified to prepare him for his first examination. He made great progress under Dr. Harris, who entertained great hopes of him, and predicted that he would become distinguished in his profession, and it was thought that his choice of it was wisely made. Whilst he was in Brantford, he preferred to attend St. Jude's Church, and being somewhat proficient in music, he became a member of the choir, and gained the esteem of all who knew him by his genial and affable disposition and by his courteous and gentlemanly deportment.

He went to Toronto in the beginning of October, 1876, and passed the examination required by the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario for matriculation, and fully entered upon his medical course of studies with every prospect of a bright and successful future; but he had not been more than a month in College before those prospects were darkened by presentiment of approaching illness and death. A letter was subsequently found in his trunk, dated Nov. 2, and which read as follows: "Feeling unwell, and not knowing what is the matter with me, I have decided to write my will, in case I should get taken suddenly ill. First, I would

like my parents to know that I am not unprepared to die. Since I left home I have often felt lonely and have frequently resorted to prayer for comfort, and it is needless to add that I always found consolation. I trust that my sins, which are many, will be forgiven me, and I think they will for Jesus' sake, and I have tried hard lately to lead a godly life. I thank God that I have been blessed with such good parents; and I do not remember having seen or heard my sisters do or say anything intentionally to wound my feelings. I would like to have a coffin like Lina's (Lina was his eldest sister, and died five months before) and be buried near her, and to have the same bearers." Then he makes a disposition of his few worldly possessions, and signs his name with a firm and steady hand. That presentiment was too well grounded, for in a few days afterwards, when on his way to attend a medical lecture, he was seized by a violent pain in his left leg which compelled him to return to his lodgings. He sought medical advice and resolved to return home for a week or two, but he only reached Brantford, where, at the hospitable house of Alexander Fair, Esq., he died about ten days after, from "arterial embolus." The melancholy saying of David, "There is but a step between me and death," was literally true in this dear young man's experience. Apparently well and walking to the College, yet one step more was attended with a death pang. Truly, in the midst of life

we are in death! May we, therefore, apply our hearts unto wisdom.

This death blow completely staggered his devoted and fond parents for a time, as only a few months had elapsed since the eldest was taken from them, and Bromley was their only son, and promised to be their comfort and support in advancing years, but he himself received the blow with Christian calmness and resignation, which called forth the wonder and admiration of all who saw him. He said truly that he was not unprepared for death; the death of his much loved sister had been sanctified to his soul, and he fully participated in the redemption which is in Christ Jesus, so that he would meet death not only without fear, but rejoiced in the prospect. Although he was just at an age when life has so many charms, and is so desirable when youth was blooming or developing apparently into the physical proportions and graceful symmetry of form of vigorous manhood, and although he was universally esteemed, and few had better prospects in life, yet he could look forward to death with the undisturbed repose and quiet confidence of an aged Christian, and could say with the Apostle St. Paul, "To die is gain." Gladly, if it had been the will of God, would he have remained with us for his dear parents' and sister's sake, but he cheerfully submitted to the Divine will, and felt that to be with Christ would be far better. His sufferings must have been great but he bore them with much

Christian patience and fortitude, and no murmur escaped from his lips, but words of prayer and praise continually proceeded from his mouth. He acted as a missionary for Christ on his death bed and urged all his young friends who came to see him, even until he was exhausted, to live for Christ whilst they lived, so that when they died they might die in Him and be evermore His. God grant that his dying efforts may not have been in vain!

He was very anxious to see his only surviving sister, who, when summoned by telegram, came bravely alone from Philadelphia, a distance of 600 miles to see and to nurse him as she hoped until his recovery, but this hope on her arrival was dashed to the ground, and it was feared that the effect of her disappointment would prove too much for her. But God's grace and her brother's assurance and calm resignation enabled her to sustain the blow, and it was delightful to hear them singing together the songs of Heaven and the praises of redeeming love, and at such times all sense of pain seemed to be completely overcome by the rich foretaste of Heaven's happiness. His favorite hymns, in which he so heartily joined with his papa, mamma and sister were, "Abide with Me," "Rock of Ages," "Jesus Lover of My Soul," and others, and with his beautiful tenor voice the sweet singing seemed more angelic than human. The Holy Sacrament of The Lord's Supper was administered to him twice, when some of his

dearest friends received it with him for the first time. These were times of great refreshing to his soul, which at last peacefully departed from the earthly tabernacle and was borne up to Heaven by the angels, and placed safely in the arms of Jesus, and his mortal remains, according to his request, were placed near to his sister and together they will await the morning of a glorious resurrection.

These two saints of God exemplified in a most marked degree the sustaining power of vital godliness, and the transcendent brightness and blessedness of the Christian's hope, which was comprehended, perhaps, in God's design by their early removal. That design, however, is not at present clearly understood, but the parents know that God is love : too good to be unkind, and too wise to err in His providential dispensation towards them. It was hard to human nature to part with an only son who was so good, loving and lovable; but in holy faith, like Abraham's, they gave him up to God, and can now say with pious Job, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." Their chief consolation is derived from the fact that their dear boy is now with the Saviour in glory everlasting, but their natural grief has been much modified and softened by the unbounded sympathy which they received from the people of Brantford and neighborhood, and from the Indians on the Reserve, in whose welfare he ever took a deep interest, and received

in return their universal esteem. A deputation from the various Indian congregations went to the parsonage to pay a visit of condolence. Chief J. S. Johnson, Speaker of the Council, was chosen speaker on this occasion, and he made a most beautiful and appropriate speech, which was interpreted by his son, Chief G. H. M. Johnson, and which afforded their Missionary and his wife much consolation. The following communication and resolution was received from Toronto:

TORONTO, December 2nd, 1876.

Rev. Mr. Chance:

DEAR SIR,—I have been instructed by the students of Trinity College Medical Department, to forward to you the enclosed resolution concerning the death of your son, who had gained the highest respect of all who knew him. For my own part, I do not know when I met with a young gentleman I esteemed so much, for the short time I was privileged with his acquaintance.

Yours very sincerely,
(Signed), W. T. STUART.

The following resolution was unanimously passed by the students of Trinity College Medical Department, at a meeting held on December 2nd, 1876 :

Resolved, That the students of Trinity College Medical Department desire to record their sincere and heartfelt sorrow at the demise of their fellow-student, the late Mr. J. B. Chance, and do further express their condolence with his parents and friends in the great bereavement which has befallen them.

W. T. STUART, Sec.

After the death of his much loved and only son, Mr. Chance's health became so impaired that the doctors advised change of air and scene; therefore, having received leave of absence, he and his only remaining child took a trip to England, but before leaving there was a beautiful and pleasing address presented to him by the Kanyungeh vestry, which I regret I am unable to give, as it was left in England and I have no copy.

On his return from England he was received by his people with every demonstration of joy. Over the gateway leading to the parsonage an ornamental arch had been constructed, bearing the expression of a cordial welcome to their Missionary and his daughter; they subsequently had a public reception at Kanyungeh school house, when their brass band was in attendance, and some celebrated vocalists sang in their usual beautiful style some appropriate songs of welcome, which were much appreciated and highly applauded. On Sunday morning the Missionary preached a very suitable sermon from Romans xv. 29, which was listened to with deep attention, and after the sermon the old and venerable Chief J. S. Johnson, late Speaker of the Council of the Six Nations, acting as speaker for the congregation, gave the Missionary an address of welcome, to which the Missionary made a suitable reply. A procession was then formed in Indian file by all the members of the congregation, who pro-

ceeded to the entrance of the chancel, singing an appropriate hymn as they went, and shook hands with him.

On the Wednesday following, the people in Thomas' school section invited Mr. Chance and his family to an entertainment, which was intended by the Indians as a welcome and a manifestation of their gratitude for the safe return of their Missionary and his daughter from England. The schoolhouse was very tastefully decorated and a beautiful design was erected to express a welcome to the Rev. James Chance. A rich and abundant repast was provided by the people for the occasion which all seemed to enjoy. Chief Carpenter occupied the chair, and after a few remarks called upon Chief Thomas, who had been appointed by the people to address the Missionary on their behalf. The Chief's address was worthy of any Christian orator, it was suitable in its character and effectually delivered, it was expressive of their thankfulness to Almighty God for having heard and answered prayer, and prospered their Missionary and their daughter in their going out and coming in. The Chief said that their Missionary had labored lovingly and zealously among them, and they had in some measure appreciated his labors; but in this case, as in others, they were taught the true value of blessings by being deprived of them, and since their Missionary had left them to pay a visit to his native country, they had become more fully conscious of the

value of the services which he had so faithfully rendered, and they were thankful to God and to him for his safe return. The Chief expressed the thanks of the congregation to the Rev. Canon Nellis for his kind ministrations during the Missionary's absence, and also to Mrs. Chance for her constant efforts to promote the highest interests of themselves and their children. The people in that neighborhood, he said, were poor, but their heartfelt gratitude prompted them to give a more substantial proof thereof than mere words could afford, and they had united in making the Missionary a present, which they hoped would be accepted as a small token of their great esteem for him.

Mr. Chance was very much affected by this unexpected demonstration and expression of gratitude and esteem for him, and he made a very feeling and appropriate acknowledgement. They all shook hands with him and his family and after singing an anthem, led by a most efficient choir, the interesting and delightful entertainment was brought to a close. At parting several little presents were given to Mrs. Chance and her daughter, and the present to Mr. Chance was found to consist of a wagon load of good things, such as potatoes, oats, fowls, and many different kinds of vegetables which Mr. David Smith brought to the parsonage the next day, surmounted by flags.

After Mr. Chance returned from England he labored more indefatigable and with greater earnest-

ness than I think he had ever done before, as if he had a presentiment that he would not be permitted to preach to them much longer, and in 1879 he was compelled to leave. When the prospect of his removal was made known to the Easter Vestry meeting a resolution was passed unanimously by the Vestry to petition the Bishop and the New England Company against his removal. And when Mr. Chance expressed his firm determination to leave the Mission rather than yield to the extraordinary demand of the Company, which involved a matter of conscience, the Indians manifested the deepest regret.

When Mr. Chance preached his farewell sermon it was listened to by some five or six hundred people, inside and outside of the Church, for the Church could not accommodate the assembled multitude. The sermon was printed at the special request of the congregation. I will give some extracts from the latter part of it. The text was taken from 2nd Corinthians xiii. 11, "Finally, brethren, farewell":

"I come now, my brethren, to bid you a last farewell, under peculiar and trying circumstances. Constrained by the love of Christ I left my home in England and all dear to me there, and came out to Canada, a stranger and alone, to engage in the noble enterprise of christianizing and civilizing your fellow-Indians occupying the northern shores of Lakes Huron and Superior. We established a central Mission at

Garden River, a place endeared to me by many hal-
lowed associations. My children were born there ; the
two youngest were buried there, and there I labored for
seventeen years, making Missionary tours by land and
by water to parts adjacent and to parts 150 miles
distant, and preaching to the Indians in their own
language (which I acquired in a short period) the
blessed Gospel of the Grace of God. The record of
our labors there is in heaven, and there I, for my part,
should be content to leave it until it shall be read at
the great day of judgment by Him whom we served.
But you have heard of the success achieved there, and
have seen proofs of the fond attachment which existed
between me and the Indians there. I separated from
them only at the call of duty, and the separation was
more painful to me and to them than any words can
express. In the early part of the year 1870 I was
offered the appointment to the parish of Georgetown
and I was also offered this present Mission, but at that
time I refused both offers. At the latter part of the
same year the offer of this Mission was renewed by the
late Bishop Cronyn at the request of the Hon. Mr.
Bottsford, then acting as Commissioner for the New
England Company which supported the Mission.
After due consideration and prayer, I accepted
and came here an utter stranger among you, but
filled with the same zeal and love which first
prompted me to go to the north-west, and which

animated my heart in laboring there. In reference to my labors here, I think I might say what the apostle said to the elders of the church at Ephesus, "I have kept nothing back that was profitable unto you, but have showed you and have taught you publicly and from house to house, testifying to all repentance towards God, and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ; I take you to record this day that I am pure from the blood of all men, for I have not shunned to declare unto you the whole counsel of God." I have the testimony of yourselves repeatedly and voluntarily given; I have the testimony of your white neighbors, and above all I have the testimony of my own conscience, that I have labored faithfully and zealously to promote your highest and best interests, and thanks be to God, I am not without evidence that my labors have not been in vain. It is on record how highly you have valued my poor labors amongst you, and how deep the regard is which you have entertained for myself and family, and I need scarcely assure you that such regard is fully appreciated and reciprocated by us; our only wish has been to promote your good and that of your children; and we have never been indifferent to anything which concerned your happiness and welfare; we have rejoiced in your rejoicings, and wept when you had cause for weeping. In times of trial and sickness you have had our presence, our aid, and our prayers, and in times of death we have administered comfort, and at the open

graves we have shed with you the sympathizing tear. And this calls to remembrance my indebtedness to you for your sympathy and kindness in our sad circumstances of painful bereavements, for which kindness I pray God to reward and bless you. This final leave taking of you, my brethren, is rendered more solemn and important to me by the fact that it terminates my missionary life amongst the Indians; in bidding a final farewell to you, I am also bidding a final farewell to that noble enterprise which in early years called forth my missionary zeal and love, which prompted me to the entire surrender of heart and life, and for which I left all the endearments of my paternal home, and dear old England. The longest working period of my life, and the best of my energies have been devoted to that missionary work among you and your fellow-Indians, which I am about to leave forever. It has been the great work of my life, in comparison with which all others have been regarded as secondary, and all other interests as subordinate. It has ever been my chief desire to advance the highest welfare of the Indians under my charge, and in order to accomplish this object I have labored and prayed both night and day. No call for my services has ever been made, by day or by night, without having been responded to. I have preached faithfully and zealously the blessed truths of The Gospel, and I and my family have ever endeavored to exemplify among you the truths which I

have preached. I have not been faultless, neither have the most saintly missionaries, but my aim has been always to live amongst you in an exemplary and blameless manner. In taking a retrospect of my missionary career, my heart is filled with mingled feelings of pleasure and pain; it has been by no means an uncheckered career, or one of uninterrupted happiness and prosperity. It has had its lights and shadows, its sunshine and clouds, its calms and storms, its hopes and discouragements, and its holy joys and deepest sorrows. I came from England amongst the Indians in the full vigor of early manhood; I have spent and have been spent freely for their present and eternal good; the mid-day of life has been devoted to their interests; the evening of life is now closing around me; physical health and strength are failing, and circumstances of comparative poverty now attend me, after a period of missionary service which has extended over nearly a quarter of a century. Yet far from regretting the many years so spent, I rejoice in the fact, and consider missionary service the noblest in which any human being can be occupied; but what are the results, and what is the reward? The whole results of a Missionary's labors are known only to the Omniscient, and He will reveal them to the assembled universe at the last great day of reckoning. I am now, however, privileged to know that I have been the feeble instrument in God's hands in having brought

many of the Indians from darkness to light, from the power of sin and satan to serve the living and true God. Many have been brought, through my instrumentality, to a saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, and to participate in His great salvation; and these will be my joy and crown of rejoicing at the last. I rely upon the promise of God for reward. "And they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever." Earthly reward I have none, save the present happy consciousness that the Indians appreciate our labors, and that we live in their hearts' tenderest affections; but the heavenly reward is sure, and we shall not be disappointed in our expectation of receiving it and of being satisfied therewith. And now finally, brethren, farewell; be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace, and the God of love and peace shall be with you. Be perfectly joined together in the holy and indissoluble bonds of Christian love and fellowship; let there be no strifes, or dissensions, or divisions among you; ever keep the unity of the spirit in the bonds of peace; comfort one another in all times of trouble and sorrow with the consolations of the Gospel; be at peace with one another, and if possible live peaceably with all men, and be at peace with God, through faith in the peace speaking blood of Jesus, and the God of love and peace shall be with you; thus shall you realize the fullest, the highest and the holiest signification of the word farewell. I may never

meet you again on earth, but I hope through the merits of Christ that we shall all meet in heaven to part no more. God grant it for the Redeemer's sake, Amen."

On the following Tuesday, the Indians held a farewell picnic. The Mohawk Brass Band was in attendance, and the occasion was one of the most solemn and impressive ever witnessed. The following beautiful address from the Vestry and Congregation of St. Paul's Church was presented to Mr. Chance and family :

To the Rev. James Chance :

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—Having been previously made acquainted with the fact that you were at no distant day to leave your Indian friends of the Six Nations, that your missionary labors among the Indians would cease, and that thenceforth you were to labor among your white brethren, we, the members of St. Paul's Church, Kanyengeh, desire to express our profound regret that the time has already come when you and your family must part from us, who have learned to look up to you as our best earthly friend, for advice, encouragement and consolation in all the "changes and chances of this mortal life," and we feel our grief the more in being aware that it was not from any desire on your part to abandon the noble and glorious missionary work among the Indians that you are leaving; and we take this opportunity to assure you that we shall ever look back with unfeigned satisfaction to those pleasing associations in connection with your stay among us during the past seven years. You, Mrs. Chance and family have gained an entrance into our hearts and occupied a large portion there, which never will be assigned to others; and although we must forbear entertaining any hopes of being able to retain your valuable services amongst us, yet will we ever remember you and your family in our prayers; and we

would further assure you, that we shall ever hold sacred the resting places of the bodies of those you loved, and whom we had learned to love and respect for their own sakes; and we trust that many of us who have been careless about the "one thing needful" have, through your instrumentality, sought and found a saving interest in Christ; and though we may never meet you or your family again in this world, we hope to meet you on the other side of Jordan, in that glorious city New Jerusalem, which is in the good land, the promised heavenly Canaan, where sorrow and sighing, parting and separations, pain and sickness, weeping and mourning, yea, and death, the last enemy itself, are unknown; and then we shall know that the dispensations and the decrees of the "King of Kings" were for the general good.

In conclusion we would express a hope that God will bless you all in your new sphere of duty, and also that He may grant you a long, prosperous life of uninterrupted happiness. God be with you all. Amen and Amen.

I remain, yours sincerely,

A. G. SMITH,

Clerk of the Vestry.

In 1879, Mr. Chance was appointed incumbent of the Parish of Paisley, united with Pinkerton; he only remained there one year, but gained in that short time the love and esteem of most of his parishoners. God abundantly blessed his labors and much real good was accomplished. He obtained funds from England to complete a pretty little Church at Pinkerton. He was ever at work to promote the present and everlasting good of those committed to his charge, and not until the last great day will it be known how many will have to bless God for his appointment there. Soon after he

came to Paisley his only surviving daughter was married to Dr. Stuart McArton.

The following year, 1880, Mr. Chance was asked by the Rev. Bishop Hellmuth to take charge of the more important and endowed parishes of Tyrconnell and Burwell Park. His Lordship in advising his acceptance said, "You will find Tyrconnell very like a quiet country parish in England, and the people there most kind and generous." In every difficulty, in every disappointment, in every new undertaking how natural it was for him to say, "let us pray about it," and having done that, he always appeared to have a calm assurance that all would be ordered rightly, and so in this case, having prayerfully considered this kind offer of the Bishop, he decided to go down and see the place and people, and liked the place so well that he at once accepted, was appointed, and every arrangement made for a speedy change, the Bishop promising to supply his place at Paisley for three months, and Mr. Stephen Backus invited Mr. Chance to make his home with them until the parsonage was repaired and made fit to be occupied.

Here, in this pretty parsonage, for fourteen years Mr. Chance spent a happy, peaceful, uneventful, useful life. He suited the people and the people suited him, they were God-fearing, God-loving and God-serving Christians, and they loved their Church next to their God.

Soon after he came here he expressed a wish that he could have a vestry, as he liked to have some little privacy for prayer before going into the Church for service ; hitherto he had to put on his robes in the library, which was also the belfry. He also wished they could afford to build a chancel. So soon as his wish was made known a sufficient sum of money was collected in the parish to build a chancel and vestry and to carpet and furnish them both; the walls and ceiling were kalsomined, new stoves bought, new matting put down, several new seats and kneeling boards put in, and the Church painted throughout—outside as well as inside ; all this very much improved the appearance and comfort of the Church, and all were pleased and quite satisfied with the outlay. Mr. John S. Pearce, of London, the son of Mr. John Pearce of this place, presented the Church with a very handsome chandelier for the chancel; Mr. William Pearce, of Calgary, another son, presented the Church with a beautiful solid silver Communion cup to match the one they already had, which had been given by the third daughter of Governor Simcoe, and presented to this Church by the Rev. Bishop Stewart, of Quebec.

A few years later on, Mr. Chance having just recovered from a severe fit of illness, the ladies of the Church presented him with a beautiful address and a purse of money, to enable him to take a trip to England to recruit his health, and they

presented Mrs. Chance with a beautiful Astrachan fur jacket.

In 1890, Mr. Chance was made by the Right Reverend M. S. Baldwin, Lord Bishop of Huron, a Canon of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, Ontario.

In 1892, he received a letter from Garden River, signed by the Chiefs and people, asking him to pay them a visit before they died and before he died. When the people here heard of it they kindly urged him to comply and provided him with money for his journey (the account of this trip is given on page 12).

In 1893, he had to resign, having been stricken with paralysis, and was superannuated after 39 years of active service, of which 25 was as Missionary to the Indians.

He was greatly endeared to the people of Tyrconnell for his works' sake. He was ever a welcome visitor to their houses, and especially to the sick and dying, where he often was enabled to give very great comfort. His faith and prayer and love for God's Word were graces that richly adorned his Christian character. He believed the promises of God, and with all the importunity of appropriating faith he pleaded their accomplishment, nor was he less distinguished for his power in prayer. God's Word was always precious to him ; he read it as the word of life and salvation, the fountain from whence flow the streams that comforted the mourner, cheered the

distressed and encouraged the believer to be faithful unto death.

He dated his consecration to the service of God to the earnest, faithful teaching of his clergyman, the Rev. James Bromley, at his Confirmation classes. "He being dead, yet speaketh."

He lived for five years after he was first stricken, and during that time he lost no opportunity of doing good and speaking a word in season to all whom he came in contact with.

The second stroke, on September 29th, 1897, left no hope for his recovery. On Friday, Rural Dean Robinson, of Walkerton, assisted by the Rev. A. P. Moore, of Paisley, administered to him the rites of the Holy Communion for the last time, all the family partaking of it with him. It was a very sad and solemn time; he was quite conscious and joined in the service heartily. On the following Friday he passed into a sleep, and on Monday morning he quietly slept out his life. No outward sign of pain was visible, but his medical attendants believe that his last change was the result of third paralytic stroke.

By his own wish, the Canon was laid to rest until the resurrection morn in the lovely cemetery of St. Peter's Church, Tyrconnell. On Tuesday evening a very impressive service was held at his late residence in Paisley, by the Rev. A. P. Moore. On Wednesday morning at half past six, the funeral procession left the

residence of Dr. McArton, his son-in-law, for the Grand Trunk station (the pallbearers were Mr. Maxwell, Mr. Surjeson, Mr. Ballachey and Mr. Hargreaves), and arrived at St. Thomas about four o'clock, where we were met by Bishop and Mrs. Baldwin and the Rev. Mr. Hinde, and reached Dutton a little before five. Every preparation had been made there for our arrival; most of his old parishioners were there waiting with the hearse, the pallbearers were those who had been Church-wardens during the Canon's incumbency. The procession was formed with as little delay as possible, headed by Bishop Baldwin and Rev. Mr. Freeman. The distance from Dutton to Tyrconnell being about five miles it was nearly six o'clock when we reached the Church; for some time before we arrived there we heard the tolling of the Church bell, which they said had been tolled at intervals through the day. The Church was heavily draped with black, the lamps had all been lighted but were now turned down, giving a dim light which added solemnity to the scene. The opening sentences were said by all the clergymen in unison, the Psalm was read by the Rev. Mr. Johnson, of Wardsville; the lesson was read by the Rev. Mr. Hinde, of St. Thomas; Hymn 480, Church Hymnal, was given out by the Rev. Mr. Freeman, the incumbent, and sung most feelingly by all, being led by the organ and choir; after which the Bishop improved the occasion by giving a beautiful and most instructive

address which was listened to with the most profound attention; there was scarcely a dry eye in the Church. The friends asked to have the casket opened that they might take a farewell look of the dear face of the one they had loved so well. He did not appear to be dead but only asleep, with his Canonical robes on. The casket was covered with black cloth and lined with white silk, on which was a pretty but very chaste silver plate, on which was inscribed the name, age and date of death. Our dear, good Bishop Baldwin himself read the whole of our beautiful Burial Service at the grave by the light of a lantern, which added solemnity to the usual solemn occasion. The grave was filled in, and covered with beautifully prepared sod. And all was ended, but the memory of a useful, consecrated life devoted to the service of God and man. The flowers were many and very beautiful, both from Paisley and Tyrconnell, and a lovely wreath of pure white snow-berries was brought by dear Mrs. Baldwin, which was laid upon the grave.

His earthly resting place is now marked by a beautiful white marble cross, bearing the inscription on the following page.

IN LOVING MEMORY

...OF THE...

REV. JAMES CHANCE

CANON OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, LONDON, ONTARIO,

*BORN AT AMBLECOTE, ENGLAND: DIED AT PAISLEY, ONTARIO.
OCTOBER 11TH, 1897.*

He was for 25 years Missionary to the Indians, and for 14 years
was Rector of this Parish.

*"They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever
and ever."—Daniel 12 : 3.*



The following hymns were composed by the Rev.
Canon Chance for The Woman's Auxiliary Missionary
Association in Huron Diocese.



—I—

O, Lord of life, and God of love,
Whose glory fills the Heaven above,
We would thy praises sing.
We thank thee for redeeming grace
And all Thy blessings to our race,
We praise Thee, Saviour King.

Thine handmaids now their voices raise
To give Thee special songs of praise
For special favors given.
Thou didst exalt our low estate,
Our souls didst save and elevate
With highest hopes of Heaven.

In holy gratitude and love
We would Thy faithful followers prove,
And consecrate to Thee
Ourselves, our souls, our minds, our all,
And count the dedication small
For grace so full and free.

May Thy Divine Benediction
Rest on our Association
For its prosperity ;
This noblest work of women bless,
And crown it with complete success
To all posterity.

Till heathen darkness pass away,
And Christian light, bright as the day,
Shine from Thy Holy word ;
Till old and young of all mankind
Redemption seek, salvation find
In Jesus Christ our Lord.

—II—

(TUNE—WINCHESTER, OLD.)

Come let us all unite and sing
In hymns and thankful songs,
The praises of our God and King,
To whom all praise belongs.

Worthy Thou art, O Lord our God,
All glory to receive,
From all the ransomed by thy blood,
Yea, more than they can give.

We praise Thee for redeeming love,
We love thee and adore,
Aid us by grace from Heaven above
To love Thee more and more.

By works of love and piety
We would show forth Thy praise,
And may our whole Auxiliary
Sweet hallelujahs raise.

We praise Thee for Thy blessings given
To our society,
Abundant grace send down from Heaven
For its prosperity.

Lord, our united efforts bless,
Thy Gospel to make known,
Until its truth and blessedness
The heathen nations own.

—III—

(TUNE—MOZART.)

O, Jesu! who didst condescend
To be our Saviour and our Friend,
To Thee our voices we would raise
In grateful hymns and songs of praise.

Redeemed by Thy most precious blood,
And brought as daughters unto God,
True daughters may we ever be
And consecrated Lord to Thee.

Come, Holy Spirit from above,
Fill all our hearts with fervent love,
Our whole Association bless
And crown its labors with success.

O, let this hopeful woman's band
Be instrumental in Thy hand,
In making known the saving grace
Of Jesus, for the human race.

Help us to tell to all around
Of that dear Saviour we have found,
That heathen nations far and near
May tidings of salvation hear.

Forever be the name adored,
The name of Jesus Christ the Lord.
May the whole earth with praises ring
In loud hosannas to our King.

