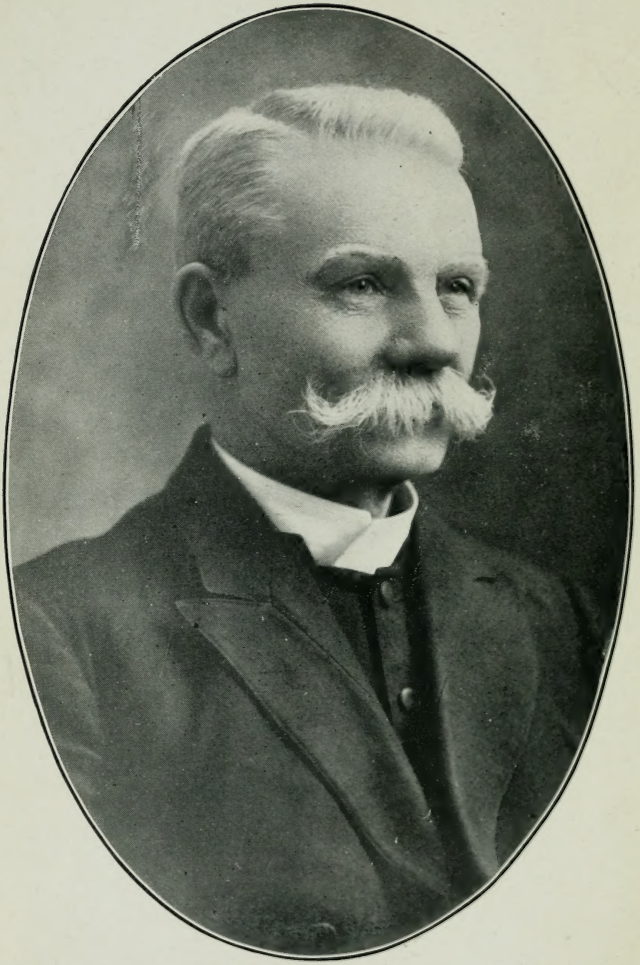


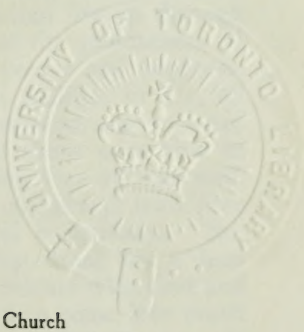
THE REV. JOHN MACLEAN, M.A., PH.D., D.D.

VANGUARDS OF CANADA

By

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TORONTO

The Missionary Society of the Methodist Church
The Young People's Forward Movement Department

F. C. STEPHENSON, Secretary

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PREFACE

In this admirable book the Rev. Dr. Maclean has done a piece of work of far-reaching significance. The Doctor is well fitted by training, experience, knowledge and sympathy to do this work and has done it in a manner which fully vindicates his claim to all these qualifications.

Our beloved Canada is just emerging into a vigorous consciousness of nationhood and is showing herself worthy of the best ideals in her conception of what the highest nationality really involves. It is therefore of the utmost importance that the young of this young nation thrilled with a new sense of power, and conscious of a new place in the activities of the world, should understand thoroughly those factors and forces which have so strikingly combined to give us our present place of prominence. Our fathers wisely emphasized some important fundamentals and their fidelity to truth and righteousness is largely responsible for that type of Canadian citizenship of which we are today so justly proud. The sacrifice and heroism which have so marked these past four years are not an accident. They are the product of devoted lives and consecrated personalities. Great men, forgetful of glory and asking only that they might serve, have given ungrudgingly all they had of energy, devotion and ability to the young life of Canada. These great souls have piloted Canadian life up through the roughness of the wilderness and the remoteness of the plain into its present place of power and progress. To these men there were two great realities in life, all other things were secondary. The supreme matters were the moral and spiritual verities. If these were true to the highest principles of life and being then all was well. To men of this cast religion was concerned with true spiritual attitudes and proper moral conceptions. Religion was no mere form nor passing ritual but a deep and abiding consciousness of living contact with God and with the spirit world. If men failed to come into touch with God and this spirit world, then all was lost. It became a burning passion with these men to bring the

new settlers from other lands and the pagan aborigines of the forest and the plain into a clear and definite consciousness of their communion with God. Such nearness to and contact with God have a wonderfully purifying effect upon the fountains and streams of life. As a people, we are just beginning to understand how fundamental the work done by these noble pioneers was to the splendid fabric of our social and civil life today.

Dr. Maclean gives in the following pages a brief history of a few of these noble men. In a concise form he gives us a glimpse of the trials and triumphs of some of the worthy men whose lives were laid upon the altar of the spiritual welfare of our country.

The Doctor has not attempted to present a long and critical analysis of the forces which made these men great, but he has so told the story of their deeds that any one can readily understand the secret of their power. While telling each story he has not forgotten to link it with the other great streams of influence which have been forming in the years to make Canada our boast and pride today.

This excellent book coming as it does when an awakened interest is being felt in the noble red man, ought to be in every home. But the red man is not our only problem. Thousands are coming to our shores. They are breathing the fresh air of a new found liberty. They too must learn the secret of this liberty which we possess. To make them worthy citizens of Canada should be the aim of every true Canadian. They must be educated, enlightened and taught to live and respect the institutions we love so dearly. In their case, as in all others, the finest type of citizenship can be secured only by the power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ felt in the heart and known in the life. The supreme lesson of this book is that the law of life is " Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and soul and strength and thy neighbor as thyself."

J. H. RIDDELL.

Wesley College, Dec. 4, 1918.

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CHAPTER I

KAHKEWAYQUONABY

Of the Six Nation Indians

THE race of heroes never dies. In every age and country the hero lives, an immortal among his fellows, careless of life or his place in history, and unconscious of his power or fame. Savage and civilized alike yearn for the great man, whom they delight to honor as a gift from the gods, to lead them toward noble ideals and the heights of glory, where they may hold fellowship with all that is best in nature and man and God. The Greek Hercules is akin to the British Wellington and Gordon, the Canadian Wolfe and Montcalm, and the American Washington. Our poetry, fiction and history would be listless without heroes and heroines. The thrill of pleasure, the vivid scene to feed the imagination, and our great works of art would be wanting in the grand element of permanence, without the presence of heroic thoughts and deeds. Beyond the smoke and din and blood of the battlefield, there lie other spheres where men and women fight and die in the cause of freedom. In the field of industry and the realm of literature, and on dark continents and lone islands, there are Careys and Livingstones who lead a mighty host, bearing the banner of truth, that justice and love may prevail and souls be won for God. The world is always in need of dreamers, who stand on the tops of the mountains and look down the centuries, far apart from their fellowmen, and oftentimes misunderstood and scoffed at; yet their work, unseen and unrecognized, endures and posterity reaps the reward. The quest of the Holy Grail remains an abiding

lesson for all ages, and Sir Launfal is the man with a vision, for whom the days of bustle in the crowded street of the modern city always wait. On the pages of our national history, there stands forth one great, solitary figure, in the person of Samuel de Champlain, a man of noble deeds and inspiring vision, who visited Panama more than three hundred years ago, and conceived the idea of a ship canal across the Isthmus, which would lessen a voyage to the South Sea by more than three hundred leagues. When he explored the waters of the Great Lakes, with the dusky Hurons as his guides, allured no doubt by the tales of the copper mines on the shores, he refused the offer of the Montagnais to lead him to the Hudson Bay, though he was anxious to look upon the Arctic Sea, hoping it may be, to find a way home to France by the Hudson Bay route. In July and August, 1615, he was traversing the road from Montreal to the Georgian Bay, and his dreams are being realized in the Panama Canal, in the building of the Hudson Bay Railway, and the project of the Georgian Bay Canal. The men of vision are the true prophets, who make possible real greatness, and the material progress of modern times.

Canada has forgotten the red man, and ignored her indebtedness to the savages of other days. We have exalted Hiawatha and Tecumseh, while refusing recognition and appreciation of other great men who dwelt in bark wigwams and buffalo-skin lodges, through difference in language and culture. We have called the red man a savage, but around the camp fire, the dusky warriors have laughed at the follies and strange customs of the white race, and the question of savagery has not yet been settled. The folly of calling names in literature and history is a pitiable business, as Byron learned to his

disgrace. Parkman's mistake as a historian lay in the choice of his subject, when the times were not ripe for its treatment. Instead of writing on the native tribes of Canada, had he chosen a subject relating to some of the great nations, and followed in the footsteps of Macaulay, Gibbon and Motley, he would not have been compelled to wait fifty years for recognition; and yet, the *Jesuits in America* is as noble and dignified as the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,* or the *Rise of the Dutch Republic.*

The real stories of the past are more interesting than any fiction, when they are infused with poetic fire and a vivid imagination, and consist not in a mere collection of names and dates. Good history is biography written in large characters, as genuine fiction is autobiography dressed in the colors of all mankind. Few great names remain in the history of our country, because it is still young, and tradition is reckoned of little value in a practical age. Relics of bygone times linger in the names of extinct tribes and a dwindling race; and the words on our lips, familiar through repetition, carry with them visions of languages, tribal wars, and old trails, and have lost their meaning to the men of a new age. Our lakes, Erie, Huron and Nipissing; our provinces, Ontario, Saskatchewan and Manitoba; our cities, Quebec, Ottawa, Toronto and Winnipeg; Canada, Niagara and numerous other appellations of places between the Atlantic and Pacific, speak to us of forgotten times and events, which await the poet's and painter's imagination and creative skill, to make a modern Aeneid and Odyssey in the new world.

It is a difficult task to lift a native out of our common life, and believe that he was a great man on the dusty road where our childhood days were spent; yet Kahkewayquonaby was a hero, a man of vision and a leader,

without any intention of posing as a player of parts. He was one of the vanguards, blazing the paths through the backwoods, breaking the trail for the immigrants on their march to the new West. As a zealous itinerant, he roamed over the greater part of the Province of Ontario in quest of souls, with a faith as unwavering, and a courage as undaunted, as that of any missionary in any age of the world. There is no large canvas to sketch his figure, because the colors are dark, the times unpropitious, and the distance too short. All these roadmenders were brave men with noble careers. Their misfortune was to work at home without the enchantment of distance, and among tribes despised by the white race, through ignorance of native customs, and hatred begotten through close contact in the conquest of the land.

Kahkewayquonaby was born at the heights of Burlington Bay in the Province of Ontario, on January 1, 1802. His father, Augustus Jones, was a native of the State of New York, of Welsh descent, and his mother, Tuhbenahneequay, a pure Indian, the daughter of Wahbanosay, a chief of the Mississauga band of the Ojibways. Augustus must have been a man of more than ordinary ability, and possessed of a good education, as he was appointed provincial land surveyor. He had mastered the language of the natives, and so far ingratiated himself in the favor of the people, that he became as one of themselves. The youth who was destined to add lustre to the family name was the second son in a household of five sons and five daughters, and he bore the common name of Peter. As the father was frequently absent from home for long periods in his business as surveyor, the care of the children devolved upon the mother, and she, being trained in the native customs, traditions and



THAYENDANEGEA (JOSEPH BRANT)
The Great Captain of the Six Nations

religion, naturally brought up the members of the family according to the faith of her ancestors.

Peter Jones was a pagan in belief and practice, resorting in his boyhood to extreme methods of devotion with real sincerity, that he might propitiate the tribal gods by blackening his face, and through fasting and prayer. Having nothing in common with the white race, it was natural that he should be initiated as other youths of the tribes, into the mysteries of the native religion; accordingly, his friends prepared a grand feast on the occasion of his receiving a native name which would constantly remind him of his maternal relationship to the Ojibway Indians. His grandfather was the priest in the ceremony, conferring upon him the honorable name of Kahkewaquonaby, signifying "Sacred Waving Feathers." He was placed under the protection of the eagle, the god of thunder, no doubt because his mother belonged to the eagle totem. The ceremony was made more impressive by the gift of a war-club, symbolizing the power of his protecting spirit, and a bunch of eagle feathers, denoting swiftness as a charm against attack, and as a mark of dignity and real worth. How appropriate was the name, may be found in the familiar expressions, "the wings of the wind," "the flying clouds," for the bird, like the wind, sweeps through lofty spaces, sings in the forests, and rustles on its course; and like the cloud, it floats in the heavens and casts its shadow on the earth, and these were great truths to the savage nations. Among some of the native tribes the feathers of the eagle composed their war flag, its images were carved in wood, or its stuffed skin surmounted the council lodges; religious honors were paid to it, for it was recognized as the messenger of the gods, and the embodiment of departed

spirits. The warriors arrayed in paint and feathers, the medicine men performing their incantations, and the ceremony of conferring the name made so deep an impression on the imagination and memory of the boy, that it remained vivid till the end of the years.

According to the native custom of adoption into a family where one of the sons had died, when he was only nine years of age he was received into the family of one of the chiefs, and treated as a son. His boyhood was spent in the woods, wandering with the Indians, following their customs, and becoming a veritable pagan in heart and life. He attended native feasts and dances, blackened his face with charcoal, fasted and prayed to the gods, and was ambitious to become a great hunter. Frequently he was initiated into customs and feasts that seem strange to us, but which were a real part of the life of the people. Near the present site of the city of Rochester, in the State of New York, a large number of bears were killed, a sacred feast was held, and each of the participants drank about a gill of bear's oil. At a dog feast which he attended, the animal was killed, the hair singed, the flesh cooked and portions distributed among the company, and finally a piece was laid on the fire as a burnt offering. Whenever there was a storm on the lakes, the Indians thought that there was no sacrifice more likely to appease the wrath of the god of the waters than that of a dog, and consequently, when Peter was travelling to Toronto with a number of his friends, and they were anxious for the safety of their birch bark canoes, they seized a black dog, tied a stone around his neck and cast him into the lake.

Peter became expert in the use of the bow and arrow, and was reckoned to be a good hunter even in his tender

years, and as he grew older, his gun furnished an abundance of game, while he roamed the lakes in his canoe, handling it with the skill of an old man, and his spear secured large quantities of fish for the home. Life in the woods, roving here and there, was attended with many hardships, poverty often dogging his footsteps as a demon; and the curse of drink, introduced by the white man among the native tribes, reduced the people to a condition of degradation, where independence and morality were forgotten. During a long, drunken frolic in the camp, the boy, who kept aloof from the evil influences by which he was surrounded, suffered from cold and hunger through neglect, and was stricken with paralysis in his leg which left him helpless for the space of three months. A messenger being sent to his mother, she walked to the camp accompanied by another Indian woman, and they carried him on their backs a distance of thirty miles.

When he was fourteen years of age, his father being anxious that he should not live in ignorance, but be equipped for some kind of business, sent him to school, where he remained for nine months, learning the elementary branches of English, and so earnest was he in the quest for knowledge that he was able to read the New Testament in an easy fashion. The family having removed to the Six Nation Reserve near Brantford, where the English Church had established a mission among the Mohawk Indians, Peter Jones growing into manhood was brought under Christian influences, and at the age of eighteen was induced by his father to be baptized. The Mohawk tribe was the oldest brother of the Iroquois, whom Parkman styles by way of pre-eminence "the Indian of the Indians," and was essentially a native Canadian race. The Mohawk language was adopted at

an early date for communicating with the Six Nation Indians, though in the council-house on the Grand River, the chiefs of the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas and Senecas, speak in their own languages without the aid of an interpreter, and yet, so different are these languages, that a Seneca and a Mohawk are scarcely able to carry on a conversation in one of them. There is still preserved in the old Mohawk Church on the reserve at Grand River, the silver communion service presented by Queen Anne, bearing the inscription: "A. R. 1711. The gift of Her Majesty, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France and Ireland, and of her plantations in North America, Queen: to her Indian Chappel of the Mohawks." This date has special interest, as it was not for three years later that the Five Nations received the Tuscaroras into the confederation, and the Iroquois became known as the Six Nation Indians. Peter Jones was an Ojibway adopted into the Mohawk tribe, an appropriate blending of the races, as the annalists of the Huron-Iroquois relate the memory of a treaty with the Ojibways, when the latter dwelt on the shores of Lake Superior, and the meeting place of these two races was at the Sault Ste. Marie Rapids, and this League is believed to have been maintained for more than two hundred years.

Like many people boasting of their civilization, and the glories of their arts, literature and political institutions, the influences of religion produced no moral effect upon the Indians; they were noted for their drunken and lazy habits, and sorely tried the zeal and patience of the missionaries laboring among them. Peter was not a disinterested spectator of the follies of his companions and their empty professions of religion, as he was firmly convinced that the Christian religion was the true one.

Not only would he participate in the privileges of the white people, but he would be serving the Great Spirit if he became a member of the church, and still, while his heart yearned after a higher life, he sought and found transient pleasure in all kinds of amusement, while his conscience troubled him night and day. While his brother John, two years older than himself, was studying for the profession of land surveyor, that he might assist his father and become free from the precarious mode of existence prevalent among the Indians, he became extremely anxious for a better education, and in order that he might secure money sufficient to support himself while at school, he learned the trade of brickmaking, and was thus enabled to improve himself.

A new factor came into his life which aroused his ambition still more, and gave definite direction to his life, in the person of Seth Crawford, a young man from the United States, who was so deeply impressed with a call as missionary to the Indians that he came to the reserve and hired his board at the home of one of the natives, that he might learn the language. The two young men became fast friends; the white man instructed his companion in the great truths of religion, while his exemplary life emphasized his quiet talks by the way; the red man revealed the intricacies of the native language and explained the native customs. A Methodist local preacher, named Edmund Stoney, visited the reserve and held religious services in the house of a Mohawk chief, named Thomas Davis, an earnest, godly man, and a work was begun among the aborigines, the beneficent effects of which continue until the present time. About twenty years previous, the Rev. William Case came to Canada from the State of New York, and his heart was

deeply touched by the abject condition of the Indians, so that he prayed earnestly for their conversion; but he had to wait many years before the vision of a mission to the red men was fully realized. In the summer of 1823 he held a camp-meeting near Ancaster, which was attended by nearly a thousand persons, many of whom came forty and fifty miles in waggons over rough roads. Among this vast concourse was quite a large number of Indians, including Peter Jones and his sister Mary. Though deeply impressed with the preaching of the Methodist missionaries who visited the reserve, and the piety of his friend, Seth Crawford, he went to the camp-meeting through a morbid curiosity, being anxious to see how the white people worshipped the Great Spirit in the forest. Under the shadow of the trees the encampment, illuminated at night by large fires burning on raised stands, the singing and praying of the people, and the powerful sermons and searching appeals of the preachers, were calculated to awaken the fears of the indifferent, and many trophies of grace were won for Christ. Peter sat under the spell of the old gospel with tears on his cheeks, and the burden of his sins became so heavy that he could not sleep, but retired into the depths of the woods alone to pray. After several days of wrestling without any peace, and in doubt as to what he should do, he was invited to go to the prayer meeting. The preachers exhorted him and prayed with him until midnight, when he was so exhausted that he retired to his tent and fell asleep. During the night he was sought by Edmund Stoney and the Rev. George Ferguson, and pressed to return to the meeting, as his sister Mary had been converted. In her new found joy, she wept and prayed over him as he knelt among the penitents, and at daybreak light broke in upon his soul,

and he cried out for joy. As he afterward wrote of this wonderful revelation of divine mercy and love, he said: "Everything now appeared in a new light, and all the works of God seemed to unite with me in uttering the praises of the Lord. The people, the trees of the woods, the gentle winds, the warbling notes of the birds and the approaching sun, all declared the power and goodness of the Great Spirit."

At the close of the camp-meeting a fellowship meeting was held at which the converts stood up as an evidence of their faith in Christ, and when William Case saw Peter and his sister among the number, he exclaimed: "Glory to God, there stands a son of Augustus Jones, of the Grand River, among the converts. Now is the door opened for the work of conversion among his nation!"

A revival spread among the Indians, and it was a common sight at the meetings held on the Grand River Reserve to see the natives on their knees weeping for mercy, and to hear them praying in English, Mohawk, and Ojibway. Peter began at once to work for God with a zeal that was characteristic of him during his whole life. In a little over a year from the date of his conversion, with the help of Seth Crawford and some of the Indians, he built the first Methodist Church for the natives ever erected in Canada, the location being at Davisville; there the two young men held regular services on the Sabbath, and twice during the week, besides having a day school. Many of his relatives who were wandering on the shores of Lake Ontario heard of his conversion and of the work of grace among their own people, and they came to see for themselves, and to listen to the new story of religion. Peter's lips were unsealed, and almost unconsciously he began to preach, so striking was his

original eloquence, so rich the outpouring of the divine Spirit, that many were converted. The die was cast, for though he again entered into the business of brickmaking and planned to go on a farm, he felt the call to be a missionary to the Indians. In 1825 he began a journal of his labors and travels, as the first Indian missionary of the Methodist Church in Canada.

A day school was established in his father's house and continued in the church, taught by himself and Seth Crawford; but the condition of the Indians in the province appealed to him so strongly that he was compelled to visit the reserves and wandering camps, preaching the gospel of peace. Long before there was any Moral and Social reform movement in connection with the church, Peter Jones was a Moral and Social reformer, and an earnest Christian missionary. He introduced farming among his people, selecting land on the reserve, chopping the trees and clearing the land, teaching them how to plough, buying seed potatoes and oxen and becoming an instructor without any compensation. As a leader, he performed the duties of a Government agent and farm instructor, maintaining his dignity and influence by the power of personal religion. When the traders throughout the province enforced their business by the help of intoxicating liquor, he interceded with many of them and was successful in inducing them to refrain from debauching the Indians by the gift or sale of liquor. It was customary at the annual treaty payments for the Government to make presents to the Indians of kegs of rum, which wrought havoc among them, while little or nothing was done toward civilizing them, and there was no one to intercede on their behalf. In July, 1825, the young missionary was instructed by Colonel Givens, the

Indian Agent, to proceed to the Humber, about twelve miles from the Credit, for the treaty payments, and to take with him his scholars and singers. Upon their arrival at the place they pitched their wigwams and he took his stand upon a pile of stones and preached to the Indians, many of whom were intoxicated. Some mocked, others were deeply affected, but he declared his message with energy and faith. Before the arrival of the military and Government party, he interviewed the Christian Indians on the subject of the distribution of liquor and they agreed to dispense with it. Upon presenting the matter with strong arguments and in forcible language to the Government officials, they acquiesced in his request, insomuch that the kegs of rum were returned to Toronto, and from that time no liquor has been supplied at treaty payments by the authority of the Government. Quietly and without any display a great reformation was wrought, the influence of which has extended to the utmost bounds of the Dominion, in dealing with numerous tribes with whom treaties have been made.

Beginning his missionary career among the Six Nation Indians, his soul burned with an intense passion to declare the Gospel to the roving bands of natives camping in the forests and on the shores of the lakes, while his fame as a preacher in the Mohawk and Ojibway languages brought many from distant parts to listen to his message; and as these found the way of peace, they besought him to visit the camps in the wilderness. For thirty years he labored as an itinerant missionary among the Indians, and hundreds of the natives were brought to Christ. He travelled incessantly up and down the Province of Ontario teaching and preaching. He founded missions among the Munceys, visited the scattered bands around

Rice Lake, where ultimately an Industrial Institution was organized, from whose portals many notable missionaries to the native tribes went forth. At one time he is at Kingston, in the eastern part of the province; and then off through the woods, on foot or on horseback or in a canoe, camping on the shore, visiting a few wigwams, eating coarse food, sleeping on the ground or in a lone house; then away to Lake Simcoe, Lake Huron, and the Saugeen River, unhasting and unresting, full of faith. With a roving commission as "a missionary to the Indian tribes," he travelled extensively, enduring many hardships, often tired in body and mind, yet always happy in his work. With the success of the missions, the conversion of many souls and the progress of education and industry, he was called to attend missionary meetings in the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario and in the United States, and thousands were thrilled with the wonderful story he told.

Having had the advantage of a good education, his constant improvement in language, and an increasing desire for knowledge, he was well qualified to become an accurate translator in the Ojibway tongue, and from his twenty-third year till his death, he was engaged in this important work. He translated the Apostles' Creed, the Wesleyan Catechism, Hymn Book, part of the Methodist Discipline, the Book of Genesis and the Gospel of Matthew into the Ojibway language, besides assisting his brother John in translating the Gospel of John into the same language, and correcting Hill's translation of the Gospel of Luke in Mohawk. He also prepared a Spelling Book, a small Dictionary in Ojibway, and wrote a History of the Ojibway Indians. The Government of Upper Canada printed two thousand copies of the first seven



From a painting by Matilda Jones

KAHKEWAYQUONABY (Peter Jones)
1802-1856

Missionary to the Six Nation Indians. The first native Methodist missionary in Canada

chapters of Matthew's Gospel, the Toronto Auxiliary Bible Society one thousand copies of the whole of Matthew and the British and Foreign Bible Society one thousand copies of the Gospel of John, a copy of which he had the honor of presenting in person to King William IV. Such was his ability in grasping the beauty and dignity of the Ojibway language, that a competent authority said of some of these translations, that they were "as perfect as the Chippeway language would admit."

The condition of the Indians and their relation to the Government and to the settlers aroused so much interest and stirred up such grave questions, that he was induced and authorized to visit England on behalf of the natives. The presence of an Indian chief in his native costume produced a good deal of excitement in the towns and cities, where he addressed large audiences, and he was feted everywhere, during more than a year spent in the old land. In 1832, he had a half-hour interview with the King and Queen, conversed with many notable men and women, including James Montgomery the poet, Rowland Hill the eccentric preacher, Hannah More, Samuel Drew and leaders in all the churches. During his visit, he delivered over a hundred addresses, preached over sixty times, besides soliciting funds for his work in Canada and correcting the proofs of his translations. He received £1,032, of which the Quakers subscribed £174. Again in 1837, he was in England, and shortly after the Coronation, held a short interview with Queen Victoria. In 1833 he was married to Miss Field of London, England, who proved to be a wise and devoted helpmate, as she was a lady of culture and deep piety and blessed with a passion for saving the red men. In 1844, he made a third and last visit to England, spending nearly two years, preach-

ing and lecturing on behalf of his people. In association with such men as John Williams, the South Sea missionary, Dr. Chalmers, the Presbyterian statesman, William Jay, John Angell James, Dr. Adam Clarke and other great leaders, who delighted to honor him, he was in nowise elated, but retained his modesty. He refrained from the temptations and allurements of his exalted position, remaining above all things else the devoted missionary and Christian man.

He was beloved and honored in his own land as well as abroad, being a Chief of the Ojibway tribe and also a Chief of the Muncey and Moraviantown tribes, while the Government wished to appoint him a Superintendent of Indian Affairs, a position he courteously refused, as likely to interfere with his duties as a missionary. After an arduous career, full of honors and triumphs, he passed away on the morning of June 29, 1856, surrounded by his family and mourned by thousands of Indians and white folks who loved him as a good and great man. He was one of Canada's distinguished men, worthy to take an honorable place beside the heroes of other lands and the most saintly and bravest missionaries of any age. His work abides in the Indian missions of his own church and of other denominations, especially in the Province of Ontario, where he was a pioneer of the Cross among the red men. In the progress of civilization among the native tribes and their descendants, and in the movements for the elevation of his race, may be found his monument, more enduring than any brass tablet or marble slab. Kahkewayquonaby was a great Canadian, the first native Methodist missionary in the Dominion, the friend of his own race, and a lover of all men.

CHAPTER II

SHAWUNDAIS

The Ojibway Orator

ONE hundred years ago, there lived among the Bay of Quinte Indians a poor drunken savage, who was destined to leave his mark on the new civilization springing up among the red men of Ontario. Shawundais was his name, a suggestive cognomen meaning "Sultry Heat," which the sun gives out in summer just before a fertilizing rain. He became known as John Sunday, a powerful preacher and successful missionary and a teller of quaint, humorous and pathetic stories. He was a Mississauga Indian, which was a sub-tribe of the Ojibways, who defeated the Iroquois in 1759. His people were located at the native settlements of New Credit, near the city of Brantford, at Chemong Lake, Rice Lake and Lake Scugog, but roamed all over the province, from the county of Northumberland to Leeds. Kingston, Bath and Brockville were their chief places of resort, where they earned a precarious living.

He was born in the State of New York about the year 1796, which is as near the date of his birth as he could tell, there being no significant events in the woods, no tribal wars or great hunts, by which he could distinguish the time that he made his appearance on the earth; and as he was not a genius, no one took the trouble to hunt up the native records, until all traces of them were lost. Like so many other children of the bark wigwams, his days and nights were spent in the woods, where the

camps were filthy, and debauched men and women, maddened with drink, made the long nights hideous with their orgies and wild cries of revelry, and the boys and girls hid in the deep recesses, or crouched in fear in the hollow of a tree. Before the white man came, the natives were industrious, making sugar in the spring and building canoes in the summer. These canoes were marvels of lightness, being so deft in their construction, that two men could easily carry the largest, while they were strong enough to surmount the heaviest billows and suffer no harm, and then off to the fishing camps, where innocent fun and frolic were the order of the day. The forests supplied game for food, the furs were sold to traders to secure the small luxuries of the camp, and there was existence without hard work or anxiety; but dark, idle and immoral days came with the introduction of intoxicating liquors, when drunken brawls were frequent, and filth and debauchery were supreme.

John Sunday's parents were pagans, no better than the rest of the tribe; his companions were ignorant and degraded, without ambition, but with all the vanity of a savage bedecked with feathers and paint. There was no one to give an inspiring word or helping hand and he seemed quite content to be left alone. Begging dances at the white settlement for a few coppers relieved the monotony of camp life; dog-feasts and paltry sacrifices to the gods served to satisfy his religious instincts and yearnings. Yet there were serious moments when he sat alone in his wigwam and high thoughts and grave questions relating to God and the future destiny of man troubled his soul. This uncouth savage looked into the heavens and asked: "Whence came these stars?" There were days in the forest when he was unhappy; the tears

would bring no relief, as he blackened his face with charcoal, and fasted and prayed, while he sat in suspense, waiting for a vision. Religion is inwrought in the constitution of the red man, as well as in other races, and though we may ignore him because of his uncouth manners and strange customs, still even in his darkest hours he remains a true seeker after God.

A simple child of nature was John Sunday, strongly built and above medium height; his countenance was lacking in expression to the casual observer, and he was a drunkard, yet there were redeeming features in his character, which were revealed when divine grace touched the dormant faculties and aroused his ambition. While a pagan in his thought and mode of life, he possessed the power of entertaining his companions around the camp fire, with humorous tales adorned with savage mimicry: and being familiar with the flowers, birds and insects, he had a large fund of information that made him the leader at the feast and in the social circle. Red men and white were often convulsed with laughter over his droll stories and sallies of wit, and his queer grimaces, and the applause satisfied him for a season; but still, his soul yearned after higher and better things, though none knew of the inner struggle, as real and terrible as ever depicted by Paul, John Bunyan, and the spiritual artists of other days.

The conversion of Peter Jones was the beginning of a great and genuine work among the Indian tribes in the Province of Ontario, as he was well qualified, by his knowledge of the language and by his training, to preach to the natives. With the experience and ability of the Rev. William Case, who was deeply interested in the red man and who was the founder of Methodist Indian

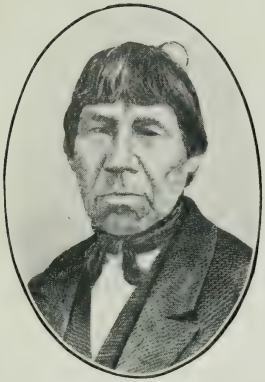
Missions in Canada, he was able to lay broad plans for the civilization of his own race. An evangelistic tour having been undertaken among the Bay of Quinte Indians in February, 1826, a public service was held in the church at Belleville, which was well attended by the white people and Indians; so great was the crowd that two Indians who had come to hear the wonderful story of the Gospel from the lips of the young missionary were compelled to remain outside. These were John Sunday and Moses, poor, degraded and drunken natives, whose curiosity had been awakened by the reports in the camps of a work of grace among their fellows, and who were so determined to learn for themselves the meaning of this new kind of religion that they travelled to Belleville to discover the secret of the power which was transforming the lives of the savages. At the hour for the evening service they entered the church, and as Peter Jones preached on the two paths of life—the narrow way leading to strength, beauty, peace and heaven, and the broad way of sorrow, degradation and death—John Sunday and his companion sat entranced under the spell of the new gospel, and were so smitten with conviction of sin that they resolved to serve the God of the Christians. The sermon on the two ways made such a lasting impression on John Sunday's mind and heart that he oftentimes referred to it upon his own missionary journeys, and it was never forgotten. For three months he prayed and struggled on his way to the Cross, and when Peter Jones again visited the people and a prayer meeting was held, at which a large number of the natives prayed and related the story of their conversion in simple and forceful language, the light broke into his soul and he experienced great joy in believing on Christ. Never could he forget that day,

May 27, 1826, when he found the peace of God, and throughout his long and successful career as a preacher of the everlasting gospel, he frequently told with tears streaming down his cheeks the story of his entrance into the new life.

At once he began to preach and, as with new converts, his theme was his own conversion and religious experience. In less than two months he accompanied Peter Jones on an evangelistic trip to the Indians on Lake Simcoe, and in the camps his native eloquence found expression on his beloved theme. His soul burned with a passion for the salvation of the people of his own race; and for him to become a Christian was to set to work, so that he began his missionary career on the very day that he found Christ. His native ability was so great that, as a public speaker, he was qualified to rank among the leading orators of his race; and there were none, not even Pontiac or Red Jacket, who could sway an audience with greater power than he, while his wit served to add pungency to his addresses. Though unable to read or write, he could command the beauty and strength of his own tongue to charm the audiences that listened to him in the camp and in the congregations of the white people. For a short period he went to school, until he was able to read and write, but these accomplishments added no force to his speech, nor did they lend dignity to him as a preacher, though they enabled him to leave in permanent form the story of his conversion. About two years after the light dawned upon his soul, as he was speaking at a camp meeting at Snake Island, he likened the Christian to the red squirrel, who looks ahead, providing for every contingency against the approaching winter, and urged the people to listen to the words of the Great Spirit, and

imitate the red squirrel by preparing to meet God. In relating his own religious experience at this meeting, his quaint method of preaching is fully exemplified in the following illustration: "My brothers and sisters, I have been one of the most miserable creatures on earth. I lived and wandered among the white people on the Bay of Quinte, contracted their vices, and soon became very wicked. At one time I had a beloved child who was very ill. I tried to save the child from dying, but could not, and he died in defiance of all that I could do for him. I was then more fully convinced that there must be some Being greater than man, and that the Great Being does all things according to His own will. When I heard the missionaries preach Jesus Christ, and what we ought to do to be saved, I believed their word and I began at once to do as they advised, and soon found peace to my soul. Brothers and sisters, I will tell you what the good missionaries are like—they are like sun-glasses, which scatter light and heat wherever they are held; so do the ministers of Christ spread the light and truth amongst the people, which warms their hearts and makes them very happy."

One morning very early, the Rev. William Case was awakened by a noise from one of the wigwams, and on approaching to learn the cause, heard a woman addressing the people, and his heart was made glad as John Sunday said to him: "Oh! it is my mother! She so happy all night she can't sleep." His zeal for the welfare of his people compelled him to strive for their temporal good, and as a member of a delegation of chiefs who interviewed the Government on matters relating to timber and land, he told the civil authorities of the great work of grace among the native tribes, and of their progress in civilization.



SHAWUNDAIS (John Sunday)
(1796-1875)



THE REV. WILLIAM CASE
Founder of Methodist Indian Missions in Canada



From a painting by Paul Kane

SAULT STE. MARIE IN 1845

With the exception of a customs officer and the Hudson's Bay Company's men the inhabitants were Indians and half-breeds

In 1828, he visited some of the cities of the United States, including New York and Philadelphia, where his deep sincerity, vivid gestures and pathetic appeals on behalf of his people made a deep impression. Though he spoke in his own tongue the large congregations were often moved to tears. As he preached to his own people the coldest hearts were touched, dusky worshippers wept as they bowed on the ground, and scoffers remained to pray. Long and arduous missionary journeys were made to the Indian camps along the north shore of Lake Huron and the south shore of Lake Superior, where he preached the gospel, and many souls were won for Christ. In 1832, he was appointed by the Conference as missionary to the Sault Ste. Marie and other bodies of natives; but though that field of operations was extensive enough for any man, his zeal carried him into lonely camps in the forest, where he preached with an eloquence born of an intense passion for souls. Among those who were led captive to the Cross by the love of Christ were chiefs and medicine men, who threw away their tomahawks, medicine bags and rattles, and became sons of peace. In 1834, he was ordained and stationed among the Indians on Grape Island, but that was only a centre, as he travelled here and there in quest of souls.

His strong constitution broke down as the result of his excessive labors, and he was sent to England in 1837 to plead the cause of missions. Large audiences greeted him everywhere, gazing in wonder on this dark-skinned native, laughing at his quaint speeches, and deeply stirred by his appeals. He was presented to the Queen as the chief of his people, who had authorized him to speak on their behalf.

At the Annual Breakfast of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, while the returned missionaries, delegates and officers were partaking of the good things set before them and talking over the triumphs of the gospel, John Sunday was listening and enjoying the feast. Among the edibles on the table was a pot of strong mustard, which was a new dish to the red man, and as it was passed along he took a spoonful into his mouth that brought the tears to his eyes. His native dignity and courtesy would not permit him to eject the mustard, so he was compelled to suffer from the pungency and remain silent. When his friends saw the tears streaming down his cheeks they concluded that he was so happy under the influence of the stories of the gospel that he could not speak, and some of them shouted "Glory! Hallelujah!" John remained silent amid these expressions of joy, until he found his voice, when he looked up with a merry twinkle in his eye, and one of his queer smiles, and quietly remarked: "No! No! Not Glory, Hallelujah! Just mustard!"

Addressing a congregation at Plymouth, he said: "I understand that many of you are disappointed because I have not brought my Indian dress with me. Perhaps, if I had it on, you would be afraid of me. Do you wish to know how I was dressed when I was a pagan Indian? I will tell you. My face was covered with red paint. I stuck feathers in my hair. I wore leggings and a blanket. I had silver ornaments on my breast, a rifle on my shoulder, a tomahawk and scalping knife in my belt. That was my dress then. Now do you wish to know why I wear it no longer? You will find the cause in II Corinthians 5: 17: 'Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things have passed away; behold all

things are become new.' When I became a Christian, feathers and paint passed away. I gave my silver ornaments to the mission cause." Holding up a copy of the Ten Commandments in the Ojibway language, he said: "That my tomahawk now! Blanket done away! Behold all things are become new!"

After his return from England, he visited the Indians at Sault Ste. Marie, and from 1839 to 1850 he labored at Rice Lake, Mud Lake and Alderville, but he preached and lectured far and wide; as he quaintly remarked, "My family lives at Alderville, but I live everywhere."

A Mormon preacher came into the district where John Sunday was laboring, and at one of the meetings extolled the Book of Mormon, and declaimed against the Bible, causing dismay among the Indians, who had been induced to attend the services along with the white people in the neighborhood. When the preacher had finished his discourse, he gave an opportunity to anyone to ask questions, or to answer him, and John having received permission to speak, replied in one of his characteristic speeches: "A great many winters ago, the Great Spirit gave his good book, the Bible, to the white man over the great waters. He took it and read it, and it made his heart all over glad. By and by white man came over to this country and brought the good book with him. He gave it to poor Indian. He hear it and understand it, and it make his heart very glad too. But when the Great Spirit gave his good book to the white man, the evil spirit, the Muche-Munedoo, try to make a book like the Great Spirit, but he could not, so he go into the woods and there he dig a hole in the ground and hide his book. After lying there for many winters, Joe Smith go and dig the book up. That is the book this preacher has been talking

about. I hold fast to the good old Bible, which has made my heart so happy. I will have nothing to do with the devil's book." That quaint speech put an end to the Mormon propaganda in that section of the country.

He was an able advocate of missions, and his own life being a splendid illustration of the power of the gospel, he was in constant demand as a speaker on the missionary platform, both in his own land, and in the United States. One of his speeches, apparently unpremeditated, was called by those who heard it, his "Gold Speech," which is as follows:

"There is a gentleman who, I suppose, is now in this house. He is a very fine gentleman, but a very modest one. He does not like to show himself at these meetings. I do not know how long it is since I have seen him—he comes out so little. I am very much afraid that he sleeps a good deal of his time, when he ought to be out doing good. His name is Gold.

"Mr. Gold, are you here to-night, or are you sleeping in your iron chest? Come out, Mr. Gold, come out and help us do this great work, to preach the Gospel to every creature. Ah, Mr. Gold, you ought to be ashamed of yourself to sleep so much in your iron chest. Look at your white brother, Mr. Silver—he does a great deal of good while you are sleeping. Come out, Mr. Gold. Look, too, at your little brown brother, Mr. Copper. He is everywhere. Your poor little brown brother is running about, doing all he can to help us. Why don't you come out, Mr. Gold? Well, if you won't show yourself, send us your shirt, that is, a bank note. That is all I have to say."

Four years were spent as a missionary among the Indians at Mount Elgin and Muncey, eleven years at

Alnwick; and in 1867, when he was superannuated, he retired at Alderville, where he lived to the advanced age of eighty years, passing away on December 14, 1875, greatly beloved and honored by all classes of citizens of both races, who admired him for his ability and for the strength and purity of his life. He died as he had lived, faithful to his own people and the friend of all.

CHAPTER III

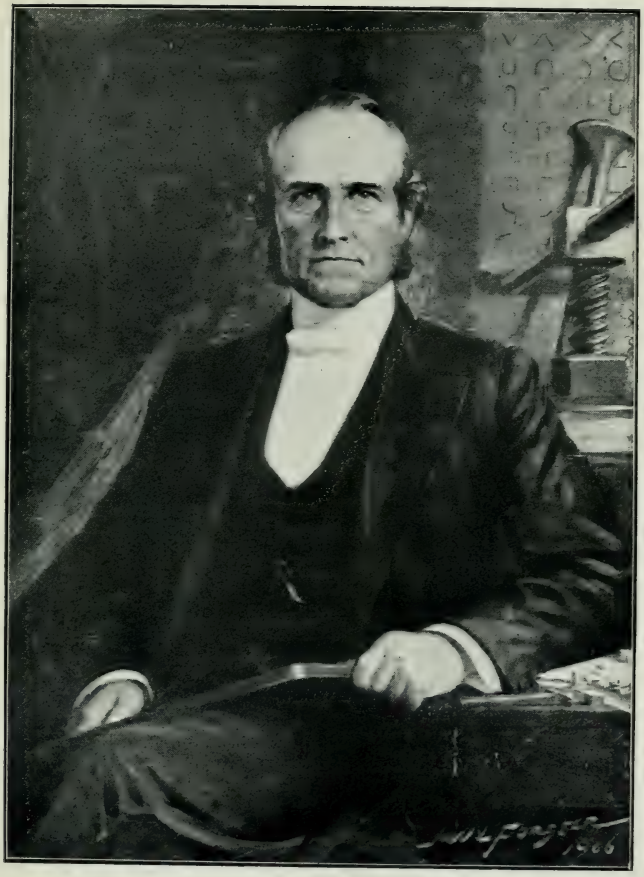
JAMES EVANS

Inventor of the Cree Syllabic

AMONG the great names of the pioneers of the Cross, and of those worthy of being designated the vanguards of Canada, none holds a higher place than James Evans, who laid the foundation for a great work among the Cree Indians and other tribes in the Dominion, by his invention of the syllabic system. This simplified the study of the language, made possible a literature easily understood by the natives, and furnished a means of communication between the white people and the Indians of the far north.

The inventor of this system was born in Kingston-upon-Hull, England, in 1801. His father was a sailor, captain of the troopship *Triton,* and the boy imbibed the tastes of the sea, being an expert swimmer at eight years of age. The father had seen enough of the hardships of the waters, so he determined to spoil the lad's liking, so he took him on a couple of voyages, subjecting him to the toil of a common sailor; and further, he sent him and his brother Ephraim to a boarding school in Lincolnshire, and finally bound him as an apprentice to a grocer. Though he was destined for higher things, the training on the sea and in commercial life served him well in after years, when he scoured the rivers and lakes in quest of souls among the native tribes, and with a heart of oak he faced danger and never knew defeat.

The famous Irish evangelist, Gideon Ouseley, was on one of his notable tours in England when James Evans, attracted by the fame of the devoted and brilliant Irish-



THE REV. JAMES EVANS
(1801-1846)

ᐅᒪ ᓂᒥᐣ ᐊᓯᒋᓐ ᒪᐧ (John) ᓂᓇ ᑐᐃᐧᐃᐣ (Marianne)
ᐁᓂᓂᐃᓇᐣ ᐋᑎᐊᒋᐣ ᐋᑎᐅᐊᒋ ᐋᓄᑲᐃᐧᐣ October 20th
ᐯᐧ ᓂᒥᒋᑕᑐᒋᑕᐅᓐ ᐋᐊᐧᑐᐧᐣ ᒋᑕᑐᒋᑕᑲᐅᓐ ᑎᐋ ᒋᐧ
ᑕᐅᓐ ᑐᐧᐅᓇᐣ ᐋᐧᐣ ᑕᑐᐋᐣ (1845)

A. J. Russell

A MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE IN CREE SYLLABIC

man, went to one of his meetings, was soundly converted to God, and at once began his great work of winning souls. He became a prayer leader and local preacher, visiting the towns and villages in the vicinity of his home, preaching with much acceptance and success the everlasting Gospel; the peace and joy of the young convert was rich and deep, through his new experience of divine grace. About the year 1821, the family emigrated to Canada and settled at Lachute, in the Province of Quebec; but James was in a large glass and crockery establishment in London, where he remained for two years before following his relatives to the new world. The temptations of the city proved too strong for the young man, adrift among acquaintances who had no desire for the deep things of the spiritual life, and when he turned his face toward the west, he was careless of divine things.

A few months after his arrival in Canada, a school was opened near L'Orignal. Possessing the necessary qualifications, he was engaged as teacher, a profession in which he was eminently successful. As he had a genius for languages and a strong mind severely trained, his work as teacher became a stepping-stone to the larger sphere of a missionary and pioneer of the Cross. About the year 1832, he was married to Miss Mary Blithe Smith, a genial soul who entered heartily into all his schemes for the amelioration of society and shared his burdens and hardships without a murmur. After spending two years of married life in Lower Canada, the hand of destiny led them into Upper Canada, and hardly had they become settled in their new home, when, at a camp meeting at Augusta, they were led to a renewed consecration of their lives to God. With the vision and inspira-

tion of the new life in Christ they found fresh scope for their talents, and ultimately they found the work and sphere where they laid the foundations on which other laborers were called to build.

With the revival of the New England Company for the propagation of the Gospel in New England under a royal charter, on the restoration of Charles II, vigorous steps were taken for the instruction of the Indians, and with the inspiration of the great work of John Eliot, the Apostle of the Indians, there sprang up a movement for the civilization of the Indians of the Province of Ontario. Some years before the Tuscaroras were received into the confederation, and the Iroquois became known as the Six Nation Indians, the New England Company had commenced missionary work among the natives on the Grand River, and evidence is on hand of the deep interest aroused on their behalf by a royal gift of a silver communion service from Queen Anne, bearing the date of 1711. For a whole century the work was carried on by means of a school and religious services, with translations of the Prayer Book and parts of the Scriptures, but the progress was slow and many of the people became debauched through the bad influence of the traders, who supplied them with intoxicating liquor and degraded them through the example of their own immoral lives.

The early Methodist missionaries in the province were anxious to do something toward their evangelization, as seen in the efforts of Nathan Bangs, the first Methodist missionary in Western Ontario, who came in 1802 and spent several years in the country. The pioneers of the Cross were too busy looking after the settlers scattered through the backwoods to devote much time to the native

tribes; besides, their ignorance of the native languages proved to be a hindrance toward reaching the hearts of the Indians with the Gospel message. Not until William Case assumed the responsibility, and consecrated his talents toward the conversion of the Indians of Ontario, was much effective work done among them. For thirty years the salvation of the red men was the ruling passion of his life. He has been aptly called "The Apostle of the Indians," as he was a worthy successor of John Eliot, though lacking in the linguistic ability of his predecessor. He became the presiding genius of the work among the natives, travelling extensively to find money to educate the people, training teachers and missionaries, superintending the translation of hymns and portions of the Bible, and helping men and women toward positions of independence. He discovered and trained Peter Jones, the eloquent preacher, translator and author; John Sunday, the native orator; Henry B. Steinhauer, the devoted missionary to the Crees; George McDougall, the martyr missionary of the far west; James Evans and many others who became valued teachers, missionaries and interpreters among their own tribes. He founded schools, organized missions and established an institution, which was pre-eminently a missionary college, at Alderville, where the people were taught trades and various forms of manual labor, native teachers received normal training, and missionaries were fitted for service among the native tribes.

Twelve miles north of Cobourg lies Rice Lake, which received its name from the large quantities of wild rice growing in its waters, furnishing food for wild fowl and the Indians. In the woods skirting the lake there lived a band of Ojibway Indians with Chief Patosh, who were

called Rice Lake Indians. Beside these, on their respective lakes, were the Mud Lake, and Lake Scugog Indians. When members of these three bands went to Peterborough and Port Hope to trade their furs, they usually returned intoxicated, and gradually became debauched. At the Conference held at Hull's Corners, three miles north of Cobourg, an invitation was sent to the Indians to attend the Conference religious services and the Cramaje camp-meeting, and a number of them were converted. In the winter of 1827, a school was built on the south shore of Rice Lake; this was the eighth Indian school in operation under the Methodist Missionary Society and was attended by sixty children. So successful was the work among these people, that ninety-six church members were reported at the Conference of 1828.

In that year James Evans began the great work of his life, by being sent to take charge as teacher of the Rice Lake School. His ability as a teacher and his genius in the study of languages was now put to the test, and he was furnished with opportunity and abundant scope for his energies. At once he began the study of the Ojibway language with much enthusiasm. His aptitude was such that he mastered its difficulties sufficiently to make attempts at translations, having for his guidance portions of the Scriptures, hymns and works translated by Peter Jones and others. One of the chief difficulties that the natives found in acquiring the power to read their own language lay in the fact that the Roman alphabet was used, and James Evans felt the need of some simpler method of expressing the Indian words. At the Conference of 1830, held at Kingston, he was received on probation for the ministry. So efficient had been his service, that in the short period spent as teacher

at Rice Lake he had translated eighteen chapters of Genesis and twenty Psalms, besides preparing a vocabulary of the Ojibway. These were given to Peter Jones for correction, and to serve as a guide for other translations.

In 1831, he was sent as missionary to the Credit; in 1833, he was ordained and stationed at St. Catharines. In 1834, he was sent to Sarnia, to labor among the St. Clair Indians, who were located on the site of the town and at several points along the St. Clair River. He was called to succeed the Rev. Thomas Turner, who had been stationed there in 1832, by the Wesleyan Missionary Society of England, in response to a request from the Colonial Government for a missionary for these people. A great revival changed the entire character of the tribe, and stimulated him to a more critical study of the Ojibway language; by 1836, he had discovered that eight consonants and four vowels would represent the whole language, and he sought to express all the words by means of a syllabic system in Roman letters. He wrote on June 11th, 1841, to the Rev. Joseph Stinson, "For this purpose I prepared a syllabic alphabet such as I presented to the Bible Society in Toronto in 1836, and of which they disapproved." While the question of his syllabic system was left in abeyance, a committee consisting of the Revs. Joseph Stinson, Ephraim Evans, William Case, Peter Jones and James Evans was appointed to prepare a uniform system of orthography for the Ojibway language.

In 1837, James Evans spent four months in New York, superintending the printing of his translations, including his "Speller and Interpreter in Indian and English," a hymn book in Ojibway, and some music. On his journey

homeward, when he reached London, in the Province of Ontario, laden with stores for his family and the mission, there was no means of transportation. With the determination and inventive skill which he possessed, he procured some lumber and made a raft—ingenious enough, having a small compartment for himself. In this strange craft, he paddled or sailed past Delaware, through the Indian reservation at Muncey, circling the Big Bend, on through Moraviantown the embryo city of Chatham, skirting the great marshes by Lake St. Clair until he met the St. Clair River, where he turned up the stream and sailed beyond Walpole Island, to Sarnia and home.

In the following year, 1838, James Evans and Thomas Hurlburt were sent to the scattered bands of Indians on Lake Superior, some of whom had been visited by Peter Jones and John Sunday. This was the beginning of his long tours among the native tribes, which were continued until his death; for while a central point was designated as his station, he travelled far and wide in quest of souls. Leaving his wife and children in Ontario, residing at Sarnia and then at Cobourg, he started on his mission, preceded by Thomas Hurlburt and his wife, and travelled by a small boat over the rivers and lakes. Some idea of the difficulties of the journey may be learned from the fact that it took over fifty hours to go from Sarnia to Niagara Falls. His parents were residing at Charlotteville, in the Province of Ontario, and to them, and his wife, he sent an interesting account of his adventures in a series of letters in which he recounted his difficulties, trials and triumphs in the native camps. Never was there a man more heroic, more imbued with a spirit of self-sacrifice and enthusiasm than this learned scholar,

who had consecrated his talents for the salvation of the red men. Two weeks were spent at Manitoulin Island, where several families were baptized. During his stay here John Sunday arrived to join the party on this missionary tour. There was much opposition from priests and ministers of other denominations, who resented the appearance of James Evans and his companions, but he went on his way preaching the Gospel, and a number of the natives responded to the truth. After nine days' hard rowing and one day's fair sailing, he arrived at Sault Ste. Marie, and received much encouragement in the prosecution of his missionary labors from Mr. Nause, the Hudson's Bay Factor. There were many Indians on both sides of the river and lake, some of whom spent the winter in the mountains, while others, called by the traders "Lake Indians," resided continuously near the shores. A wide field of operations stretched out to the west and north, that promised scope and success for the pioneers of the Cross. The natives were ready for the message, seeking out the missionaries to inquire about salvation, coming into the post at the time for family prayer, that they might learn further about faith in Christ. A report was received that the Indians about Red River were coming six and seven hundred miles to ask for missionaries. From his lone abode on Lake Superior, he writes: "I love society, but I trust that God knows I love the poor benighted heathen more, and heaven is just as near to the wilderness as to Toronto. I have no home but heaven, and I desire no other, but hope God will enable me to wander about these dark regions until He calls me home."

Thomas Hurlburt pushed on to Fort William and established a mission among the large number of natives who resorted there, and was anxious to go further west

to Rainy Lake, where a vast field was open for the Gospel; and James Evans, going among the camps in the wilderness, had Peter Jacobs and his wife as able helpers in his work, as they were converted Ojibways, and were well qualified to prepare the way, or follow in the path of the missionary. The romance of the west had already begun, for these pathfinders had caught a vision, and were as eager to explore new territory as the intrepid navigators who sought to find the North Pole. Greater treasure than the furs of the northland or the gold of the Yukon was the object of their march, for with a zeal worthy of Francis Xavier, or David Livingstone, they scoured the forests in quest of souls. While Hurlburt was laboring at Fort William, Evans was contemplating a journey on snow-shoes from Sault Ste. Marie to join him, but was compelled to wait for help from the east to care for his converts, while he pushed toward the west. Amid the intense loneliness of the mission, and much opposition from other missionaries, his faith and courage endured a severe trial through the drowning of his brother Joseph; and there was none to bring comfort, as his own family and parents were residing in Ontario. He remained at his distant post till the summer of 1839, when he was stationed at Guelph. This was his last year of labor among the white people. It is worthy of note, as an offset against the prevailing idea that a missionary to the Indians is lacking in ability or is disqualified by his association with savages for the regular work of the ministry, that his ministrations in Guelph were marked by sterling piety, high and deep thinking combined with persuasive power in the pulpit and able administration; and hallowed memories of a saintly life, and sinners led to the Cross remained long after he had passed to the other side of life.

Away in the great northland there was a vast territory, inhabited by thousands of Indians and half-breeds, with trappers and Hudson's Bay Company men; and for this populous country there were a few Roman Catholic missionaries, but most of the natives still lived in practical heathenism. Ever since 1832, the Methodist Church had longed and prayed for men and means to begin missions in the Hudson's Bay territory; but not until the spring of 1840 was there any decision, and then British Methodism began definite work by appointing three young missionaries in England, with James Evans as General Superintendent. Robert Terrill Rundle was stationed at Edmonton and Rocky Mountain House, William Mason at Rainy Lake and Fort Alexander, George Barnley at Moose Factory and Abitibi, and James Evans at Norway House. The British contingent left Liverpool on March 16th and arrived in New York on April 12th. Proceeding to Montreal, they travelled by the Hudson's Bay Company's brigade of canoes to their respective stations. James Evans made preparations for his long journey, and accompanied by his wife and daughter Euphemia, Peter Jacobs and Henry B. Steinhauer, two young Ojibways who had been educated and trained as native missionaries, he started for Montreal to join the brigade of canoes; but was doomed to disappointment, as the brigade had gone. Nothing daunted, he embarked on the steamer Rideau on the Rideau canal and went by way of Sarnia, Detroit, Lake Huron and Lake Superior, where he took canoes and travelled a long and tedious journey to Norway House. His goods were sent to London, England, to be carried by the Hudson's Bay Company to his mission, consuming three or four months in transportation. The Company was very liberal in its treatment of the missionaries, as

it furnished them with canoes, provisions, interpreters and houses without any cost, and gave them letters of introduction to the Factors in charge of the forts. With a burning passion for souls and strong faith in God, Evans said: "I am in high spirits, and expect to see many of the poor savages converted to God."

Norway House, the centre of the mission stations, was founded in 1819 by a party of Norwegians who were driven out from the Red River Settlement in 1814 and had established themselves at Norway Point; and the Hudson's Bay Company named it Norway House, as it became one of their chief depots. It is situated at the north end of Lake Winnipeg, nearly four hundred miles from the City of Winnipeg, the fort itself being built at the mouth of the Jack River. The location was excellent, as the buildings were so hidden by rocks that they could not be seen until the canoe had almost reached the wharf. This was an excellent site for a mission, and especially for the General Superintendent, as the brigade of boats from York Factory and Red River, on its way from Athabasca and Mackenzie River, passed Norway House going and returning; and the Indians and half-breeds from widely scattered regions of the great North-west heard the Gospel and carried the message to their own people. Many of the native tribes were represented in the canoes, and the progress of the mission was reported in the camps of the far north and in the lodges of the prairie tribes south and west, and still farther the buffalo hunters carried the news to the roving bands of natives on the banks of the Missouri and Yellowstone.

What a vast region was this for one man to superintend from his lone centre on the north of Lake Winni-



From a painting by Paul Kane

ROCKY MOUNTAIN HOUSE, 1845

A western missionary centre of the thousand mile district, near the present town of Red Deer



From a painting by Paul Kane

RED RIVER SETTLEMENT IN 1845

(The site of the present city of Winnipeg)

peg! Fort Frances on Rainy River, where William Mason was stationed, lay five hundred miles south-east by canoe route; Moose Factory, where George Barnley was the missionary, was situated on James Bay in north-western Ontario, another five hundred miles north-east from Fort Frances; Edmonton and Rocky Mountain House, the centre of Robert T. Rundle's operations, were in the Province of Alberta, a thousand miles west from Norway House; and with no railroads or organized system of traffic, and with tribes of Indians along the routes, one can imagine the prophetic vision and splendid energy of the man under whose guidance this large field, embracing the whole of the North-west, was to be consolidated as one great mission for the salvation of the Indians. In the first week of August, 1840, he arrived at Norway House, and began at once to lay foundations for his work among the Cree Indians, a tribe of Algonquin origin, allied to the Ojibways, Micmacs, Bloods, Piegans and Blackfeet. The Crees were a hardy, energetic race, living in a cold and bracing climate, where timber and water were in abundance. They obtained their living by trapping beaver, fishing, and hunting the moose, elk, fox and other wild animals in the northland, thus securing food, clothing and lodges, and bartering furs with the Hudson's Bay Company for the luxuries of the camp. They were skilled boatmen on the lakes and rivers, could run long distances without much fatigue and were trusty and loyal guides for the white man.

Intensely devoted to their native religion, they beheld in every fantastic tree and strangely-shaped stone, and in the rapids of the rivers, the abodes of the spirits. Observant of the motion of the stars, and the habits of the plants, birds and animals, they were superstitious. Their

religion was one of constant fear, consequently, the medicine men, who were the native priests and doctors—sometimes called shamans and conjurors—exercised a great influence over the people. The first winter was spent at the Hudson's Bay fort instructing the people and studying the language. In the spring, a beautiful island in Playgreen Lake was chosen, about two miles from Norway House, where the mission was permanently located. As a deep and lasting friendship had sprung up between the missionary and Donald Ross, the Chief Factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, and his family, stationed at Norway House, the mission was named Rossville.

Aided by the Indians, the missionary went into the bush and prepared the materials, and in a short time he had laid the foundation of a prosperous village. There were erected a school, parsonage, and a neat church whose white walls contrasted favorably with the sombre shades of the tall trees in the background, and about twenty houses for the natives, who settled around the mission.

The people spent the summer in farming and gardening and in the winter they went off on hunting expeditions. In the school the children were taught reading, writing and arithmetic, and as James Evans was a good musician, he trained them to sing the hymns that he had translated into their language. R. M. Ballantyne, the famous writer of boys' books, was then in the employment of the Hudson's Bay Company and was stationed at Norway House. He describes, in his interesting volume on "Hudson's Bay," a Christmas festival which he attended at Rossville; the feast consisted of puddings, pies and cakes, vegetables and venison, and there were

recitations and singing in English and Cree, varied by religious exercises. The preaching of the Gospel was attended by demonstrations of power, men and women weeping and praying at the public services, crying for mercy and rejoicing in the knowledge of sins forgiven. The camps throughout the district were transformed, gambling feasts and dances were discarded, the medicine man's incantations ceased, and peace and joy reigned. Class meetings were instituted, and native leaders were appointed to take charge of them and some of the men of talent became preachers to their brethren.

Far and wide the news spread of the wonderful work of grace at Norway House, and the missionary and his new converts yearned to tell the old, old story to the tribes beyond. Some of the Hudson's Bay Company's employees were anxious that the truth should be made known to the strangers in the forests; and they joined the Indians in urging James Evans to visit the lodges in the west and north. With his famous train of dogs, fierce and swift, he travelled hundreds of miles on his long journeys, speeding over the snow to the Indian camps and Hudson's Bay Company's posts, preaching the Gospel, and marking out places for future missions. In his quest for souls he travelled to Oxford House, two hundred and fifty miles northward, then four hundred miles farther to York Factory.

It is difficult to conceive the extent of territory covered by this intrepid man as he travelled thousands of miles throughout the North-west—a man worthy to stand beside Radisson, La Verandrye, Mackenzie and Samuel Hearne, the early explorers of the west and north. While Radisson was in search of furs, and Verandrye, Mackenzie, Hearne and Thompson were seeking new

routes to the north and the Pacific Ocean (and the records of their travels and discoveries are to be found in their journals and in the names of rivers and places on the maps), Evans was making discoveries of another kind, and the account of his conquests was written on the hearts and in the lives of men and women, and none but the angels can read the real story of his life. Had he chosen to follow in the footsteps of some missionaries who while still missionaries became explorers, as in the case of David Livingstone, he might have found at last a resting place in Westminster Abbey. From Norway House on Lake Winnipeg to York Factory on Hudson Bay on the east he travelled over the provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta into Athabasca, and away to Fort Chipewyan on the Peace River. Over the rivers and lakes, with his well-trained crew of native boatmen, he sped in his canoe made of sheet tin which the Indians named, on account of its flashing brightness, *the Island of Light.* Never daunted by danger or hardships, facing the fiercest storms on long and arduous journeys, he pursued his way, his soul consumed with a burning passion for souls; he planted the banner of the Cross at lonely posts, and in far-distant camps. He bore a charmed life in that north land, as he crossed the lakes in severe storms, camped out in the coldest weather and risked the swiftest and wildest rapids, in his great mission.

As early as 1836 he had discovered the secret of his syllabic system, by which he used characters for syllables instead of the letters of the Roman alphabet; and he had then so thoroughly grasped the principles of the Ojibway language that he reduced it to an alphabet of eight consonants and four vowels, and with nine characters in four positions he so simplified it that it became very

easy to master. The Bible Society, in Toronto, did not approve his invention which he submitted in 1836, and began printing the Scriptures with the Roman alphabet; so he directed his efforts to improve the orthography with this alphabet, and in his Speller and Interpreter he gave the result of his labors, which met with a share of success. When he came in contact with the Cree language at Norway House, he found it to belong to the Algonquin family language, and having been for twelve years in touch with the Indian people and their forms of speech, he was ready for new conquests. At once he fell back on his syllabic system, and by June 1841, less than a year after his arrival in the country, he had so perfected it, that he writes: "The men, women and children at Norway House write and read it with ease and fluency, as do some European gentlemen who speak the language of the Indians in different parts." "This birch-bark talk," as the natives called it from the fact that the first books were made with leaves of birch-bark on which the characters were written with ink made from the soot of the chimney, awakened much interest among the people; and with the demand for books, there arose the problem of printing them. After numerous experiments and difficulties which seemed almost unsurmountable, he cast type from lead taken from tea chests. In the summer of 1841 he had made a font of Indian type, and with an old jackpress used for packing furs he had printed five thousand pages in the Muskego language, and bound a hundred copies of a small volume of hymns of sixteen pages. Permission having been gained from the Hudson's Bay Company, a printing press and type were sent to Norway House from London, England, and the work of providing literature for the natives was in reality begun.

The influence of the new learning spread far and wide beyond the mission, as the Indians carried the knowledge to the lodges of other tribes on their hunting expeditions. Without the intervention of any missionary, the Chipewayan Indians had become possessed of some of the books and were able to read them. The Cree language was esteemed by them to be a learned language, which every cultured Chipewayan ought to know. The English Church and Roman Catholic missionaries adopted the syllabic system, made translations in it and published an extensive literature. It gave an incentive to other syllabic systems for the Athabascan tribes, the Blackfeet and other peoples. Its method was so simple and easy to acquire, that many of the natives were able to master it in one day, and the average length of time was one week.

With the help of Mr. and Mrs. Ross of Norway House, Mrs. Evans, Mrs. Mason, and a band of helpers which he gathered around him, including Henry B. Steinhauer and William Mason as missionaries, Thomas Hassell, an educated Chipewayan, and John Sinclair, a clever half-breed, James Evans carried on the work of translation and printing. John Sinclair translated the Scriptures from Genesis to Esther and from Matthew to the Acts of the Apostles, and Steinhauer from Job to Malachi, and from Romans to Revelation; and the Cree Bible was published by the British and Foreign Bible Society in England in 1861. A very extensive literature has been supplied for the northern tribes in the Cree syllabic, which has been of great service in moulding them for a better life.

A sad disagreement arose between James Evans and some of the Hudson's Bay Company officers over the observance of the Sabbath and the use of intoxicating

liquors, and his character was maligned. Then by accident his gun was discharged, killing his companion Thomas Hassell, who was with him in the boat; he made a long journey to the home of the parents of his friend to give himself up, to be killed or adopted in place of the lost son. They chose the latter method and he devoted part of his salary to their support. He was called to England by the missionary authorities to answer to the false charges made upon his character. His friends were able by the confession of the witnesses, who swore that they were suborned to make the charges, completely to vindicate him; but his heart was broken by severe toil and hardship, and by bitter persecution. At a missionary meeting held at Keilby, Lincolnshire, on November 23, 1846, he spoke of his work with much eloquence to a large audience; that evening after he had retired to his room, he suddenly passed away.

Thus died, in the prime of life, a saint and scholar, whose genius and work, the Earl of Dufferin said was so great that it was worthy "a title and monument in Westminster Abbey."

Numerous testimonies from travellers, politicians and missionaries of Protestant and Roman Catholic churches have been given of the wide influence and extended use, as well as the large and great benefits that have flowed from James Evans' invention; and after the lapse of so many years, the work is still on the increase. The time may yet come when this undaunted hero in the cause of religion and civilization will be recognized as one of the noble pioneers of the Cross, a missionary worthy of a place beside the greatest missionaries of all the churches in every age, and a true and eminent vanguard and trailmaker of the Canadian West.

CHAPTER IV

ROBERT TERRILL RUNDLE

First Protestant Missionary in the North-west

BEHIND the records of history lie the deeds of men whose genius has not been discovered till their work is done and their memory almost forgotten. Some heroic men and women who were pioneers of civilization, laying foundations of empire for posterity, real vanguards of western Canada, have been among those whose names are not found in any biographical dictionary, and yet they are worthy to be placed among the noblest in the land, though counted only as missionaries to the red men.

Robert Terrill Rundle was born in Cornwall, England, in 1811, a grandson of the saintly William Carvosso, whose career as a Methodist class leader became an inspiring force in his own denomination, while his beautiful life has remained as a benediction to all the churches. Reared in a home where prayer was a daily privilege, the future missionary was highly favored by the pious example of his parents and the gracious influences of "the great revival" then in progress in Cornwall. This revival was induced in highest measure by his devoted grandfather, as he visited from house to house. He was a wise and earnest teacher in the science of saving souls and it is written of him: "Hundreds of awakened consciences found consolation and guidance in his apt and



THE REV. ROBERT TERRILL RUNDLE (1811-1886)

The first Protestant missionary in the Northwest. He arrived at Edmonton Sept. 18th, 1840



From a painting by Paul Kane

CUNNEWABUM

(One-who-looks-at-the-stars)
A Cree Indian Girl in Ceremonial Dress, Edmonton, 1840



From a painting by Paul Kane

EDMONTON IN 1840, A HUDSON'S BAY TRADING POST

scriptural counsels; thousands of weary pilgrims took courage from his words to go on to perfection."

It was quite natural that among such blessed helpers in the way of faith Rundle should be converted in his youth and receive the assurance of salvation, on which great emphasis was placed; and in a district where laymen exercised the gift of preaching with power, that he should become a local preacher while in his teens. A deep and abiding impression came to his soul that he must preach the Gospel in a wider sphere. This was confirmed by the Church, and he was sent to the Theological Institution for training, that he might be fitted for the arduous duties of a foreign missionary. Though small in stature, he possessed a brave soul, ready to endure any hardship that he might win souls for Christ. In response to the call of the Indians in the Canadian North-west, he was received on trial, ordained in 1840, and became one of the famous contingent which founded the missions to the aborigines west of the Great Lakes.

Sailing from England, he went to Montreal by way of New York, and on April 2, 1840, he started from Lachine in a canoe on his journey to Edmonton which was to be the centre of his missionary operations. Proceeding up the Ottawa River, interrupted by currents and foaming cataracts, he arrived at the Hudson's Bay Company's fort at Mattawa, which he left on May 2nd, and journeyed toward Lake Huron, "listening," as he says in his journal, "to the cataract thundering in solitude through lakes embosomed in woods." Two days later he reached Lake Nipissing and went down French River at the rate of ninety miles a day; and five days afterward, arrived at Sault Ste. Marie, entering Lake Superior, over which his crew paddled eight days before landing at Fort

William. There he exchanged his large canoe for two smaller ones, and continued his westward journey through Dog Lake, Lake of a Thousand Islands, Ridge, Croix and Rainy Lakes, and on the twenty-seventh day of the month arrived at Rat Portage, where the thermometer registered ninety-two degrees in the shade. Two days later he reached the Falls of Point-du-Bois where he was charmed with the wonderful display of Northern Lights. Next day the party arrived at Slave Falls and on the last day of the month he was at Fort Alexander, on the south-eastern extremity of Lake Winnipeg. Here he observed eagles, geese, ducks and pelicans, and met large floats of ice. On June 5th he entered Jack River and arrived at Norway House in the evening.

The second stage of his journey ended at this Hudson's Bay Company's post; he was still twelve hundred miles from his destination. Two months before James Evans, the real founder of Norway House Mission, arrived, Rundle was there, and though apparently resting before setting out for Edmonton, he was abundant in labors among the Indians and the employees of the Company. The agent and his family entertained the missionary, a place of worship within the stockade was placed at his disposal, contributions were made for the cause of missions, and by August 1st eight marriages and seventy-nine baptisms were recorded, and the nucleus of a church formed.

With a burning passion for souls, he hastened on his journey to Edmonton, where he arrived on September 18, 1840, having travelled from New York about three thousand five hundred miles. There were no luxuries in travelling in those early days, and the contrast of distances is a striking evidence of the progress of civilization

in the west, ending to a large degree the romance of the north country in which hardy voyagers carried by canoe and dog train the messages of the Hudson's Bay Company Factors. Letters were sent by Indian runners, on long and arduous journeys by tortuous streams with many portages, and in the depth of winter these brave fellows made the trail on snowshoes when the dog-train failed. A message from York Factory to Winnipeg then consumed from four to six weeks, but the glamor and romance have passed away before the wireless telegrams. At Port Nelson, located a few miles from York Factory, a wireless station has been erected by the Dominion Government. On January 9th, 1914, the first message was picked out of the air. It was a trans-Atlantic message telling of the illness of Lord Strathcona, whose name has been coupled with the development of Canada's great hinterland. Rapid transit by railroads in modern times, even in the west, brings a vision of progress when contrasted with Edward Ermatinger's journeys between Vancouver and Hudson Bay in 1827-1828, the trip from Vancouver to Norway House having occupied eighty-nine days, and from York Factory to Vancouver one hundred and five days.

Rundle was the first Protestant missionary west of Manitoba and Keewatin, while the scene of his operations was confined wholly to Alberta with Edmonton as his headquarters. As a matter of history, without the tinge of a boast, he was the first permanent missionary of any church to settle in the far-west province, east of the Rocky Mountains. The Roman Catholic and Anglican missionaries were usually pioneers among the native tribes, penetrating into hidden recesses of mountain and forest, and establishing missions on the bleak shores of

the Arctic, and they still retain the honor of spiritual explorers and discoverers of lonely bands of aborigines in the far north. On their way to the Pacific Coast in 1838, Fathers Demers and Blanchet erected a cross at Edmonton; Father Thibault went into the Saskatchewan country in 1841, and in the following year selected a site for a mission at Lac Ste. Anne, fifty miles northwest of Edmonton, because there was an abundance of fuel, and the soil and fishing were good. This was his first permanent mission on the Upper Saskatchewan for the Cree Indians and half breeds; Father de Smet visited Edmonton in 1845; and Father Lacombe left St. Boniface in July, 1852, with Chief Factor John Rowand, who had ten York boats and eighty men. They arrived at Edmonton on December 19th of that year.

Edmonton was the most important post of the Hudson's Bay Company west of Fort Garry, and was established in 1795. It was an excellent centre for a mission, as native tribes speaking different languages brought their furs to that place, and a missionary had many opportunities of conversing with them and preaching to them through an interpreter; and the introduction opened up the way for numerous visits to the Indian camps on the plains and in the mountains while frequent invitations came from the chiefs to visit their people and tell them of the message from the Great Spirit. The trading post was a busy centre when hundreds of Indians came to barter their furs or the boats arrived with goods for the season's trade; but at other times it was lonely enough for those accustomed to the ways of civilization, as there was no postal or telegraphic communication. The vast plains were claimed by the Indians, the buffalo roamed in countless thousands, great herds of wild deer came out

of the mountains, the lakes abounded with ducks and geese, and berries of various kinds grew in profusion among the foothills; but the soil lay waste without a single plough to produce a crop, and the great beds of coal were unproductive, awaiting the genius and energy of the white race.

A cordial welcome was given Rundle by Mr. John Rowand, Chief Factor at the fort, and he became a guest of the family taking up his quarters within the stockade and supplied with all the necessaries of life at the expense of the Honorable Company. This was a uniform custom throughout the wide territory covered by the Company's posts, accredited missionaries of the Churches being furnished with means for the prosecution of their work among the Indian tribes, by an annual grant, and, when urgent, free transportation was given. Life in a fort was too monotonous for such an intrepid spirit as Rundle's and he began without delay to preach to the Cree and Stoney Indians in the vicinity. The arrival of a man who talked with the Great Spirit was noised abroad, and became the subject of animated discussions in the lodges, and around the camp fires as anxious souls enquired about the mysterious being who possessed superior power, and the reasons for his coming into the country. When he first visited the tribes on the plains, a native council was held to enquire and, if possible, decide who he was and where he came from, so that the chiefs might advise their people. On January 3rd, 1841, Rundle writes: "We had a very interesting English service in the morning; Cree service in the evening; and afterwards one in Gaelic in my own room. Four children were baptized at the Cree service. It was a day of unusual interest, pleasure and profit." Eleven days later he was

off at seven in the evening, in a cariole drawn by four dogs, for the Fort Hunter's Camp near Beaver Lake. A brilliant starlit night with faint glimmerings of the Aurora Borealis, frozen lakes, plenty of snow, a herd of buffalo surprised at a small lake, and one of them killed for food, and the camp reached in the afternoon, made a memorable journey. After a service among the Indians, a number of Saulteaux left to hunt the buffalo, having taken offence because he preached against their pagan practices, yet the congregation was larger in the evening. On his trip homeward over the Beaver Hills, his soul was deeply stirred with the beauty of the heavens, so common in the winter in that part of the country, as he writes: "The spectacle which was presented answered to Milton's sublime description of the primeval firmament; for the stars glowed like a sea of living sapphires."

About one hundred Crees came to the fort, but his interpreter was ill, and he could not preach to them; however, he spoke to a small company of them in his own room. Again he went off in his dog-cariole to Rocky Mountain House, making the journey in five days, and was kindly received by the Factor, Mr. J. H. Harriett. A party of Blood Indians arrived from the plains, gaily dressed with beads, porcupine quills, and various ornaments, and some of them expressed their pleasure at meeting him by kissing him, others stroked his dress with their hands, and others gave him their left hand because it was nearest the heart. As this was his first opportunity of preaching the Gospel to the tribes of the plains, he spoke the Word of Life to four Chiefs, one being a Sarcee, another a Blackfoot, and two belonging to the Blood Indian tribe. On the day following, a large party of Blackfeet and Piegans arrived at the fort, advancing

in order, the Piegans in front singing a native song, the Chief leading a horse, whose head was striped with red ochre, as a present for the Factor and after a mutual salute was fired and the horse delivered in a ceremonial fashion, the whole party entered the fort, the chief leading the way and the Blackfeet bringing up the rear. The needle-work on the Chiefs' dresses was quite artistic, showing excellent skill on the part of the women. A report spread among the natives that Rundle had come down from heaven in a piece of paper which had been opened by one of the Hudson's Bay Company's officers, and thus he had been set free.

During six weeks spent at Rocky Mountain House he was earnest in his labors among the employees at the fort, preaching frequently in English and solemnizing marriages; but his heart was especially drawn toward the Indians whom he loved with a passion born at the Cross. Bands of Crees, Sarcees, Blackfeet, Bloods, Piegans and Stonies came to trade, and every new arrival was an invitation to a bold venture, and an introduction to a wider sphere among the lodges on the plains. In the Chief's lodge a company gathered for service, or several hundred assembled in the open air, where he declared the words of eternal life. At the close of every service the chiefs, followed by the men, came forward and shook hands while they expressed their gratitude for his interest in their welfare and their anxiety to hear more of his wonderful message. The Blackfeet impressed him most favorably, and he says: "I felt the insignificance of my stature in comparison with these tall sons of the plains." He made an engagement to visit their camp on the Bow River, and was pleased with their invitation, as he had heard such discouraging accounts of these people, who,

he says, are "the terrible Indians so blackly painted in history." A view of the Rocky Mountains deeply impressed him, as he observed them "gleaming like pyramids of silver in the rays of the morning sun." With the soul of a poet he would descant on the beauties of nature, and with the passion of a prophet go among the lodges in quest of human souls.

Big Wolf, a Blood Indian Chief, requested him to say nothing in his sermons against taking revenge on his enemies nor against the common practice of sacrificing their fingers to the sun, as he was determined to have revenge on a man who stabbed him, and the sacrifices to the sun ensured success against foes. As this was one of the greatest warriors among the tribes on the plains, and he possessed great influence over his own people, the missionary might well hesitate in the delivery of his message of peace; but, though small in stature, he had a stout heart, and at the first service he spoke faithfully the words of life. The Chief was magnanimous enough to declare that the missionary's message was best. Not content with his public deliverance, he sought out Big Wolf and reasoned with him on his folly, urging him to give up the use of intoxicating liquor, which was the chief cause of the deadly strife; and the advice was not in vain, as he learned afterwards on his visit to the tribes on the plains.

The purpose of his visit to Rocky Mountain House was to meet the Rocky Mountain Crees, and when these arrived, accompanied by a band of Stoney Indians, he addressed them on the existence of God and the creation and fall of man; and, after the services, one of the Crees remarked that they were like hungry young birds with their mouths open, waiting to be fed by their parent.

When he preached to the natives on salvation, their earnest attention reminded the missionary of the first days spent at Norway House.

Although the weather was cold and the snow lay on the ground, he left the fort on horseback to visit the tribes on the plains, and, after two days' journey, arrived at the Cree camp, where he found a large tent fitted up for his own use. A great surprise awaited him when he rode to the Stoney Indian camp a few miles distant; for all the people, with the Chief at their head, came out in a procession to greet him, and, as he sat on horseback, they passed by and shook hands with him, and then proceeded to a large tent prepared for holding service, where he preached to an attentive congregation. The tent arranged for worship was roofed with skins, while the ground in the interior was covered with pine brush and buffalo robes. On his second visit to the camp one hundred and sixty persons came out to meet him, with all of whom he shook hands. For nearly two weeks his time was spent between the two camps, instructing the people from morning till night, until he left for the Blackfoot camp on the Bow River. Travelling with the Indians he came to Big Writing Gully, where there were some characters engraved on a rock; here he witnessed a buffalo hunt. Numerous invitations came from the Chiefs to live in their tents, so he changed his place of abode frequently, and lived on pemmican, berry-soup, prairie turnips, and buffalo-tongues cooked in native fashion.

His reception at the Blackfoot camp was worthy of the man and his mission. Two Chiefs came to the Cree camp and escorted him on his way. A horse was provided for him and when he arrived at the camp the

principal Chiefs walked abreast, followed by all the people; and thus he was ushered into the head-chief's lodge, where he made his home. This lodge was made of twenty-six buffalo hides, the interior was lined with robes, and it was large enough to hold one hundred people. The chief was a great warrior and had seven wives, while his authority among the Blackfeet was supreme. Rundle saw the picture-writing on the lodges of the warriors, some descriptive of the prowess of the owner of the lodge; but what impressed him was the drawing of two large serpents on the outside of a lodge belonging to a Sarcee chief.

On his way home from the plains he passed over a high hill called the Old Man's Knoll, so named from the grotesque figure of a human form about thirty-five or forty feet long cut in the earth which, the Indians said, was the work of a white man who came to instruct them a long time ago. From this hill he obtained the best view he had ever had of the Rocky Mountains, " the sublimest spectacle that I ever expect to behold until I become an inhabitant of the new heaven and the new earth. Their pointed and snowy summits rose high into the heavens, resembling the lofty spires of some vast and magnificent marble temple, and the scene was truly grand and inspiring. In comparison with these divine productions all the works of art dwindle into insignificance."

When he had a short respite from his long and frequent journeys to the native camps, in the fort at Edmonton and in the Cree lodges he held school twice a day and preached every morning and evening; and thus through all the years of his missionary career he maintained something of Christ's enthusiasm for precious souls.

Maskepetoon, the great peace Chief of the Wood Crees, met Rundle at Rocky Mountain House, and this introduction induced the missionary to visit the camp at Burnt Lake near Red Deer, where the impressions made culminated in the Chief's conversion. When George McDougall first met the aged chief in 1862, he was reading the eighth chapter of Romans in the Cree Syllabic characters from a copy of the New Testament given him by Rev. Thos. Woolsey. Rundle travelled over the greater part of Northern Alberta from the Bow River, in quest of souls. Many of the Crees and Stonies embraced Christianity, remaining steadfast amid the conflict with paganism. Some of these people were never visited by any missionary for several years, and yet, when Steinhauer entered their camp on the prairie he heard a Christian hymn being sung and afterward a prayer in which the suppliant cried: "Lord, send us another missionary like Rundle! Lord, send us a missionary to teach us out of Thy word more about Thyself and Thy Son Jesus!"

Rundle was a great traveller, only surpassed by James Evans, who journeyed by dog-cariole and snow-shoe all over the North-west—from Fort Frances on the east to Edmonton on the west; and from Fort Garry on the south to York Factory, Moose Factory, Dunvegan and Fort Chipewyan on the north. He visited Indian camps and Hudson's Bay posts, preached to the people and taught school by the way, and baptized and married folks. So incessantly was he on the trail that one winter journey in this primitive fashion covered six thousand miles! A volume of Evans' travels from his own pen would have been invaluable for later generations, but he was too busy to become an historian, and thus his life and labors are comparatively unknown.

With a spirit of optimism and ever undaunted, Rundle roamed over the prairies, smiling at hardship and a stranger to fear. During the wanderings of Paul Kane, the artist, through the North-west in 1845, he met Rundle at Carlton, and together they rode for twelve days on their trip to Edmonton. The missionary had carried with him his favorite cat, being afraid she might be lost or destroyed if left in the fort during his absence; and having concealed her in the breast of his capote and fastened a string about four feet long about her neck, he sprang into the saddle and tied the string to the pommel. The Indians, with whom he was a great friend, were assembled to see him off. The horse was a skittish animal, and with the profuse handshaking and noise, the horse plunged, the string broke, astonishing the natives with the sudden appearance of the cat, which scratched and frightened the horse. The rider was thrown violently to the ground, but fortunately was not seriously hurt. Order, however, was soon restored; puss was left behind to be returned to her master when the men came up with the boats. On the journey to Edmonton, the artist and Mr. Rowand, the chief Factor, rode so fast that Rundle was unable to keep up with them, so he remained at a native camp for a brief rest. Some fears were entertained for his safety when he did not arrive in due time, as a fire was raging on the prairie; however, he escaped by making a detour to a bend in the Saskatchewan River, where he lay until the fire and dense smoke passed by.

On his return journey from the Pacific Coast, Paul Kane arrived at Edmonton in 1847 in time for Christmas dinner, for which great preparations had been made. The Company's servants including the wives and chil-

dren, numbering about one hundred and thirty, lived in log houses inside the stockade of the fort. On Christmas morning there were evidences of numerous feasts by the smoke from the chimneys and the smell of savoury meat. The special dinner, however, was that given by Mr. Harriett, at that time in charge, and the guests included Paul Kane, Mr. Rundle, Mr. Thibault (Roman Catholic missionary), and three clerks of the Company. In the dining hall, about twenty-five by fifty feet, well heated by large fires, a genuine catholicity prevailed. At the head of the table sat Mr. Harriett with a large dish of boiled buffalo rump; at the foot smoked a small, boiled buffalo calf; the artist presided over a dish of dried moose nose; the gentleman on his left distributed impartially whitefish, delicately browned in buffalo marrow; the worthy priest helped the buffalo tongue; Rundle cut up the beavers' tails and the last gentleman dissected a roasted wild goose. There were no puddings nor pies, yet it was a dinner never to be forgotten. On January 6, 1848, the daughter of Mr. Harriett was married to Mr. Rowand, Junior, who resided at Fort Pitt, two hundred miles distant, the ceremony being performed by Mr. Rundle. Among the minor adventures by fire and flood, in winter blizzards, through mishaps on horseback, from hostile Indians and wild animals, was an attack by husky dogs outside the fort stockade. These ferocious beasts had pounced upon a horse belonging to the fort and torn him so badly that he died almost immediately, and when the missionary went to visit some of the lodges, they held him at bay and he would have been devoured had not his cries brought an Indian woman to his rescue.

In high and desperate adventure white men followed the trails to the Rockies, called by the Indians "Shining

Mountains." The first white man to see them being Pierre, son of De la Verandrye, in January, 1743; but the defection of his Indian guides forbade further progress, and it was for Alexander Mackenzie, fifty years later, to make the first overland journey from ocean to ocean and to reach the Pacific in the vicinity of Prince Rupert in July, 1793. Simon Fraser followed, and discovered Fraser River; David Thompson found the Howse Pass; Ross Cox ascended the Columbia River and crossed the Athabasca Pass; David Douglas, the first explorer in the interests of science, whose name is perpetuated in the Douglas fir tree, exploited two mountains, which he named Mount Brown and Mount Hooker; and Sir George Simpson crossed Cascade River, went up the valley past it, turned south by Healey's Creek and went on through Simpson Pass to the Kootenay and the coast. Rundle was the first white man to reach the present site of Banff, camping four or five weeks at the foot of Cascade Mountain. He had a worthy successor in Father De Smet, the Jesuit missionary, who established a mission in the Kootenay Valley and crossed the watershed of White Man's Pass south of Mt. Assiniboine in 1845, where he set up a wooden cross, named " the Cross of Peace." When Dr. George M. Dawson explored the Pass, an Indian showed him the spot where the cross once stood. Rundle's monument remains in " Mount Rundle," in the vicinity of Banff, nine thousand, six hundred and sixty-five feet high. In the month of June, 1874, George McDougall went from Edmonton to Morley to visit his son John, then living with his family among the Mountain Stonies, and in the camp he spent a pleasant hour with Kischeepowat, who was the guide with Rundle when he made his memorable ascent of the



Courtesy of the Canadian Pacific Railway

MOUNT RUNDLE, NEAR BANFF, IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

Named in memory of the Rev. Robert Terrill Rundle

mountain named after him. The old man was one of the first fruits of missionary effort and the influences of religion were seen in the care shown toward the patriarch by the members of his own family; this was contrary to heathen practice, as the natives were accustomed to leave the infirm and helpless to perish.

Seldom do we find lakes or mountain peaks named after pioneers of religion, such honors being reserved for explorers, which is their special right, and for men prominent in the public life of the country. Yet it is worthy of note that Methodism has been honored in the names of Mounts Rundle, Robson and Chown. Rundle was privileged to meet Sir George Simpson at Edmonton on July 29th, 1841, spending some time at his encampment, and riding with him for four hours, when the party left for Columbia. Work among the natives of the plains compelled the missionaries to travel incessantly among the camps, thus preventing Rundle and Woolsey from erecting missionary premises at Edmonton; and not until George McDougall arrived was anything done toward a permanent settlement.

While William Mason and H. B. Steinhauer were at Rainy Lake, and Peter Jacobs was at Fort Alexander, and James Evans was going from post to post on a six-thousand-mile journey, with the approbation of Sir George Simpson, as Governor of the Hudson Bay Company, George Barnley was laboring at Moose Factory among the Cree Indians, making frequent visits to the far North. On one of these trips up James Bay and the Great Whale River on the west coast of Labrador, he found thirty families "engaged in chasing the immense shoals of white whales which frequented the stream, their backs studding its surface like hillocks of snow." On

the 23rd of August, 1842, the weather was so severe, that he says: "We were completely imprisoned by ice, which spread itself so widely over the surface of the bay, that it was impossible to discover open water, even from the masthead of the vessel, or from the highest eminences we were able to ascend." Under these trying circumstances he began his ministry in the open air, while the natives made a large tent, fifty feet long and ten wide. It was lighted with a candle thrust into the spinal orifice of a joint of the whale's vertebrae and suspended from the ridge pole of the tent. In that sacred tabernacle, encamped on a sandy plain, with a lofty mountain, like another Sinai, in the neighborhood, he held services for three weeks. At the close of the services, there were frequent expressions of gratitude. Some resolved to lead a new life, thus giving proof that the seed sown would finally be seen in changed lives. At Moose Factory, until a church was erected, the whole population assembled for religious worship in the missionary's quarters in the fort. Numerous conversions took place, and two classes were formed, at which men and women delighted to relate their Christian experiences. Once a year a fleet of boats arrived at Albany from the interior, and Barnley seized the opportunity of visits to that place to preach to both Indians and white men the message of the everlasting Gospel. During eight years spent in that region, the old paganism was superseded by Christianity, and the new order brought comfort and joy to many souls. In 1898, Barnley was residing at Oadly, Leicester, England, and a small volume was published, entitled: "Kenooshao: a Red Indian Tragedy," the story of an Indian plot in 1830 for a general attack on the Hudson's Bay Company's posts, the account of which was buried

in the unpublished journal of the Company at the posts at Hannah Bay and Rupert's River. The agent, his wife, the employees and a number of Indians, were killed; but the incipient rebellion was put down through the help of friendly natives who were living at Moose Factory when the missionary resided there.

Among Rundle's converts was Stephen Kecheyees, a notable man, belonging to the Wood Stonies, whom George McDougall met on his first visit to these people in 1863. Standing at the door of his tent, his long white hair floating in the breeze, the aged patriarch, leaning on his staff, gave the missionary and his son John a gracious welcome; and when a hymn had been sung and prayer ended, as the party left on a Sunday morning for their home, he administered a gentle rebuke as he said: "You have God's Word, can read it and understand it. I cannot read, nor do I understand very much, but I am told that God said, 'Keep the praying day holy,' and therefore, wherever the evening of the day before the praying day finds me, I camp until the light of the day after the praying day comes."

Ben Sinclair was another of Rundle's men. The missionary instructed Sinclair to establish a mission on the shore of Pigeon Lake, but a party of Blackfeet killed some of Rundle's disciples, about ten miles from the Lake, and Sinclair with his party were driven over two hundred miles into the northern country, and the mission was not begun. Sinclair, however, laid the foundation of an important mission at White Fish Lake, where Henry B. Steinhauer labored for many years, until his death which occurred a few months before the second Riel Rebellion.

The famous Cree chief, Broken Arm, was strongly opposed to Christianity because of the difference in the

teaching of the Roman Catholic and Protestant missionaries, yet he succumbed to Rundle's influence and became a devoted man, whose influence for peace was felt by the tribes on the plains. Paul Kane met him in his western rambles, and was deeply impressed with his good judgment and ability.

Pakan, the notable Cree chief whose loyalty during the rebellion of 1885 was recognized by the Dominion Government; Peter Erasmus, the able missionary assistant, interpreter and translator and many others, were led into the Way of Life by the undaunted soul with a large faith, who first trod the western plains with the message of the Cross.

For eight strenuous years Rundle labored in the Northwest, but was compelled to leave for his home in England, as the hardship and incessant travel had completely broken down his health; still he cherished the hope of returning to the foothills and spending his life among the people he loved so well. From 1850 to 1886 he performed the duties of a minister on several circuits in his native land, including Kineton and Wigton. In 1887, he retired from active service, as a superannuated minister of the Wesleyan Conference. His last years were spent in Wolverhampton, where he found delight in going from house to house as a servant of the faith; and these visits were welcome, as they brought peace to many weary hearts.

On February 4, 1886, he passed away at Garstang, Lancashire, the birthplace of William Bramwell, the Methodist revivalist and worthy. Those who knew Rundle, the companions of his youth and the friends of his mature years, have said that he was so humble that few had any idea of his real greatness. His influence

abides in the west and is more than a memory, for his life and work have become inwrought into the character of men; as a pioneer he laid foundations on which other men have built. Ten years after Rundle had returned to England, the Rev. Dr. Enoch Wood of Toronto received lengthy communications from the missionaries at Edmonton recounting their success among the native tribes and he says: "The seed of the Word sown by Mr. Rundle has been wonderfully preserved and blessed, notwithstanding so long a time has elapsed without its receiving any culture."

In the "Church of Scotland Missionary Record" of April, 1869, appeared the following note: "The Earl of Southesk, during his recent hunting expedition in the Rocky Mountains, fell in with twelve families of Assiniboines or Stone Indians (very wild and savage as a tribe), who professed Christianity, and so far as he could judge, were acting up to their profession. These families were far from any mission station, and had not even seen a missionary for many years; still they showed considerable acquaintance with Scripture, and were regular in their morning and evening devotions. At their earnest request, his Lordship wrote out for them several passages of Scripture. Their knowledge of religion is supposed to have been imparted by the Rev. Mr. Rundle, a Wesleyan missionary, who went to Fort Edmonton in 1840, and left the country in 1848, on account of ill-health. They have, however, a regular teacher in one of themselves, who has been set apart by them for that purpose."

This devoted missionary was one of the great men of the early days in the North-west, and his memory abides among the descendants of the men and women won from nomadic ways and pagan life.

CHAPTER V

THOMAS HURLBURT

Linguist and Scholar

GENIUS halted when the ancestor of the Hurlburts crossed the Atlantic in 1635, and settled in the United States. The name, originally Whirlbat, meaning an instrument of war hurled by the hand, is suggestive of the character of the family, as the members were determined fighters in the cause of right. Heman Hurlburt, the father of the noted brothers, was the son of an officer in the British Army during the American Revolution who was a staunch United Empire Loyalist. He belonged to the sixth generation of that name on the continent and was born in Arlington, Vermont, in 1773. He came with his parents to Canada in 1785, and they settled on the banks of the St. Lawrence River, nearly opposite Ogdensburg. He was a thrifty farmer, giving to each of his sons two hundred acres of land or their equivalent; an enthusiast on education, two of his sons being graduates of American universities before such institutions existed in Canada, and six or seven of his sons and daughters being students at Victoria College, Cobourg; a devoted Christian, and a loyal Methodist.

Hannah Mosier was the daughter of a major in the British army, born in Connecticut, June 7, 1780, and at the age of three years emigrated to Canada with her parents, who were United Empire Loyalists, and settled about five miles west of Prescott, at a short distance from the Hurlburt farm. In 1798 she was married to Heman Hurlburt, to whom were born sixteen children—

eleven sons and five daughters. Five of the sons became ministers, one died in youth, three were lawyers and two were tanners. The daughters were no less remarkable than the sons for their intellectual tastes and ability, being students, even in their old age, of Paley and Butler, and of standard works in astronomy and natural history.

The Canadian branch of the stock belonged to the old Palatines, the wives of Asahel, Sylvester and Heman Hurlburt, Jr., being great-nieces of Paul and Barbara Heck. There is still in the possession of the Flagg family of Mitchell, Ont., a copy of the first edition of Wesley's notes on the New Testament, bound in leather and almost as large as a family Bible. This is supposed to be the volume that Philip Embury used, when at the call of Barbara Heck, he preached the first Methodist sermon in the United States. In the graveyard of the famous Blue Church, where the sacred dust of Barbara Heck lies, there are buried the parents and four of the sons of the family, a notable memorial of the early days of Methodism in the land.

Thomas Hurlburt, one of the heroes of Indian missions, was born March 3rd, 1808, the fourth son of the family and the second to enter the ministry. When he was only eight years of age he was converted, but as little emphasis was then placed on the religion of childhood, he drifted and had lost his faith by the time he was twelve years old. At the age of eighteen, however, he caught a vision of Christ that kept him faithful to the end of life. The call to work among the Indians came to him, as he was working at home on the farm, in the form of the vision of an Indian standing beside him, whose features were so distinct that they were indelibly impressed on his memory, and when some years later, he was permitted to rejoice

over his first native convert, he recognized the man of the vision. At the age of twenty years he began his life work by becoming a teacher of the Indian School at Muncey, where he performed the duties of missionary, living in a bark shanty the first year, then in an Indian house; and in his leisure hours and at night he built with his own hands the first mission house among the people. So successful was he in his efforts for the salvation of the natives, that at the end of three years, when he left, there were eighty-five members; when he took charge of the mission there were only fifteen. During his stay at Munceytown and Grape Island, he began the study of the Ojibway language, becoming thoroughly familiar with its strength and beauty, and laying the foundation of knowledge which was to help him in his contact with the Cree and other native tribes.

After his ordination he was sent as missionary to Saugeen, on the shores of Lake Huron, where he spent two years. He was then transferred to St. Clair and Walpole Island, where he labored for one year. Having shown great aptitude in the study of the native language and being destined for greater things by his wide outlook and enthusiasm, he was appointed to the Pic Mission on Lake Superior which furnished a wide scope for his energies. The three years he spent in that region were so productive of results that a still wider field became necessary for a man of his ability. In a letter sent me by Froome Talfourd, Esq., dated February 6, 1892, the writer being superintendent of Indian Affairs for ten years, and living at St. Clair when James Evans and subsequently Thomas Hurlburt were stationed there, he says: "I always thought James Evans the most perfect Indian missionary I had ever known, and Thomas Hurl-

burt the next. He was the most simple-minded man I have ever known, capable of enduring any amount of work, and always perfectly satisfied with any kind of food or lodging. I am afraid I did not quite appreciate his delight of talking about the abrasions of the banks of the rivers."

Froome Talfourd was a notable man, who was in the mercantile service for some time. He entered the Royal Navy in 1829, and sailed with Captain Marryatt, the famous writer of sea stories for boys, and had many thrilling adventures chasing and catching slavers off the coast of Africa. He was brother of Hon. Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd, eminent as a lawyer and novelist, a close personal friend of Charles Dickens and the original of "Tom Traddles" in "David Copperfield." He became famous as a judge, dying on the bench at the Stafford Assizes, March 14, 1854, after giving the ominous utterance: "If I were asked what is the great want of English society, I would say that it is the mingling of class with class. I would say in one word that want is the want of sympathy." Froome Talfourd was honored by being made a magistrate, an Associate Justice of the Peace for Assize at Sarnia, Commissioner in the Court of Request, Captain of Militia and Lieutenant-Colonel; but with all his honors he remained modest, seldom speaking of his social position, a devoted Christian whose name has been held in great esteem among the Indians. He died in London, England, in 1901, at the advanced age of ninety-four years.

During Hurlburt's residence at the Pic he continued his studies in the Ojibway language, as learned from the fact that he carried on a correspondence with H. R. Schoolcraft, the noted writer on the Indian tribes. He

furnished a "Memoir upon the Inflections of the Chippewa tongue," which was published in Volume IV of Schoolcraft's History, prepared under the direction of the United States Bureau of Indian Affairs, and also "Remarks on Indian Orthography, with some examples in Chippewa" in the same author's "Personal Memoirs of a Residence of Thirty Years with the Indian Tribes."

Always in labors abundant, he toiled with his hands, erecting the mission house himself, sawing by hand about ten thousand feet of lumber, getting out part of the timber alone, and by his own strength hauling it a mile and a half on the ice. For lack of glass for the windows he pasted large sheets of oiled, white paper on the sash. These admitted considerable light, and presented a beautiful appearance when the sun shone upon them. He supported himself to a large extent by fishing, built his own canoes, and found amusement by studying the Indian language and the geology of the district.

Secluded from civilization, he had not the privilege of meeting with his fellow missionaries, and for several years he was unable to attend the Conference where he might enjoy the fellowship of kindred spirits, or participate in the discussions congenial to his mind and helpful to his work. Accompanied by James Evans, he travelled through the camps on the shores of Lake Superior; still his heart reached forth to the natives of the great Northwest. Pushing onward he arrived at Fort William, and spent some time there in 1839, where he taught the children and preached to the natives. There were calls from Nipigon, Rainy River, Fort Garry and the far north for missionaries, and when James Evans was sent to begin the mission at Norway House and the regions beyond, he joined his zealous co-worker and assisted in visiting the

outposts of empire. For two years he continued his intrepid labors, preaching in the camps at Lake Nipigon, where he spent one month in 1841, and again in 1842, and in widely scattered districts in the west and far north. Possessing the hardy spirit of an explorer, a burning passion for souls, and an undaunted courage and faith that laughed at danger and hardship, he travelled into unknown regions in quest of the red men whose language was so familiar to him that he could speak, think and dream in the Ojibway tongue. He was called by the Indians an "Indian in a white man's skin," and indeed, when he spoke English, it was with an Indian idiom and intonation. Returning east, he spent one year among the Indians around Lake Simcoe. Then, obedient to the call of God, he went to the United States, where he labored for six years, becoming a member of the Indian Missionary Conference, and a presiding elder. He travelled among the native tribes from north to southwest of the Mississippi, enlarging his knowledge of the Indian dialects and doing splendid service in leading many souls to Christ. He still, however, yearned for the people and for the country in which he was born and where he had lived so long. In 1851 he returned to Canada, and labored for three years at Alderville and Rice Lake, which was the Mecca of Indian Missions. Here a host of native children were trained in civilized habits, schoolteachers and native preachers were educated, and missionaries of both races were equipped for the important work of preaching the Gospel to the scattered tribes of the Dominion and of teaching the people farming and industrial arts.

Norway House, the mission centre of the unlimited field in the North-west, had suffered through the untimely

death of James Evans. William Mason, one of the four members who were sent by the Wesleyan Missionary Society, in 1840, to begin the missions in the Hudson Bay country, had spent four years at Rainy Lake. He was then transferred to Norway House as James Evans' assistant and, on the death of the founder of the mission, became his successor. He carried on the work faithfully for ten years, when he joined the Anglican Church, was ordained by Bishop Anderson at Fort Garry in 1854, and stationed at York Factory. The mission being left without any ruling spirit, Thomas Hurlburt was sent to Norway House in the spring of 1854. In June of that year, the Rev. John Ryerson left Ontario on a tour of inspection of the Wesleyan Missions on Lake Superior and the North-west. He was accompanied by Thomas Hurlburt, Robert Brooking, and Allan Salt, with their wives. An interesting and valuable account of the journey was published in the following year entitled, "Hudson's Bay: or A Missionary Tour in the Territory of the Hudson's Bay Company, by the Rev. John Ryerson." Besides the important information in relation to the country, the native tribes, and the Roman Catholic, Anglican and Methodist missions, it is interesting as the first volume published at the Book Room in Toronto by the Wesleyan Missionary Society of Canada.

On the western trip, the party visited Garden River Mission where the Rev. George McDougall was then stationed, and Hurlburt had a delightful time among the Indians with whom he had formerly labored. A bit of native humor was shown at one of the meetings, when an Indian speaking of Hurlburt remarked: "I have heard of Neqick Noss (the Indian name of otter) so long that I thought he must be an old man by this." Hurlburt

could not help smiling and enjoying the compliment, as he said: "Was it not a spice of refined flattery? Could Talleyrand have done it any better?"

When they visited a Roman Catholic mission and learned that the priest had been there nine years and could speak the language very well, Hurlburt writes: "All the Roman Catholic missionaries all over the world pursue this course, and study the language of the people where they reside as soon as possible. What a pity we are not as wise as they in this respect!" And at the same time, with reference to himself, he writes: "Now I believe there is not a white Methodist missionary in all North America, except myself, who preaches in the Indian language."

When passing the Pic Station where he had labored for three years, he remarks: "It is now twelve years since I left the place. We had gathered a church of twenty souls, a good part of whom were soundly converted, and maintained a consistent walk. I have a great work to perform, and I have forsaken all to perform it." This was the second time that he had gone into the Hudson's Bay country, and the fifth time that the missionary family had broken up housekeeping and disposed of their effects. On leaving for his new mission he was compelled to leave all his family behind except his wife and youngest child, and to dispose of all his goods. This was indeed a sore trial, as the collection of years was scattered, for he writes: "Among other things, I emptied a bushel or two of my books on the floor and told my friends to help themselves. I miss some of them now that I am settled again."

Allan Salt was left at Rainy Lake where Peter Jacobs, a native missionary, had been laboring; and at the old

Stone Fort and Fort Garry, now Winnipeg, the party spent a week calling upon some of the notables, including Ballantyne the chief Factor, Bishop Anderson, Archdeacon Hunter the Cree scholar and translator, Adam Tom the famous Recorder, the Rev. Wm. Black the pioneer Presbyterian minister, and the priests and nuns at St. Boniface. While there, they met the Rev. Wm. Mason who had seceded from the Wesleyan Church, and had been recently ordained by Bishop Anderson.

Arriving at Norway House, Hurlburt began his work with his usual energy, while the party went on to Oxford House, where Robert Brooking remained as missionary. Henry B. Steinhauer, who had been working as teacher and translator at Norway House and Oxford House, accompanied Ryerson to York Factory, and thence by ship to England. Hurlburt was enthusiastic in his mission, the Hudson's Bay Missions having been transferred to the Canadian Conference, while he was entrusted with the superintendency of all the work in that territory. As his station was the central depot of trade for all the interior, the natives soon learned of his arrival. Some came eight hundred miles to hear the Gospel, while a few families came from Fort Churchill, on the border of the Esquimaux country, and settled there. The population around the mission was three hundred and fifty, of whom one hundred were in attendance at the school. The religious services were well attended on the Sabbath and during the week, the membership of the church being one hundred and sixty-five.

Though a profound scholar in the Ojibway language, the missionary was now confronted with the Cree, the learned language of the plains and of all the north country. While the Cree belonged to the Algonquin



METHODIST MISSIONARIES FROM THE NORTH, 1876

Early missionaries from Norway House with Dr. George Young in front of the old Grace Church, Winnipeg.

(1) Rev. George Young; (2) Rev. J. Semmens; (3) Rev. Orrin German; (4) Rev. Egerton R. Young and his St. Bernard dog, "Jack"; (5) Rev. J. Ruttan. The other men are Indian runners.

stock and was similar in its grammatical construction, it was so new and different that he was puzzled and much discouraged. With characteristic courage, however, he applied himself with all his might to the study of the language, conversing with the people as he was able, studying the books in the Evans' syllabic characters and thinking over the words at leisure. He says: "The first thing in the morning was to talk Cree, and the last thing I remembered at night on going to sleep was making mental speeches in Cree." In the course of three months he was able to read the New Testament in the syllabic characters to his native congregations, and later he could preach in the Cree language.

There was a great demand for books in the Cree tongue, and fortunately he found in the old printing office erected by James Evans, a supply of paper, which had been donated by the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the old printing press, with a stamp on it dating its construction in 1787. With the constant cry for books, he overcame his timidity and began his first attempt at printing books in the Cree Syllabics; but it seemed a hopeless task. The type had been handled by children and was badly mixed, so that when he set up the Lord's Prayer, while the composition looked perfect, the first impression dashed his hopes to the ground, as it was full of mistakes. Still he persevered, and in the autumn of 1856, with the help of a young man who was part Esquimaux, as pressman, he printed one thousand copies of John's Gospel, and two thousand of three Epistles, which had been previously translated. Before he set up three pages, his type was exhausted, and he was compelled to cast new type by means of a hand-mould. After the day's work in the printing office, he repaired to

an old kitchen outside, where he toiled till late at night over a small fire, with the thermometer thirty or forty degrees below zero, and was well satisfied if he could make four hundred type in one night. Thus he worked until he had type enough for sixteen pages, which was all that he required. As copies of the Scriptures were scarce, and the people were anxious to learn the great truths embodied therein, the missionary gathered the people on Sabbath afternoons, and read a chapter, freely commenting upon it. Translations of portions of the Scriptures were made, printed, and put in circulation. The people were so anxious to obtain copies of the books that they were unwilling to leave for their winter hunting grounds without possessing them. Old Amos, the native assistant, remarked: "The Great Spirit's Word causes many new thoughts to arise." When the New Testament in the syllabic characters was published, its influence was so great that thousands of Indians all over the vast territory sat up at night and read it by the light of their camp fires, and many were converted. A great change was wrought among the people. Songs of praise arose in the lodges and camps every morning and night, prayer lingered upon lips that had been accustomed to imprecations, native preachers declared with native eloquence the truths of the everlasting Gospel, the camps were cleansed of their impurities, the Sabbath was held in reverence, the Word of God was honored and God was glorified.

Quickened and blessed with the power of the new message, the people became anxious to tell their brethren in the far north the good news of salvation. A Missionary Society was organized, and fifty dollars raised by which two native preachers were sent on a missionary tour. They visited some tribes, two hundred miles dis-

tant, who had never been touched by a missionary teacher. During their two months' absence they were surprised and delighted to discover copies of portions of the Scriptures in the lodges, which the natives had learned to read and were devouring with an eagerness that brought joy to the hearts of the messengers of peace. They found their way into some camps of the Chipewayans, whose language was different from their own, but they had a knowledge of the Cree and even there the natives were in possession of some of the Indian books, and were reading them with care and profit. Sawing lumber by hand, building houses, instructing the people in agriculture and native handicrafts, preaching incessantly, teaching school, studying the intricacies of the Cree language, translating hymns and portions of the Scriptures, casting type and printing, and visiting the people in their homes, were sufficient to tax the strength of any man. Yet Hurlburt, with his heroic soul, rejoiced as opportunity increased, and in a muscular fashion, with a body capable of enduring much hardship, and a mind alert and strong, a soul glowing with a vision, and a deep sense of the presence of God, he lived and labored as an old prophet in a new land in modern days.

Through the rigors of the northern climate, and the many years spent on hard and lonely mission fields, the health of the lady of the mission house failed, and she was compelled to return to Ontario. The journey across Lake Winnipeg from Norway House was made in a canoe constructed by Hurlburt himself, who with three men to assist him pushed on for two days in the middle of May, along through a narrow channel between solid ice, until open water was reached, and in ten days arrived at Winnipeg. Taking his wife to St. Paul, he returned to spend a year alone at Norway House.

As he was returning he joined a party with John Tait, a man with a romantic history in the early days of the Red River Settlement, as the guide. As an orphan boy, he was hired to drive cattle to St. Paul, where he secured work. He saved money enough so that when he reached manhood he was able to purchase a reaping machine which he took to Red Deer at harvest time. The people flocked in great numbers with old-fashioned sickles in their hands, to watch the operations of the machine; and after much misgiving, one old Scotchman led the way by throwing away his sickle, as he had no further use for it. In the year following Tait returned from St. Paul with a threshing machine, and this was another new wonder; and some of the orthodox were afraid that there was some heresy hidden within it. As one old Scotchman remarked: "I dinna think it is richt to thresh grain in that way. It is contrary to God's law." When a steam mill was erected at a later date, many were afraid of it, and some parents even removed their children from the school which stood half a mile distant from the mill, lest it would blow up and destroy them. Hurlburt visited the settlement, and noted that the domestic customs of the settlers seemed like a dream of fifty years before.

One of Hurlburt's most efficient helpers was Miss Adams, the devoted school teacher, who taught a large school during the day and spent her evenings in the training of the mothers and daughters in household duties, and in visiting the sick and needy in their homes. While learning the Cree language in her hours of leisure she gathered the girls of the mission to help her in stitching and binding books. By her energy three thousand copies of one of the Gospels and four Epistles printed on the rude press were stitched and bound, and thus made suit-

able for circulation among the native tribes of the north and west. A precious relic indeed would be one of these old books of the years 1855 and 1856, but it is doubtful if any are now in existence.

Thomas Hurlburt returned to Norway House and spent a year, and before he left there were striking evidences of the power of the Gospel among the natives. During his three years' residence the population had increased and the people had become more industrious, hunting for furs, farming, and working for the Hudson's Bay Company, whereby they managed to secure an abundant supply of wholesome food and good clothing. A better class of house was being built, stoves were being used (one coming all the way from St. Paul at a cost of seventy dollars), cows were purchased for family use, the people were free from disease, and were increasing (a fact that applied to the Christian Indians only), the old native costume had disappeared, reverence in public worship and genuine piety were manifest, and civilized habits were becoming real among them. One of the oldest servants of the Hudson's Bay Company testified that before the arrival of James Evans in 1840 the Indians at Norway House were among the most degraded Indians in the country, and only procured ten packs of furs during the winter, while now they brought in ninety.

At Nelson River, where some of the native preachers had gone to help, the people were ripe for the Gospel, as one had sent word that he often sat and wept because no missionary came to them. When Hurlburt left, Robert Brooking, who had spent three years at Oxford House, was sent to Norway House, and Charles Strinfellow followed Brooking in his important mission field.

One year was spent on the old Garden River Mission, and then he removed to St. Clair and Sarnia, where he lived for six years and was as zealous as ever in the cause of missions. While resident there he published a paper for the benefit of the Indians, called "Petaubun—Peep of Day," consisting of four pages of three columns each, the first three pages being in Ojibway and the last in English. Hurlburt was proprietor, editor, compositor and printer, and the work was well done. It was neatly printed and is quite a curiosity; the copy which I have seen, belonging to Mrs. J. H. Flagg, of Mitchell, Ontario, is dated, "Sarnia, C. W., August 1862, Vol. 2, No. 7." It is ten inches wide by fourteen inches long, and is printed in Roman characters. At the bottom of the last page is the following: "Sarnia, Ca,—Printed and Published by Rev. Thomas Hurlburt.—Terms, 50 cts. a year." Within its pages were published letters from natives and missionaries on the Indian missions, while Hurlburt gave a full account of his missionary labors and travels. The Conference determined to train men for the Indian work, and decided to place two young men under his care to be taught the native language, and fitted for their respective missions.

Still reaching out to distant fields and in his capacity as chairman of the missions on Lake Superior, he made a missionary tour, visiting the missions on the lake, during which he travelled by steamer 560 miles, and 450 miles in a small boat. Were the missionary to awake suddenly, it would be more than a Rip Van Winkle vision, for he is amused at the idea of a railroad on the north shore of Lake Superior, as he says: "The road must pass through one of the most mountainous and barren regions of our globe for 80 or 100 miles, as though travel and traffic

could be forced over this route at ten times the expense and danger, and requiring three times as much time, as to go by St. Paul and Red River. Loyalty to one's country and government may do a great deal, but it cannot do everything. The only feasible route to Red River and Saskatchewan is through Minnesota to the navigable waters of the Mississippi. Even now a man may leave Toronto and go all the way by railroad, steamboat, stage, and in ten or twelve days be in Red River, with little danger to life or limb." Greater men than Hurlburt have made similar mistakes, and the outlook only shows that we have made great progress through the inventions and discoveries of the last half-century.

Five years were spent on missions at Mooretown, Caistorville, and Point Albina, and then he went to Manitoulin Island, where he finished a long and arduous missionary life. He was not an old man, but he was worn out by the strenuous years on hard mission fields; and still he had not lost his accustomed zeal to make known the way of salvation. For some time the family lived in a board shanty, until he erected a log parsonage, yet he was content. Thirty years before he had been in that region, when he had taken a young Indian into his home and trained him for six months. This Indian became an efficient assistant missionary, keeping the little church together till some one came to minister to them. He was known through all the region as the Wise Indian.

When the natives around Lake Nipigon heard of his intention of visiting them in 1841, they threatened to upset his canoe, give him a ducking, and send him away; but when he arrived they received him as a messenger of God, saying: "We know you have come with the words of the Great Spirit." Though Protestant mission-

aries may have been at the mouth of the river since Hurlburt's first visit, not one had visited the people at their home at the north end of the lake for more than thirty years, and yet when Hurlburt was there six hundred souls were under our control, paganism was broken down, and they were ready for the Gospel. When he visited them in 1871, he found an old man who recognized him, and told him of having been instructed how to pray to the Great Spirit thirty years before. As he visited the small bands of natives along the shores and on the islands of Lake Superior, he found many converts who were willing to go as volunteers to preach the Gospel without any remuneration, but they were in need of training. He contemplated organizing a theological school for the natives, but he had no funds, and his physical strength was failing, so the scheme never was brought into effect.

At sixty-five years of age he travelled ten miles on snowshoes and preached three times every Sabbath. He had plans to make a boat, that he might visit a large band of degraded pagans at the Mississauga River, eighty miles up the lake. Through a fall on the ice near his home, concussion and paralysis of the brain followed. He died at Little Current on April 14, 1873, and was buried on Manitoulin Island. For forty-four years he had labored on Indian Missions and was a linguist of more than ordinary ability, having the reputation of being able to converse in seven Indian dialects. He was a valuable worker in ethnology, and wrote a good deal in the early sixties for the Toronto *Globe*. Though he was travelling incessantly, preaching in the native camps, he rendered good service as a translator, having translated the Wesleyan Catechism No. II in Ojibway and some portions of the Scriptures in Cree. He was no

mean geologist, and his knowledge of natural science was very extensive. He delighted his friends with practical observations on the water of Lake Superior, the rocks on the St. Clair River, the flora and fauna of the North-west and of other parts of the Dominion where he had labored. At a meeting of the Chicago Academy of Science, held in that city in October, 1868, a paper prepared by Hurlburt entitled "The Northern Drift," was read by Dr. Andrews. It was a long and exhaustive treatment of the subject, the data having been gathered during a long term of years.

Gentle and sympathetic in disposition, with a strong physique tempered to roughness by hard work in the wilds, this man of culture covered his genius with the modesty of a maiden, while his daring soul knew no fear in the discharge of duty. Had he lived in the Middle Ages and his numerous letters and journals been preserved, he would have won the heart of an old chronicler, who would have given him a place in the "Lives of the Saints"; or had he been numbered among the Jesuits in Canada, of whom he would have been counted a worthy member, whose courage and self-denial were never surpassed, he would have won the heart and pen of a Parkman, to tell the story of an heroic scholar whose work and life have been well nigh forgotten.

If any man deserved a memorial in the form of a volume, wherein the records of a notable career were preserved, that man is the subject of this sketch; for no greater missionary ever belonged to any order, or denomination. But great men are not always remembered and noble deeds are often unseen and unknown. He was one of Canada's great men, and one of the greatest missionaries of any Church.

CHAPTER VI

THOMAS WOOLSEY

A Pioneer of the Buffalo Days

THE early history of Canada is enshrined in the notable "Jesuit Relations" of fifty-four volumes, consisting of annual letters from the Jesuit missionaries laboring among the native tribes. These contain important notes on the migrations, languages, traditions, religion and social habits of the people. These volumes covered the period between 1632 and 1679. Besides these there were the "Jesuit Journals," dating from 1645 to 1668, and the "Letters Edifiantes," begun in 1719 and lasting to 1776. There is not a complete collection of the "Relations" in existence; but those that have been preserved are of great value to every student of the early history of Canada. Had the Protestant missionaries among the Indians been compelled by law or the custom of their respective societies to send an annual report, including their studies and observations among the native tribes, we should have possessed some valuable records similar to the "Relations," which would have made possible another Parkman, and which would have placed every historian of the country under lasting obligation.

For seven years after Rundle left the North-west he had no successor, until his brother-in-law, Thomas Woolsey, went to Edmonton in 1855. The young missionary of only three years' experience was ordained at

the Conference held in London, Ontario, and at once left for his far distant field, his soul burning with a passion for the red men. He was accompanied by the Rev. Henry B. Steinhauer, who had gone to England with the Rev. John Ryerson in the previous year from Norway House, where he had been laboring; and as he was ordained at the same time as Woolsey and was conversant with western modes of travel, it was fitting that they should journey together to their respective missions. Woolsey made his headquarters at Edmonton and Steinhauer went to Lac la Biche, where he remained for two years and then removed to Whitefish Lake to found a new mission. There he stayed until he died.

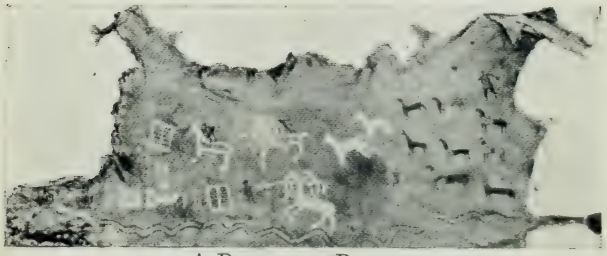
Having lived for ten years in London, the world's metropolis, the journey from Toronto to Edmonton, long and arduous, was strange and fascinating; and on his arrival at Fort Garry he could not help contrasting his former life with his new experience. During his stay in the embryo city of Winnipeg he was the guest of the Rev. Dr. John Black of Kildonan, the sturdy minister and founder of Presbyterianism in the West, and was favored with an interview with the Bishop of Rupert's Land, who gave him the right hand of fellowship and wished him success in his mission. Presenting letters of introduction to Governor McTavish of the Hudson's Bay Company, he was assured that the Company would assist the missionaries as far as practicable on their journey. They started up Lake Winnipeg to Norway House, where they spent a few days with Thomas Hurlburt and his family, before proceeding on the further extension of one thousand miles to Edmonton. Through the courtesy of Chief Factor Sinclair, they became deck passengers on the boat; and with numerous portages, one

of which was three miles long, involving the carrying of the loads of merchandise on the shoulders, wading through water and travelling over rough ground, the tedium of the journey relieved by the bustle at Cumberland House, Carlton, Fort Pitt and other points, they arrived at Edmonton on the 26th of September. The Indians and white people at the fort accorded the missionaries a most enthusiastic reception, and the arrival of the mail was a bright spot in the lives of the resident population, as they were favored with it only twice a year.

Father Lacombe, the veteran missionary, reached Edmonton in 1852, and Father Vital Grandin, who subsequently became bishop of the diocese, came in the same year as Woolsey and Steinhauer, so that the Roman Catholic and Protestant missionaries worked in the same territory for the propagation of the faith. Progress was slow in the early days of Canada and the contrast between the rapid development of the means of transportation at the present time and the easy-going fashion of the past is striking indeed. Two hundred years ago there was not a telegraph line, railroad nor mail service in any part of the country. On January 26, 1721, a mail stage service was established between Quebec and Montreal, which was probably the first overland mail and passenger service in Canada; and so great was the enthusiasm of the inhabitants that when the cumbersome coaches arrived at either city, the horses were unhitched and the vehicles dragged through the streets amid great demonstrations. And no wonder, for the citizens before that time had to depend upon the water routes as a mode of travel and for the transportation of their letters. Again, in the first month of 1854 the first sections of through railroad in Upper Canada were completed, when the Grand Trunk was



A Chief of the Blackfoot Indians



A Blackfoot Record

Important events chronicled by the Indians by pictures on a skin

opened between London and Windsor and the good folks saw the trains passing along at the rate of twenty miles an hour. In the following year, when Woolsey went to the far west, the money order system was established for Canadian Post Offices. The pioneers of the Cross among the native tribes on the plains had to be content with a buffalo-skin lodge in the camp, and when travelling, had often in the depth of winter to find repose enclosed in buffalo robes by the fire, with the open sky overhead, and when at home they found shelter in the fort of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Woolsey was the guest of the Company at Edmonton, and made no attempt to erect mission buildings, as his days were spent in the camps with the natives on the plains, and when at home his ministrations were confined to the employees in the fort and the few residents in the embryo town. Monotonous indeed was life in a small trading post at any time in the year. But as Edmonton was the headquarters of the Company for their Saskatchewan trade and the residence of a chief factor of the corporation, and as strangers were always treated in a hospitable manner, with a private room and a place at the officers' mess and a means of conveyance supplied when necessary, the missionary in the fort had congenial company and was well cared for. There was no lack of comfort, though he sometimes longed for some of the joys of civilized life.

Out on the plains among the Indians, living in a buffalo skin lodge, sleeping on the ground, feasting and fasting by turns on buffalo meat, travelling through snowstorms and blizzards, and becoming a native in his modes of life, undaunted and undismayed, he followed his high destiny as counsellor, guide and teacher, and lover of men.

These were the continual experiences of Woolsey during all the years spent in missionary work in the west. Hardships were abundant but, uncomplaining, he visited the camps, going from lodge to lodge, preaching the everlasting Gospel, and his message of peace, love and hope found a place in many a savage heart. Gathering a few children in one of the lodges in the winter, or seated on the grass in the open in the summer, he held school and was content to lay foundations for the days to come. His congregations of dusky warriors listened to the story of the life and death of Christ with a strange fascination, as it was new and wonderful in its proclamation of love to friends and foes. Unaccustomed to roughing it on the prairie, with a constitution not too robust, with no knowledge of the native language and with no knowledge nor experience of conditions in a new country, the young missionary was confronted with untold difficulties which would have crushed a stronger man; still with undaunted faith and courage and an optimism that banished clouds, he pursued his way, going from lodge to lodge with a song of cheer, and a burning passion for the souls of men. Over the plains and among the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, through the blizzards of winter and the sweltering heat of summer, he carried his message of peace and was undismayed. For days he was compelled to live on fish, and when out on the prairie, rabbits supplied food when nothing else was to be obtained; but when a herd of buffalo passed by there were tongues and marrow bones, dried meat and pemmican, back fats and choice bits, and the fast was forgotten in the feast.

In 1857, he began a mission at Pigeon Lake, hoping to have better access to the Stoney Indians and the Blackfeet, as well as the Crees among whom he had been

laboring. He enjoyed a measure of success, as many of the Crees had been baptized, some adults had united with the church, and his congregations were very attentive to his message. Woolsey at his new mission, and Steinhauer at Lac la Biche were the only Protestant missionaries in all that vast region.

The discovery of gold in the mountains caused a rush of prospectors, and in the summer of that year an exploring expedition was sent out by the Imperial Government under the direction of Captain Palliser. He was accompanied by several scientific men, including Dr. Hector, Lieutenant Blackiston, John W. Sullivan and M. Bourgeau. Four years were spent in the examination of the country from Lake Superior to the Okanagan lakes in British Columbia, and from the international boundary line northward to the sources of the chief rivers which flow into the Arctic Ocean. Five of the chief passes across the continental watershed were investigated, namely: the Kootenay, Kananaskis, Vermilion, Kicking Horse (now called Hector) and Howse Pass, and three lesser passes between important valleys on the same side of the Divide. This exploration furnished us with the first serviceable map of the North-west Territory, and, from a geological standpoint, it showed the existence of a great coal-bearing area of cretaceous and tertiary rocks, extending from the Laurentian axis on the north-east to the Rocky Mountains on the west. Dr. Hector first recorded the occurrence of gold in the Saskatchewan. The report sent to Parliament stated that it would be unwise to open up the western country for settlement, and that it would be impracticable to construct a railway through the mountains to the Pacific Ocean. The greater number of the early explorers, missionaries and pioneers,

held the same opinion, the barriers, apparently insurmountable, spelling disaster to any attempt to unite the east and west by a transcontinental railroad.

While Woolsey was residing at the Edmonton fort, a party of Blackfeet arrived, and, as a number of Crees with whom they were at war were encamped in the vicinity, the officer in charge warned the Crees and made preparations for the approach of the warriors from the south. When the Blackfeet came to the river they fired their guns as a signal of their presence; this was expected, as on the previous day two of their chiefs had apprized the officer at the fort of their intended visit. Crossing the river in a boat the painted warriors, preceded by their chief marched, singing, shouting, jingling bells and firing their guns, and entered the fort as two salutes were fired from the cannon in their honor. The chiefs shook hands with the chief officer, and embraced the employees, while a warrior, daubed with paint, a drawn sword in his hand, entered Woolsey's room and rather discomfited the missionary. The native embraced him and begged for rum, but, when informed that he was a praying man, the dusky savage sat down and gazed upon him in astonishment, and then said: "Give me medicine to make me wise." Again he embraced the missionary and departed.

Before the Blackfeet left the fort a treaty of peace was made with the Crees. The leading men of both tribes assembled in the large hall, where eloquent speeches were delivered by the Blackfoot chiefs, and replies made by the Crees. The calumets of the tribes were placed on the table, forming an angle. They were afterward lighted, and were passed around and smoked, expressive of union and peace. Another Blackfoot gave to each

of the Cree chiefs a piece of lump sugar, which he first touched with his own lips, and afterward applied to the lips of the Cree; another Blackfoot passed around kissing each of the Cree chiefs; finally a fourth went around and shook hands with them. The Crees in turn passed around with a small parcel of tobacco for each of the Blackfoot chiefs, and also for those who were not present at the making of the native treaty. Before each of these ceremonial acts the participants made a speech, declaring their loyalty and desire for peace. The missionary was deeply impressed with the eloquence and vigor of intellect of the Blackfeet, and longed to win them to the Christian faith.

During that winter the resident population at the fort was about one hundred and fifty persons, as the boatmen had come in and supplemented the permanent residents, who consisted of the gentlemen, the steward, interpreter, boatbuilders, coopers, carpenters, blacksmiths and hunters with their families. Woolsey was the only Protestant missionary in the vast Saskatchewan country, indeed in all the country west of Manitoba and Keewatin until 1859, when the first English Church missionary went into the Mackenzie River District. Following in the footsteps of Rundle, his predecessor, Woolsey made his headquarters at Edmonton, going from camp to camp, and from post to post in quest of souls. He was anxious, however, to start an independent mission, that he might gather the natives around him and train them in habits of civilized life. The Blackfeet had a bad reputation for going on the war path, and the missionary had a taste of their savage daring at Drunken Lake, on the Blackfoot trail south of Edmonton, when he and Peter Erasmus were held up by a party of them and barely escaped with

their lives. The treaty so ostentatiously made with the Crees was soon broken. In 1868, there were ten thousand Crees and Blackfeet in the vicinity of Edmonton, when the Blackfeet drove the plain Crees near to Victoria, and the people of Edmonton had a skirmish with them.

In 1862 George McDougall visited the Saskatchewan, making the long journey from his own mission station at Norway House, and having as a companion his son, John, who was destined to do important work in that region. Henry B. Steinhauer had been at Whitefish Lake for five years, and Woolsey was at Smoking Lake, about thirty miles north of the Saskatchewan River, where he had erected a cabin and proposed to locate a mission. The larger experience of McDougall determined a spot on the bank of the river as a better location, though it lay on the war path of the Blackfeet; and when he returned to Norway House he left his son, John, then twenty years of age, to assist in the erection of buildings which ultimately grew into the Victoria Mission. Timber had to be got out and hauled, lumber cut by whipsaw, fish and other provisions secured, and sleds and harness made for dogs and horses. The harness for the dogs was made of tanned moose skins and for the oxen and horses of tanned buffalo hide, known as *power-flesh*, the name apparently derived from the tedious process of sewing it. Steinhauer was anxious that his two daughters should receive the rudiments of an education, and, as he desired to confer with Woolsey on matters affecting the missions, he took them with him to place them under Mr. Woolsey's care, as teacher and friend. The journey from Whitefish Lake to Smoking Lake was tedious, as the snow was deep and the cold intense. The distance of one hundred and thirty miles lay through the forest



THE REV. THOMAS WOOLSEY
(1818-1894)



THE REV. JOHN MCDOUGALL
(1842-1917)



From a painting by Paul Kane

AN INDIAN BUFFALO HUNT
The last stage—making for the corral

and across the plains, where new trails had to be broken, and the party was compelled to camp without any tent, sleeping in the open on the frozen ground, with the stars overhead.

The arrival at Edmonton of the winter packet with the mail was of special interest, as it was the great event of the cold season, and served to bring good cheer. But when it passed the camp where the missionary was working one hundred miles or more from the Post Office at the fort, and when he learned that there were important letters and he was unable to secure them or follow the packet to its destination for a couple of weeks, the pleasure was changed to chagrin. Mr. Hardisty who had charge of the winter packet of 1862, informed John McDougall that there were important letters for Woolsey and himself, but the sealed packet could not be opened and the young man went on to Smoking Lake. He begged Woolsey to allow him to go for the mail, but not a man could be spared from the work of preparing the timber for the new mission premises. Two weeks had passed since the mail had gone over the trail, and then Woolsey reluctantly consented to allow his young companion to go alone, but no sooner had he gone than he repented. He dreamed of him bleeding to death, lost on the plains and frozen, and when the young man arrived back safely, he did not think much about the letters, but was so overjoyed that he took him in his arms with expressions of gratitude for his safe return.

Woolsey was not an expert dog driver, he could not run nor even walk at a quick pace, and consequently when a fast trip had to be made he was wedged into a cariole and thus travelled from one camp to another. He became

accustomed to frequent upsets, some of which looked rather serious, as the cariole, dogs and missionary rolled down hill.

With the approach of spring of 1863 preparations were made to move the timber, lumber, and goods and chattels from Smoking Lake to Victoria. When these had been transported the Indians came in from the plains and hundreds of lodges were pitched at the mission. Some of these natives had accepted Christianity through the preaching of Rundle and Woolsey, but the majority of them were pagans. The missionary was delighted as he went through the camp, holding meetings, attending councils, visiting the sick, becoming, as circumstances demanded, doctor, surgeon, magistrate and spiritual counsellor. Whilst thus engaged the rest of the party were busy taking out timber up the river and hauling it down, whipsawing lumber, building the mission house, fencing and planting a field for a garden. Intent on his quest after souls, Woolsey paid little heed to material things, forgetting especially the voracious appetite of the dogs, and sometimes choice morsels of buffalo meat disappeared in a mysterious fashion, as they were not put beyond the reach of the animals.

Some buffalo tongues had been left over from dinner, and John McDougall decided to teach the missionary a lesson, so he hid the tongues and scattered dishes around on the floor of the lodge. When Woolsey came in and saw the confusion he concluded that the dogs had eaten the tongues and proceeded to thrash them, but relented, blaming himself for his carelessness. As he looked on in dismay, the real culprit entered the lodge laughing and, producing the tongues, received the thanks of his friend and guide, while he too laughed heartily over the episode.

Missionary travel was no luxury before the advent of the railroad, when long journeys had to be made over the plains. This is shown by the trip from Norway House to Victoria in the Saskatchewan country, when, in July 1863, George McDougall brought his wife and family on the summer brigade. More than forty days were spent on the boat from Norway House to Fort Carlton. Woolsey gave John McDougall permission to go and meet his parents. On their arrival a new and temporary dwelling was put up instead of the house which Woolsey was erecting in the fashion of the Hudson's Bay Company's fort. Peter Erasmus, one of the leading men of the Whitefish Lake Mission, became interpreter and general assistant, and the first permanent Protestant mission in the country was established on a secure foundation at Victoria.

Woolsey's description of his frequent visits to the camps of the Mountain and Wood Stonies, and of the manly traits that distinguished these people from the other Indians, awakened much enthusiasm. George McDougall became anxious to visit them, and see what could be done toward weaning them from a nomadic life to civilized habits, and leading them to become devoted Christians. With Peter Erasmus as guide, and his son to assist as general helper, he went off early in September on the search and discovered their trail near the crossing of the Red Deer river. The party found the Wood Stonies near the Battle River Crossing. Services were held in their camp, the people rejoiced at the presence of a praying man and another link was made in the chain of influence to win the Wood and Mountain Stonies for the Christian faith.

Woolsey was eager to reach the Stonies through the medium of their own language. He was ever on the quest of one versed in English, Cree and Stoney, that hymns and portions of the Bible might be translated for their use. He had sufficiently mastered the Evans' Syllabic system of the Cree that he could read and write in it and teach others how to use it. Without any pretence in the knowledge of the Cree and never attempting to give a sermon or address without the aid of an interpreter, he became a skilful teacher of the people. Seated by the camp fire in a lodge, or in the woods, or on a grassy knoll on the prairie with a tripod covered with a blanket, or in his own room in the Hudson's Bay Company's fort, he would gather a company of natives and read a chapter in the Cree Testament. While he did not understand many words, his hearers grasped the full import of the message, and many were led to the knowledge of Christ and salvation by his simple instructions, and reading of the Scriptures. As it was the custom of the officers and employees of the Hudson's Bay Company to spend Christmas at Edmonton, he determined to visit the fort at that time, as it gave him an opportunity of meeting people from the outposts as well as the permanent residents. The Christmas of 1863 was fraught with blessed results, as on that visit he met a small party of Mountain Stonies who had come to trade. Among them was Jonas, one of Rundle's converts, who understood Cree well, and he persuaded Woolsey to go with him to Victoria to assist in translating some hymns into the Stoney language. The rest of Jonas' party started south, and about fifty miles from Edmonton they were attacked by the Blackfeet, and some on both sides were killed and wounded. Peter Erasmus spent several

days with Jonas translating the hymns, and with the assistance of Woolsey and George McDougall, they were transcribed into the syllabic characters. With a copy of these hymns and a grateful heart Jonas set out on his three-hundred-mile tramp to his home in the mountains, where he taught the Stoneys the words of Life through these Gospel hymns.

The Mountain Stonies had been sought out by Rundle and Woolsey, and many of them had become loyal Christians, while all of them avowed their attachment to the Methodist Church. During the Riel Rebellion of 1885, Woolsey wrote: "Many of the Cree and Stoney Indians were members of our church in 1864, and would have been chronicled as such had I remained. In fact, my successor, the late Rev. George McDougall, returned three hundred as members the following year, that brother being satisfied that the labors of his predecessors had not been in vain in the Lord."

Among the trophies of the Cross won by Woolsey in his dauntless career among the Crees, Stonies and Blackfeet, was Maskepetoon, or Crooked Arm, a noted chief of the Crees. The missionary taught him to read in the Cree Syllabic and presented him with a copy of the New Testament, which he prized so highly that he read two chapters every day. When George McDougall visited the camp of which he was head chief, he found him in his lodge reading the eighth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. This old warrior was famed for his courage and wisdom, and dreaded by his enemies while he lived as a pagan; but by the grace of God he became an earnest Christian man, always working in the interests of peace among the tribes, while furnishing an example of heroism combined with gentleness, which was a new type of

character among the natives. In the company of Peter Erasmus and the McDougalls, he was on his way to hunt the buffalo, when the party met an old man, and, as the others shook hands, the warrior turned aside. Feelings of revenge stirred his soul for a few moments, and a scene of bloodshed would have been witnessed a few months previous, but, finally he shook hands with the stranger, who did not recognize him, and who was thus in Maskepetoon's power. The old man was none other than the murderer of the son of this noted Cree chief. The preaching of Rundle and Woolsey was surely not in vain, when the savage heart could thus be changed, and the native custom of revenge and the law of compensation be rejected for the spirit of Christ.

A faithful helper and able local preacher was The Red Bank, who became a Christian under Woolsey's instruction and at his baptism was named Thomas Woolsey. He was a kind, cheerful man, whose influence among the Indians was elevating, and when he died during the smallpox epidemic in 1870 hundreds mourned the passing of a beautiful soul. When George McDougall was approaching a charming lake in the Saskatchewan country, his guide pointed to a grave close by, and remarked: "That is the resting place of one of our head men. He was a great friend of Mr. Woolsey's, a good man, and died happy." Of Chief Lapatack, a gentleman said: "I spent a week in the tent of the good old Indian, and shall never forget the impression made on my mind by his Christian conduct; night and morning he called his people together for prayer." Disinterested travellers have testified to the genuineness of the faith and purity of life of the red men, won from the savage customs of the camp and the war path, to ways of independence and truth. Not

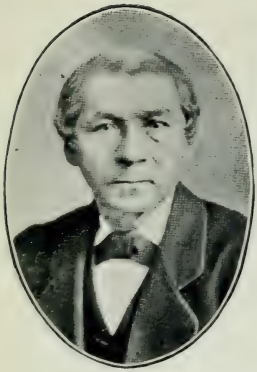
hundreds, but thousands were brought out of the darkness into the light of the Gospel of Christ through the efforts of the first Protestant missionaries under the shadow of the Rocky Mountains.

Enduring hardship as a good soldier, without a murmur on his lips, Woolsey travelled over the plains among the camps in quest of souls. Oftentimes in danger of freezing to death in a storm, shivering by the camp fire with little to satisfy the pangs of hunger, once in a while getting on the wrong trail and being lost, he still pursued his way with a passion that would not die. On a trip from Edmonton to Victoria his dogs made a dash for home, jumping over a precipice with Woolsey in the cariole, and only the presence of mind of John McDougall, who upset the cariole and threw the missionary out, saved him from death.

Many of the Indians and Hudson's Bay employees were relieved in times of sickness by his knowledge of medicine, and no journey was too long or arduous to help a woman or child in hours of distress. His reputation as a medicine man spread far and wide among the camps, and he was loved as a kind physician whose ministrations brought no material compensation but were rewarded by gratitude, undying friendship and love.

In April, 1864, he made a farewell visit to Edmonton, where he had many friends, and in the summer he looked for the last time on the mountains and plains where nine years of faithful service had been given to the native tribes. The following year he spent in England among the scenes of his boyhood, and the subsequent years were spent at Farnham in the Province of Quebec, at New Credit, Bruce Mines, Rama and Hiawatha, amid sacred associations full of historic lore. In 1885 he was super-

annuated and went to live in Toronto, where he died, May 2, 1894, aged seventy-six years. The aged missionary never lost his interest in the western tribes, and the old fire flashed in his eyes as I sat in his home and told him of later conquests among the Stonies, Crees and Blackfeet. A brave man, modest and gentle indeed, was Thomas Woolsey, whose name still lingers in the lodges, though fifty years have passed away.



The Rev. Henry B. Steinhauer (1820-1884)



The Rev. Egerton Steinhauer



The Rev. Robert Steinhauer and Family

CHAPTER VII

HENRY B. STEINHAUER

The Native Founder of Missions

IN that memorable year of 1820, momentous and prophetic in the history of Protestant missions in Canada, Henry B. Steinhauer, an Ojibway Indian, was born. A general awakening among the inhabitants of the Province of Ontario on behalf of the native population took place. The Methodists, under the leadership of the Rev. William Case, were especially active in arousing the Christian people to a sense of their responsibility in striving to Christianize and civilize the red men. The Rev. John West, Anglican clergyman, went in that year as the first Protestant missionary to the Selkirk Settlement, and while events such as these are not of large historic significance yet they assume large proportions in the making of the red race in Canada. The eastern shore of Lake Couchiching, in the county of Ontario, near Rama, was the place of Steinhauer's birth, notable in early history. It was in that vicinity that Champlain spent nine days, entertained every night by the inhabitants of Cahiague, not far from the present town of Orillia, with war dances and banquets. Between Lakes Simcoe and Huron were the towns of the gentle Hurons and the warlike Iroquois, inhabited by not less than twenty thousand Indians, and it was from the frontier town of Cahiague, where abode nearly two thousand Hurons, that Champlain advanced to attack the Iroquois in their own country. The region abounds in thrilling adventure and noble heroism as the Jesuit missions were planted there. Two of their missionaries,

After a few sessions at the Seminary, Steinhauer began his work as a missionary. He was appointed school teacher at the Credit Mission, situated at the mouth of the River Credit, one of the best fisheries on Lake Ontario. A number of the Mississauga Indians who had been converted at the Grand River Mission in 1826 began to settle at the river Credit. The Rev. Egerton Ryerson, well known in the later years as the eloquent preacher, ecclesiastical statesman and the founder of the educational system of Ontario, was sent as missionary. Unconsciously the young teacher was being trained for the future while he was educating others, as he was learning the art of agriculture, receiving instruction as a carpenter and builder, and noting methods of progress among the people, all of which he was to put into practice as a founder of missions in the far west part of the Dominion.

Having spent a year on the mission, Steinhauer was sent in 1835 to Upper Canada Academy, afterwards known as Victoria College, at Cobourg; but before proceeding there he went on a visit to his old home near Rama, on the shores of Lake Simcoe, as he yearned to see his mother and the scenes of his childhood. Great changes had taken place since he left the native camp—the Indians had forsaken many of their old customs; the power of the medicine-man was broken, the drunken orgies and grave immorality were replaced by songs of peace and love and divine grace. Possessed of a thorough knowledge of the Ojibway language and the customs of the natives, having good abilities and a strong desire for an excellent English education, the young man was well qualified for the duties and responsibilities of a native missionary. William Case who was constantly urging the missionaries to keep a journal, report regularly the

progress of the mission work and devote themselves assiduously to translating the Scriptures into the language of the people, determined to give him the best training possible to fit him for a useful career. After spending one year at college he went to Alderville to teach school for a year and then returned to college for another year. His kind and gentle disposition won for him many friends and the change from study to work enabled him to see what would best fit him for life; his progress in learning became rapid and definite and his habits of study were confirmed and retained throughout a long life of isolation in the Canadian North-west. His ability and industry were seen in the fact that during his last year he stood at the head of his class. So highly was he esteemed by the Rev. Dr. Matthew Richey, Principal of the college, that he employed him to read the proof sheets of the "Life of William Black," the founder of Methodism in the Maritime Provinces, which he was then publishing. Steinhauer became a proficient Greek and Hebrew scholar and he kept up the practice of reading a chapter daily out of the Hebrew Bible. Having finished his course at college, he returned to Alderville and remained there teaching school until he was called to the North-west, where all the subsequent years of his life were spent.

At twenty years of age, having the training necessary to make an able interpreter and translator, he was sent with the missionary contingent, in 1840, to open up the work among the native tribes west of Lake Superior and around Hudson's Bay and west to the Rocky Mountains. A great revival had taken place among the students and the people of the town of Cobourg during his last year at college and, though it was the year of the civil rebellion, the work was not retarded. Under the gracious influence

of this blessed season of grace, which remained with him for many years, he started in April, 1840, for his distant mission field.

He travelled by wagon to Lachine and from there he journeyed by the Hudson's Bay Company's canoes, early in May, to his destination at Lac la Pluie, better known as Rainy Lake. The lake is a beautiful sheet of water forty-eight miles long with an average width of ten miles, distant eighty-three miles from the Lake of the Woods, and from thence sixty-eight miles to Rat Portage, now called Kenora. At the west end of Rainy Lake is the Hudson's Bay Company's fort, named Fort Frances in honor of the wife of Sir George Simpson, Governor of the Company. It is now an enterprising town, but when our missionaries went there in 1840, it was simply a trading post, with the store and cottages of the factor and employees, in the form of a square surrounded by stockades about ten feet high. Not far from the fort is the magnificent flow of water known as the Chaudiére Falls, formed by the river, nearly two hundred yards wide, pouring in roaring cascades over a granite ridge. The ceaseless music of the waters has ever been a charm to travellers who have visited them. The scenery around the fort is beautiful and, although the natives are not supposed to have a deep sense of the beauty of nature, the location of the fort was sufficient to make it a rendezvous for the Ojibways, who came there several times a year to trade. In later years it was a central position for conferences of Government officials with the natives.

William Mason was the missionary at Rainy Lake, with Steinhauer as interpreter and school teacher, while Peter Jacobs, an Ojibway, born in 1805 at Rice Lake, was with his family at Fort Alexander, at the mouth of the

Winnipeg River as it flows into Lake Winnipeg. The mission at Rainy Lake was so successful that within three months after it was begun, an Indian was converted and he became so eager to learn that, having mastered the alphabet, he struggled hard in his efforts to know how to read. Within the next four months two more were converted and others were anxious to become Christians. A school was organized which was attended by all the boys and girls at the fort. Steinhauer was busy teaching, interpreting and translating and Mason writes on December 8th, 1840: "Mr. Steinhauer is exceedingly useful to the mission as translator, interpreter and schoolmaster. He has translated the Liturgy which we use twice a day. I sincerely hope we shall ere long have the Scriptures and some elementary books translated and printed in good Indian, not for Englishmen but for the natives." On March 23rd, 1841, Steinhauer writes: "My school has been my principal employment this winter. I had the pleasure of seeing some of the scholars beginning to read the Word of God in both English and Indian." So great was the success of the mission that within one year there were several conversions, seven families had been induced to cultivate the soil and were sowing their small farms, in the school some of the children were able to read the New Testament and write several hymns and portions of the Scriptures, and every Sabbath two sermons were preached to interested congregations. Judson spent several years in Burmah before he had a single convert, Carey passed through a similar experience in India and Morrison in China, while Steinhauer saw the first fruit of his labors within one year. As the language of the people was his native tongue, he had the advantage over the missionaries whose first years on the field must be

given to language study. His energy, faith and piety brought abundant success.

Peter Jacobs, whose Indian name was Pah-tah-se-ga, was trained by William Case as a missionary and labored among the native tribes on Lake Superior, Fort Alexander, Norway House, Rainy Lake, Saugeen, and Rama where he died. He visited England twice and charmed large audiences in Exeter Hall, London, and elsewhere, with his vivid descriptions of native life and missionary experiences. He was twice presented to Queen Victoria and was highly honored by receiving from Her Majesty, a magnificent robe and a framed portrait of herself. In 1852 he spent three months in making a trip from Toronto to York Factory, travelling by way of Buffalo, Detroit, Sault Ste. Marie, Fort Garry and Norway House. He published a small volume which has now become rare, in the form of a Journal, which gave an account of this journey, a brief review of his life, and a sketch of the Wesleyan missions in the Hudson's Bay Territory. In it there are interesting references to James Evans, William Mason, Steinhauer, Thomas Hurlburt and other missionaries to the native tribes.

James Evans, being in need of some one to assist in the work of translating while he was perfecting his Syllabic system of the Cree language, called Steinhauer to Norway House, where he became interpreter and school teacher; and in 1843, Mason was transferred to the same mission as assistant missionary. In a very short time Steinhauer had sufficiently mastered the Cree language to become an able translator and when Evans went to England in 1846 Mason and Steinhauer were left in charge of the missions. Abundant success came to the worthy laborers by means of the translations in the Syllabic. Large numbers of

the natives forsook their heathen customs, a flourishing school was in operation, the people were able to read portions of the Bible and to sing hymns. The lodges were transformed into homes of peace and comfort, where the love of Christ was known and joy found a permanent abode.

One of the converts was Chief Thomas Mustahgun, nearly eighty years of age, an intelligent man who was chief guide for three expeditions which went in search of Sir John Franklin. Another convert was Chief Jacob Berens who journeyed from Berens River to Norway House to learn the Syllabic characters. He remained there until he could read the Cree Bible, returning home to tell his people the good news of salvation. In 1848 Mason wrote of the northern Indians that they were docile, anxious to be taught, respectable in appearance and that there were no cases of drunkenness among them. Many of them held family worship in their homes and kept up the practice when absent on hunting expeditions.

Visitors from the far north carried the stories of the Gospel to their heathen brethren and these yearned for the wonderful message of peace. In answer to their appeal Steinhauer went to Oxford House, two hundred miles distant, and there began a new mission among the Crees. The journey was made in canoes over lakes and rivers, with not a house to be seen. Oxford Lake is a beautiful sheet of water thirty-five miles long and from eight to twelve miles wide, covered with numerous islands and abounding in fish of a fine quality. Oxford House, the Hudson's Bay Company's post, was situated at the north-east end of the lake. The fort consisted of a number of houses one storey high, surrounded by a stockade. The mission was established twenty miles from

the fort, and well situated on a peninsula at the head of Jackson's Bay, which was formed by the Bay and the River Wire. The Bay was named after the Rev. Thomas Jackson, President of the British Wesleyan Conference. The peninsula included fifteen acres of excellent land producing abundantly, under cultivation, many kinds of vegetables. Steinhauer was welcomed by the agents and employees of the Company, as well as by the Indians, and he laid the foundations of a very successful mission. He spent several years in hard work, until he left on a visit to England with the Rev. John Ryerson in 1854. He was succeeded by the Rev. Robert Brooking.

After spending six weeks in England he returned to Canada and was ordained at the Conference held in London, Ontario. He left with Thomas Woolsey for Edmonton, selecting the Lac la Biche district as his new field of operations. For four years he travelled among the lodges with no permanent abode, telling to thousands of the nomads the story of Christ and salvation, and many converts were won for the faith. Without schools to educate the children and having no settled camp where the aged and infirm could be cared for, it was impossible to build up a strong mission, so the missionary decided to seek a suitable place for settlement. Outside the trail of war parties lay Whitefish Lake, where fish was abundant and the land was good for agriculture. The question of removal being submitted to the natives, they gladly acceded to the proposal, and in 1860 the foundation of the new mission was laid, where Steinhauer labored until his death. Houses were erected at this outpost and land was broken with wooden spades, as there were neither ploughs nor hoes. When the first plough was secured the native horses would not perform their work,

but the undaunted leader and his loyal band hitched twelve stout Indians with shaganappi and a piece of land was prepared on which barley was sown; thus farming was begun among the Crees at Whitefish Lake. Religious services attended by large congregations were held on the Sabbath and during the week; there were numerous conversions and a flourishing school was established.

During the winter of 1869-1870 the Blackfeet were out on the warpath, but the mission was unmolested. A year later came the sad news of the Riel Rebellion in Manitoba. An epidemic of smallpox among the Plain Crees in the Saskatchewan country and among the Sarcees and Blackfeet in Southern Alberta swept away thousands of the natives. Communication was cut off with Whitefish Lake and grave fears were entertained for Steinhauer and his Indians. But, with rare wisdom, he removed his Indians to a secluded spot where they remained in safety until the plague was stayed, and not a single member belonging to the mission was stricken with the scourge. With the passing of the epidemic the natives turned with fresh enthusiasm to their farms, the school and religious services were renewed, a commodious mission house was built and materials were collected for a larger church.

The new settlement was far in advance of any in the country, due to the good judgment, ability and zeal of the missionary. His faith and courage were strengthened by large additions of converts. At an examination of the school, attended by George and John McDougall, Chief Factor William J. Christie and Mr. Hardisty, the native scholars surprised the visitors by their attainments in reading, writing, spelling, geography, arithmetic and Bible History. An address in the name of the people was presented to Mr. Christie, who complimented Ira Snyder,

the schoolmaster, Steinhauer, the scholars and their parents, on the splendid work being done. Despite the famine which followed the smallpox, the natives were so grateful for the blessings of the Gospel that, at a missionary meeting, they raised two hundred and fifty dollars for the school at Whitefish Lake. Steinhauer spent one year at Pigeon Lake in missionary toil and then returned to his old mission to continue until the end of his days.

Never having had a respite from his heavy labors since he went to the North-west in 1855, and as his experience would be of great service in arousing missionary enthusiasm, he accompanied the Rev. Dr. Alexander Sutherland, who was on a tour of inspection of the western missions during the summer of 1880, to Ontario. They came down the Saskatchewan River to Prince Albert, and drove across the prairie to Winnipeg. Large audiences listened to his quaint speeches and simple story of divine grace among the natives, and much enthusiasm on behalf of missions was aroused among the people in the towns and cities. At Brampton, when the Toronto Conference was in session, he read an address from the Indians of Georgian Island, thanking the Conference for supplying them with devoted teachers and missionaries, and rejoicing that so many of their people on Georgian Island, at Rama and Snake Island had been saved through grace, and won from ignorance and superstition to purity and peace and a measure of independence.

Fourteen months were spent in the central and eastern provinces and on August 16, 1881, he started across the prairie from Portage La Prairie, arriving at Whitefish Lake on the morning of the third Sunday in October. As he passed through Good Fish Lake Settlement he discovered that all the people had gone to church. He

rejoiced that during his absence the local preachers and class leaders had been so faithful that there were no relapses into heathenism, though the people were surrounded by the powerful influences of the medicine men among the tribes still wedded to pagan customs and belief.

The arduous work in the east and his long journey over the prairie undermined his constitution and for six weeks he was laid aside through illness. On recovery he threw himself with new zest into the work of preaching, giving counsel and directing the people in material and spiritual affairs. A missionary meeting was held and fifty-six dollars were raised to send the Gospel to the heathen. The missionary was now confronted with new problems, as the tide of immigration had set in and the influence of the white settlers was not always conducive to progress in morality and advancement in civilization. The older native opponents of the Christian faith became more determined than ever to increase their power by the extension of their tribal customs, and the young men, chafing under the bonds which their fathers had imposed upon them, yearned after independence, and were restless.

During the year the fishing in the lake was a failure; there were not many moose in the vicinity, though there was an abundance of muskrats and rabbits. The crops were good and there was plenty of wood, but that was a hindrance to farming operations as with the progress of the people more land was required. Though the future seemed dark, they decided not to appeal for help from the Government and yet it was thought advisable to seek another location better suited to the growing needs.

At this juncture a revival of religion broke out, holding the daring spirits in check and bringing a new vision. A yearning after purity of life compelled a purging of

the church register and a decrease in membership; this not only made a stronger, but a better church. The spiritual awakening spread to Saddle Lake and Egg Lake and many were led out into the light and faith of the Gospel. With the increasing infirmities of age and the result of an accident which occurred as Steinhauer was on a journey from Whitefish Lake to Edmonton in 1883, there was need of an assistant to carry on the work of the mission. One of his sons, Egerton, returning from Victoria College toward the close of the year, took up the falling mantle and rendered splendid service among the people, besides bringing joy and comfort to his aged parents. Egerton and his brother Robert received their elementary education in the mission school and then went as young men to Cobourg, Ontario, entering the Collegiate Institute and the University, where Robert remained until he graduated in Arts. They worked during the summer to supplement the help from home to pay their expenses during their college career, and were respected and loved by their fellow students, while they had a host of friends around them.

The young assistant threw himself with zest into the work of teaching, preaching, and helping the people in their farming operations; the Gospel was carried to other native camps; new schools were erected; the old mission premises renovated; a choir and singing classes were organized and, with a volume of Cree hymns edited by Thomas Woolsey and printed in syllabic characters, a praise meeing was held every Sunday evening. Attendance at school was increased by young men and women ambitious for the advantages of education, being enrolled as scholars. So great was the proficiency in the school that some of the younger students were able to recite

from memory, from eight to twenty-five verses of the English Bible. One recited sixty verses, which was certainly an accomplishment, as the Cree was their native tongue and English a foreign language. A gracious revival followed in which nearly all the young people joined the church, while the older members of the tribe became contented. They not only decided to remain on the reserve but became more progressive in their efforts to make a comfortable living and were held with the precious memories of their old home.

The aged missionary spent much of his time in translating portions of literature for the use of his people. In this kind of work he was specially skilful, as he had translated the Old Testament from the beginning of the Psalms to the end of Malachi and from the Epistle to the Romans to the end of the New Testament. He and John Sinclair, the half-breed interpreter at the Norway House Mission, assisted the Rev. William Mason and his wife in the translation of the Bible into the Cree language and the whole volume was published by the British and Foreign Bible Society in 1861 and 1862. Besides his work of Bible translation, with the help of Mrs. Hunter, wife of Archdeacon James Hunter, Anglican Missionary, and Peter Erasmus, native interpreter, a Cree hymn book was translated and published by the Wesleyan Missionary Society, London. He also rendered Mrs. Hunter valuable assistance in her numerous translations.

Forty-four years of missionary toil among the Indians of the west were not spent in vain, as evidenced in the growth of the missions, the native literature, souls won from heathenism and the foundations and progress of civilized communities. At Whitefish Lake there was scarcely a man, woman or child but could read the Scrip-

tures in the syllabic characters. At the public services every Indian might be seen with his Bible and when the lessons were read following the reading and carefully noting the texts. About four hundred professed conversion, most of whom were living consistent lives; five class-meetings were held every week; two day-schools and a Sabbath School were in operation and there were two local preachers who conducted the services in the absence of the missionary.

Almost every family owned a small farm, a yoke of oxen, besides cows and pigs, and were able to live in comfort. The women were no longer treated as slaves and chattels, nor compelled to do all the work around the camp, as the men now shared their burdens. The evidences of their faith were seen in the changed styles of dress and the cleanliness of their homes. When the traders saw the progress of the mission, they were anxious to establish posts in the vicinity but they were denied the privilege, as their presence would be baneful and the work of grace would be hindered. Before the advent of the missionary, the war whoop and war songs resounded in the camp, but the Christian faith brought visions of peace, and hymns of praise were heard in the camp, on the hunter's trail on the prairie, and in the heart of the mountains.

At the Conference held in Brandon, in June 1884, the aged missionary delivered a thrilling address, the last he was to utter before a white audience. A severe epidemic of influenza visited the mission in December and many of the natives were stricken down. On Sabbath, the 14th of the month, he preached twice, visited the sick and lay down, never to rise again. On Sabbath evening, the 29th, he called his family around his bed and exhorted

them to be faithful to Christ, and at his request they sang "The Gates Ajar." On the following evening, the chief of the tribe and some of the Indians joined the household, and, as they knelt and prayed, thanking God for the unselfish and beautiful life, the soul of the missionary went home. Thirty-six hours later, Benjamin Sinclair, the devoted Cree evangelist and servant of God for nearly forty-five years, passed away. On New Year's Day these aged soldiers of the Cross were buried in the same grave. In their passing they were saved from the trials and sorrows of the second Riel Rebellion, for scarcely had they gone than the sounds of war were heard on the prairies of the west.

This man of low stature was a native statesman who courted obscurity while others sought fame, content to lay foundations for the betterment of the race without recognition from church or state, waiting patiently for the verdict of posterity and the approval of God. Behind the dark-skinned visage lay an heroic soul, unconscious of its own greatness. The message of inspiration burned deeply and slowly into the passion of a prophet, finding expression in silent deeds on the lone prairies, where the heralds of civilization marked the trails to unknown cities in distant days.

One of the Indians in Dr. Rae's party in search of Sir John Franklin in the Arctic regions was a brother-in-law of Steinhauer and a member of the church at Rossville. Thomas Woolsey, in a eulogy on the sainted missionary, wrote in glowing terms of "his varied talents as schoolmaster, interpreter, translator and missionary, during forty-five years of his eventful life: but I wish to acknowledge my indebtedness to him for a thorough revision of our Catechism and Indian hymn book in the Cree syllabic

characters." The Rev. Lachlan Taylor, D.D., visited the missions in the Saskatchewan country and bore a fine testimony to the splendid work at Whitefish Lake, and Principal Grant in his popular work, "Ocean to Ocean," referring to his visit to the mission where eighty Cree children were attending school, says, "The Crees at Whitefish Lake are all Christianized and value the school highly."

Steinhauer was one of nature's noblemen, gentle in demeanor, whose native dignity was not lost through association with pagans. He lived as a saint among men, moulding them for the new civilization and revealing to them the holy vision which leads to the altar of God. He was a benefactor to his race, a member of the Church universal, and his work will abide through all the years. His memory and influence engraven on human hearts are more enduring than monument of marble or tablet of brass.



THE REV. GEORGE MILLWARD MCDOUGALL
(1820-1876)

Missionary to the Indians in Ontario and the Northwest



A GLIMPSE OF NORWAY HOUSE, WHERE GEORGE MCDOUGALL WAS STATIONED IN 1860

CHAPTER VIII

GEORGE McDOUGALL

Traveller and Hero

THREE things are required in the making of a great missionary—vision, passion and patience; vision, to see the possibilities of the individual and the tribe, passion, to save the souls of men, and patience, to lay foundations upon which other men can build. George McDougall possessed these qualities in an eminent degree. Like many great men in all ranks of life, he came of a sturdy race from among the heather-clad hills of Scotland, his forbears being fed on homely fare. Plain food and high thinking were fine training for the hardships of a farm in the backwoods of Canada. His father, being a non-commissioned officer in the British Navy, was able to serve his country in naval service on the lakes, during the war of 1812. He was a fine example of patriotism, and of strong faith in God.

George Millward McDougall was born in 1820, in the City of Kingston, in the Province of Ontario, the third son in the family, two of whom died before his birth. With the close of the war of 1812, a home was sought in the backwoods on the Penetanguishene Road, above the present town of Barrie; and there under the care of a pious mother, amid honest poverty, the foundations of education and sterling character were laid. There were no schools, the country was in a state of primitive wildness, brain and muscle were required to secure a livelihood, manners were rough, but compensations were found in hard work, affection and simplicity in the

home. Along with his younger brother David, he trapped fur-bearing animals, cleared the bush-farm and worked for the settlers; and thus the brothers became experts with the axe, gun and trap. He spent five months in the militia, as a private in the Royal Foresters' Regiment. In his nineteenth year, he was converted at a field meeting held by Peter White, a local preacher, an event which awakened a strong desire for self-improvement.

On January 10th, 1842, he was married; his wife, Elizabeth Chantler, a birth-right member of the Society of Friends, was converted at the watch-night service at Barrie in 1840-41, conducted by the Rev. Thomas McMullen. This saintly woman became one of the pioneers of the west, enduring hardship on lonely mission fields, and winning many souls for Christ. After a short period on a farm, he sailed Lakes Huron, Erie and Michigan as captain of the schooners "Indian Prince" and "Sydenham," trading with the Indians, and preaching to them at every suitable opportunity. With a burning passion for the souls of the natives, he determined to become a missionary. In order that he might secure an education, the young couple toiled early and late, studying economy to the utmost, that the necessary funds might be secured to meet all expenses. Moses, the youngest of their three children, having died, John and David were left in the care of friends, while the parents spent the year 1849 at Cobourg, the husband attending classes in the Victoria College, and preaching on Sunday.

At the Conference of 1850, he was "received on trial," as a candidate for the ministry, and stationed at Alderville, as assistant to the Rev. William Case, where he spent one year. He was then sent to establish a mission in the

vicinity of Lake Huron, where the Indians would congregate. After making observations he decided to locate at Garden River, and having called the native council, and explained the benefits of religion, he brought his family and began work under very unpromising circumstances. Nearly the whole population was crazed with liquor when the mission family arrived, yet undaunted, the missionary remained and with his own hands got logs from the bush, and erected a large mission house and school. Within two years, several notable characters were converted, and the Council appointed two Indians whose duty it was to spill any liquor brought to the settlement. During the six years spent on this mission the foundations were so well laid, that thirty years after, a band of Indians was found near Chapleau, numbering seventy-two souls, of whom the Rev. Silas Huntingdon said, that though separated from the body of their tribe, they had kept their faith, and had maintained their religious worship without the aid of a missionary. The Hudson's Bay Company's officer said: "These Indians are a godly people. I often attend their services, and find their prayers and addresses fervent and intelligent, and they have not been corrupted by the vices of the white men."

In August, 1857, he proceeded as missionary to Rama, a land of classic lore, inhabited two hundred years before by the gentle Huron and warlike Iroquois, in whose villages there were not less than twenty thousand souls. In that vicinity was St. Joseph or Ihonatiria on the west entrance to Penetanguishene Bay; north of Lake Simcoe, near Orillia, lay the frontier town of the Hurons, named Cahiague or St. John the Baptist, from whence Champlain advanced to attack the Iroquois; on the right bank of the River Wye, the Jesuits erected a fort in 1639, named St.

Mary; on the west coast of Hogg's Bay was the village of St. Louis, where Breboeuf and Lalemant were captured by the Iroquois in 1649; and about two and a half miles distant was the village of St. Ignatius, where these two brave men were cruelly tortured and put to death. In this ancient domain of the native lords of Canada, the Huron ossuaries are still being discovered, and aboriginal relics mingle with articles of French manufacture. We read anew with thrilling interest of deeds of daring enacted by the dominant race which inhabited this region nearly three hundred years ago. Upon such sacred soil, baptized with blood, the Rev. William Herkimer began a mission among the Ojibway Indians in 1845, and with so great success that in one year he reported one hundred and twenty-six converts. George McDougall upheld the traditions of his predecessors at Rama, in reclaiming men and women from sin, training them in the arts of civilization, and developing a large measure of independence.

After the year's apprenticeship on Indian missions in Ontario, when the call to larger work in the regions beyond the Great Lakes came to him, he was ready, with a new and fresh consecration of his talents, experience and enthusiasm, to enter the boundless territory in quest of new lands to conquer. In June, 1860, he was chosen to succeed Robert Brooking at Norway House, with the additional responsibility of superintending the missions lying between Lake Superior on the east, and the Rocky Mountains on the west. Twenty years had passed since Rundle and Evans went to Norway House, and great things had been accomplished in winning the natives from heathenism. Robert Brooking had spent seven years as a missionary in West Africa before coming to Canada. Six years among the Indians at Rice Lake and St. Clair

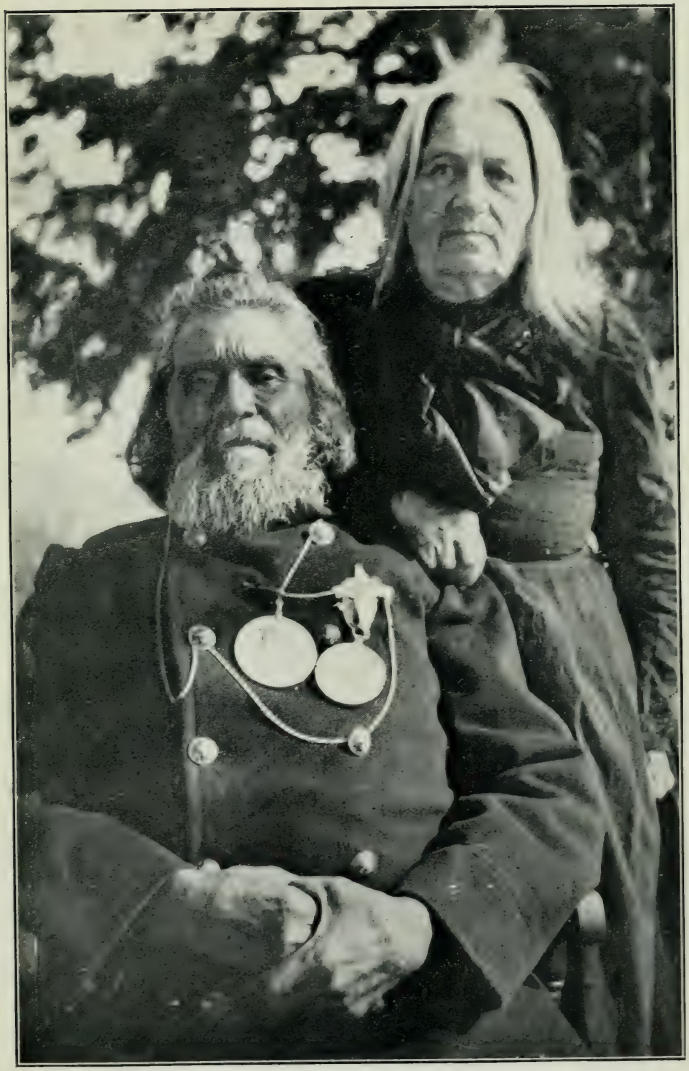
missions were sufficient preparation for service among the aborigines in the far north, whither he went in June, 1854, with the Rev. John Ryerson, who was on a visit of inspection to Rainy River, Fort Garry, Norway House and York Factory. He was accompanied by Thomas Hurlburt, Allen Salt, a native missionary, and Robert Brooking, with their families. An interesting volume, "Hudson's Bay Territory," the result of this visit, was published, and was the first volume sent out from the Toronto Publishing House by the Methodist Missionary Society of Canada. Salt was stationed at Rainy Lake, Hurlburt at Norway House, and Brooking at Oxford House, where he remained three years, and then at Norway House for a similar term. Returning east he labored for twenty-three years among the Indians at Rama and Hiawatha. This brave man died at Cobourg in 1893, aged eighty years, and his work and life are worthy of remembrance.

In the northern country, at Norway House and beyond, George McDougall came in contact with the Cree Indians, a new tribe for him to conquer, but he was able to adapt himself to any conditions, and never flinched in the face of hardship. Counting it an honor to serve his country as a soldier or a missionary, he was a stranger to fear; as a citizen, he was loyal to the laws of the land; as a Christian, he was broad in his sympathies and courteous in manner. These characteristics served him well in his work among the natives, who respected and obeyed a leader whom they could trust, and whose sole interest was for the general uplifting of the race. Upon his arrival at his new station, he quickly made observations, and with unflinching enthusiasm and undaunted courage, he literally threw himself with savage energy into the great task

of saving a tribe which had slackened for a season in seeking the higher things of life. The results of his strenuous efforts were seen at the end of two years, when he reported new houses erected, gardens fenced, the dilapidated mission premises renovated, increased attendance at the day school and public services. The cause of temperance had improved, many of the Indians and white folks having signed the pledge. He also reported one hundred and sixty-seven church members, an increase of twenty-seven, and missionary contributions for one year, at Norway House, of one hundred and sixty-nine dollars, and from the Indians at Rossville of over thirty dollars.

At Oxford House, some of the natives had read the New Testament through in the Cree Syllabic characters, and the study of divine revelations had produced a higher type of piety and civilization. Some of the Indians had died, but their faith in Christ was strong, and they passed away rejoicing in the blessed hope of immortality. Among the number was John Coland, born a pagan, who had embraced the truth about 1850. His zeal and piety marked him out for a class leader, wherein he was faithful in dealing with men concerning their sins. When the end came, he was absent from Oxford House. Amid much suffering, he requested his nephew who was with him to read to him. As the words "thou shalt see greater things than these" fell faintly upon his ears, this earnest disciple, beloved by all the people, stepped beyond the everlasting hills to the land where glory ever dwelleth.

When Chief Jacob Berens was a young man, having heard of the good work going on among the Crees in the north, he travelled from Berens River to Norway House, and stayed there long enough to master the Syllabic characters, so that he could read the Cree Bible. Having



CHIEF BERENS AND HIS WIFE

Chief Berens went from Berens River to Norway House to learn about God. He returned home and taught his own people

been baptized by George McDougall, he returned to declare the riches of the Gospel, and to lay the foundations of a successful mission among his own people. Twenty-six years after these events, the Revs. John McDougall, James Woodsworth and Joshua Dyke visited Norway House. Among other services was a fellowship meeting in Cree, lasting over four hours. One of those who related their religious experiences was Chief Thomas Mustahgun, eighty years of age, who had been chief guide for three search expeditions after Sir John Franklin and his party, lost in the Arctic wilds. He said that he did not rise to speak that others might hear him, nor to tell them that he was a good man, but to speak for God, who had done much for him. In his early life he had been a wicked man, and had walked far away in the paths of unrighteousness, yet the Lord had been merciful to him, and now he wanted the people of God to pray for him, that he might remain faithful, until he passed to the land where there is no sorrow and sin.

During his frequent trips westward, George McDougall had come in contact with several bands of Cree Indians from the Saskatchewan country, and so impressed were some of these people with the gracious influences of the Gospel, that three different deputations waited upon him, pleading for a missionary to be sent to the tribes farther west. In the summer of 1862, he started on a twelve hundred mile trip on a tour of investigation, travelling by boat to Fort Garry, and then across the great prairies on horseback, fifty and sixty miles a day. He crossed the South Saskatchewan at Batoche, and the North Saskatchewan at Carlton, calling at Fort Pitt, and finally arrived at Whitefish Lake, where the Rev. Henry B. Steinhauer was in charge of the mission at that point.

Though dangers lay on every hand from the hostile Blackfeet, who were at war with the Crees, the missionary and his son John seized every opportunity of preaching the Gospel at the Hudson's Bay Company's posts, at the half-breed camps, and among the Indian lodges which they passed on the trail, on their long journey. In after years the fruit of these visits was seen in men and women won from the paths of sin. So great was the call, and so deeply impressed was the missionary with the vast opportunities for service, and the hidden possibilities, which he saw with prophetic vision, in the western provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta, that he selected a site for a new mission at Victoria, now called Pakan, after the famous Cree chief. Leaving Thomas Woolsey and John McDougall to get out the timber and erect mission buildings, he hastened homeward to Norway House, a month's journey, determined to bring his family, and lay foundations under the shadow of the Rocky Mountains. The following summer found him at his new post, ready to live or die in contending for the faith.

Victoria lay nine hundred and twenty miles north and west of Winnipeg, about midway between Fort Pitt and Edmonton on the Saskatchewan River. On account of the rich soil, abundance of timber, good pasturage and splendid climate, besides, being a Hudson's Bay Company's post, where half-breeds and Indians, freighters and travellers were coming and going, it was an excellent centre for a mission. Thomas Woolsey had begun a mission at Smoking Lake, about twenty-five miles north of Victoria, but the man of wider experience wisely decided upon the new location, and the site was changed. Along the North Saskatchewan, the North-west Fur Company had trading posts as early as 1791, while north-

east of Edmonton stood Lac d'Original, and about 1793, another post named Fort George was built. The employees of all the trading posts were of French, English and Scotch extraction, some having come from the old land, and joined the Company in their youth. Through marriage with native maidens, there sprang up the half-breed race, who became the voyageurs and bourgeois of the west. There were several Roman Catholic missions located not far from Victoria, the members of which were chiefly French half-breeds. At Lake Ste. Anne a mission had been established in 1844, by the Rev. Mr. Thibault, and on the shores of Grand Lac a mission named St. Albert had been organized by the Rev. Albert Lacombe in 1861. The site was selected by Archbishop Tache, and this mission finally became the See of a Bishopric, the seat of Bishop Grandin. A convent was erected, and the nuns managed efficiently a large school for the children of the settlement. George McDougall rejoiced in any efforts for the welfare of the Indians and half-breeds and the few white settlers in the country, but the territory was so large, and the natives so numerous, that he went his own way in striving especially for the conversion of the red men.

The Hudson's Bay Company's mail packet came to Victoria once a year, and an occasional budget of letters was brought by a passing traveller, yet this privation was not counted a sacrifice for the sake of the cause of Christ. While the workers at the mission made their own harness, mended their carts and wagons, and hunted the buffalo for meat, these were only preliminary to the great work of civilizing the natives. Strangers passing through the country, having heard that a mission had been started on the river near Hairy Bay—the old name for the valley

behind the mission house, because it had been a favorite feeding ground for the buffalo—came out of their way to see what was taking place, and, during their stay of two or three days, heard the Gospel message and went forth to live better lives in the wilds of the north. Ever anxious for greater conquests, John McDougall and Oliver Gowler were sent to start a mission at Pigeon Lake, as the Wood Crees and Wood Stonies were without a missionary. Thomas Woolsey had been designated for that post, but no site had been chosen. An excellent location was made by these two men, where in three days they cut enough timber for two houses, and over a new trail they sped homeward, making eighty miles in one day by dog-train. This mission, subsequently named Woodville, after the Rev. Dr. Enoch Wood, became a centre of influence for many years, and souls were won for God.

The condition of the Wood and Mountain Stonies, as well as their courage and ability, touched the heart of George McDougall, and when about forty lodges of the former came from the north in the winter of 1864, and camped for a couple of days at Victoria, on their way to hunt the buffalo, the missionary seized the opportunity of telling them the story of the Cross. These Wood Stonies were known as Wood-hunters, as they hunted the moose, elk, deer and bear in the wooded country north of the Saskatchewan, which was their home, and also to distinguish them from the Mountain Stonies, whose habitat was on the plains, and in the mountains farther south; still they were bands of the same tribe, speaking the same language with slight dialectical differences. They were inveterate gamblers and polygamists, yet were possessed of some sterling qualities, for when they had been absent a month hunting the buffalo, they sent word to the

missionary to come for provisions. After a journey of seventy-five miles, they were found camped near Birch Lake, and they gave McDougall four splendid loads of dried meat and grease.

When John McDougall returned from Fort Garry that winter with supplies for the missions, he learned that his father, with Henry B. Steinhauer and Peter Erasmus, had gone on a long trip to the Mountain Stonies, who were strongly attached to the missionaries ever since Rundle and Woolsey had visited their camps and preached to them. Abundant success had already attended the efforts made to win the natives to the Christian faith, many of them having discarded polygamy and pagan customs, and having become devoted followers of Christ. Mission premises were erected at Victoria, Whitefish Lake and Pigeon Lake; schools were in operation; the sick were brought from the mountains and plains for treatment; others relying upon the wisdom, justice and love of their teachers sought advice on domestic and camp difficulties. Six class meetings were regularly held at Victoria, and peace reigned at all the missions. Among the notable men who were soundly converted were Maskepetoon, the famous Cree chief, and Little Squirrel, a Cree chief and noted medicine man, who had long struggled before he lost faith in his incantations, but, when the decisive hour arrived, he and one of his sons were the first and only members of his tribe to come forward and be baptized.

The rapid decrease of the buffalo brought much destitution among the Indians in the winter of 1867-8, and the cause was attributed to the presence of the white people; and then, the energy and good judgment of George McDougall and his son John became manifest as well as the

confidence reposed in them by the natives and the Government. They travelled far and wide among the camps, allaying the fears of their dusky friends, and letters were written to the Governor, asking that treaties and a peaceful settlement be made with the tribes. No sooner had he accomplished his purpose, than George McDougall hurried off to Ontario, and by his thrilling addresses aroused the people to the great possibilities of the lone land, and the need of men and money to carry on the work. So successful was he on this important visit, that he returned with a band of missionaries to undertake new conquests for the truth. It was then that George Young came to found missions for the white settlers at Fort Garry and vicinity; Egerton R. Young went forth to Norway House; Peter Campbell travelled to the Saskatchewan country to preach to the half-breeds and Indians, and Ira Snyder and his brother to teach in the Indian schools. A large meteorite lay on the plains, an object of superstitious reverence and worship to the Indians. As of some scientific value, and to lead the natives to a higher faith, George McDougall had it removed, and sent to Victoria University. Though the calamities predicted by the medicine men, which would follow its transportation, seemed to befall the plain tribes, ultimately, they discovered a better way of life than implicit trust in the iron stone.

With the outbreak of the Riel Rebellion at Red River, and the widespread dissatisfaction among the Crees and Blackfeet in the Saskatchewan country, George McDougall hastened to Fort Garry to secure supplies for the missions, and to obtain military protection for the white people in the far west. He offered to be one of twenty men to surprise the rebels and take Fort Garry;

but there was no time to lose in parleys, as his presence was required at home. In his own wide district, he and his son incessantly visited the native camps. Meetings of the white settlers were held at Edmonton. Letters were written to Governor McDougall, urging that Commissioners be sent to treat with the Indians. He also advised that no surveyors nor any white men be allowed to enter the country, as there were many rough characters already in the west who hated the name of English, and who were ready to repeat Riel's experiment.

Before peace had been permanently restored, smallpox broke out in the native camps, and in the half-breed and white settlements, and thousands of the people died. The missionaries were compelled to isolate themselves, enemies cast infected garments on the white man's trail and no communication could be carried on. At the mission house at Victoria, Flora and Georgina McDougall, aged eleven and eighteen years, and Anna, an adopted daughter, aged fourteen, died, and were buried by the stricken father. Peter Campbell, Henry B. Steinhauer and John McDougall removed their people from the scene of the plague and were saved. When John returned home, and stood at the garden fence, he was informed of the death of his beloved sisters, and warned not to enter the house till all danger had passed.

In the spring of 1871, George McDougall removed to Edmonton, and laid the foundation of a permanent mission. He built a mission house and stable, costing over twelve hundred dollars, which were completed in December of that year. Rundle had begun the mission in 1840, and was followed by Woolsey and McDougall, but these were the first buildings to be erected. As the central depot of the Hudson's Bay Company for the

north, situated in the heart of a large agricultural country on the bank of the Saskatchewan River, and with great possibilities of development, the site chosen was excellent, as its later growth has revealed, being now the capital of the Province of Alberta.

The Mountain Stonies had frequently importuned George McDougall to found a permanent mission for them. They had suggested the valley of the Bow River as a suitable location, on account of its fertility, salubrious climate, water privileges, abundance of timber and pasturage, and beautiful scenery among the foothills, with the mountain sentinels crowned with eternal snow looking down upon them. Still bent on making new and permanent mission centres, he explored the district, accompanied by a single native, and decided upon a spot a few miles east of what is now Morley Mission, so named after the Rev. Dr. Wm. Morley Punshon. Having accomplished this important task, he started across the plains for Fort Garry to attend the first Methodist Missionary Conference ever held in the west, which assembled in Grace Church, on the morning of July 26th, 1872. During its sessions John McDougall was ordained and the mission to the Stonies on Bow River was endorsed. Some of the missionaries had been on the way twenty days, and one of them twenty-five, in order to attend the Conference; and the men from the western prairies camped on the outskirts of the embryo city, in preference to staying in the homes of the people.

With the close of the Conference and business affairs, the missionary started across the plains on August 2nd, and on the same day, the Sanford Fleming Expedition started on its westward trip, with Principal Grant as secretary. He has given a splendid description of the

country in his notable volume, "Ocean to Ocean," while Professor Macoun, the botanist, has given the results of his explorations in a large book. George McDougall, with his Cree servant Souzie, travelled with the party. The missionary acted as spiritual adviser and preacher, till one day Souzie discovered Dr. Grant praying in secret. Having informed his master, the learned Principal was compelled to take his share in the religious exercises during the rest of the journey.

In the following spring the Rev. Dr. Lachlan Taylor visited the missions on Lake Winnipeg, with John McDougall as guide, and with George McDougall inspected the missions in the Saskatchewan district. He then turned southward for Missouri, spending a night among the whiskey traders at Fort Whoop-Up, embarking at Fort Benton for home.

In November, 1873, the new mission to the Mountain Stonies at Morley was begun in earnest by the erection of premises, and John McDougall with his wife and three children and about seven hundred Indians settled there. During the following summer, George McDougall visited Victoria, Athabaska and Morley, and then started with his wife for Ontario, she not having been home for fourteen years. Ever alert on schemes for the welfare of the Indians, before leaving for the east he called a meeting in conjunction with Chief Factor Christie, at which a petition was prepared, asking the Government, as he had done two years previous, to suppress the liquor traffic in the country, and to send a military force to establish law and order. This action culminated in the Mounted Police being sent out the following year, the Dominion Parliament having passed an Act to establish a military force for the North-west.

The autumn and winter were spent in addressing meetings in the interest of missions in Ontario, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces. In the following spring, on invitation of the missionary authorities, he visited England and Scotland, where great enthusiasm was awakened by his thrilling story of life among the Indians, and the vastness of the almost unknown land. In July, 1875, he left Toronto for his home at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, accompanied by the Rev. Dr. Enoch Wood, Rev. Henry M. Manning and school teachers for the Indians. On arrival at Winnipeg, he learned that troubles were brooding among the native tribes, owing to the presence of parties constructing a telegraph line, Canadian Pacific Railroad surveyors, and a party belonging to the Geological Survey. Lieutenant-Governor Morris, being authorized by the Dominion Government, requested him to visit the native tribes so as to allay their fears, and though anxious to reach home, he sent on the mission party in charge of his son David across the plains, and with his wife, spent the summer visiting the native camps, comprising four thousand, nine hundred and seventy-six persons. His mission was abundantly successful, the only trouble apparent being the rebellious attitude of Big Bear, a Salteaux, who tried to take an important part in the native council, but was overborne by the Cree chiefs. In his report to the Lieutenant-Governor, George McDougall stated that the Crees were pleased to receive their presents, and believed that the Government would deal justly with them, and they would remain loyal; that Big Bear and his small party of Salteaux were shrewd men, but the mischief makers in the western country; that the Crees wanted the prohibition of intoxicating liquor, and a law against the use of poison for destroying

animals on the prairies; that a law should be made punishing Indians, half-breeds and whites, who set fire to the forest or prairie, and finally that chiefships should be established by the Government, in order that the best men of the tribes should be chosen to guide them. His keen insight, firmness and good judgment were shown in bringing peace, so that the surveyors were unmolested, settlers were able to locate in the country, the way was opened for treaties with the tribes, and even Big Bear, who caused so much trouble during the second Riel Rebellion in 1885, was shorn of his strength. The whole Dominion became indebted to this intrepid, unselfish and patriotic missionary, for the splendid service performed on this important mission. It was one of great political influence, saving the country a large outlay in the preservation of peace, as the sparks of rebellion and seeds of discord were brought to nothing through wise counsels and strong faith.

There was a short period of rest at Morley, and the project of a mission to the Blackfeet was undertaken. The missionary authorities sanctioned the scheme, and the Methodist Sunday School of Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, promised one thousand dollars a year toward its support. A beautiful location was selected by George McDougall and his son John, at Pincher Creek, thirty miles west of Macleod, and was named the Playground Mission, after the legend of Napioa, the Old Man of the Mountains, on whose playground the mission was located. It was too late in the year to begin operations, and the intention was to erect buildings in the spring. But the death of the missionary delayed the project. Not until the summer of 1880, was the mission to the Blackfeet begun, when the writer and his wife went among the

Blood Indians. Macleod was the centre for the first year, and afterward it was on the Blood Indian Reserve.

After a trip to High River and vicinity late in December, visiting the Indian camps, the missionary brought word that the buffalo were moving westward. In January, 1876, a hunting party was organized to secure buffalo meat, consisting of George McDougall, his son John, and nephew Moses, who was only a boy, and had been in the country but five months, and an Indian and his twelve-year-old son. On Monday, January 24th, the party was about eight or ten miles from Calgary, and distant from Morley about thirty miles. They had killed six animals, and darkness came on before the meat was dressed and put on the sleds. The camp lay eight miles distant, and the party travelled along, father and son conversing till within two miles of the lodge, where Moses had been left in charge. The missionary then suggested that he would go ahead, and have supper ready when the others arrived. Pointing to a star, he remarked to his son, "That bright star there is over our camp, is it not?" and the answer being in the affirmative, he rode away, and never again was seen alive. On the thirteenth day after he parted with his son, his frozen body was discovered not far from the camp which he had vainly sought, by a half-breed, and brought to his lodge, and a native woman reverently placed her shawl over the remains. Five years afterward, Jim Howse, a half-breed, informed the writer that he saw the missionary walking through the snow, leading his horse, during the heavy storm that raged, seeking the camp, but did not know that he was lost. The sainted hero was buried at Morley. The sad news was borne far and wide among the Indian camps, while from the Atlantic to the Pacific, there were stricken

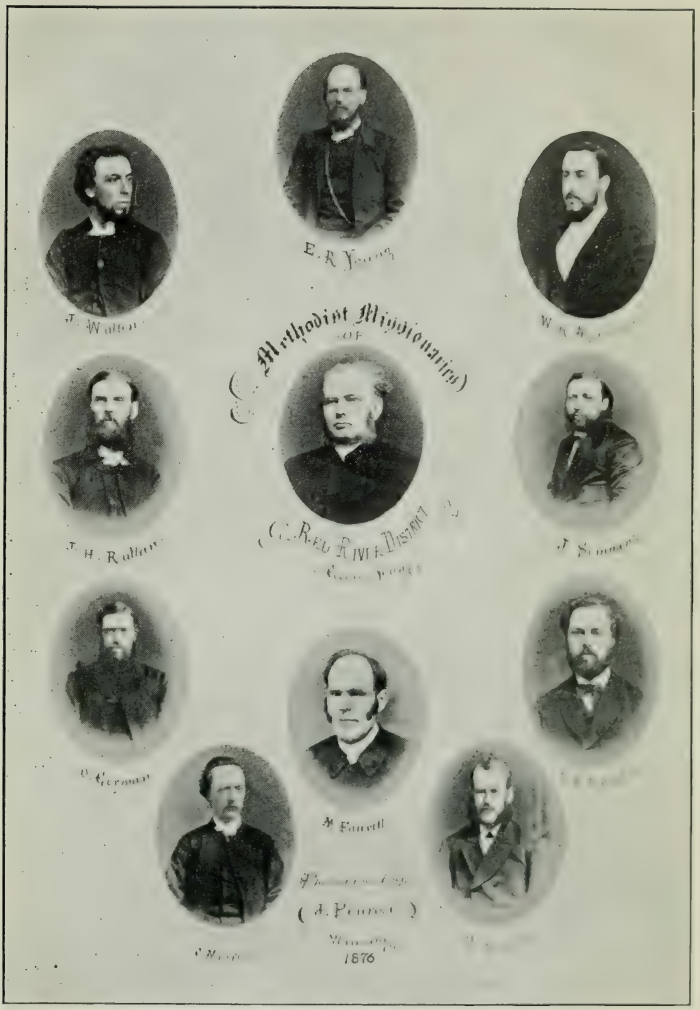
hearts, for a brave man fallen in the faithful discharge of duty. An appropriate monument stands in the Morley burial ground, where some of the Stoney Indians are buried, and a plain memorial tablet of white marble set on black slate, having a suitable inscription in Cree and English, has been placed in the McDougall Memorial Church, Edmonton. But better far and more enduring than monument of marble, are the hosts of red men won from paganism, the social movements, the laws enacted, the settlement of the west, the loyalty of the people, which received their impetus from his wide vision and commanding influence during the years spent in the north and west. Men of different creeds and politics have been unanimous in their testimony to the catholicity of his spirit, unflinching courage, daring unselfishness, and statesmanship.

Principal Grant spoke of him as "one of our simple great ones." He was full of ready resources, thoroughly acquainted with the country, and an obliging fellow-traveller. Lieutenant-Governor Laird employed him to carry a message to the Indian tribes, and, in referring to him, said that he was one of the most devoted and intelligent advisers the Indians ever had. Dr. Leonard Gaetz in a public address said: "Whatever we may say or leave unsaid, the name of George McDougall will be written among the few immortal names. That name is so deeply engraven upon the history of the North-west, and upon the hearts of its aboriginal races, that the pen of the historian will haste to do it honor, and even the untutored Indian will hand down to his posterity the memory of an honest official, a zealous peacemaker, an unselfish friend, and above all, an heroic minister of Jesus Christ."

Dr. Enoch Wood wrote, that " McDougall was devoted to his work, possessed of strong love for souls, absorbed in the welfare of the Indians, most unselfish, noble and generous, bold and unflinchingly courageous, had great powers of endurance, was firm in his friendships, graphic in his written descriptions, and very eloquent upon the platform. He was zealous and enterprising in enlarging the work, and his plans were generally marked by practical good sense. The officials of the Hudson's Bay Company had unlimited confidence in him, and deservedly so."

Katherine Hughes in her " Life of Father Lacombe " says of George McDougall that he " was a man to whose useful life and fine character Father Lacombe testifies in fraternal charity."

His work abides, unseen by mortal vision. With the passing years, the spiritual forces set in motion have changed thousands of lives, making them richer with a fulness of blessing from the Cross, while men and women have crossed the great divide and have found eternal peace in the land of the blessed.



MISSIONARIES OF THE RED RIVER DISTRICT, TORONTO CONFERENCE, 1876, THE REV. GEORGE YOUNG, D.D., CHAIRMAN

The District extended from Winnipeg north to Norway House and west to Saskatchewan. Twelve churches, three parsonages, and about 3,200 total attendance at worship is the Conference record of 1878.

CHAPTER IX

GEORGE YOUNG

The Early Days at Fort Garry

IN the building of a nation religion has always borne an important part, and been a leading factor in moulding the individual and national character of the people, stimulating literature, purifying social customs, organizing public institutions and fashioning political ideals. In snatches of old songs or the stones of a forgotten cairn, there abide broken fragments of an early faith; the ruins of abbeys and monasteries speak of spiritual instincts; and the lingering legends and traditions of our fathers are memorials of religion, which made sturdy men who learned to live and die for sons and daughters yet unborn. The natives of western Canada, though designated barbarians and pagans by civilized folks, had their own forms of religion, but the vast expanse of forest, lake and prairie, and the nomadic habits of the people prevented them from erecting permanent buildings for sacred uses. Yet they were not alone in this neglect of solid tabernacles, as after the Hudson's Bay Company had been in existence for a century and a half, there were neither churches nor schools in the North-west. Governor Semple wrote in 1815: "I have trodden the burnt ruins of houses, barns, a mill, a fort, and sharpened stockades, but none of a place of worship, save on the smallest scale. I blush to say that throughout the whole of the Hudson's Bay territories no such building exists." When George Young

arrived in Winnipeg there was no religious sanctuary in the village, and except the small churches of the Anglicans and Presbyterians now included in the northern part of the city, and of the Roman Catholics in St. Boniface, and a stray edifice here and there, the wide expanse of prairie stretching from Lake Superior to the Rocky Mountains was without any evidences of religious sentiment in buildings set apart to sacred uses.

George Young, the pioneer missionary to the white settlers in the west, born December 31, 1821, was of United Empire Loyalist stock, and with his mother, a widow at nineteen years of age, spent his early boyhood with his grandparents on a farm. He was educated at the Grammar School, Picton, Ontario. During the Mackenzie Rebellion in 1837, he enlisted, and served his country. Three years later he was converted, and in 1842 he entered the ministry, serving faithfully as a good soldier of Jesus Christ for the long period of fifty years. While George Young was ministering to the important congregation in Richmond Street Church, Toronto, George McDougall was arousing the people on behalf of the Indian missions, imparting information about the fertile prairies of the west, stirring up their patriotism and heroic virtues, and making a strong appeal for a missionary to labor among the white settlers who were beginning to come into the country. In response to this appeal Egerton R. Young and Peter Campbell were secured as missionaries to the Indians, the two Snyder brothers as teachers, and George Young volunteered to go to Fort Garry as the first Methodist missionary to the white people in the west. Conditions on the Red River were not inviting from the standpoint of material comforts and advancement, but the field was large, wayward souls

were in need of inspiration and guidance, and the vision of a new empire was sufficient for a prophet of modern times. This man of quiet determination, whose abilities in statesmanship would have placed him in the front rank in the realm of politics, accepted the challenge of the Cross, and went forth to lay foundations greater than he dreamed.

The party left Toronto on May 9, 1868, travelling by rail and steamboat, without adventure, to St. Paul, and then by Red River carts across a stretch of prairie more than six hundred miles to Fort Garry, consuming a month of time on the way. Crossing the Assiniboine River by ferry on July 4th, they found a scattered village with a population of one hundred people, streets without a side-walk, where the unwary pedestrian encountered the greasy mud, an abiding memory of pioneer days, and not a church nor school. Yet, the precursor of civilization was present in " Dutch George's " little tavern, and a few small stores with poor goods at high prices. Two years later some progress had been made, as the town then consisted of about forty houses of every shape and size lining the Stone Fort trail for about half a mile, and situated about half a mile north of Fort Garry. Colonel Steele, writing of his arrival with Wolseley's troops for the suppression of the Riel Rebellion, in his interesting volume says: "The first house from the fort was that of the Rev. Dr. Young, the truly Christian pastor of the little Methodist Church. There was one fairly good hotel kept by a Mr. Davis, who was later on, premier of the new Province of Manitoba. There were nine stores, three chemist shops, one saddlery, one hardware store, and of course, several saloons, with such names as 'Hell's Gate,' 'The Red Saloon,' etc."

Winnipeg is a city of dismantled forts, whose history covers a period of a hundred and seventy years, Fort Rouge being built by Verandrye in 1738. The proud name of Fort Gibraltar was given to a fort erected in 1806, and destroyed in 1816. When the Hudson's Bay and North-west Companies were amalgamated, it was rebuilt, and named Fort Garry after Nicholas Garry, the deputy governor of the new company, the former name of the fort being the North-west Company's name. It was rebuilt in 1835, by Chief Factor Christie, who also built the Lower Stone Fort near Selkirk. The stone gateway on Main Street is all that remains of the fort, while Fort Douglas, commemorating the family name of the Earl of Selkirk, situated at the base of Point Douglas, has passed out of existence. This was known in the early days as the Selkirk Fort and the Colony Fort, for while the Hudson's Bay Company had a fort alongside Fort Gibraltar, Fort Douglas was the colonist's fort.

The old fur days were passing and a new era was dawning; with the confederation of the provinces in 1867, and with the transfer of the North-west Territory to the Dominion, the regime of the Hudson's Bay Company was closing. The invitation of the west as a great opportunity for settlement was sufficient to awaken an interest in the country, and to induce men of courage and faith to make the adventure as pioneers of the farmers, who were destined to reveal the possibilities of the soil and climate, and to lay the foundations of the vast granary of the empire.

On the first Sunday spent in the camp, which was pitched near Colony Creek, west of the present Young Church in the city of Winnipeg, George Young and George McDougall organized the first Methodist Sunday

School, outside of those belonging to the Indian missions, lying between the great lakes and the Rocky Mountains. There was an attendance of five persons, and the service was held in the Cree and English languages. Dr. Young became the first Superintendent, and held that position for six years. From that beginning, such has been the growth, that there are now over eight thousand scholars, with more than eight hundred teachers and officers in the Methodist Sunday Schools in the city, twenty-one churches, two institutes for foreigners, a Deaconess Home, and Wesley College; while, all over the prairies, and away in the far north, there are thousands of churches and Sunday Schools, with numerous institutions of learning ministered unto by a large body of devoted men and women.

Clad in the prophet's mantle, and with an undying zeal for the spiritual welfare of the straggling settlers, the pioneer missionary sped over the plains, establishing centres of religious influence at Sturgeon Creek, Headingly, Gowler's, now called Setter's, High Bluff and Portage la Prairie. William Gowler had come to the country in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, and when his term was finished, settled a few miles west of Fort Garry, and in 1864, he had the largest farm in the Red River Settlement. Having been a Wesleyan Methodist in the old land, and having been visited by Thomas Woolsey, George McDougall, and his son John, he was ready to open his house to George Young. In the year following this visit, there was a blessed revival under the direction of the Rev. Matthew Robison, and a church was erected. It is now known as Setter's Appointment, the Setter men being grandsons of Mr. Gowler. At High Bluff, the first class-meeting in the west was organized,

a church was erected, and a pulpit Bible bearing the date, "Winnipeg, Dec. 2nd, 1871," which is still in use, was donated by George Young.

Long before these times, there had been missionary efforts in the Red River Settlement. When La Verandrye came in 1731, Father Messager, a French Canadian priest, accompanied him, but no permanent mission was established, and in 1818, Fathers Provencher and Dumoulin arrived, and founded St. Boniface Mission. Four years later Father Provencher was made a Bishop, as auxiliary to the Bishop of Quebec. In 1844 the North-west was made into an independent See, and twenty-five years later it was erected into an Archbishopric. The Roman Catholics were almost entirely French half-breeds, there being a few settlers of pure French extraction, and the rest were composed of various nationalities. In 1865 there were between 5,000 and 6,000 Roman Catholics in the Settlement, very slightly outnumbering the Protestants.

The first Anglican missionary, the Rev. John West, came in 1820, as chaplain of the Hudson's Bay Company and missionary of the Church Missionary Society. The Company gave him several hundred acres of land about two miles north of Fort Garry, where he built a small church and school, which have grown into St. John's Cathedral and St. John's College. Remaining three years in the country, striving to evangelize the Indians and minister to the Company's officers and servants and to the English and Scotch settlers, he laid the foundations of the Anglican denomination in the west.

The Methodist missionaries found their way to the embryo city as they passed to and from the Indian missions. James Evans, pioneer missionary genius, and

great traveller, whose parish extended from Lake Superior to the Rocky Mountains, and from the International Boundary to the Arctic Circle, gave a passing glance at Fort Garry in 1841; Thomas Woolsey and Henry B. Steinhauer spent a few days there in 1855 as guests of the Rev. Dr. Black, as they were on their way to Edmonton; and George and John McDougall made frequent journeys from Norway House and Edmonton to obtain supplies at the fort; but there were no attempts made toward giving religious services to the settlers by the Red River.

For thirty years the Scotch settlers, who were Presbyterians, attended the Anglican Church till the Rev. John Black arrived in 1851, when they united in founding the first congregation of Presbyterians in the west, situated at Kildonan, two miles north of Winnipeg. The hardy natives of Rupert's Land, sprung from the loins of the old Selkirk Selkirks, have remained loyal to the faith of their fathers, and have left the impress of their devotion in churches and institutions, and upon the political, social, industrial and religious life of the north and west.

Several winters of destitution followed the advent of the grasshoppers, which came in swarms in 1865, and continued coming and going until 1875, destroying the gardens and farm crops; and so vast were the numbers of these aliens, that a gang of men with wheelbarrows was employed to carry the heaps of dead locusts from the stone walls of Fort Garry to the Assiniboine River, as a protection against disease. In the winter of 1868 the buffalo hunt was a failure, and George Young became a member of a relief committee to make a tour of investigation of conditions. It was shown that over 3,000 persons were in great need. The people eked out a bare living on rabbits and jack fish, and the freighters brought

in provisions at half-rates. To help the relief committee in their distribution of flour and other necessaries, the Methodist missionary made an appeal to friends in Ontario, and money and goods were abundantly supplied to assist the needy folk. Undaunted by the sad experiences of the settlers in the country, he began preparations for the building of a church and parsonage, but, being delayed in his efforts through the Rebellion, he threw himself with characteristic loyalty and energy into the fray, and into missionary work over a circuit one hundred miles long. Snatches from his diary in February, 1869, of one week's work, will show the stamp of the man, worthy to follow the great itinerant John Wesley. On the last Sabbath of January, he conducted two Sabbath Schools, held a class-meeting and a prayer meeting, preached three sermons on different texts to good congregations, travelled ten miles, and wrapping himself in his buffalo robes, lay down on some hay in the corner of a settler's home and enjoyed the sleep of the just. Rose on Monday at five o'clock, travelled forty miles amid intensely cold weather, preached to a full congregation gathered on two hours' notice, of which he says: "In all my travels I have not seen a congregation who seemed to drink in the Word as those do who compose this one. Surely the Lord will shortly pour upon them the Spirit of His grace!" On Tuesday he drove eight miles and preached at High Bluff, where in the previous October a class-meeting had been formed, which met regularly every Sabbath, and blessed results followed in conversions. On Wednesday he drove to the White Mud River, in the vicinity of Gladstone, a distance of twenty-seven miles without stopping, preached at six o'clock to a small company, and spent the evening visiting from

house to house. One poor man said to him, "We are thankful to you for coming among us, as we can understand you well, and if I had money enough I would never let you go away." At nine o'clock next morning there was another sermon, the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was dispensed to a few aged people, a babe baptized, and he drove back twenty-seven miles to High Bluff. On Friday he was visiting the district, and preached at a new appointment in the evening. An aged man who had been brought up among the Indians until nearly twenty years of age, and who had been his guide through the woods, was so eager to hear the Gospel that he travelled sixty miles, following the preacher from place to place and listening to five sermons. On Saturday night the missionary lectured on temperance, when over twenty signed the pledge. On Sunday, he held a class-meeting at nine o'clock, preached at ten, drove eight miles and preached at one o'clock, drove fifteen miles, visiting a sick woman by the way, preached to a crowd at five o'clock, received three members on trial, formed a class, and went on after eight o'clock to stay with a settler, making twenty-five miles for the day. On Monday he rose at half-past four, drove forty miles, stayed over night at Headingly, and arrived at Winnipeg next day at noon. Over the trails in the depth of winter, with a passion for souls, this dauntless hero of the plains sped from day to day, sustained by the joy of winning souls for Christ, and many found peace as he delivered his message of salvation through the Cross.

In the autumn of 1869, there were mutterings of discontent among the French-speaking population, at the steps being taken for the transfer of the "Hudson's Bay Territory," including the Province of Assiniboia, to the

Dominion, and the establishment of a local government. Though a large petition had been sent to the Canadian Parliament in 1857 for this purpose, the agitators blamed the Hudson's Bay Company and the Imperial and Dominion Governments for conspiring to inflict wrongs upon them, without their being consulted. The presence of surveyors staking out the land, the reports that they were to be deprived of their title deeds, and the exultation of some of the English-speaking settlers, who were indiscreet and insolent toward their French neighbors, by whom they were outnumbered, increased the excitement. This disturbance culminated in Louis Riel, as the spokesman of the discontented party, seizing the reins of government, declaring rebellion by the organization of a military force, and taking possession of Fort Garry. Lieutenant-Governor McDougall was debarred from entering the province, loyal citizens were imprisoned in Fort Garry and their lives threatened, and despite the efforts of Archbishop Tache, Archbishop Machray, Archdeacon McLean, Lord Strathcona, George Young and other leaders, Riel committed the terrible mistake of executing a loyal subject, Thomas Scott. Although George Young was an intense and active loyalist when some of the English settlers were content to remain neutral, so great was his influence with Riel, that permission was granted to him to visit the prisoners every day and pray with them. It was he who ministered to Scott in his last hours, and stood by the coffin when he was shot. His request for the body was refused by Riel, and though it is generally believed that it was thrust under the ice of the Assiniboine River, there are some who confidently assert that it was buried in the district of Fort Rouge. Major Boulton in his "Reminiscences of the North-west

Rebellion," says: "To the Bishop of Rupert's Land, Judge Black, Mr. Donald A. Smith (Lord Strathcona), Archdeacon McLean, and the Rev. Mr. Young, is chiefly due the salvation of the Settlement through the winter by the prudence of their policy and the influence of their counsels."

With the arrival of General Wolseley and the troops at Point Douglas on August 24th, 1870, Riel and the rebels fled, and the rebellion was practically over without firing a single shot. When the news came to Rev. George Young that the troops had landed and were marching toward Fort Garry, he hung on his bell-tower a strip of cotton, which he had prepared in anticipation of the event, bearing the word "Welcome." Then he rang the bell with great vim, and having finished his doxology, hastened to meet the brave men who brought relief. The tones of this Liberty Bell were as sweet that day as the Bells of St. Boniface, immortalized by Whittier in his "Red River Voyageur." The bell was donated to Grace Church by the Sunday School at Oshawa, Ont., and the trustees having no use for it when they left "Wesley Hall," gave it to George Young, who loaned it to the church at Emerson, where it now hangs.

After leaving his camp on the prairie, the first religious service held by George Young in the Red River Settlement was in a rented room, where he and his wife were boarding, and his first sermon was in July, 1868, from the text, "I have a message from God unto thee." A service was regularly held for the officers and employees of the Hudson's Bay Company in the small courtroom at the fort. Greater visions came with the renting of a house which was being built at the corner of Main Street and Portage Avenue, for which he had to make an

advance of about eighty dollars for three months' rent, to help in completing the building. He employed a plasterer and acted as his assistant by mixing the mortar and carrying the hod. But even with all this help winter had set in before the building was finished. After thawing out the frozen walls, he took possession on December 13, 1868, using the upper flat for a parsonage, and the lower for a place of worship, and in this Wesley Hall No. 1, he preached on the following day. The congregations increased so rapidly, that a week evening service and class-meeting were established, and within a year preparations were begun for the erection of a church and parsonage. Governor McTavish, who was a good friend of the missionary, presented to the Governor-in-Council of the Hudson's Bay Company in London, England, the application made for a site, which George Young had selected, and an acre of land was given on the corner of Main and Water Streets. Oak and poplar logs were rafted down the river from High Bluff by Messrs. Norquay and Smith, members of our church there; J. H. Ashdown, a man of business experience, enthusiastic and energetic in the new enterprise, worked not only with his gifts of materials and money, but also with his hands; on August 17, 1869, Wesley Hall No. 2 was taken possession of by the family, a class meeting being held in the lower flat on the same night. On the following Sunday, the first sermon was preached from the text, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." It was the intention to build a church and parsonage, but part of the raft of timber did not arrive in time, and the Rebellion came, necessitating a change of plans. There was no delay however, for the missionary, assisted by J. H. Ashdown, Colonel Kennedy and other friends of the cause, was

busy collecting materials for the buildings. One can imagine this man of refinement, an able minister of a cultured congregation in Toronto before he came west, hauling the timber from the river with his horse and an "ingenious use of a pair of very large Red River cart wheels and axle, with a strong pole and rope"; also, getting out stone, as he writes under date of May 24, 1870: "Hired a half-breed to help me in quarrying stone; drove out six miles; hot day, mosquitoes very troublesome; tired from heavy lifting; a fine lot ready for being drawn." The new building, thirty by fifty feet, was a credit to the town, and declared to be the neatest church north of St. Paul. It had stained glass windows donated by several Sunday Schools in Ontario and Quebec. These were subsequently given to Wesley Church in the city, where they still remain in a dilapidated condition in the building on the corner of Sherbrooke Street and Ross Avenue, now used as a blacksmith shop. The graining of the doors of the church, with the name on the gable, was done in an artistic fashion by Colonel Kennedy. While the friends were hesitating between "Zion" and "Wesley" as a name for the church, George Young gave his decision in favor of "Grace," as there "was so much of grace, both divine and human, in the disposing and enabling of so many to aid us in our desire to arise and build." Archbishop Machray was to have preached the opening sermon on Sunday, September 17, 1871, but he being called to England, George Young himself officiated, the first sermon being from the text, "The exceeding riches of his grace." He preached again in the evening, the Rev. M. Robison, his assistant, preaching in the afternoon. Owing to an epidemic of the Red River fever, the concert and social was postponed till

December 6th. It was so successful that, with the subscriptions collected by the minister, with the assistance of J. H. Ashdown, Colonel Kennedy and others, over two thousand dollars were raised.

The first Grace Church became too small for the growing population, and Wesley Hall No. 3 was built during the pastorate of Rev. Dr. Rice, in 1881. It was known as Wesley Hall Block, being erected on the site of the old parsonage at Wesley Street, and the Industrial Bureau. The consummation came in the second and present Grace Church, when the Rev. Dr. E. A. Stafford was minister, the dedication taking place on September 30, 1883, the sermon being preached and the dedication service conducted by George Young. The mother church of the west has been outgrown by others during the last half century, yet it was fitting that the Jubilee of Western Methodism among the white settlers was held in Grace Church in June, 1918.

Great events were taking place making history, and causing a passing stir in the community. The abortive Fenian Raid in the Fall of 1871 led by O'Neil, O'Donohue and others, abetted by Riel and some of his compatriots, who came from the United States, and in the name of the Provisional Government of Red River, seized the Hudson's Bay Company's fort at Pembina, was quickly suppressed through the influence of Consul Taylor, who communicated with Washington, and American troops dispelled the rebels. George Young went south with two hundred men from Winnipeg, but returned after a five days' campaign without seeing a Fenian. On their return the gallant company halted before the parsonage, and gave three cheers for their worthy chaplain. Telegraphic communication was established with the outside, the first

messages sent and received being on November 20, 1871. A few months later came a telegram from Toronto summoning all the Methodist missionaries to meet a missionary deputation, and on July 26, 1872, the First Conference was opened in the first Grace Church. The deputation comprised Dr. Morley Punshon, Dr. Enoch Wood, Missionary Secretary, and John Macdonald, Treasurer of the Society. The missionaries came from the west as far as Edmonton, and from Norway House, some of them travelling twenty and twenty-five days. Morley Punshon charmed and instructed the citizens with his lectures, John McDougall was ordained on the Sabbath, plans were laid for an extension of operations and an increase in missionaries. An Indian from Norway House was so delighted as he saw the sun flashing on the stained glass windows of the church, that he exclaimed, "Sagastao! The Sunrise—I am going to heaven. I hope it will be as beautiful as this."

Prophecy and reality were united in the Sanford Fleming Expedition, making explorations in that year for a route for a transcontinental railroad, which culminated in the building of the Canadian Pacific Railroad. Principal Grant of Queen's University was the secretary of the party, and his interesting volume "Ocean to Ocean" gives an admirable account of the memorable trip from Winnipeg to Vancouver. Walter Moberly, the great explorer, had gone through the Selkirk Range in 1865, and discovered the Kicking Horse, Eagle, and Roger's Passes; and when Sir Sanford Fleming was on the point of deciding upon the Yellowhead Pass as the most feasible route, it was he who recommended Major Rogers to go to the south-east fork of the Illecilleweat River, hence the Roger's Pass. It was Moberley who chose

Burrard Inlet for the western terminal of the railroad, and the shores of the Inlet for the site of the future city of Vancouver. Among these changes was the growing influence of the press: "The Norwester," founded in 1859; the "Newsletter," and Riel's organ "The New Nation" published during the Rebellion; "The Manitoban" and the "Manitoba Liberal," all issued from Winnipeg at different periods, until "The Manitoba Free Press" was published in 1872, which has remained until the present day. The "Metis," a French newspaper, is also still in existence.

As evidence of the development in the west, a few items of about twelve years, from 1872 to 1880, taken at random, will mark the growth. Buffalo robes could be bought in Winnipeg in 1872 for two dollars and a half each; in the summer of 1874 twenty-four days were consumed in travel by the members of the Little Saskatchewan Colony between Port Arthur and Winnipeg; in 1875, traders came in from the plains, buffalo hides were sold at $1.50 and $2.00 each, and pemmican was reported scarce; the road between the city and Kildonan was in a rascally condition with the proverbial mud; a new sidewalk was recommended from the Post Office to the steamboat landing; over one hundred people crossed the Red River on the mammoth ferry boat to participate in the fête on St. Jean Baptiste Day in St. Boniface. In 1874, and the following year, there was great distress on account of the grasshoppers, and the Dominion Government had to make grants of flour, pork, and seed-wheat to the needy settlers. Yet in these two years the population of the town had nearly doubled, having in 1876 over 5,000 inhabitants. Villages were springing up in the province, free homesteads being taken up, which in



When Winnipeg began to grow. Main Street, 1871



Fort Garry, a Hudson's Bay Trading Post



Winnipeg as George Young first saw it in 1868



Reading from the right. First School, Schultz's Warehouse, Hotel, Club House

THE BEGINNING OF A GREAT CITY—WINNIPEG IN THE EARLY DAYS

1876, amounted to 55,000 acres, and in 1878, to 300,000. In 1870, there were only sixteen post offices in the province, yet in 1878, there were fifty-eight; in the former year there were only sixteen Protestant School Districts and in the latter, there were one hundred. In 1879, an important meeting was held in the city to discuss the necessity for a bridge over the Red River; in the autumn a line of railroad reached Winnipeg from the south, and the population had increased to ten thousand. The 9th of October, 1877, ushered in an era of progress with civic recognition, as the first whistle of a locomotive was heard in Manitoba, the "Countess of Dufferin" having been brought on the steamer "Selkirk" to St. Boniface, where it was used in the construction of the Pembina Branch. The first locomotive that steamed into the city, the "John Haggart," belonging to the John Ryan Company, came across the Red River on rails laid on the ice, on December 29th, 1879, and was employed in the construction of the first one hundred miles of the Canadian Pacific west of Winnipeg. The "Countess of Dufferin" now occupies a place of honor in an enclosed grass plot in front of the Canadian Pacific station in the city. In the summer of 1879, between three and four hundred Indians were in a starving condition in the vicinity of Fort Ellice. In the same year the first phonograph was heard in the city; and also in that year, the Hudson's Bay Company shipped to New York five thousand pounds of pemmican for the Howgate Arctic Expedition. In the following summer, the steamer "Marquette" made the round trip from Winnipeg to Fort Ellice and return in eight days and twenty hours, a distance of two hundred miles between these two points by

rail. Stranger than fiction are these records of less than twenty years in the Province of Manitoba.

In response to a resolution of the first Winnipeg Conference to send an official to visit the remote missions, the General Missionary Society sent the Rev. Dr. Lachlan Taylor, the famous traveller and orator. After nine days' travel from Toronto, he arrived in Winnipeg on May 14, 1873, where he preached to a congregation of nearly three hundred on Sabbath morning. Referring to George Young in the report of his trip, he says: "I was highly delighted to find that he was regarded by all as a first-class representative of our body on any and every occasion, both in the pulpit and on the platform." Concerning the Rebellion he states that "the firm and manly stand" taken by George Young "during the dark and perilous days through which the infant colony passed, when traitors were in the ascendant . . . has given him a place in the affections and memories of the people that will not be forgotten during the present generation."

The missionary was deeply interested in education and, as there were quite a number of children and no public school system, he erected at his own cost a small school on the church lot, and placed a competent lady teacher in charge. So popular did the school become in a few months, that a larger building was required. So he went east, after an absence of six years, and spent two months in Ontario soliciting funds, with the result that the Wesleyan Institute was built, and opened on November 3rd, 1873, at a cost of three thousand dollars. This building still stands in a dilapidated condition, south of the Industrial Bureau, and is occupied by a taxidermist.

In the year previous, a deputation, consisting of Dr. Morley Punshon, Dr. Enoch Wood and John Macdonald,

Esq., waited upon Donald A. Smith (Lord Strathcona) in Winnipeg, upon the subject of establishing a Methodist College in the city. He assured them that if the Church took up the enterprise, the Hudson's Bay Company would make a grant of land sufficient for the purpose. Accommodation for one hundred students was provided in the Institute, and in the first month there were forty on the register. The Rev. A. Bowerman, M.A., gold medallist of Victoria University, with a competent staff of teachers, was appointed, and with good equipment, efficient work was done. The Rev. T. E. Morden, B.A., came out in 1875, and at the close of that year's session, the report shows that there were seventy-one students, including two young men preparing for the University. Besides the various branches of the Public School and Collegiate, there were evening classes in German and shorthand, vocal music was taught, and there was also a Commercial Department. Owing to the heavy expense and the beginning of the Public School System in the province, the Institute was closed as no longer necessary. The Rev. A. Bowerman has maintained his interest in Western education, having recently given ten thousand dollars for a monument to be placed in the campus of Saskatchewan University at Saskatoon. The Roman Catholic Church had St. Boniface College, the Anglicans maintained St. John's College and the Presbyterians, Manitoba College, and when the Manitoba Legislature established the University of Manitoba with these Colleges in affiliation, a Charter was given to Wesley College, which was amended in 1886. The actual work of Wesley College began in 1888, with the Rev. J. W. Sparling, D.D., as Principal, the first year's work being done in the class rooms of Grace Church. The corner stone of Wesley

College was laid on June 26, 1894, and the building and land cost over one hundred thousand dollars.

Political changes were making their influence felt in the community, affecting all classes and putting new life into the people. On July 15, 1870, the Territories of Rupert's Land and the North-west were legally transferred by the Hudson's Bay Company to the Dominion. The town of Fort Garry was incorporated in 1873 and its name changed to Winnipeg; the Manitoba Legislature was inaugurated. The regime of the autocratic Sir George Simpson had passed, and the influence of Donald A. Smith (Lord Strathcona), David Laird and similar men of a sturdy, independent type moulded a new nation with a large vision.

With the advent of the Mounted Police Force in 1874, the lawlessness of the whiskey-traders in Southern Alberta came to an end, tribal wars among the Indians passed away, never to be repeated, and all over the country, peace and good order prevailed. The departure of the vast herds of buffalo brought destitution to the natives, but the Riders of the Plains, and supplies given by the Dominion Government sustained thousands of the red men, until they were able to maintain themselves on reservations set apart for their use. George Young, the intense patriot, after an interview with Colonel French, accompanied the Mounted Police as far west as Fort Pelly, preaching to the men, and exploring the territory so as to found new missions. After a round trip of nearly seven hundred miles, and an absence of four weeks, he was again at work on his home field. The illness of his son, Captain George H. Young, who was in command of the escort which took Riel to Regina for trial in 1885, and who has in his possession the rope that bound Thomas Scott in

1870 and the handcuffs he used on Riel on his way to prison after his capture, kept him at home for over two months. The recovery of his son enabled him to attend the first General Conference in Toronto, when the union of the Wesleyan and New Connexion denominations in Canada took place.

On his return from Ontario, he opened, in December, 1875, a new church at High Bluff. On his arrival home, he found Rev. E. R. Young with four Indians, four sleds and sixteen dogs waiting for him, to take him on a journey of twelve hundred miles by dog-train and five hundred miles with horses, to visit the Indian missions as far north as Nelson River, two hundred miles beyond Norway House. After eight years of pioneer life, he was induced to return to Ontario in the latter part of May, 1876. Before leaving, an address with a purse of money was presented to him by Chief Justice Wood, on behalf of the citizens of Winnipeg, in which was expressed "Our deep sense of the obligation the citizens of Red River Settlement are under to you for the patriotic course taken by you during the troubles of 1869 and '70, in this country." Another address was presented by Sir John Schultz, his old friend, in the name of the prisoners during the Riel Rebellion, in which it speaks of his loyalty in giving his only son to defend the flag of the country, and closes with this paragraph: "A meeting of the prisoners of 1869-70 have accordingly instructed us to express to you their high appreciation of your conduct as a minister of the Gospel, and a patriotic man during these trying times; to tender their thanks for your zealous, kindly, and sympathizing attention to them while in prison; and to say to you that, among the many who are now publicly testifying their appreciation of the services you have

rendered this country, there are none who more deeply regret your departure, or who will longer hold you in grateful remembrance."

During these pioneer days the tide of immigration had set in, and gentle forces were moulding the west into a new nation. The Russian Mennonites, who had gone in thousands from Prussia into Russia in 1788, sent a delegation in 1878, to spy out the land in Manitoba, as the Russian Government had in 1870 demanded military service of them, but their religious belief prohibited them from taking up arms. In the summer of 1874, the first company, consisting of sixty-five families, comprising three hundred and eighty persons, arrived and settled in Southern Manitoba. These were followed at various times by other contingents, until they now number several thousands, and many of them have become very wealthy farmers. A delegation of five Icelanders arrived in Winnipeg on July 16, 1875, having come from Nova Scotia, where a small colony had been started a few months previous, but conditions had not been favorable. After exploration, they decided upon the western shore of Lake Winnipeg, where the first Icelanders settled in October of that year; at Gimli, which in the old Norse language means " a home of the Gods," and farther north, the settlements have produced some of the best educated and most enterprising citizens of the west.

In these movements of new settlers George Young was deeply interested, but a change was needed for himself, so he wisely decided to hand over the reins of power to younger men. There were many friends at the steamer to bid him farewell when he left Winnipeg; a deputation met him at Toronto to give him a welcome; two important city churches wished to secure him as their minister; the

Conference stationed him at Richmond Street Church, Toronto, the church he had left to go west; he was elected Chairman of the Toronto District; and in the following year he was raised to the office of President of Conference. Honors came fast upon him in recognition of his sterling character and the efficient work done, the degree of Doctor of Divinity being conferred upon him by Cornell College, Iowa. In 1879, when his term as minister of Berkeley Street Church, Toronto, expired, an urgent call from the west came to the Mission Rooms for a man to guide the destinies of the numerous immigrants. Again he offered his services and was accepted, thus commencing a second period of missionary work in Manitoba. Arriving at Emerson, December 19, 1879, he found a population of one thousand, an increase of seven hundred within one year; this was sufficient to inspire him for renewed efforts to win the country for Christ. Roughing it was again the missionary's experience. A church and parsonage of a primitive kind were speedily erected, missions were established at Dominion City and West Lynne, and then came the great calamity of his life, in the death of his wife and one child. For thirty-two years husband and wife had labored together, and the saintly woman of the parsonage endured many hardships without a murmur, counting it an honor to suffer for Christ. In his loneliness, bowed down with the weight of so many cares, he requested to be left without an appointment for one year. This was granted in June, 1882, when he left for Ontario.

In that year there came a repetition of the Red River floods. Among the most notable of the overflows of the river affecting the settlement was that of 1826, when only three houses were left standing at Kildonan, and the

people fled to Stony Mountain, where they remained for a whole month; again in 1852, St. Boniface was in gloom, as cattle were drowned, houses and barns were swept away, and the cathedral and Bishop's palace became public warehouses and places of retreat. On the west side of the river, the old Selkirk settlers were compelled to seek refuge for a month at Little Stony Mountain, and St James. In 1872, when Winnipeg was a hamlet of less than one hundred small wooden houses scattered along the west bank of the Red River, with four primitive hotels, not a place of amusement, and Main Street a zig-zag trail, the Red and Assiniboine rivers overflowed their banks and swamped the town. The population at that time was about three hundred, two-thirds being half-breeds and the others, Scotch and Irish settlers, chiefly from Ontario.

These were the years of denominational beginnings. The Methodist Episcopal Church of Canada sent its first missionary, the Rev. Daniel Pomeroy, to Emerson, which he reached on September 30th, 1875, and a church was erected there in 1879. The Revs. Thomas Argue, F. M. Finn, and F. W. Warne, now a Bishop of the American Methodist Church in India, followed, and laid foundations. The town of Carman was named after Bishop Carman, General Superintendent of the Methodist Church after the Union. Missions were established in Carman, Winnipeg and Neepawa. These were successful, and later were merged in the union of the Methodist denominations. The first service of the Congregationalists was held in the Temperance Hall, Winnipeg, on July 14, 1879, by the Rev. Mr. Ewing of Montreal. In the same year the Bible Christian Church of Canada sent the Rev. John Greenway from Wisconsin, the Conference having two ecclesiastical districts in the

United States. Having explored the country around Crystal City, and opened a mission there, he went east to the Conference held at Port Hope in 1882. He pleaded so eloquently for men for mission work, that the Rev. Andrew Gordon was sent out, and with his wife and six children stationed at Thornhill, as a centre of a large mission. The Rev. James Hoskin came at the same time, and began his work at Souris. The Rev. William Kinley came out in the previous year, but, owing to an attack of snow-blindness, was compelled to retire for several years. He ultimately joined the Conference, and did good work. The missions grew in extent and efficiency until the Union of 1883, when they were absorbed in the general scheme, and the ministers threw themselves with characteristic energy into the larger denomination.

After a missionary tour through the Maritime Provinces, George Young attended the General Conference held in Hamilton in September, 1882, when it was decided to appoint a Superintendent of Missions for the North-west, whose duty it should be to organize a Conference in 1883 and act as its first President. The selection of that official being left with the General Board of Missions, they wisely chose the pioneer missionary for that important office. Within three days he was on his journey westward. Once more in his great mission field he spent a month visiting the missions as far west as Regina and Moose Jaw, and then away for two months at missionary meetings in the Maritime Provinces, and six weeks in Ontario. His health broke down, and no wonder under such incessant travelling and speaking; yet we find him in March again in the North-west visiting missions, returning to Ontario in June to secure more missionaries for the new fields, and back in Winnipeg in July to organize the

first Conference and to act as its first President. The sessions of that notable Conference were held in Wesley Hall. The Rev. John Semmens was elected Secretary; the Rev. S. D. Rice, D.D., President of the General Conference, and the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, then lecturing in the city, were present, and both of these gentlemen delivered inspiring addresses. At the Conference Missionary Meeting, the speakers were: Principal Grant of Queen's University, the Revs. A. W. Ross, Indian Missionary from Lake Winnipeg, John McDougall, with his wonderful tales of the buffalo, and the Indians, and the writer, with his story of work among the Blood Indians at the foot of the Rocky Mountains.

At the close of the Conference, unhasting, unresting, George Young was off again on a tour, but the hard work in hot weather proved too much for his constitution, and he was laid aside for nearly two months at the home of J. W. Sifton, Esq., Brandon. On August 29th he was at Belleville, when the Union of the Methodist denominations was consummated. At the close of this historical General Conference, he hurried off to Winnipeg, where he conducted the dedicatory service of the large and second Grace Church, on September 30, 1883. The following month was spent among the missions as far west as Qu'Appelle, and some idea may be gathered of his energy, when we learn that in thirteen months, from October 2, 1882, to October 16, 1883, he travelled by rail, steamboat and horse conveyance no less than 20,900 miles throughout the Dominion. The winter was spent in Ontario at his old occupation as a speaker at missionary meetings, and in May, he was again in Manitoba, journeying from place to place. A serious illness prevented him from attending the conference in June, 1884, at Brandon,

and he was compelled to ask to be superannuated. The Conference, of which the Rev. Dr. Ezra A. Stafford was President, passed a complimentary resolution by a standing vote, and he retired from the active work of the ministry full of honors and beloved by all.

In numerous ways, outside of his respective duties, Dr. Young used his influence on behalf of the people, irrespective of politics or religion. He was one of the prime movers for the general hospital, Winnipeg, which was erected in 1875. It was he who called the public meeting from which sprang the Volunteer Corps in garrison at Fort Garry, in October, 1870, and he accompanied that force on its march toward the frontier. The impetus for expansion in his own denomination, enforced by his worthy example, found legitimate expression in the formation of an Auxiliary of the Woman's Missionary Society in Grace Church in 1883, followed by other societies, which united in the Manitoba Branch in 1895. The yearning after a western denominational paper resulted in the short career of "The Methodist Gleaner," published at Boissevain by the Revs. George H. Long and Henry Lewis, and "The Methodist Times" at Winnipeg, under the editorial management of the Revs. Robert Milliken and J. H. Morgan. He inspired the entrance into public life, and into the affairs of Church and State, of men and women who have counted it an honor to bear the burdens of the country for the good of all citizens.

Dr. James Woodsworth was appointed his successor as Superintendent of Missions.

On August 1, 1910, in the city of Toronto, at the age of eighty-nine years, the brave loyalist and pioneer missionary passed to his rest. The press throughout the Dominion made eulogistic references to his sterling

character, and to the great work done on behalf of the country in the west during the trying years. His intense patriotism left its impress upon men of public spirit, who became deeply attached to him as a personal friend, and the position maintained by his own denomination was due in a great measure to the firm and definite stand taken by him among neutrals in the early days. When the Jubilee of Methodism at the Red River was held in June, 1918, a Memorial Tablet was unveiled to his memory in Grace Church, and yet his permanent eulogy must be read in the expansion of the church, and in the loyalty and development of the three provinces west of the great lakes.

CHAPTER X

CHIEF JOSEPH

And the Oka Indians

THE last of the great missions founded by the early Jesuits, lingers on through the centuries, in the remnant of the Huron-Iroquois at Oka, the Lake of Two Mountains, St. Regis, and Caughnawaga, and memories of other days remain among these descendants of a noble race. The Hurons and Iroquois were originally two tribes belonging to the same stock. When the European explorers first came in contact with them, they found the Hurons separated from the Six Nation Indians, which comprised five tribes, known as the Iroquois Confederacy, and the family pair of tribes—the Hurons and Iroquois—at deadly enmity, determined to exterminate each other. The Iroquois flourished for nearly two centuries. Their civil organization, systematized in their political system known as the "League of the Iroquois," made them chief among the native tribes. They were finished and developed savages, but possessed of kindness and courtesy. They were able to withstand the encroachments of other tribes, and form a native civilization surpassed only by the Indian races of Mexico and Peru. Their war cry was heard under the walls of Quebec and on the shores of Lake Superior, as they fought against the Hurons and French under Champlain. The memory of their prowess abides in the thrilling story of Adam Daulac and his faithful band of seventeen, who achieved so great a feat of bravery, that many years followed before the Iroquois dared venture within the vicinity of

Montreal. It was among these polished savages that Isaac Jogues, the Jesuit missionary, suffered excessive torture, having his fingers cut off, his flesh torn in strips from his body, and at last, martyred under the blow of a tomahawk. The population of twenty-five thousand in the seventeenth century became reduced through tribal wars, conflicts with the French, and the war of the Revolution, until less than eight thousand are to be found in Canada. These are located at Caughnawaga, St. Regis and Oka in Quebec; the Oneidas on the Thames, the Six Nations at Grand River, a few on the Gibson Reserve, in Ontario, and a small band near Smoking River in the Canadian North-west. The Hurons at Lake of Two Mountains defended Montreal against the frequent incursions of the Iroquois, and when the latter were Christianized, they were gathered into the settlement at the former place, and became its chief strength.

The Indians at Oka were originally Mohawks intermingled with other tribes of the Five Nations, who left their own people through the influence of the early French missionaries, and removed to Lower Canada. On the eastern shore of the River Ottawa, in the Seigniory of Two Mountains in the Province of Quebec, is the Indian Reserve and the village of Oka, where the famous Trappist Monastery is located, and the brothers in white live in the valley of silence. Oka is two hundred years old, and has been prominent in the history of the country through the existence of the Trappist community, and on account of the struggle between some of the Iroquois and the Sulpicians for the possession of the land. In 1657, the Seminary of St. Sulpice of Paris established a branch at Montreal, and the citizens resolved to hand over the temporal management of the island and city to them

for protection from the Indians. The Iroquois had almost depopulated the country, until Adam Daulac and his companions saved it by their heroic sacrifice at the Long Sault. This arrangement was finally effected in 1663. The mission of the Sulpicians established at the fort at Montreal for the Algonquins and Hurons was afterward transferred to Sault-au-Recollet, nine miles farther north. This held an important position in the minds of the religious teachers, as these Indians were the defenders of the outposts of the city, and it was to Christianize these people that the Sulpicians and Jesuits bent their efforts. The Sulpicians, having obtained as trustees for the Indians, a tract of land nine miles square, subsequently double in size, at the Lake of Two Mountains, removed them from Sault-au-Recollet in 1718.

On September 4, 1845, there was born, five miles from the village of Oka, Joseph Onesakenarat, an Iroquois of untainted blood, destined in his short life to leave a deep and abiding impression upon his own people and the whole country, as he was no common man, though of native origin. His parents being Roman Catholics, he was trained in that faith, and was a devout member of the church, never questioning its authority, loyal and obedient to its doctrines and polity, and anxious to further its interests. Possessed of superior natural ability, which was improved by a little travel and association with English-speaking folks, his manner and native genius attracted the notice of Father Cuoq, who took a real interest in the welfare of the Indians, and consequently, sent him at fourteen years of age to the school at Oka. The progress made in his studies revealed the hidden powers of the apt scholar, and he was sent to St. Mary's College, Montreal, to be trained for the priesthood.

Having the qualities necessary for leadership, special care was taken of him during his period of education, but Joseph did not forget that he was an Iroquois Indian, with a purpose in life, and that his first obligation was to his own people. Returning from Montreal to his native village of Oka, he was employed by the Sulpician Fathers as Secretary, and in this important office was brought into close contact with the Indians, and with the authorities of the Roman Catholic Church. As some of the members of the tribe travelled through Ontario and some parts of the United States, they were brought into relation with the Six Nation Indians. These people possessed the New Testament in the Mohawk language, which the Oka Iroquois understood. Several copies of the Testament were given them, and these were brought home, and distributed in the homes of their friends. The parish priest discovered these Testaments, and having taken possession of them, threw them into a box in the office, where the young secretary was at work. In his idle moments, Joseph looked into the book, and, becoming convinced that its contents were good, and likely to prove beneficial to his people, he redistributed the Testaments among them. It was evident that he was losing faith in the doctrinal teachings of the church in which he was trained, or he would not have had the courage to oppose the parish priest, and the Seminary of St. Sulpice. Stealthily he turned over the pages of his new found treasure, and, like Luther, his eyes were opened to the saving truths of the Gospel, and he was soundly converted. This change compelled him to renounce the church of his youth, and brought him into open conflict with the ecclesiastical authorities. He could not retain his situation as Secretary of the Sulpicians, when his

mind and heart, and the whole tenor of his life was at variance with them.

The Oka Indians are ruled by chiefs, who are elected. Joseph's superior intelligence and manifest interest in the tribe, caused him to be looked upon as a coming chief, so that when the time came for one to be elected, the feeling of the Indians was strongly in his favor. When asked by the people if he would serve were he elected, he could not give his consent, as he was in the service of the Sulpicians. At first, the Seminary of St. Sulpice objected, but when it became evident that the people desired him to act in the capacity of chief, and he was willing to accede to their request, the gentlemen of the Seminary urged him not to interfere in the dispute over the question of the ownership of the land, and never to approach the Government on the matter. When Joseph was in attendance at St. Mary's College, he asserted afterward, it was openly admitted by his teachers that the Seminary had no right to the lands at Oka, except as guardians and tutors of the Indians, and as held in trust for them.

In 1868, Joseph was elected one of the chiefs, and immediately, he set about the work of securing the rights claimed by the Indians. He visited the Superintendent of Indian Affairs, and received such encouragement, that a petition was sent to the Government, which reported the matter to the Seminary of St. Sulpice. Thus began the first open disagreement with the Indians, who were denounced for their perfidy and disloyalty; the dispute still remains unsettled. The deputation, consisting of three chiefs and Joseph, which waited upon the Superintendent of Indian Affairs, was assured that justice would be done, if the Indians would patiently bide their time. The priests of the Seigniory of St. Sulpice claimed

absolute possession of the property, while the Indians were assured that the Seminary held the lands at Oka, as trustees, for the benefit of the Indians.

When the mission to these Indians was removed to Sault-au-Recollet, the Seminary required a title to the land. As the French king owned the country, the Sulpicians asked for grants of land, while the Jesuits, who were jealous of them, sought to prevent them from establishing themselves in Canada. But the king made the grant, entailing many conditions on the Sulpicians, and none on the Indians, and the question as to whether the Seminary of St. Sulpice is the sole proprietor, or simply a trustee, holding the lands for the benefit of the Indians, has never been definitely settled. The first missionaries sent by the Jesuits and Sulpicians were the best that could be obtained for the difficult missions, and have never been surpassed in Canada, while their successors became traders as well as ecclesiastics. While trading was a profitable business, the Indians were used for purposes of trade, and a source of revenue. When wars came to an end, the Oka Indians were wards of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, and were so far forgotten by the country, that they were left to the sole care of the Seminary. The spirit of self-sacrifice which had animated the first Sulpician missionaries had vanished, and the Sulpicians of Montreal had become seigniors of whole counties, and so wealthy as to defy, and ultimately to surpass the Jesuits. One of the richest portions of their territory was the Seigniory of Two Mountains, on part of which dwelt the Oka Indians, who claimed the land as their own, until their right should expire, either by the death of all the claimants, or by voluntary emigration.

A large number of these Indians left the Roman Catholic Church, and united with the Methodist Church, and naturally, the authorities of the Seminary were displeased, and not favorable to the interests of their wards. There seems to be no doubt that the lands at Lake of Two Mountains were originally given by the French king to the Seminary of St. Sulpice for the benefit of the Indians; but the Indians themselves could not claim a right to the estates in fee simple, and this matter has not yet been settled by the courts. The powerful influence of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, as representing the Roman Catholic Church in Lower Canada, has given them a decided advantage over the Protestant Indians in all phases of this controversy. Until the year 1868, when the breach with the Seminary occurred, the Algonquins and Iroquois lived at either end of the village, while in the centre stood the Roman Catholic Church, the Presbytery and Convent. With the advent of the troubles, the Seminary built a high wooden fence, thus making two separate villages, and when any of the Protestant Indians moved away, their places were filled with French Canadians.

When Canada passed into the hands of the British, the Indians changed their allegiance from the French, and fought on the side of the British. A notable instance of this occurred in the second year of the war of 1812, when General Hampton with five thousand American soldiers, marched from Lake Champlain to attack Montreal. Four hundred Canadians, called by historians, voltigeurs, among whom were some Indians from Oka, opposed Hampton, and the two small armies met at the junction of the Chateauguay and the Outarde, where the Canadians were strongly entrenched behind a breastwork of

logs. The ranks of the enemy were being gradually thinned by the musketry fire, but such a large body of men could not easily be defeated; however, Colonel de Salaberry, who led the Canadians, despatched his buglers to the right and left of his troops in the thick woods, and at a signal, the charge was sounded. The Americans, unconscious of the strength of the Canadians, were taken by surprise, and were completely routed. Forty years ago, there were Indians at Oka in receipt of a pension for their services in this action. One of the most notable, was head chief of his tribe, who died at Oka in 1878, aged one hundred years. He led his band of scouts at the battle of Cataraqui (Kingston), and, after a skirmish, he saw an American soldier wounded and sitting upon a log, about to be bayoneted by one of his own men, when he interposed and saved his life. Ten years later, the rescued man met the chief in Kingston, and gave him a handsome reward. At the time of his death the chief held a commission from Earl Gosford, in recognition of his services to the British Government, as the head chief of the Iroquois, and possessed two silver medals of the reign of "Georgius III, Dei Gratia Britanniarum Rex, F. D."

On account of the troubles between the Indians and the Seminary, a deputation was sent from Oka to Montreal, to secure advice and assistance toward establishing their claims. They were directed to Mr. J. A. Mathewson, a prominent Methodist gentleman, who was deeply interested in the Indians of the Province of Quebec, and who had on a previous occasion sent an English teacher to instruct the Caughnawaga Indians, when they had appealed to him for help. In answer to the Oka deputation, he was instrumental in having the Rev. Xavier Rivet

sent to Oka in 1869, and this was the beginning of Methodism among these people on the reserve. From the arrival of Mr. Rivet, the condition of the Indians began to improve, and, though he spent only one year there, and did not report any members to the society, he was able to build a church as a permanent place of worship. A small house was bought from an Indian, and fitted up for a school and for religious services, but this soon proved to be too small, and consequently, a site was purchased, and a church costing twelve hundred dollars was erected. Some friends on the opposite side of the river, noting the marked change for good in the native population, became interested in the mission, and donated a bell for the church at a cost of one hundred and fifty dollars. In the following year, the Rev. Amand Parent was sent as missionary, and remained one year, when he reported one hundred and ten church members. He was succeeded by the Rev. Abraham Sickles, a native belonging to the Oneida tribe of Indians, whose spiritual ministrations were so much blessed, that when he left, at the close of his three years' ministry, there were two hundred and nine members. In 1874 the Rev. Amand Parent returned, and, through the unstinted energy of the Rev. Dr. John Borland, who was Chairman of the French and Indian work in the Province of Quebec, and Joseph Onesakenarat, the subject of our sketch, assistant at Oka for two years, great progress was made. Mr. Parent sought to improve the temporal condition of the people, and secured gifts of clothing and other necessaries from the congregation of St. James Methodist Church, Montreal. He preached in French, an Iroquois chief translated the sermon into Iroquois, and as the Indians had good voices, there was excellent singing in the congregation. During the five years spent

on the mission, many converts were won for Christ, as there were two hundred and seventy-six members in 1878.

The mission was called Lake of Two Mountains when it was organized, but its name was changed in 1877, to that of Oka Mission. During these troublous times, the Methodist Church was torn down and the congregation was compelled to worship in the school building. The work was continued by Rev. Joseph A. Dorion, who labored among the people from 1879 to 1886. But evil days came, and the mission began to decline by removals, as the Protestants became weary of the litigations and trials, which they had to endure. The people were poor, still there were two day schools and one Sunday School maintained, and the religious services were well attended. The missionary told of a woman, who died happy in Christ, and who as she lay on her deathbed, exhorted her mother and grandmother to be true to the Protestant faith, and desired that her four children be brought up as Protestants.

When Chief Joseph changed his faith, he united with the Methodist Church, and in 1874, became assistant to the Rev. Amand Parent at Oka. In the following year he was received on probation for the ministry, remaining another year at Oka, when he was transferred to Caughnawaga at St. Regis, ministering to the natives at these places for four years. His natural ability and thorough knowledge of the Iroquois language, supplemented by his college education, and training as secretary for the Seminary of St. Sulpice, were of great service to him during his probation for the ministry. In 1880, he was ordained and received into full connexion in the Montreal Conference of the Methodist Church.



THE GRANDSON OF AN OKA CHIEF IN HIS GRANDFATHER'S DRESS



THE CONGREGATION LEAVING THE INDIAN CHURCH AT OKA

During these years of turmoil at Oka, the quaint little village was the scene of religious strife, the fences of the Protestant burying ground were torn down, and animals tramped upon the graves, while numerous cases of lawlessness and desecration took place. The blame for these sacrilegious acts was laid at the door, first of the Protestants, and again of the Roman Catholic population. Owing to the internal conflict, a number of the Oka Protestants removed in 1881, to the township of Gibson, in Muskoka, where a reserve had been set apart for them by the Dominion Government. In the following year, the Rev. Charles Fish, Chairman of the Bracebridge District, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Dunlop and Mr. Scriven, visited the Gibson Reserve, and held a service with the people, Mr. Fish preaching in English, and Chief Louis Sanaton interpreted into Iroquois. At the close of the service, there was a Love Feast, and thirty-nine Indians partook of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The deputation spoke in high terms of the Christian character, and excellent social qualities of the natives. A request for a missionary was written and signed. Although this movement seemed to end the period of strife, a large number of the Protestant Indians still remained at Oka, claiming the right to share in the inheritance possessed by their fathers; the conflict still continues, without any prospect of a settlement.

Grave complications arose between the Roman Catholic priests and the Protestant Indians, in which Chief Joseph was implicated; and with several of the Indians he was placed in prison, where they remained for fifteen days. So bitter was the strife, that Joseph was put in the jail at St. Scholastique no less than eight times, and yet he declared that the only thing he and his fellow-prisoners

were guilty of, was that of going to the priests and informing them that the Iroquois did not any longer wish instruction from them.

As in the case of John Bunyan, the enforced retirement supplied the leisure for translating portions of the Scriptures into the language of the people, bringing them great blessing. The language spoken by the Oka Indians is substantially the same as the Mohawk used by their relatives in Ontario, from whom they have been separated for a long time; the difference relates chiefly to changes in diction and grammatical forms, and is also due to an admixture with the Onondagas and others speaking different dialects. Sir Daniel Wilson, in an able paper on the Huron-Iroquois, read before the Royal Society of Canada, spoke in glowing terms of the ability and attainments of Chief Joseph as a native scholar, and referred also to Joseph A. Dorion, the missionary at Oka. Of Joseph's translation of the Four Gospels into the Iroquois language, he said: "His translation must be accepted as the work of an educated native Iroquois," and, "A comparison between the language of this recent translation and that of the old Mohawk Prayer Book is full of interest."

Joseph was a great scholar, translating Iroquois, English and French with ease. During his several terms of imprisonment, he translated from the French into Iroquois, the four Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, and the first Epistle to the Corinthians, besides a large number of Sankey's Gospel Hymns, and he had hoped to have finished the whole of the New Testament by June, 1881. The Upper Canada Bible Society undertook the publication of the four Gospels, as in the report of the Society for 1880 it is stated: "The directors have ascer-

tained that there are several thousand of this tribe in both Quebec and Ontario and that Chief Joseph (Onesakenarat) of Oka, the translator, is quite competent thus to give, with their help, a good and useful version of the Gospels to his own people." In the year following, an edition of one thousand copies was published, and in Sir Daniel Wilson's paper on the Huron-Iroquois, there is a copy of the Oka version of the Lord's Prayer as it occurs in the sixth chapter of Matthew in Chief Joseph's translation.

His useful life suddenly came to an end on February 7th, 1881, when he was only thirty-five years old. With hopes unrealized of completing the translation of the New Testament, and passing like the venerable Bede from his sacred task to the city beyond the sea, he died in the midst of his labors, beloved by thousands of the red and white folk, who loved him for his personal worth, and for the great work he had performed on behalf of his people. He was a great man, full of courage, a friend of the oppressed, a modern saint, a native scholar, almost forgotten by the people of Canada, yet worthy to be remembered by the people of every age and country. He was a hero in the days of national peace. He lived for the welfare of the race, laying foundations for the building of an empire, and revealing an experience and a character understood by religious people of all denominations and times. "He did his work well"—an epitaph worthy of the greatest saint or hero of any country or age in the history of the world.

CHAPTER XI

THOMAS CROSBY

Up and Down the Pacific Coast

ACROSS the continent, on the western shores of the Dominion, lies the sunlit Province of British Columbia, where snow-clad mountains rear their shining peaks above the clouds, and mighty rivers rush and foam on their march to the sea, while boundless forests, inexhaustible fisheries and unexplored mineral fields wait in patience the coming of the great procession of sturdy folk to develop the hidden resources of the land of adventure and peace. Seven stocks of languages among thirty thousand Indians, divided into numerous tribes scattered up and down the North Pacific Coast, frequently engaged in tribal wars, with abundant wealth in fisheries and furs, invited traders of various nations to barter flimsy trinkets and intoxicating liquors, at the expense of the demoralization of the people.

The Hudson's Bay Company, the North-west and the Astor Companies built forts and plied their trade in furs with increasing wealth, while the natives coming in contact with the white people gradually degenerated, becoming slaves to evil passions, outcasts of society, despised and rejected of men. Among the traders, however, were some men of sterling worth whose lives were an inspiration, and their quiet teachings left a deep and abiding impression upon the hearts of some of the red men. This was strengthened by the Lewis and Clark expedition in

1804-06, as some seeds of divine truth were sown in dusky souls by these explorers, when conversing in the camps with the natives.

The simple tales of religion related by wandering trappers were repeated around the Indian camp fires and aroused so much interest that a Council of the Flatheads on the Columbia River was held in 1832, where in deep seriousness the chiefs discussed the question of the Book of Heaven in possession of the white men. Four native leaders were sent across mountain and plain to search out some definite knowledge of the white man's God and of the great Book of divine wisdom. They continued their long journey making enquiries by the way, until they reached the frontier town of St. Louis, where they met General Clark, whose name was remembered in the native camps, but during their stay they made no discovery of the hidden knowledge that made the pale-face powerful and wise. Two of the Indians died, and when the others were ready to leave for their distant home, General Clark tendered a farewell in their honor, at which one of them made a pathetic speech, bewailing the fact that while they had been honored beyond their deserts and the people had been very kind to them during their stay, the secret of the Book of Heaven had not been revealed to them, and that when they reached their home, and told their old men, the camps would be silent with dismay and the Flatheads would go out in the darkness in search of the long path to other hunting grounds. One only lived to reach his home, and with a sad heart, he told the story of the failure of the expedition to find the Book of Heaven.

An account of this sad and strange adventure was published in the newspapers and the whole American

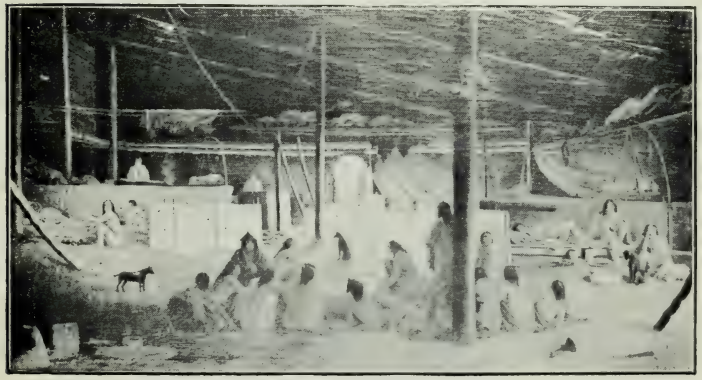
Church was aroused with keen sympathy and a deep sense of responsibility, insomuch that the Methodist Episcopal Church began the first mission to the Indians west of the Rocky Mountains. Jason Lee, a Canadian, born in Stanstead, in the Province of Quebec, a fine specimen of manhood standing six feet three inches, and of proportionate build, was chosen leader. In the spring of 1834, accompanied by his brother Daniel and two laymen, they "mounted their horses and followed the Oregon trail." In September they reached Vancouver and at once began mission work. A boarding school for Indian children was established in the Willamette Valley, where now stands the Willamette University. Conversions were numerous among the whites and natives, for Jason Lee was a preacher of marvellous power. An evidence of his influence was the safety of travellers, as the Gospel of the grace of God had transformed savages into law abiding citizens.

A great wave of spiritual awakening among the Indian tribes passed over the western continent in 1839 and the two following years, resulting in the conversion of thousands of souls. Up and down the north Pacific Coast, along the Skeena and Columbia Rivers, through the Okanagan Valley, on to the upper waters of the Fraser River in the far north, and for more than two thousand miles eastward the revival spread; though the laborers were few there was a great harvest of souls. The Takus of Alaska journeyed eastward into the interior and met some of the converts of Rundle and Evans, who talked with the Great Spirit and read wonderful things in the Cree Syllabic, as they sat around the lodge fires; the Chinooks of the Columbia River were stirred anew by the memory of Jason Lee's spiritual messages; the Shuswaps in the Okanagan Valley were converted to Roman



From a painting by Paul Kane

A Flathead Indian Mother and Baby



From a painting by Paul Kane

The Interior of an Indian Lodge

Catholicism through the labors of Father Demers; at Edmonton and Rocky Mountain House, and on the plains of Northern Alberta, Rundle won many converts among the Crees, Stonies and Blackfeet; on the shores of the Hudson's Bay, at York Factory, and at Forts Churchill and Albany, George Barnley saw a blessed work of grace; on Lake Winnipeg and far north into Athabasca, Evans and Steinhauer led hundreds of Crees into the kingdom of God; and at Rainy River, Mason and Jacobs wept and prayed over many converts, while as far east as Lake Superior the red men were anxiously enquiring about the way of salvation.

The discovery of gold on the bars of the Fraser River and in the Caribou district in 1858, brought a wild stampede of prospectors, and in their train came whiskey traders, gamblers and desperadoes from all parts of the world. The consequent demoralization of the white settlers and of thousands of Indians aroused the Church to a deep sense of responsibility and to the large opportunities for service in the cause of Christ. The Methodist Church at once sent the first band of missionaries to the Pacific Coast—the Revs. Ephraim Evans, D.D., Edward White, Ebenezer Robson and Arthur Browning, who began work at Victoria and Nanaimo on Vancouver Island and at New Westminster and Hope on the Fraser River. While the misery and degradation of the native population appealed strongly for sympathy and help, the field was so large and the work so heavy among the miners and white settlers, that they could only pray, and send out urgent requests for workers among the Indians.

Some of these letters, sent by the Rev. Edward White, made a deep and lasting impression on the mind and heart of a young man whom God was preparing for eminent

service among the aborigines of British Columbia. Born in Pickering, Yorkshire, England, in 1840, coming to Canada with his parents when sixteen years of age and settling on a farm near Woodstock, Ontario, this lad Thomas Crosby, having become the subject of gracious religious influences, read one of these letters on his knees in his room, and decided that if the way were opened, he would go as a missionary to these benighted people.

There were serious difficulties, however, in the way; he had not sufficient training to be sent as an ordained missionary; had he offered himself to the Missionary Society, he would promptly and definitely have been rejected; he had no money to secure an outfit and pay the expenses of the long journey and though the family was large enough to spare him, it was not likely that he would secure his parents' consent to go to an unknown region to work among savages. When God calls a man, however, the difficulties vanish; and so it happened that a friend, seeing him dejected through the burden on his heart, asked the cause and at once offered the necessary funds as a loan or a gift. His mother, with tears in her eyes and anguish in her soul, lent him to the Lord, and in after years received an abundant recompense.

Bidding a sad farewell to his friends in the Church and Sunday School, and with the rich benediction of his mother, he started from Woodstock on February 25th 1862. He travelled by way of New York, thence by sea to the Isthmus of Panama, on to San Francisco; and after two months and a half arrived at Victoria on April 11th. Clad in homespun, he reported himself to the Rev. Dr. Ephraim Evans, and attended the Love Feast, where the staid folks, shocked with the "Amens" and "Hallelujahs" of this stranger, began to make enquiries about this mis-

sionary lad, who was destined to become one of the best known and most influential citizens in the Province of British Columbia. With characteristic energy he sought and found hard manual labor, and for eleven months toiled until he had sufficient to pay with interest, the loan which his friend had advanced for expenses. Again the mysterious ways of Providence were seen, for as soon as this was done, the Rev. Dr. Evans sent him to teach an Indian school at Nanaimo. Here he entered upon the first stage of his missionary career. His destination was only seventy-five miles from Victoria, yet the journey in the little sloop carrying Her Majesty's mail consumed eight days. Landing at the little town built of logs, with an Indian village a mile distant, he was cordially welcomed by the Rev. Cornelius Bryant, the oldest Methodist in the province. At once he began his work in the native camp in a small building erected by the Rev. Ebenezer Robson as a church and school. The missionary began to work among the red men, but owing to the pressing claims of the miners and white settlers, was compelled to desist.

With a firm conviction that the only successful way to reach the heart of any people is through the medium of their language, Thomas Crosby steadfastly refused to accommodate himself to the use of the Chinook jargon, but determined to acquire the native tongue. He studied the language in the lodges, carrying a note book in his hand; on his knees he prayed for divine help to master it, and even awoke from his night slumbers repeating words and sentences he had learned. By the device of a large swing he won the confidence of the children; with the help of the sign language and a few Indian words he marched up and down the street calling the children to

school. Although there was much indifference, and he was compelled to clothe the needy, and wash the dirty youngsters, so great was his enthusiasm and adaptiveness, that success crowned his efforts. For, not only did some become good students, but souls were won for Christ, and thus was laid the foundation of the evangelization of the tribes on the North Pacific Coast.

With a vision of hidden possibilities, he laid out a neat garden plot in front of his primitive mission house; this aroused the latent energies of the natives, and induced the converted families to move toward the model home, until there grew up a Christian street, easily distinguished from and in striking contrast with the heathen street. The lesson spread far beyond the limits of the province, for the eloquent Morley Punshon told the British Wesleyan Conference, " that he had seen the powerful influences of the Gospel far away on the Pacific Coast, near Nanaimo, on the east coast of Vancouver Island, where he saw the heathen street and the Christian street side by side." Visitors from other tribes came, saw and were conquered, so that many of the people became small farmers. Even the young men rejected the temptation of the potlatch, and, instead of giving away the money which they had saved to secure a temporary popularity, they purchased cattle, horses and farming implements. The grace of God in their hearts begat a spirit of independence which was seen in schools and churches built by their own efforts, and a passion to help others, which was shown by their contributions to the cause of missions.

While Morley Punshon was in British Columbia in 1871 he visited Nanaimo and gave his famous lecture, " Daniel in Babylon," and at the close, informed the young missionary that he was to be ordained on the following

Sunday at Victoria. Thomas Crosby was unprepared for this announcement, as he had hoped to go east to attend college; there was little sleep for him that night as he saw his plans frustrated by the stern decision of his superiors, and naturally he objected. But, in the good providence of God, the wisdom of the missionaries was seen and understood in the after years. His ordination took place in Pandora Street Church, Victoria, before a large congregation, Morley Punshon preaching a wonderful sermon on the occasion from the text, "And ye shall receive power." With his new and enlarged responsibilities, he was sent on a missionary tour among various tribes, and marvellous scenes were witnessed under the preaching of the Gospel, men and women crying for mercy. Songs of gladness fell from pagan lips touched with the new power of the Cross of Christ, whole villages responded to the wonderful story of Calvary, and the filthy and immoral camp was transformed into a haven of peace.

In the Christian villages the dingy houses, crowded together with the invariable totem pole in front, gave place to neat and comfortable homes with tidy garden plots. The tawdry garments, emblems of poverty and degradation, were cast aside as unworthy of the new civilization. The art of tatooing the bodies with strange symbols was well-nigh forgotten. The old marriage customs of buying and selling women, the native feasts and dances with their wild midnight orgies, the potlatch, which impoverished the ambitious, and the dark scenes of gambling began to pass away with the dawn of a new day. The power of the medicine-men was lessened with the improvement in the health of the people, through cleanly habits and better food, and by the introduction of simple

remedies and such help as the missionary could give. No longer in these villages did the medicine-man shake his rattle and chant his weird songs over the sick and dying; the sun-worshippers bowed in reverence before the Light of the World; sacrifices were withheld from the spirits of the rapids; and the places of Christian burial with their well-kept graves replaced the old pagan cemeteries. These changed conditions preached an eloquent sermon to the pagan stranger who spent a few days under the new regime.

The whiskey demon claimed the entire coast as his own special territory, and havoc was wrought among the tribes that came in contact with the white man. Old "Coal Tyee," an Indian who first discovered coal in the province, filled his canoe with a sample of the precious material, and paddled seventy-five miles to Victoria, where he sold his secret for a bottle of rum. Miners and sailors peddled the fire-water among the natives, and dens of iniquity, sanctioned by law, sprang up in the vicinity of the camps. Crosby's ire and pity were aroused, so that he was compelled to take strenuous measures for the suppression of the traffic. With axe in hand he would smash the boxes and bottles, while the helpless Indians stood by, begging in vain for a drop. The "Whiskey Synagogue" near Nanaimo, a low, despicable tavern, was put out of business by the missionary, after a lawsuit, when the proprietor had his license cancelled and was fined three hundred dollars for selling liquor to the Indians.

Having mastered the language, Crosby was set free from teaching school, and sent on a roving commission among the scattered tribes, travelling in all kinds of weather, over stormy seas in a large canoe manned by

natives, the trips covering more than two thousand miles a year. Beset by mosquitoes on the Fraser River, eating strange decoctions cooked by Indian women, detained by storms from meeting his fellow missionaries after a long and tedious trip, sleeping in the open air with the rain pouring on his unsheltered limbs, were passing episodes in a busy career, and accepted as part of the high privilege of being counted worthy to suffer for Christ.

The converted Indians learned to reverence the Sabbath, and though hampered in reckoning the days of the week, they devised methods that were sometimes amusing, as in the case of Pyuke, the old chief of the Penulkuts, who tied a knot on a bit of native twine for each day of the week and two knots for the Sabbath, and as he kept up this custom for many years, he owned a huge ball as his time-keeper.

The second period in Crosby's career as a missionary began when he was sent to the Chilliwack Valley in the spring of 1869. Previous to this time, invitations had been repeatedly sent to him to visit the Indians on the Fraser River, who spoke the same language as the Nanaimos. Twice he had gone into the valley, preaching to as many as two thousand Indians assembled at one time on the street, and to many of the white settlers also who had not heard the Gospel for several years. On his second visit, the smallpox scourge was rampant, and the Government having supplied him with a stock of vaccine, he vaccinated the people as he passed among the camps. So great was the havoc made by the plague that of one thousand Hydahs who went from Queen Charlotte Islands to Victoria, only one man returned home. As the missionary was preaching at Chilliwack, to a small band of Indians, the chief, Atchelalah, stepped forward, and lay-

ing down a dollar and a half, said: "Missionary, we want you to build a church here. You have opened our ears." This was the first subscription for the building of the first Protestant Church in the Chilliwack Valley, and it was a token of a good time, for a wave of spiritual revival swept over the prairies, along the rivers, through the mountains and valleys, and hundreds of Indians, white desperadoes and lonely settlers were soundly converted.

When Crosby left Nanaimo to take up his work as permanent missionary in the Chilliwack Valley, the revival was in progress. With the help of the Chairman of the District, the Rev. Edward White, and two native helpers who had been won for Christ, field meetings and camp meetings attended by large numbers of Indians, were held at various points. From distant camps the Indians gathered; David Sallosalton preached his famous steamboat-whistle sermon, and Amos Cushan his deeply impressive sermon on the final judgment; and these two natives, whose eloquence stirred with mighty power the vast crowds that hung upon their lips, were the means of leading many souls to God. In the open fields, on the banks of the rivers, in primitive settlements, gambling dens, rough taverns, stores and kitchens, the missionary band held religious services, travelling hundreds of miles with the Gospel message, while the gamblers laid aside their playing cards, and raised a whiskey barrel for a pulpit, taking up a collection to express their gratitude and to maintain their orthodoxy. All through the Bunch-Grass country they went, witnessing marvellous scenes of divine grace. Crosby was startled by hearing the earnest prayer of a Chinaman who had been converted in Canton under the preaching of George Piercy, Crosby's missionary hero from his native town, Pickering, Yorkshire.

None can compute the effective service and trophies won by the native helpers under the inspiration and guidance of the missionary. Amos Cushan, the first Protestant to carry the Gospel to Alberni and the country of the Ats, was brought up in heathenism, and fell a victim to the degrading influence of the fire-water of the white man. Converted in the mission house garden one spring morning when he was working, he always pointed with delight to the spot where he found Christ, saying: "For a long time before this I had two hearts, but now Jesus became chief in my heart. Only one chief now. Jesus is my great Chief." As an agent of the Missionary Society he made many long and trying trips, preaching in the open air, often hungry and wet, sleeping anywhere, but glad to serve. But exposure and hard work brought on consumption, and after a long illness he died triumphantly in the faith; he passed away saying: "All, all is peace. Jesus is very precious." His last days were spent in exhorting the heathen who came to a big potlatch, to give their hearts to Jesus.

Another trophy of divine grace was David Sallosalton, whose heathen name was Satana. He was taken into the mission house, at his own earnest entreaty, when a small boy, and became very useful as interpreter and class-leader, and later was known as the boy preacher. He had the sterling qualities of a native orator, and at camp meetings thrilled thousands by his original and wonderful sermons. Of him Dr. Morley Punshon, the eloquent British preacher and lecturer said: "In British Columbia, I met an Indian, one of the most eloquent men I ever heard. If I had not met Sciarelli, I should have said he is the most eloquent man who ever stood before an audience. He was only seventeen years of age, but a youth of very

great promise, who rejoiced our hearts with the prospect of long continued usefulness, but whom God loved so much that He took him out of the world, after a short time of most earnest and successful labor upon the Fraser River. This young man, David Sallosalton, wrought a great work among his countrymen." Many other preachers and native workers were raised up in the camps, through the preaching of the Gospel, who were the means of leading thousands to the Cross.

After twelve years spent in pioneer work along the Pacific Coast, Thomas Crosby was granted a furlough of one year; but it was not one of ease, for his unbounded enthusiasm literally hurled him here and there, through the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec, where large audiences hung spellbound upon his thrilling accounts of notable conversions, great revivals, revolting customs abolished, adventures by land and sea, and of triumphant deaths. Accompanied by the Rev. E. R. Young, from the country of the Cree Indians north of Lake Winnipeg, he visited towns and cities, and the twain marched as conquering heroes of the Cross. Not only were souls converted, but many were induced to become missionaries to China, Japan and to the Indians of the west.

During this campaign he met Miss Emma J. Douse, daughter of the Rev. John Douse, who was a teacher in the Wesleyan Ladies' College, Hamilton, Ontario. They were married in April, 1874, at the home of Mr. Henry Hough at Cobourg, and started for their new and important mission at Fort Simpson. This was the beginning of the third missionary period of his life.

It was a long journey to Port Simpson by way of San Francisco, then by boat to Victoria, and from thence a voyage of about six hundred miles up the coast, but there

were compensations in the delightful scenery, and at the end, the natives gave the missionary and his bride a great reception. The way had been prepared for founding the mission by the Rev. C. M. Tate, who had gone there as a teacher in February of that year, and the advent of Mr. and Mrs. Crosby was the incentive for enthusiastic service. A blessed revival of religion came upon the whole district, and the natives responded to the call for a church to hold about a thousand people, and for a mission house, by subscribing freely in labor, money and goods. The missionary was full of energy; a new language had to be learned, another church had to be built as the first one was blown down, the sick were numerous and they had to be cared for, but undaunted zeal blazed the way to fresh conquests for Christ. A school for the older people was started and a converts' band organized. With a company of native workers he sped away one hundred and fifty miles north in a big canoe to the country of the Tsimpsheans, and many of these heathen people were converted.

A great change came over Port Simpson by the organizing of a native Council; laws relating to the Sabbath and marriage were passed; a tax was placed on dogs; a brass band, a fire company and a rifle brigade were formed; a sawmill was started; a cemetery laid out; new houses, bridges and sidewalks built; roads were made, and finally a newspaper was published. The news spread far and wide of the progress of the town, and the prosperity of the people. Heathen visitors came from afar, and gazed in astonishment at the wonderful transformation through the Gospel of Christ. An Industrial Fair was a new and successful venture, and the various companies and departments of work revealed Crosby's ability as a

social reformer, and the native municipal council marked him as a political statesman. However, he never lost sight of the fact that he was first of all an evangelist, and his great message of salvation with his converts' band opened up the regions beyond. Wars between the tribes had wrought sad havoc, many being slain, others made slaves, and bitter enmity continued; but Crosby secured peace by a great Council of the Chiefs from distant parts, and a lasting treaty was made.

When Clah, a member of the Dog Eater Society, born at Fort Simpson, was converted along with his wife, he was baptized Philip McKay, and began at once to work for Christ. Along with some of the native Christians, he went to work cutting wood at Fort Wrangel, Alaska, and at the same time preached the Gospel, and with such good effect that many were converted. After laboring there for two years, the mission was handed over to the American Presbyterian Church, which has done a great work in that country under Dr. Sheldon Jackson, while Clah is known as the Apostle of Alaska. Numerous calls for missionaries came from the regions beyond, which were answered by Crosby himself in a visit, or by his native evangelists. At Bella Bella, two hundred miles north of Vancouver, the heathen responded to Crosby's message, and many were led to Christ. After some years a new village was built with a hospital, council hall and mission house, while the natives owned their sawmill and began an industry in canoes, boxes and mats. Great success attended the founding of the Naas Mission, which was visited twice by Mr. Crosby, and then a deputation of Chiefs came to Fort Simpson asking for a missionary. For several years missionaries carried on the work and

blessed revivals followed, but finally the mission was handed over to the Church Missionary Society.

From the headwaters of the Upper Skeena River, several hundred miles distant, came a blind Indian named Jack, who gave all the money he had, seventy-five cents, to the missionary at Fort Simpson to help build a church and found a mission among his people. He was a good singer and remained long enough to learn some hymns, and for two years, he summoned the people with a hand-bell, sang the hymns, held up the Bible he could not read, and told them the story of salvation. For several years calls came from the Upper Skeena for a missionary, but not till after Blind Jack's death could Crosby visit the people. Subsequently a mission was founded where hundreds have been converted.

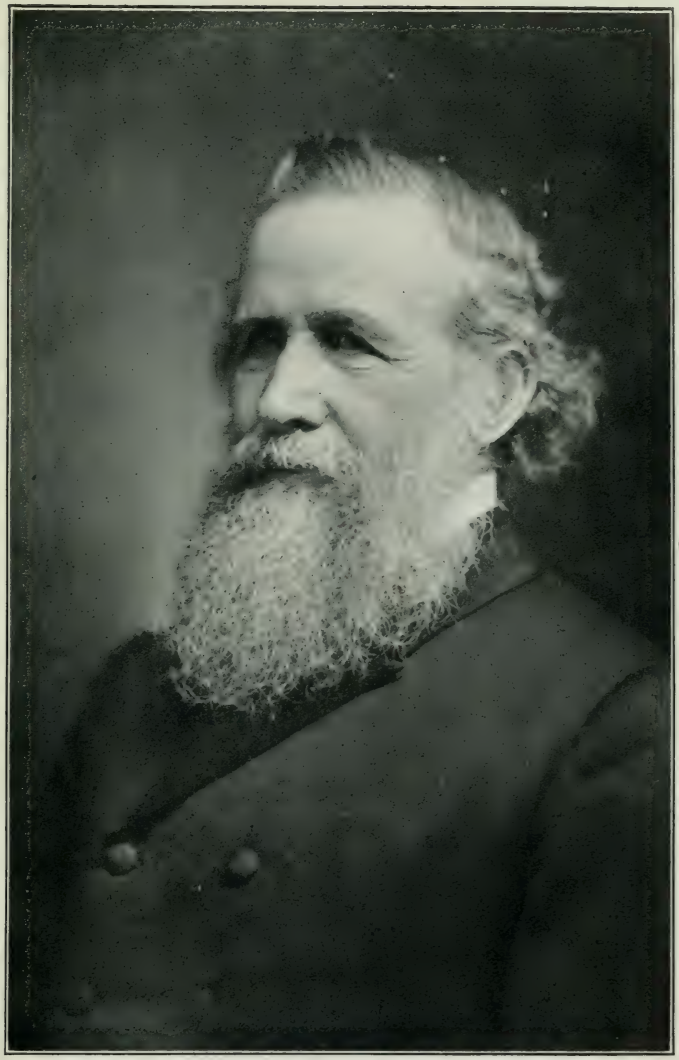
At Kitamaat, Charlie Amos, a converted Indian, began telling the people about Christ, and though opposed by conjurors, many souls were won, and after Crosby went and saw what was needed, a missionary was sent. There were numerous conversions; a Church, School and Children's Home were erected, and a quarterly magazine named "Nanakwa," or "Dawn on the Northwest Coast," was printed by the Indian children. These are all evidences of successful work.

With the call for a missionary from Queen Charlotte Islands, and the conversion of Gedanst, named Amos Russ, the movement against heathenism began on the Islands, and though the struggle was great, Christ conquered and many were won to a new life. Crosby went among the people, the mission grew rapidly, the scattered tribes were united under the banner of the Cross and a new type of civilization was introduced and prospered.

Along the North Pacific Coast, and in the interior, day schools are successfully carried on at all the missions, boarding schools are doing wonders in educating the young folks, and an Industrial Institute is in operation at Chilliwack where young men are taught trades and young women prepared for life work. The Girls' Home and Boys' Home at Port Simpson, and similar institutions, are some of the results of the work of the great evangelist and his wife and the noble band of native helpers and missionaries on the coast. Hospitals have been erected, following the advent of Dr. Bolton in answer to Crosby's appeal after an outbreak of diphtheria from which three of his children died in one week, and many Indians lost their little ones. These medical missionaries have saved thousands from death.

Dangers were numerous on the long and rough canoe trips until the Gospel Ship "Glad Tidings" was built, and the Waterways Mission founded; and with the "Thomas Crosby," launched in 1912, now ploughing the seas, the missions have been blessed for many years, and thousands of red and white men and settlers have heard the Gospel.

In 1907, the man who had given forty-five years of missionary service on the Pacific Coast was compelled to superannuate. Stricken with paralysis, he retired to Vancouver, where he died on January 13th, 1914, aged 73 years. When he went to the west coast, British Columbia was a crown colony, the people were pagans, and there were no converts to the Christian faith. When he went east on furlough in 1906, there were thirty-two churches connected with Methodist Indian Missions, twenty-four parsonages, twelve schools, four hospitals, two boarding schools, one industrial school, a church membership of 1,650, two Indian ordained missionaries, three medical



THE REV. THOMAS CROSBY, D.D. (1840-1914)
For forty-five years missionary to the Indians of British Columbia

missionaries, ten ordained white missionaries and thirty other workers. His death called forth glowing testimonies to his worth, from Indian converts in the west and from men of high station all over the Dominion. He was a great man, a militant saint, an enthusiastic evangelist, a lover of his fellows of every creed and nationality, beloved by thousands, and his monument may be seen in the missions founded, where Christian villages abound; but his true record no human eye can read or see, for it abides on high.

CHAPTER XII

JOHN McDOUGALL

Missionary and Empire Builder

FORTY-ONE years, almost to a day, lay between the passing of George McDougall and his son John, and both died within a few miles of the same spot, the former alone on the open prairie, far from human settlement, and the latter at home, surrounded by his family, in a modern city. Between January 23rd, 1876, and January 15th, 1917, there were great strides of civilization, wide movements of population, history was being rapidly written, a new age and a new nation had sprung into being. Only a prophet could tell the story of these forty-one years. With his father's death the mantle of Elijah fell upon the shoulders of the young Elisha. John McDougall was already trained for the conflict, and with an unaccustomed tear for his father—the hero of the plains—he "went on his way, and the angels of God met him."

In view of his great career as a missionary and empire-builder, John McDougall could not have been born at a more appropriate time than on December 27th, 1842, and there could not have been a better site for a birthplace than Owen Sound on the shores of Georgian Bay. Seventy years ago the village was the centre of a brisk trade among the Indian tribes located on the shores of the Bay, and contact with these people in relation to their language and customs supplied the best possible education

for one who was destined to be a leader of the red men, and who was to reveal to them noble ideals, far removed from the savage instincts of the race. There is an old tradition that he was the first white child born on the shores of Georgian Bay, but there is no virtue attached to such a claim and his worth lies in another sphere. His heart was white, and his home was of the Anglo-Saxon type, but from his birth he was a son of the wigwam, speaking the Ojibway language in infancy, thinking as a native, a lover of the outdoor life, and holding close fellowship with the red men, until he became higher than the chiefs. His name will abide as a precious memory among the traditions of the western men, through all the passing years. His first memories were of bows and arrows, great forests, log heaps, stumps and corduroy roads; of paddles and boats, from the small birch-bark canoe to bateaux and mackinaw craft; of deep snow in winter, with hot summers and myriads of mosquitoes.

The missionary family went to Alderville on Rice Lake, when the boy was seven years of age, and the native children called him "Dapi-tic-a-mon," a nickname which arose from the fact that he had to take care of his younger brother David, and was accustomed to say to his charge, "David, come on." But later, in the fashion of the Indians, he won a new and more dignified name, "Pa-ke-noh-ka," meaning "The Winner," as he was usually the first in the foot races among the boys. He might well have retained that name to the end of his life, as on the old trails, or open prairie, whether on foot or horseback or driving a buckboard, he was always ahead of the rest of the company.

When he was eleven years of age, he was sent to school at Owen Sound for a year. In these early years his

knowledge of the Ojibway language enabled him to render helpful service to his father as interpreter, and secured for him a situation with a trader among the Indians, at the small salary of five dollars a month. His education always seemed to be out of doors, and still he had aspirations after a college career; but that was destined to be of only two years' duration, and perhaps he could not have chosen better training than that which Providence thrust upon him. He laid his plans, but a higher power changed them, and he remained to the end of his life, a child of destiny. At the age of sixteen, he was sent to Victoria College, at Cobourg, where his native habits won for him the obnoxious name "the Indian fellow." But instead of humiliation there was a genuine pride, as he was still "the winner," being first on the campus, and besides, he was so kind and genial that his fellow students could not help liking him. Indeed his knowledge of the geography of his own country surpassed that of his companions; for as one boy asked another, "Where does he come from?" the reply was, "Why, he comes from Lake Superior, at the foot of the Rocky Mountains." Even now, some folks in the Dominion may not know that a thousand miles lie between them.

His course at College came abruptly to an end, by his father being appointed to Norway House on Lake Winnipeg, and the young man of eighteen years with his thorough grasp of the Ojibway language and well versed in Indian lore was needed in that great northland. It was enough for his father to say quietly to him, "My son, I want you to go with me." With the obedience and alertness belonging to military life, they literally sprang to the task of preparation, and with keen zest and a new vision, they were off to the land where fame was

found unsought, and with which their names were forever linked. Ever afterward, they were destined to be travelling westward, until they went home to God in the white stone canoe to the islands of the blessed, that lie beyond the setting sun. In the centre of native trade at Norway House, with an important Hudson's Bay Company's post, there was a new task for the young man, as the Cree language, though belonging, as did the Ojibway, to the Algonquin family, was a language and not a dialect; however, with his genius for the native tongues, he soon mastered its difficulties, and lived to become one of the greatest Cree scholars that ever dwelt in the west. These people in the north were superior to the Ojibways, being steady and hard-working fellows. This brought a bit of inspiration, while some things were added to his education, such as driving dog trains in the winter, exploring the far northern wilds, coursing along the rivers, and sleeping in the open. Hardly had they got settled, than a new occupation was given him, as teacher of a school of eighty boys. By canoe and dog-train they came from adjacent islands, and the young man of eighteen fashioned these dusky lads by the manliness of his own character. His exuberant spirits found expression in leading his scholars to high ideals, and he was ultimately rewarded by seeing some of them graduating in later years into native teachers and preachers to their own people.

Far to the west lay "the great lone land," and a vision of greater possibilities came to George McDougall. With the insight of the prophet, he decided to visit the tribes on the Saskatchewan and the missions in the vicinity of Edmonton. In that memorable year of 1862, father and son started westward, travelling by canoe until they reached the plains, when they journeyed on horseback.

John awoke to greatness on the trip, for then he killed his first buffalo and bear. Never again would he be a common man, for his courage and skill would be recognized, and he would be held in esteem. The vision became true, for George McDougall decided to make Victoria, on the Saskatchewan, the centre of his operations, from which he might be able to evangelize the Crees, Stonies and Blackfeet. With this hope, he left John with Thomas Woolsey, the missionary, giving instructions to erect buildings, while he hurried back to Norway House before winter set in, that he might return with the others of his family in the following summer. John was twenty years old, with the experience of a pioneer, and no better assistant could Woolsey have had than the young man of strong muscle and active brain, whose life had been spent among the native tribes.

There were many hardships, and the brave assistant was sometimes lonesome, but worst of all was the monotony of the food, which consisted of fish and buffalo meat three times a day or as often as the two men were hungry. On one of his trips, John visited a Church of England Mission, and got his first square meal in two years, of bread and butter, and needless to say, the good housewife had no complaints to make about her poor cooking, as the victuals disappeared in quick fashion.

In a few months after the return of George McDougall with his family from Norway House, the first school in the present Province of Alberta was opened in the Mission House with nine scholars, and thus was begun the system of public education. In 1865, when John was twenty-three years old, he married Miss Steinhauer, daughter of the missionary at Whitefish Lake. The honeymoon trip was to Victoria by dog train. As a



From a painting by Paul Kane

CHIEFS OF NORTHWEST INDIAN TRIBES



WINTER TRAVEL BY DOG-TRAIN

wedding gift George McDougall presented the young couple with a pair of Hudson's Bay blankets, two hundred balls and gunpowder, and some net twine.

Having decided to begin work at Pigeon Lake, the young missionary and his wife with three others started on the journey, but were compelled to halt, as an epidemic of measles and scarlet fever had broken out among the Indians, and three of the party, including the young bride, were taken seriously ill. There was no doctor nearer than Fort Garry, more than a thousand miles away, but a temporary hospital was improvised, where the party remained for six days, and then went on their way. The epidemic swept all over western Canada, and with building operations at the mission, visiting the camps and nursing the sick, there was abundant work for all. Great indeed was the surprise at the Mission, when David McDougall brought the sister who had been in Ontario for five years, to visit John and his wife, and she was amused to see her brother clad in a leather suit of clothes, his long hair falling on his shoulders, in real western fashion.

The first year at Pigeon Lake marked the entrance of John into the ranks of the Methodist ministry, of which during his long career he was to become a shining example of heroic unselfishness and concentrated devotion. The following year, John made a trip to Mountain Fort, one hundred and eighty miles from Edmonton; and in January, 1866, he got his first view of the Rocky Mountains, a vision as great and inspiring as that which came to Verandrye, when he saw the "Shining Mountains," as he called them. In these days, Winnipeg was a frontier village, and there was no permanent white settlement outside of it, except down at Kildonan, around St. Boniface,

and at a stray spot here and there. A few miners were washing for gold on the bars of the Saskatchewan River in the spring, and hunting buffalo during the balance of the year. There was one small settlement of French half-breeds at St. Albert, and another of English and Scotch half-breeds at Victoria, sixty miles north-east of Edmonton. A bit of gardening was done at Victoria which was the only attempt at the cultivation of the soil in the far west, outside of the mission stations. Conditions of living were sometimes precarious, and now and again amusing, as when he had a light breakfast on wild duck left over from the previous day, lunched at noon on young owlets, and supped on rabbit stew; but next morning had a full larder, and enjoyed a rich repast on the venison. The winter of 1866 and 1867 was a severe one, and the buffalo were far away on the plains, so that the Indians were in danger of starvation. The Hudson's Bay Company and the missionaries did their utmost to relieve the distress.

When George Young began his missionary work in the Red River Settlement, the whiskey traders were plying their nefarious business among the tribes on the plains, and dire consequences in bloodshed, rapine and immorality followed in their train. John McDougall got up a petition, which the native chiefs were glad to sign in the interests of peace and good government, and this was sent forward to Lieutenant-Governor Archibald, with a request for total prohibition in the North-west Territories. So successful was the work performed in dealing with the Indians, that the Hudson's Bay Company made a tempting offer to the missionary to enter their service, but he was too loyal and devoted in his great ministrations of the Cross of Christ to step aside, and he never

regretted his decision. During the winter of 1869 and 1870, the sad news of the Riel Rebellion was brought to the mission, and an epidemic of small-pox among the Indian tribes caused much distress and suffering. There were frequent raids; the Blackfeet hated the Crees and Stonies; and there were grave fears of an Indian uprising all over the west. The Government and Hudson's Bay Company sent John McDougall on a mission of peace and patriotism. He visited the camps, and in the lodges and in meetings of the native councils, he explained the condition of affairs, allayed the fears of the people, contradicted false reports, and assured them that their rights would be fully and faithfully protected. Never was any mission performed better, nor did any ever meet with greater success, than that of John McDougall, that winter on the plains. While the strain of this service was upon him, he received word that the epidemic of small-pox had reached the Mission House. He hastened thither to find that two of his sisters, Georgina, aged eighteen, and Flora, aged eleven, and Anna, an adopted daughter, aged fourteen, were dead and buried. George McDougall and his son David dug the graves in the mission garden. When John arrived he was not permitted to enter the house, but had only a passing word or two, then off to carry out his commission among the Indians on the plains. On returning again to Edmonton as he entered the fort, a messenger brought the sad news to him that his wife was dead, leaving three daughters to his tender care. Out upon the plains he went to prepare the Indians for the making of treaties with the Government, and to explain the reason for the presence of surveyors, who were already in some districts measuring the land, and blocking out townships.

Within two years he was in Winnipeg, June, 1872, attending the first Methodist Conference in the west. Being invited by Dr. Morley Punshon, in the significant words, "John, let us take a walk," he went along, and was interviewed regarding his work. Little was said about his theology, and he was much surprised, at the close of the conversation, when the famous pulpit orator said: "Well, your examination is perfectly satisfactory, and we will ordain you in the morning." Going east to Ontario for a trip, he spent some time with relatives at Meaford, where he wooed and won Miss Elizabeth Boyd. Their marriage was a benediction, as she proved a helpful co-worker in the mission field, and through all the years has been in labors abundant, enduring severe hardship without a murmur, and glad to serve the Indians to the utmost of her ability.

Back again on the plains, he began the foundation of the first mission to the Stoney Indians. In the Bow River Valley he spent the greater part of his life, until far and wide, the mission at Morley became known as one of the most successful on the continent. These men of the mountains were transformed from wild nomads into useful citizens, and lovers of peace. The lawlessness of the old buffalo days, and the regime of the whiskey traders came to an end with the advent of the Mounted Police, who made their famous march across the plains in 1874. At once order was begun, and good government was established, making possible the settlement of the vast areas of agricultural land, and the development of the resources of the country. In 1878, the buffalo went south, and were finally exterminated by the Crow, Sioux and Mandan Indians, on the Yellowstone and Missouri Rivers.



THE MCDOUGALL ORPHANAGE, MORLEY, ALBERTA
The Home and School established by Dr. McDougall



DR. MCDOUGALL, INDIAN CHILDREN, AND ORPHANAGE STAFF

While serving the Church as a missionary and always zealous to win souls for Christ, he maintained close relations with the Government, being anxious that the whole country might be opened up for civilization. He was convinced of its great possibilities, and could never rest content till he saw the long procession of immigrants from many lands making their homes in the west. He was not a politician in the narrow sense of the word, but a man of vision, and when surveyors and exploring parties came in advance of the building of railroads, he often acted as guide, and his knowledge of the trails and mountain passes was sought for and utilized by Sir Sanford Fleming and Colonel Rogers. While giving personal help unstinted, he employed his Stony Indians as guides to further the important work. References to his splendid services were given by Principal Grant in his notable book, "Ocean to Ocean," and yet the half has not been told. Again, during the second Riel Rebellion, he showed the sterling qualities of a patriot, by visiting the native camps to encourage the Indians to maintain their loyalty to Queen and Empire. He travelled with the troops, guiding them over unknown trails and dangerous routes, and ministering to their spiritual needs. He was a militant Christian in the interests of peace, and a preacher of the great verities of the Christian faith. When he superannuated at the age of 64 years, he worked as hard as ever, and was appointed by the Dominion Government, Commissioner for the Doukhobors, and Special Commissioner for the Indians, and in this dual capacity he rendered important service to the country.

With every Governor General from the days of Lord Dufferin, he was in close personal relations, and was frequently called upon by the premiers of the Dominion,

and the Lieutenant-Governors of the western provinces, for advice in dealing with the Indians, and concerning western affairs. His knowledge, experience, and good judgment were highly valued, and usually acted upon. He contested the Riding of Centre Calgary in the Alberta Legislature as Liberal Candidate, and was defeated, but he retired with honor and without a single stain upon his reputation. As Temperance Commissioner in Alberta for the enforcement of prohibition of the liquor traffic he was energetic and loyal to the cause for which he had fought during his whole life.

With an intense love of country, and a deep and abiding conviction of the boundless possibilities of the west, this prophet of the new age seized every opportunity of telling the people of Ontario, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces about the vast areas of agricultural land, the coal deposits, mineral and forest resources, the great heritage for millions of people. With the natural gifts of oratory, possessed by both father and son, vast audiences were thrilled with his fascinating story of an empire in the west. It was, however, as a missionary of the Cross that he went up and down the land, telling his tales of adventure to the delight of old and young. Only once did he venture on a lecturing tour in Great Britain, and did not embark on such an enterprise in the United States. It seems now to us that the Government and the country lost a splendid opportunity in not sending him as a representative to other lands in the interests of immigration, for he was a good type of the empire builder.

It was in the town of Cobourg, that I first met him, and that was in 1879. His daughter Flora was attending the Wesleyan Ladies' College in Hamilton, his two brothers-in-law, the Steinhauer brothers, were attending

the Collegiate Institute in Cobourg, and his wife and family and his mother were taking a year's rest in that old University town. In the spring of the following year, along with my wife, I left with him and the party, for my work as missionary to the Blackfeet. An account of that journey was published by Dr. Alexander Sutherland under the title "A Summer in Prairie Land." Every few years afterward, John McDougall went east on a missionary tour, and was incessantly lecturing and writing about the Indians, or the country. After the Rebellion, he visited Ontario and Quebec, taking with him three loyal Indian chiefs—Pakan, Samson and Jacob. In later years, he was kept busy addressing Canadian Clubs, Institutes and Church organizations, and he had one theme only—the civilization of the Indians, and the development of the west.

As a Cree scholar, he bore the reputation of being chief of all the white men speaking that language. So proficient was he, that he thought in Cree, and frequently had to translate his thoughts from Cree into English. Along with E. B. Glass, one of our missionaries, he prepared a Primer and Language Lessons in Cree and a Cree Hymn Book in 1888. Both of these men were valued members of the Committee on the Revision of the Cree Bible. As an author, he published "The Life of George McDougall," "Forest, Lake and Prairie," followed by four similar volumes on his life in the west; two books of fiction, "The White Buffalo," and "Katrine, the Belle of the North," the latter in the Sunday School paper, "Onward."

So great was his faith in the Indians, that if any one dared to speak disparagingly of them, he sprang forward as their champion in the press and on the platform, and

no sacrifice was too great for him to make for them. He was always the peace-maker, for even when only twenty-three years of age, he lived for three days with an Indian chief, and in danger of his life, that he might ensure peace between two tribes at war, and he won the day.

Besides the honors given him by the state, the Church to which he belonged held him in high esteem. He was elected President of the Manitoba and North-west Conference, a delegate to nearly every General Conference, and Victoria College conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

He died at Calgary, and in that city, on January 21st, 1917, he was buried with great honors. All classes of people were there; representatives from the Alberta Legislature, the Civic Councils, Boards of Education, Colleges, religious denominations and public institutions of Edmonton and Calgary, as well as other parts of the province, were in attendance. A fine guard of the Mounted Police, veterans of the Rebellions, Indians in full dress, men and women belonging to all the learned professions, besides many of the common folks, to whom he had been a good friend, were present. There were glowing tributes to his memory by the Rev. S. W. Fallis, his pastor, by George Webber, the President of the Alberta Methodist Conference, and by the Hon. W. H. Cushing and Dr. Riddell of Alberta College. The newspapers all over the Dominion gave editorial expression to his great worth, while "In Memoriam" sketches were published by old fellow travellers. I cannot close this sketch of my brave companion of other days better than in the words of Chief Jonas Bigstony, delivered at the funeral, and interpreted by the Rev. E. R. Steinhauer: "As far as I can remember, I am going to tell you, and speak a little.

While our land was free, and the country was free, our friends here met our father on the plains. They followed his as a friend and brother, and had faith in him and in his teaching. As he found us, all our families were pagans. All these teachings dropped, and we are now following him in his steps. And as far as I can remember, day and night, storm and shine, we always found our friend here to do his duty. Just as we all remember him to-day, and all our lives, we will strive to follow him. All the tribes, the Stonies, Crees, and Blackfeet, all have the same feeling of loneliness. Just as you are all here to-day, there may be difference as to the color of the skin, but we have one aim as brethren. As I think of the days of the past, I think of the ministry of our brother, and how he told us the time would come when our spirits will depart, and to-day, as I think of it, I say in my heart, he has faithfully done his duty. And as you hear me to-day express my thoughts, he had done his duty as a guide faithfully, and now as we are here to-day, with a common feeling of loss, we want to express our sorrow to his wife, daughter, and sons. As I look at this Bible opened up, and this is what brought us together, and I look on his wife, I can almost say, she has been a mother, helping us to do the right. And as we all remember, we have heard him tell how Christ came to the world. They (Dr. and Mrs. McDougall) have fulfilled their part, and this I wish my people may follow."

This empire builder, patriot, and great missionary, my companion of the early days in many a camp, and on long journeys on the prairie, has gone, and I am left lonely and sad, but his influence abides, and shall continue beyond the eternal stars.

CHAPTER XIII

JAMES WOODSWORTH

The Ecclesiastical Statesman

SAINTS or statesmen are not made in a day, and there is something in heredity and environment. As if by instinct, when a man attains a high position, or when a great man dies, we ask concerning his nationality, ancestry and home training, as therein we hope to find the secret of his strength, and the purpose of his life. Like some of those of whom we have written in these pages, James Woodsworth was Canadian born, and though it is an honor to belong to Great Britain's largest colony, we are prouder far to be citizens of one of the free nations united under the Union Jack, for in these tragic days, the Canadian name has a charm, and carries an influence recognized all over the world. In Toronto, the capital of Upper Canada, James Woodsworth made his appearance, without any concern save to the members of his own family; and there was not likely to be any portent in the sky, making the announcement that a child was born in that home, for his parents were gentle folks doing their simple duty as common citizens, serving God and their fellowmen. He was the son of Richard Woodsworth, who was the son of another Woodsworth, who was the son of still another Woodsworth, who was the son of Adam, who was the son of God. This child of modern democracy was descended from the aristocracy of heaven, and he never rejected his title of nobility, though he did not flaunt it in the face of men.

On the third day of the merry month of May, when the early blossoms were ushering in the short Canadian spring

time, and in the year 1843, this child of destiny was born. Though the country was young, it was in troublous times that this gentle soul was ushered in. The dregs of the Mackenzie Rebellion in Upper Canada, and of Papineau in Lower Canada remained until the union of the two provinces in 1841. The famous Ashburton Treaty, increased immigration, and discontent along the border prepared the way for the Fenian Raid of later years; still out of all the turmoil, there came peace and progress, and hope for a larger and better union. Some of the tragic events of this period took place in his native city, and left abiding impressions in his memory. But the growing child found in the rapid strides in education in Canada West, as the Province of Ontario was then called, something more congenial to his nature, which served as an impetus to his ambition and love of peace. Richard and Mary Ann Woodsworth were industrious and gentle folks, who cared well for the members of their family, and their piety was revealed in giving two sons to the ministry, both of whom rose to eminence, and served the church and their country well. Richard Woodsworth was a lumber merchant and contractor in Toronto, and among the numerous buildings erected by him was the Richmond Street Church, which later, gave place to the first Wesley Buildings. His thrift and energy sufficed to make him a man of independent means, but he trusted his friends too well, and suffered the loss of the most of his fortune by endorsing notes which he was compelled to pay.

His sons were trained in business habits under his care, and James, during his boyhood, was privileged to share in the general improvement in education. The pioneer period was passing away, and with the union of the Canadas in 1841, a measure was passed reorganizing the common

schools. With the appointment in 1844, of Egerton Ryerson, the eloquent Methodist minister, editor, and great leader, as chief superintendent of education in Upper Canada, a new era was ushered in. The Province of Ontario found in Dr. Ryerson, a man similar to Sir James Kay-Shuttleworth in England, and Horace Mann in the United States. Dr. Ryerson's ideal system was one of free public schools, and compulsory attendance of the pupils. His strong personality gave an impetus to higher education, which was shared by all the leading religious denominations, and in a few years, colleges were established which paved the way for a deeper and broader national life. The influences of this movement awakened and developed the intellect of James Woodsworth. The ministry was in need of men, owing to increasing population and the formation of new missions, and although he was debarred the privilege of university training, he had a good mind, and was well equipped for his life work.

At the age of twenty-one, he was received on trial for the ministry, and four years later, at the Conference of 1868, he was ordained. A few days later, on June 16th, 1868, he was married to Miss Esther Josephine, daughter of Peter and Esther Shaver, of Cooksville, Ontario. The years of his probation were spent on country circuits, an experience thought necessary for the itinerant, and these included Cooksville, Craighurst and Penetanguishene, Orillia and Innisfail. The circuit to which he took his young bride was Vespra, where he spent two years. The man whom we delight to honor belonged to the great Sanhedrin of the Saddle-bags. Their doctrines embraced all mankind in the scheme of redemption, with its offer of free salvation to men and women of all nationalities and of every tongue, to those of high and low degree, of all

creeds and of none, for the message proclaimed the atoning merits of the sacrifice made by the great High Priest, who "breaks the power of cancelled sin, and sets the prisoner free." His ministry in the Province of Ontario comprised, after the period at Vespra, one year at Stayner, and two at Wellesley, when his health broke down. He returned to Mrs. Woodsworth's home at Cooksville for a year's rest, after which he spent three years at Hastings, and two at Horning's Mills.

Those were the days of revival services and camp meetings, rough corduroy roads, and blazed trails through the bush. The spiritual atmosphere was charged with power, and the people were keenly alive to the movements of divine grace. A London Methodist, a local preacher named Hoby, claimed a share in the winning of Wellington's battles, by reason of the boats he made for the Duke in St. James Square, and by virtue of the prayers which he offered for him in Islington. In like manner James Woodsworth might well have made a large claim in the interests of civilization, as he bore the burdens of a pioneer on heavy fields of labor. The debt we owe to the brave men of the saddlebags will never be fully known or fully appreciated, for out of the rugged ledge of human nature they quarried the stones for the temple of their own denomination, without claiming any monopoly, or breathing any anathema. No opponent was ever branded as unfit for society, or beyond the pale of the Gospel of light and truth. Theodore Roosevelt has well said: "The whole country is under a debt of gratitude to the Methodist circuit-riders, the Methodist pioneer preachers, whose movement westward kept pace with the movement of the frontier, who shared all the hardships in the life of the frontiersman while at the same time ministering to

that frontiersman's spiritual needs, and seeing that his pressing material cares, and the hard and grinding poverty of his life did not wholly extinguish the divine fire within his soul."

The revival services held in the old log schoolhouse or church, in the backwoods, were often rough and noisy, as the folks came from "the clearings," some bent on mischief, and others in quest of rich blessings; yet, the gatherings were generally seasons of great power. The preachers selected lurid texts, and depicted hell-fire in strong terms. The writer well remembers his old superintendent, the Rev. George Ferguson, prim and neat in his person and dress, preaching on "Who shall deliver us from everlasting burnings?" Once he said to me as I was going into the pulpit, "My lad, give them hell-fire and damnation." In one year, we had thirty-three weeks of continuous services on the ten appointments, and many souls were won for Christ. Vivid are the memories of the camp meetings in the forest, where thousands were in attendance; the preacher's stand, with a small room for meditation, the rough boards on trunks of trees for seats, the pine roots burning at night on the light stands, casting a ruddy glare around, the penitent bench where Indians and white folks fell prostrate, "under the power," and awoke from their unconscious state singing:

> "My God is reconciled,
> His pardoning voice I hear."

Those were great times, and though they have passed away, their influence abides, and many still rejoice in the blessings they received under the spell of the Gospel from the lips of devoted men.

The western vision came to James Woodsworth, when he was sent to Muskoka in 1879, where he spent one year at Parry Sound, and two at Bracebridge. Then came the pioneer days when in 1882, at thirty-nine years of age, he was appointed to Portage la Prairie, where he spent three years. The country was new, the people were poor, but they had faith in the west. Their optimism led them into real estate booms, which ended disastrously, and brought heavy burdens, and church enterprises were hampered for several years. In accordance with the prevailing ideas of those days, a block of stores was built, with a hall above for church services. The old church and parsonage, being too far out for the convenience of the congregation, were sold, and a new parsonage erected. This was the custom at that time, as shown by Wesley Hall, belonging to the Methodists in Winnipeg. Selkirk Hall, on Logan Avenue in the same city, was one of the chief edifices of the Presbyterians, which developed later into St. Andrew's and Westminster congregations.

In the following June, the first regular Methodist Conference was held in Wesley Hall, the General Superintendent, the Rev. Dr. Samuel Dwight Rice, a former pastor of Grace Church, and at that time President of the General Conference, being present. The Rev. Dr. George Young, who was Superintendent of Missions for Manitoba and the North-west, was the President. The Rev. John Semmens was Secretary. The Rev. John E. Hunter, afterwards famous in his evangelistic campaigns with H. S. Crossley, was assistant secretary, and G. K. B. Adams journal secretary. Forty-seven ministerial and lay delegates composed that Conference, and there were two notable visitors, Henry Ward Beecher, who gave an inspiring impromptu address, and Principal Grant of

Queen's University, who delivered a splendid speech at the missionary meeting. A. W. Ross, missionary from Fisher River, gave an account of his work among the Indians on Lake Winnipeg. I had just come from the Rocky Mountains, and in speaking of my mission, gave an outline of the native religion of the Blackfoot Indians, and when I incidentally referred to the large herds of buffalo I had seen on the Missouri River, the audience seemed incredulous, and laughed heartily. I did not care to be reckoned a modern Munchausen, so retorted: "Wait till John McDougall tells you some of his buffalo stories, and you will have something to laugh at." That was the inspiring touch, for when John came on, with his magic oratory, and his thrilling tales of millions of buffalo and great buffalo hunts, the audience was convulsed, and I was forgotten.

During the sessions, a vote of thanks was tendered James Woodsworth for his sermon to the Conference, which was characterized as "soundly Methodistic, able and faithful," and among the numerous resolutions passed, was one by him, expressing satisfaction at the progress made toward the union of the Methodist Church of Canada, the Primitive Methodist, Bible Christian, and Methodist Episcopal Church. Another resolution was, on the appointment of a committee to take steps toward securing buildings and endowments for a denominational college; another, on the advisability of establishing a book room in Winnipeg, and issuing a newspaper in the interests of Western Methodism; and still others, on holding two camp meetings, the publication of native literature for the use of the Indians and the missionaries, a commendation of the Rev. Orrin German of Norway House, for his Cree translations of part of the Catechism, and

many hymns and tracts. Mr. German was then in Toronto superintending their publication. Addresses of loyalty were sent to the Honorable Edgar Dewdney, Lieutenant-Governor of the North-west Territories, and the Honorable James C. Aikins, Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, father of the present Lieutenant-Governor of the province. Methodism at that date in the city of Winnipeg was represented by Grace Church, known as Wesley Hall, with the Rev. E. A. Stafford as minister; Zion Church, with the Rev. W. L. Rutledge; and Bannatyne Street Church, afterward called Wesley Church, with the Rev. George Daniel as its pastor.

In September of that year, the General Conference met in Belleville, Ontario, and consummated the union of the four branches of Methodism. At the first Annual Conference of the united church, held in Brandon, June, 1884, the Rev. E. A. Stafford was elected president, the Rev. Thomas Argue, who had been presiding elder of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Manitoba, and an able administrator, was chosen secretary, and A. Monkman, Esq., assistant secretary. The status of Western Methodism, as shown by the records of the Conference of 1883, was not much to boast of, as it was a day of small things. Yet, the missionaries travelled over an area of 175,000 square miles, in which there were 5 self-sustaining fields, 46 missions to the white settlers, and 17 to the Indian tribes, a total of 68. In this wide territory there were 269 preaching stations, 48 churches, 32 parsonages, 12 rented houses used as parsonages, 13,875 hearers in the congregations, 2,883 members of the church, 1,767 Methodist families, 82 class meetings, 68 Sunday Schools, and the amount raised on ministers' salaries was $13,085.00.

Of the members of that Conference still living in the west, and engaged in the active work of the ministry, there are: T. B. Wilson, G. K. B. Adams, Thomas Lawson, Andrew Stewart, W. G. Wilson, J. H. L. Joslyn, and John Maclean; among those superannuated, John Semmens, J. H. Ruttan, Charles Ladner, S. E. Colwill, and Wellington Bridgman; and of the laymen, J. A. M. Aikins, J. H. Ashdown, A. Monkman, R. T. Riley, M. E. Boughton, Henry Rose, Thomas Ryan, Alan Bowerman, and a few other names not recorded. At the union of the four denominations, the Methodist Episcopal Church in the west added 348 members to the strength of the church. In numerous places all over the three western provinces linger tender memories of the pioneer missionaries, who have ceased to work and live, especially of J. M. Harrison, T. B. Beynon, T. E. Morden, I. N. Robinson, William Halstead and Henry Kenner.

In the year of the second Riel Rebellion, James Woodsworth was stationed at Brandon, and at the Conference in June was elected president, with Professor A. Stewart, secretary. At that time so marked was Woodsworth's genius and ability as an ecclesiastical statesman, possessed of a vision and an optimism native to new conditions in the country, that when the General Conference met in the autumn of 1886, he was elected Superintendent of Missions. In the June following, he entered upon his duties, ignorant of the great task, and of the hardships to be endured in laying foundations for the future. No bishop ever held in his hand such a vast territory, as this diocese. It extended from Port Arthur on Thunder Bay, to the boundary of British Columbia, and even that province on the Pacific coast was included in later years, and from the International Boundary to the North Pole, and

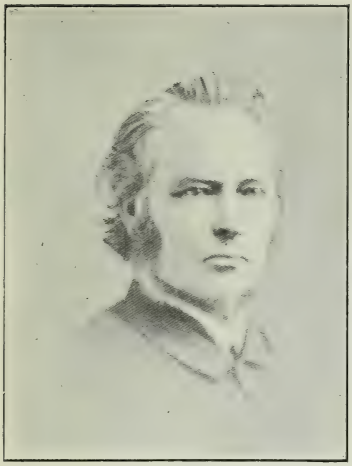
down the other side, if there were souls to save—and he could get there. For twenty years the family made their home in Brandon, until they removed to Winnipeg, as more central for the work to be done, but the Superintendent of Missions lived all over. He was a lodger and boarder for a few days with his family, and then he was off to some distant mission, or small settlement, where the people were destitute of the public means of grace.

The steady tramp of the procession of western immigrants awakened dormant faculties, and brought visions of greatness to the pioneers of the Cross. They followed the primitive trails, and scoured the foothills in quest of souls, and as they ran about the log shanties, like Whittier's "Barefoot Boy," they were not forgetful of the high claims of the future citizens. It is worthy of note in passing, that about the year 1854, Whittier visited the Roman Catholic Mission at St. Boniface, and after his return home, he wrote his famous poem "The Red River Voyageur." On his eighty-fourth birthday the bells of St. Boniface rang out a joy-peal from the tower of the Cathedral, and when this fact was made known to the poet by United States Consul Taylor, he wrote a beautiful letter to Archbishop Tache in acknowledgment of the tribute.

With the unspoken prophecy of a new empire in the making, these western pathfinders laid deep foundations, and builded better than they knew. A College Board of Directors was formed in 1886, part of whose duties was to look into the offer of the trustees of Grace Church concerning the transfer of the Wesley Hall property on Main Street, Winnipeg, for college purposes; also to enquire concerning the property left by the Rev. Edward Morrow for the same object, which had been sold for

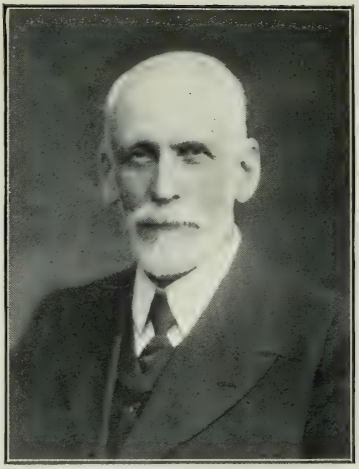
taxes and, if deemed advisable, to redeem it. Lest the multiplicity of pastoral affairs might induce intellectual stagnation in the ministers, a Theological Institute was organized, to hold its sessions annually at the seat of Conference. It had a two-fold purpose: "the study of theology, and the cultivation of piety by means of lectures, sermons, essays, addresses, and devotional exercises; and the collection and preservation of historic records of Methodism in this country." When James Woodsworth took up the heavy responsibilities of his office, the Rev. Andrew Stewart was President of Conference, and the Rev. J. M. Harrison, Secretary. A scheme was drawn up for a Theological College in Winnipeg, at an annual cost for expenses of $4,000, toward which the members of the Conference subscribed for three years, $1,350 per annum.

The Rev. David Savage, editor of the organ of the Methodist New Connexion Church in Canada, had become assistant editor of the "Christian Guardian," when the Wesleyan and New Connexion Churches united, and formed the Methodist Church of Canada, but he yearned after the work of an evangelist. He organized a band of men and women as voluntary workers, known as "The Savage Band," which toured the Province of Ontario and accomplished much good. For nearly two years, this devoted minister held meetings at the centres of population in the west, with blessed results. Into these movements the Superintendent threw his energies, and so great was his enthusiasm, and so wise his administration, that at the close of his first year's work, the Conference passed a hearty vote of thanks, and highly commended him for what had been accomplished.



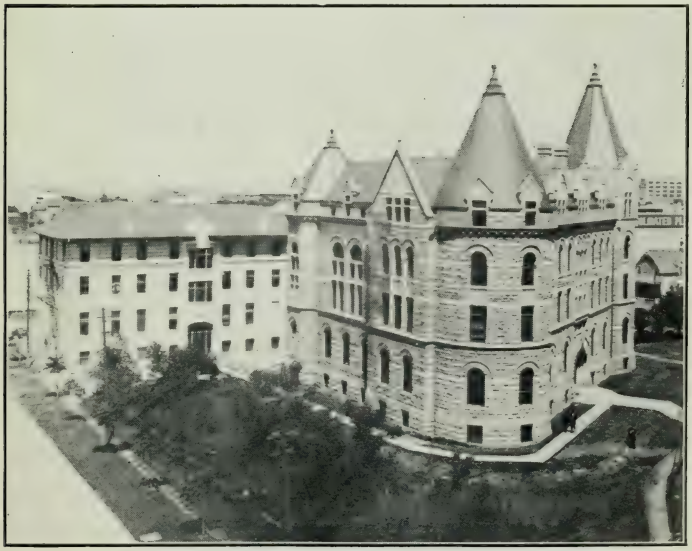
THE REV. GEORGE YOUNG, D.D.
(1821-1910)

First Methodist Missionary to the White People of the North-West



THE REV. JAMES WOODSWORTH, D.D.
(1843-1917)

Supt. of Missions for the North-West



WESLEY COLLEGE, WINNIPEG

Dr. Young opened the First School in Winnipeg. Dr. Woodsworth proposed to Conference (1883) that a Methodist College be opened in Winnipeg

All the mission fields being under his care, the Superintendent started on a tour of inspection of the Indian Missions on Lake Winnipeg, accompanied by his son James, the Revs. John McDougall and Joshua Dyke. Leaving Selkirk on July 6th, 1888, the party was absent one month. Many changes had taken place since the Rev. James Evans had been stationed at Norway House, and the Rev. W. Mason had been assigned to Rainy Lake, Rat Portage (Kenora), Fort Alexander, Osnaburgh House, Lac-le-Sal, and territory beyond, with headquarters at Fort Frances, when their salary was paid, interpreters, and means of conveyance from place to place, with lodgings and meals, were supplied free by the Hudson's Bay Company, and its hospitality was unstinted. But our missionary party had to hire a skiff, and tent, and two stalwart Indians to carry them from one mission to another. The news of the visit of these leaders of the church had gone forth to distant parts in the far north, and a deputation of seven men came from Oxford House, another of seven men from Cross Lake, and still another of twenty-nine men from Nelson River, all pleading for missionaries and teachers. The Revs. John Semmens, J. H. Ruttan, E. R. Young and Enos Langford had explored the vast territory, and many of the red men of the great north land had become humble disciples of Christ. Native preachers still ministered to the people, but they were not ordained, and could neither baptize nor marry, consequently they had to wait till an ordained missionary paid them a visit. The eloquent and very successful Edward Paupanakis was in a dilemma, when some young people asked him to marry them, and he had no authority to do so. But he solved the problem by saying: " I will announce your intention to the congregation,

and when the missionary visits us he will perform the ceremony." In his quaint English, Edward explained to the missionary party, that these were "Breach of Promise Marriages." In justice to the people, the man, and the church itself, he was subsequently ordained. His life and work were eloquent, and his memory is still revered in the far north. Again in July, 1893, James Woodsworth made a similar tour, accompanied by some members of his family, and the Rev. John Semmens. Both of these trips were full of interest, stimulating the natives to greater effort in the cause of Christ. They helped the Missionary Society toward a wise expenditure of men and money, by revealing the greatness of the task, and in bringing back a large fund of information relating to the success of the Gospel in winning men and women from sin. Far to the west among the foothills of the Rocky Mountains the Superintendent went on his great work, stopping a few days with the writer at his mission among the Blackfoot Indians, then hastened away over the plains of Alberta, as a spiritual surveyor to locate new missions.

The story of James Woodsworth is too large for a single sketch, and there is left but a brief space for a summary of his career. This prophet of the long trails founded new missions in every nook and corner of the western provinces, beginning with a sparse population, and a church here and there. He continued his work as Superintendent of Missions for the long period of twenty-nine years, during which time sixty-eight circuits and missions had become six hundred and fifty, and the small Conference had grown into three large ones. Instead of one superintendent, there were six, and special officials had been appointed for work in Sunday Schools and among young people. His genius for organization en-

abled him to plant these spiritual nurseries at strategic points, where they became centres of influence, and developed into large and important churches, as the small settlement or hamlet grew into a large town or city. So efficient was his plan of consolidation and expansion, that he carried out his large schemes with the strictest economy, thus saving tens of thousands of dollars of missionary funds.

His duties bore him from the Atlantic to the Pacific. In the west, he guided the affairs of the church all over the plains, up and down the rivers, and among the mountains of British Columbia. Once he seized the opportunity of going as far north as Sitka in Alaska. In the east, he travelled through Ontario and the Maritime Provinces, telling the wonderful story of the discovery of opportunities for service, and in quest of heroic men for the missions. By all kinds of vehicles, in the sweltering heat of summer, and in the howling blizzard in the depth of winter, he journeyed, glad to have a shake-down on the floor of a bachelor's shanty, if only he could pave the way for a sky-pilot to guide the way to heaven. He has slipped into the mission house of the writer at two o'clock on a bitter cold morning, and his cheery words of greeting did not reveal the hardships of his long and weary trip. Never did he confess that he was tired, but sometimes we learned that he was compelled to stay at home for a few days to recover from the exhaustion incident to his work. During the first four years as Superintendent, he travelled 55,000 miles, and he complained that he wished to do more, but there were only twelve months in the year, and he had to stop, as neither his time-piece nor the sun would change their old methods to suit his convenience. In one trip through British Columbia, he travelled over three thou-

sand miles, and had many strange experiences in mining camps and Indian villages. Some of his companions on the stage coach were characters, who knew more than they cared to tell of the seamy side of life.

With the advancing tide of immigration, and the growth of settlement, new missions were required, but there were not sufficient missionaries in the country, so he turned his face toward Great Britain, with the hope of securing suitable men. So wise was his judgment, and so large his influence, that, although South Africa, Australia, and the United States were drawing heavily on Great Britain for ministers, and fewer candidates were offering themselves for the ministry than in former years, he was able during seven annual visits across the ocean, to bring out two hundred and eighty men.

He was honored above many of the brethren of his own denomination, being elected delegate to every General Conference. In 1891, he was chosen one of twelve ministerial delegates from Canada to attend the Methodist Ecumenical Council held in Washington, D.C., Victoria College conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and on every important committee or board in connection with Wesley College and the Conference he held a seat. With the Rev. Dr. Sparling, the revered Principal of Wesley College, he worked hard to further the interests of that institution of learning, and rejoiced in its continual success. It was he who inaugurated the religious and social work among the foreigners in the west, which developed into All People's Mission and kindred organizations. In June, 1915, special services were held in Young Church, Winnipeg, in honor of his fiftieth year in the ministry. He retired from active work, though he still was untiring with his counsel, which was

sought and gladly given, in all affairs in which his long experience might be of benefit.

The gentle lady who still presides over the home, was never known to murmur over his long absences, though training six children for spheres of usefulness in the world was sufficient to tax her strength. He died on January 26th, 1917, and was buried in Elmwood Cemetery two days later. A large congregation filled Young Church, and at the service Dr. A. Stewart, Richard Whiting and the writer bore their testimony to his great worth. His brethren in the ministry were the pall bearers on that triumphant day. Four sons and two daughters, with the white-haired widow, remain, and every one of them lives in a parsonage. His family is a great legacy to the church and the nation, and a silent and enduring testimony to the value of the family altar, and the religious training in the home.

A good and great man has slipped away amid the din of war, and there comes no moaning music from the clouds, nor sad refrain from the muffled drum, to speak the golden sorrow of the heart for one of nature's beloved, who bore the name of gentleman, and died with the kiss of God on his cheek. A brave knight of the Cross, pioneer of the west, and a great Puritan of modern days has passed away, as a ship passes in the night. He belonged to the company of adventurers, who explored the boundless wastes of the west and north, in search of lonely settlements, where messages of inspiration and comfort were seldom heard. Leaving the impress of his foot on the virgin soil as a mark of possession, and promise of relief, he sped across the sea in quest of volunteers, who would have to make hidden sacrifices at lonely posts, where the foundations of future towns and

cities were to be laid. These men, charmed with the intrepid spirit of the man with a new vision, and of dauntless courage, followed the trail, and found their destiny without a murmur on their lips.

This missionary saint with a limitless territory, smiled at hardship in storm and sweltering heat. The old log shanty where he shared the frugal meal, was transformed and became a pinnacled temple, as he spoke the eternal message to dying souls. He was a bishop beyond episcopacy, whose wise government none dared to dispute. As an ecclesiastical statesman he mapped out a continent with mission stations at the outposts of civilization, and with his genius for organization, moulded institutions and passed among us, unknown to the multitude, who are accustomed to the blare of trumpets, and the empty plaudits of the crowd to herald greatness.

His life and work were honored by institutions of learning, and religious councils, but if you would measure his real worth, look around. Not in facts and figures, but in human character, in the hidden depth of common souls, there may be found jewels of kindness and gems of wisdom, lofty ideals and germs of living truth which will abide for evermore.

This prophet of the simple life was eloquently silent on his personal virtues. Unconscious to the last of his greatness, "his strength was as the strength of ten because his heart was pure"; and still, as strong as an oak in defence of the rights of the common people, he lost himself in the cause of the poor, and lived for his country, his fellowmen and God.

Farewell! The camp fires burn no longer, the old stories in the buffalo skin lodge are ended, the clouds hang low on the side of the mountains, the trumpets are calling to battle. Farewell!

CHAPTER XIV

MARTYRS OF THE CROSS

THERE are men and women in every walk of life living among us, wearing the scarlet robe and the crown of thorns, unrecognized by their fellowmen, yet worthy of the honor and high privilege of martyrdom for the faith for which they suffer. There are others whose names are written in blood on the pages of the history of every age and country, a countless host, heroes of the healing art, patriots of a lost cause, explorers of new lands, adventurers in the realm of science, whose piety and devotion have stirred the hearts of thousands in reading of the brave deeds in the performance of which they perished. From the days of John the Baptist, and Stephen the sainted deacon, from Polycarp and the Ten Great Persecutions, down through the Dark Ages until the present, the pages of church history are illumined with thrilling accounts of the faith and courage of men and women who counted themselves less than worthy to share the glory of martyrs of the Cross. These belonged not to any single denomination, but to all, for their devotion and example are the common heritage of the human race. The "Lives of the Saints," "Fox's Book of Martyrs," and the "Scots Worthies" belong to all the churches, though there may be differences in religious doctrine and ritual.

We dare not lightly pass by the countless deeds of heroism of Speke, Mungo Park, Livingstone and other notable explorers of the Dark Continent; or of Franklin,

Steffanson and Peary in the Arctic; or of Scott and Shackleton in the Antarctic; nor are we unmindful of the great host of brave men who have endured hardship on behalf of science and civilization. Neither can we forget the heroes of the tragic fields of war, the soldiers who climb the heights and sail above the clouds, and those that scour the waters, under the boisterous waves of the deep blue sea. It is not however of the men and women that suffered by thumbscrew and rack, or were burned at the stake that we write, but of the martyrs of the long trail, the pioneers of the Cross, who went in quest of souls among savage tribes beyond the ranges, ahead of the trapper and trader.

In all the annals of Christendom there is no grander story than that of the martyrs of New France. The Jesuits in Canada in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, laid the foundations of empire amid untold agonies of hunger, thirst and intense cold, while Iroquois savages mutilated their bodies by cutting off their fingers, placing burning coals and hot ashes on their naked bodies as they were tied to stakes, branding them with red hot irons, pouring boiling water on their heads, and inventing methods of torture almost impossible to describe. Father Anne de Noud, the first martyr of Canadian missions, while on his way from Three Rivers to the fort on the Richelieu River, accompanied by two soldiers and a Huron Indian, left the party who were perishing with cold, and pushed on alone. He intended to secure help to bring in the sledge laden with provisions for the garrison, but was caught in a blinding snowstorm. He died communing with God, as he was found two days later on his knees, with his hands clasped across his breast. Adam Daulac and his band of volunteer French-

men and Hurons, determined to put an end to the harassing onslaughts of the Iroquois upon the white settlements, won a season of peace by the heroic sacrifice of their lives at the battle of Long Sault. La Salle, the greatest explorer of the early days, amid untold privations, traversed the continent from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi, built forts which have become great centres of population, and made discoveries that brought wealth and comfort to future generations, and at last, died at the hands of an assassin. Within the borders of the Province of Ontario, Isaac Jogues, one of the purest and noblest men of any age, began a mission among the Indians of the Tobacco Nation on the southern shore of Nottawasaga Bay. He was maltreated by the Hurons, and captured by the Iroquois, who cut off his left thumb with a coarse clam shell. Though he was gashed with knives and beaten with clubs, and coals of fire were applied to the bruised skin, he escaped, and returned to labor among his savage flock, and suffer a martyr's death. Antoine Daniel, after establishing a successful mission at Quebec, spent four years among the Huron Indians at St. Joseph, near Orillia, where he labored with success, until the village was attacked by the Iroquois. He exhorted, baptized and protected his people, and at last he fell under a shower of arrows at the church door, and the savages stripped his body naked, mutilated it, and bathed their faces in his blood. Jean de Breboeuf went as far west as Thunder Bay, but confined his special efforts to the Huron town of St. Ignace on Georgian Bay, where he and Father Lalemant endured terrible sufferings, Breboeuf having a red hot iron thrust down his throat, his face lacerated, the lower lip completely severed, boiling water poured on his bare head, his body

gashed with knives, and as he sank on the ground, his murderers tore open his breast and drank his blood. Lalemant suffered similar tortures.

In western Canada, the famous French explorer La Verandrye stepped beyond the boundaries of civilization, and suffered incredible hardships. He was harassed by his creditors in the fur trade, neglected by the French Government, in danger of his life by savage tribes, and at last, his eldest son, Jean Baptiste, with the priest, Father Aulneau and nineteen men were treacherously slain on Massacre Island, in the Lake of the Woods region. At Le Pas, Father J. E. Darveau suffered a martyr's fate. On the prairie between St. Paul, Minn., and Pembina, Father Joseph Griffon was caught in a blizzard. He was rescued by Samuel Pritchard with his brother Hugh and their nephew John Mathewson, and taken by a French half-breed, Joseph Rolette, to St. Boniface. His right leg was amputated, and as the left foot was removed, an artery was ruptured, and his life was despaired of. That night the bishop's palace and the cathedral caught fire and were burned to the ground. Strange to relate, the intense cold of the night stopped the hemorrhage, the priest's life was saved, and after a successful ministry in St. Paul, he died at an advanced age in 1910.

Away in the Arctic Circle, Father Grollier, suffering untold agonies from asthma, with no doctor or medicines to relieve him, labored with intense devotion at Good Hope and Fort Norman. He died, as he lay on a buffalo robe on the floor of his humble cabin, a hero and saint, unknown to fame. Louis Dazé, a French-Canadian lay-brother of the St. Albert Mission in the Edmonton district, perished in a snowstorm in November, 1874, after

travelling five or six days without food, and within five minutes' walk of an Indian camp. Father Eynard was drowned in Lake Athabasca the previous year; Brother Alexis Reynard, while on his way from the Athabasca River to Lac-la-Biche, was killed with an axe, and his flesh partly devoured by an Iroquois half-breed in the summer of 1875; Father Gérasime Chapeliére was drowned in the Ile a la Crosse district in July, 1882, while attempting to save two Indian children; Fathers Tafard and Marchand were killed by Big Bear's Indians at Frog Lake, during the Riel Rebellion of 1885; and two priests Fathers Leroux and Rouviere, stationed at Fort Norman on the Mackenzie River, were slain by Eskimos in 1914.

In the far north, John Horden, the Anglican Bishop of Moosonee, began his missionary career in 1851, at Moose Factory, where George Barnly, a Wesleyan missionary, had labored with much success for several years, and had left evidences of his faithfulness in devoted Christian natives. For forty-two years Horden made that station his home, and the centre of his great and extensive work among the Eskimo and Indian tribes. In the depth of winter with the thermometer down to forty degrees below zero, he made long journeys, visiting scattered tribes of Indians and Eskimos, and endured severe hardships from hunger and cold. Food was often scarce, and he was compelled to sleep in the open, but he had a dauntless soul, burning with a passion to save lost men, and lay foundations more abiding than the stars. Four times he visited England in connection with his missionary duties. Once he was separated from his wife and family for six years, while they remained in England, that the children might be educated. When he died at his post, they were still absent except one daughter, and he had not

seen them for five years. After forty-one years as a missionary, he intended to resign, and was spending the closing year in revising his translation of the Bible in the Cree language, and making preparation for return to England, when the end came. This brave man who delighted in making sacrifices for Christ, and seldom spoke of personal hardship, passed away on January 12th, 1893, as a hero returning from battle. His daughter and her husband were at his bedside. He was mourned by thousands in the far north, and tens of thousands at home. He left as an enduring memorial, a Grammar, the whole Bible, the Anglican Book of Common Prayer, and numerous other publications in the Cree language. One native clergyman, twenty-six native lay teachers at work, and nearly three thousand, six hundred baptized native Christians, were some of the results of his faithful ministry.

In every Arctic and sub-Arctic village, along every trail and waterway from Athabasca to Herschel Island, from the Mackenzie to the Yukon, the name of Bompas, the apostle of the north who was loved and revered as a true friend and great missionary, is well known. William Carpenter Bompas, Anglican Bishop of the Mackenzie River District, spent forty-one years in the far north, where the thermometer sometimes registered sixty degrees below zero. He travelled over vast distances, being absent from home for eight months or more at a time, often in danger of being drowned, or frozen to death. Yet his courage never failed, although hunger and cold were frequent companions; he smiled at hardship, and seldom spoke of his trials on the trail. Across the Barren Lands, the habitat of the musk-ox, down the Mackenzie and up the Yukon, and through the mountains

he roamed in quest of souls. Among the Tukudh and Dene nations, including the Chipewayans, Dog-Ribs, Slavies and other tribes, and the Eskimos of the Arctic Coast, he labored with intense zeal, contented with a single visit to Winnipeg and the Pacific Coast during his long missionary career. When at home among his own flock, every moment, when not teaching school or preaching, was spent in the preparation of translations, and of primers in the Athabasca, Algonquin and Eskimo languages.

His remoteness from civilization can be understood by an extract from one of his letters: "You can have little idea of the way in which we count here by years, what you count by days. You would say: 'I will get it to-morrow.' We say, 'It has not come this year, perhaps it will come next'; or, 'I must order such a book from home; if no mistake occurs, in three or four years, I may hope to see it.'" For more than forty years, he and his wife toiled in the land of snow and ice, and having made ready to leave on the morrow to reside in England, he suddenly passed away, and was buried amid the scene of his labors. He was the first Anglican Bishop of Athabasca, then of Mackenzie River Diocese, and finally of Selkirk, which included the Yukon. A more heroic and modest man never laid down his life for the native tribes of the north.

Away up in Baffin Land, the Rev. Percy Broughton was laboring among the Eskimos. While going to the mission station at Lake Harbor in the depth of winter, he became separated from his guides and finding that he was lost, attempted to reach an Eskimo village on the coast, and while walking on the ice, broke through. A strong wind drove the ice off shore; however, he managed

to gain land. When removing his boots to wring out his socks, one of the boots was frozen stiff, so that he could not put it on again. After spending two nights in the open, he reached the village by crawling on his hands and knees, and while he waited for help from one of the mission stations, the Eskimo women applied heat to his frozen feet, instead of putting them in cold water. For three months he lay, suffering terrible agony. His cook amputated the toes of his right foot. When the mission ship took him off, he was eighty-four days on the journey before reaching Halifax, where two operations were necessary to save his foot. When he left for England, he expressed a firm determination to return to his mission field, as he knew the language of the people, and felt that no sacrifice was too great for Christ and the souls of men and women. Such are some of the experiences of the pioneers of the Cross.

A notable character was Jack Matheson of the Selkirk Settlement. From the day that he was sixteen years of age, the only white man among four hundred and seventy hunters after the buffalo, with an Indian chief as captain, until he was forty years of age, he led the free and careless life of the west. As a boy of fourteen he was mail carrier for the Hudson's Bay Company, travelling between Norway House and the Rocky Mountains, a distance of eighteen hundred miles. After that, he ran brigades of fur canoes down the rivers, and there was not a camp between old Fort Whoop-Up and Edmonton, in which he had not entered fully into the wild life of the plains. Out in British Columbia, the unexpected happened, for there he was converted. With his knowledge of the Cree language, and of the habits and customs of the natives, he determined to become a missionary

to the half-breeds and Indians. After ordination in the Anglican Church, he betook himself to the Onion Lake Reserve, and his wife with indomitable energy, feeling the need of the people for medical help, went to Toronto and Winnipeg to study, and graduated in medicine. A small mission-house was built, which was afterwards enlarged for a home for Indian children; then, a church, a three-storey school building, and a comfortable hospital were built, while a ranch supplied the needs of the mission. When the missionary was telling the story of the change in his life, he said: "I had earned a good living, when I served the devil, and I thought I could still earn a good living serving God. I don't see the sense of a man beginning to pule and whine, because he's got the joy of Christ in his heart. I thought I could do more good out here, where I know the Cree tongue, and how to handle men, so out I came." On his salary of six hundred dollars a year, he could not carry on such extensive work, so he tells us how he managed his mission: "Of course on six hundred dollars a year, to sustain a hospital, and keep eighty Indian children in the school, would have been impossible if it were not for my ranch, but when a man can earn a good living serving the devil, why can't he earn a better one serving God? It costs Mrs. Matheson and me from six thousand to eight thousand dollars a year to run this place, but I keep about one hundred and fifty head of cattle on the ranch, and all we have is God's. When I need money, I sell a steer. When a starving old Indian comes for help, there will be a cow or calf that can go. We raise everything we can possibly need. We cure our own meat. We grow our own vegetables. As soon as we can get a mill, we'll grind our own wheat. God never lets us lack. We are repaid a

hundred-fold every cent we spend. I am rich! I am rich! I lack nothing. Thirty dollars a year is more than enough for a man's clothes, and how many of your millionaire fellows can say they lack nothing?" When he attended the Synod, the same cheerful spirit was manifested, as shown in his speech there: "That reminds me of the first Synod I ever attended. It was down in Montreal. I'll answer you as I answered them. I had come all wild and woolly out of the west, and I dare say all my Matheson brothers, in the church like myself, were a wee bit uneasy about what I might do. Well, it was the Indian mission night. One missionary got up, and he whined, and he puled, and drew a face as long as the back of a soup spoon, and begged the dear sisters to have a sewin' meetin' or something to raise money to build a fence. Another had a sorry tale to tell of lack of firewood. Oh! I felt myself getting hotter and hotter under the collar. It was a hot night anyway, and I had pulled off my coat and was in shirt sleeves, and I'm not sure I hadn't loosened up my clerical collar a bit. Anyway, when yet another got up to play the beggar, and pull a poor mouth,—servants of Christ, and of the King of Heaven acting the part of beggars, think of it!—I could not keep off my feet. I jumped right up in full meeting, and I loosened up these stiff, starched things round my neck, and I bursted loose on them, forgetting where I was. 'If the ladies and gentlemen,' I said, 'will excuse a plain man speaking a few plain truths, I would advise the men folks to stop begging, and begging, and begging the dear sisters to do this, and do that! If you will peel off your own coats, and build your own fence, and shingle your own roof, you will find the Lord will take care of you, without any of this

unmanly whining, and baby-bottle pulling, and begging of women to do a man's job.'" This strong man at last was stricken with paralysis, and for several months was a helpless invalid, yet retained his optimism, as he said to those who came to sympathize with him: "I have nothing to complain of, nothing at all. And I have had such a good time all my life." Before the end came, he tried to sing his favorite hymn, "Nearer my God to Thee," but all that the friends could hear, was: "All that thou sendest me, in mercy given." Indian pall-bearers, and half-breeds with a few white settlers formed the sad procession, while his brother, Canon Matheson of Battleford, with Mrs. Matheson and seven children of the family, were the chief mourners. The memory of this great and good man in the days of romance has been assured by Agnes C. Laut, in her novel, "Free-booters in the Wilderness."

One of the outstanding figures of the west was Robert Macdonald, hero and saint of the Yukon. His father was one of the explorers under Sir John Franklin, and his mother was a daughter of Robert Logan, Governor of Assiniboia. He was born in Winnipeg in 1829, educated at St. John's College under Bishop Anderson, and went in 1862, to Fort Yukon. In 1871 he was sent to Porcupine River, and in the following year to Peel River, where he labored till 1904. Failing health compelled him to retire to Winnipeg, after forty-two years in the north, and he died in the city of his birth on August 28th, 1913. His missionary career began at Norway House, where he was teacher of the Methodist day school for a year. Afterward he returned to Winnipeg to study for the ministry. After his ordination in 1853, he was stationed at Islington on the Winnipeg River, where he

remained till he went to the Arctic Mission; while there he translated the Minor Prophets into the Ojibway language. During his stay in the north, he travelled thousands of miles every year, visiting the scattered Indian tribes and Eskimos, until his health broke down, and even then he endured severe hardship in the cause of Christ. Thirty years before the rush to the Klondike, he discovered gold, but wealth could not allure him from his great task of saving souls.

Having keen powers of observation, he discovered the fossil remains of the horse, goat, sheep, heads of the musk-ox, and jaw bones of the hairy elephant. These he carried over a twelve mile portage to his mission quarters, and afterwards divided them to the British Museum, the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and to the Natural History Society Museum at Montreal. He trained a number of native lay readers, who carried the Gospel far and wide. The Bible, Prayer Book, a hymn book, a grammar and dictionary, and a book of family prayers, in their own tongue, were given by him to the people of the north. This devoted man, gentle and unassuming, known through all the west and north as Archdeacon Macdonald, laid such deep foundations that the work will continue, and his influence will never die.

When the Selkirk colonists settled on the banks of the Red River in 1812, there was no Presbyterian minister to supply them with religious services until James Sutherland, an ordained elder, came in 1815. He remained three years, when he was forcibly removed to Eastern Canada by the North-west Company during the conflict between that Company and Hudson's Bay Company. For thirty-three years the sturdy Highlanders attended the services of the Anglican Church, while repeatedly peti-

tioning the authorities for a minister of their own faith. In 1851, when the Rev. John Black arrived, as the first Presbyterian minister in the west, three hundred Presbyterians united and formed the congregation of Kildonan. On September 28, 1851, he preached his first sermon in the manse, which the people had erected in advance, and as there were no pews, the folks came that Sabbath morning, each carrying his own seat for the service. The first communion was held on December 14, of that year, with forty-six communicants, and in January, 1854, a stone church was completed and opened, the members of the congregation doing nearly all the work. For twenty-eight years this brave man preached strong, eloquent and prophetic sermons from the pulpit of this stone church. With a zeal for the salvation of the settlers at the outposts of civilization, and the scattered Indian tribes, and with a vision of the future, he appealed for help, and laid foundations for the empire builders of the west. Kildonan became the Iona of the west, the centre of missionary enterprise and education, where an institution of learning was established. This developed into a High School in 1869, under the Rev. D. B. Whimster, and ultimately in 1871 was transferred to Winnipeg, and became Manitoba College, with the Rev. Dr. George Bryce as the first Professor. This pioneer of the Cross, of dauntless faith and sterling courage, with broad sympathy reaching far beyond the confines of his own denomination, stretched forth a helping hand to all in need, and laughed at blinding snowstorms in his visits to the sick and dying. With evangelistic fervor, he preached the everlasting Gospel, employing revival services as a means of decision for Christ. With innate modesty and on account of ill health he declined the high honor of Moderator of

the General Assembly. On February 11th, 1882, the grand old man of the Presbyterian faith fell asleep, mourned by thousands all over the land.

Earnestly and persistently pleading for assistance to reach the ever extending boundaries of the white settlements, and for a missionary to the native tribes on the plains, he toiled on, alone and unaided till 1862. At that time the Rev. James Nisbet, born in Glasgow, Scotland, educated for the ministry in Knox College, Toronto, and minister at Oakville, Ontario, for twelve years, came west, and labored with intense zeal till his death on September 26th, 1874. For four years he labored among the white settlers at Kildonan, Little Britain, Headingly, and outlying districts. Having been trained by his father, as a contractor and builder, he planned and erected a stone school at Kildonan, which served the purpose of the community for forty years. In 1866, in answer to his own appeal and that of John Black, the Synod sent him into the Saskatchewan country as a missionary among the Cree Indians. Locating on the north branch of the Saskatchewan, he named the place Prince Albert, after the Prince Consort, who had recently died, and the modern city still bears the name. Seven strenuous years were spent on that lonely field. Excellent mission buildings were erected, farms were started for the Indians, the young people were educated, large numbers of adult Indians were brought under the care of the Church, white settlers were attracted by the fame of the mission, and were united in a Church of their own. But the strain was too heavy and the missionary became an old man while still in his prime. The health of his wife also was undermined. A long journey over the plains to their old home at Kildonan, in search of health proved

their undoing, as Mrs. Nisbet passed away, and eleven days later the saintly man was laid to rest. In the old Kildonan graveyard a splendid shaft erected by the Presbyterian Church marks the sacred spot, and in Manitoba College, hangs a painting of one of the bravest men that ever trod the western plains.

With James Nisbet's missionary party on their way to Prince Albert, was George Flett, an expert trader and buffalo hunter. His family came from the Saskatchewan country in 1824, and settled at Point Douglas, where they suffered severely from the flood of 1826, but afterward prospered. The yearning after new lands led them in 1835, to form a party of Scotch and French settlers, who travelled overland to the United States, hoping to settle there on better farms. Fifteen months of almost incessant travelling found them again at Fort Garry, the party broken up, and the Flett family were quite content to remain in Canada. Drifting back to the Saskatchewan, George Flett the younger became a trader, and made some famous trips over the plains, having thrilling adventures and strange experiences among the Crees and Blackfeet. Finally, the vision came of a new and better life in Christ, and he followed the way of grace and truth. As a missionary among the Cree Indians at Okanase, he laid the foundation of a prosperous mission, which is still carried on effectively, and many of the red men have become educated and useful citizens of the empire.

With the onward rush of settlers toward the far west, James Robertson, the great Superintendent, came in October, 1874, as minister of Knox Church, Winnipeg. So efficient were his services, and so great his abilities, that in 1881, the General Assembly elected him to the

superintendency of Home Missions in Manitoba, the North-west Territories and British Columbia. From the day that he entered upon his important duties till he died, on January 3rd, 1902, there was no rest for his intrepid spirit. In log shanties and mud shacks, in bar-rooms and gravel pits, among prospectors, cowboys, and lonely settlers he preached the Word of Life. Before great audiences in towns and cities, and at General Assemblies and Canadian Clubs, he told in graphic language the story of the west, and the response to his appeals came in men and money for the extension of the Kingdom. Hungry, wet and cold, he would pursue his way; the blizzard delayed but never deterred him in his mission. This man with a great dream saw the future, and lived a whole month in a single day. His home was a lodging for a night, his family were comparative strangers to him; he had one aim, and for that he lived and died. He was a knight of the nineteenth century, and one of the great empire builders of the west.

When some of the American Sioux Indians came to Canada, and resided among their friends at Bird-Tail Creek, near Birtle, Manitoba, the native Christians among these refugees appealed to Dr. Williamson of the American Presbyterian Board, for a native missionary. Solomon Toonkanshaecheye, an ordained native pastor, and Samuel Hopkins as assistant were sent in June, 1875. After a few months' hard work, they were compelled to return home, and Appearing Cloud, one of the Canadian Sioux, taught school and preached to his people. He made a strong appeal for the missionary to come back, and this was sustained by Dr. John Black, insomuch that the Canadian missionary undertook to carry on a new mission, and Solomon was sent to Bird-Tail Reserve in

October, 1877. For several years this faithful man of God labored among the scattered bands of Sioux, going as far west as Moose Jaw. A Church was organized called Middle Hill, and great success followed his labors, but disease undermined his strength, and he went home to die. His work still abides and progress has been made, as seen in the splendid buildings, fine missionary equipment, and above all in the lives of the enterprising young men and women, and the loyal Christians, who still proclaim the faith that Solomon taught them so long ago.

From the days of the great Methodist, James Evans, at Norway House and the regions beyond, there have never been lacking men and women of heroic mould. These have scorned the comforts of daily life in their endeavor to penetrate the darkness of the forest and plain, and have dared to cross frozen lakes and dangerous ravines, that they might tell the wonderful story of redeeming love to savage souls, enshrouded in the darkness of superstition and sin. Over the long trail of Evans and Barnley came Robert Brooking, an old African missionary, who was discontented with civilization. He spent six years at Oxford House and Norway House, traversing wide territory, and enduring severe hardship, till, broken down from exposure and heavy burdens, he was compelled to turn his back upon the great northland. Before he left, Charles Stringfellow was there, sturdy and strong, with a lust for work. For nine years, he went here and there among the native camps, holding forth the Word of Life, and when no longer able to serve, another brave soul looked toward the east for rest of body and mind.

The work might be hard and uninviting, yet it did not deter brave men and women from entering the wilds to lay down their lives for Christ and human souls. One

by one they were compelled to leave their chosen fields of labor, broken down in health, through hardship, isolation, and the strain of heavy work. The Rev. E. R. Young spent seven years in the land of the auroras, with headquarters at Norway House and Berens River. In long and distant journeys by canoe and dog-train he told the wonderful story of the Cross to heathen tribes until, compelled by illness in his family, he followed the procession of faithful workers to his old home in the east. John Semmens explored new haunts, and visited old mission stations, winning many converts to the faith in Christ. Native workers were trained under his guidance, who themselves were trophies of grace, and afterward they became earnest and successful advocates of the new religion. Orrin German went to Oxford House in 1873, and labored for ten years in the northland. Then with a western vision he sped away to labor among the Cree Indians in the country now included in the Province of Alberta, where his grasp of the native language fitted him in troublous times to maintain the loyalty of the tribes. With real heroism he remained at his post until he died. John H. Ruttan spent five years at Norway House in labors abundant; Andrew W. Ross gave nine years of splendid service at Berens River and Fisher River; Peter Campbell roamed among the wild tribes in the vicinity of Edmonton and Victoria, on the Saskatchewan, for six years; and Enos Langford with rare enthusiasm carried on the missionary work of his predecessors at Oxford House and Berens River for nine years. On being transferred to Winnipeg he was placed in charge of McDougall Church in the northern part of the city, and then Fort Rouge in the south. In

the midst of his labors he was stricken with fever, and died at the age of forty years.

Tragic indeed was the passing of some of the missionaries in the west. In 1868, Enoch Wood Skinner, a lad from Ontario, came with one of the missionary parties which arrived at frequent intervals, and spent a few years with the family of George McDougall, where he learned the Cree language, and was initiated into the ways of the country. On his return to Ontario, he was led to trust in Christ as his Saviour, entered the ministry in 1877, and the following year was sent as assistant to John McDougall. Having arrived safely in Winnipeg, he bought an outfit, and started for the Saskatchewan with a company of the Mounted Police, but subsequently had a half-breed as his sole companion. After passing Fort Pitt, they camped on the trail near Carlton, and in the morning his companion went out on the prairie to catch the horses. When he returned, the young missionary lay dead in the camp, his gun having accidentally discharged. His body was taken to the English Church Cemetery at Prince Albert, and there it lies in an unmarked grave. James A. McLachlan, an heroic soul, spent eleven years at Victoria, Saskatchewan, and was then transferred to Berens River, on Lake Winnipeg, where he labored hard for the material and spiritual welfare of the Indians. He was an expert sailor, and encountered many storms on the lakes, but he laughed at danger, and knew no fear. With a large boat filled with six native children for the Industrial School at Brandon, and an Indian boatman, he sailed away on a calm day, but a terrific squall caught them on the open waters, and the whole company was drowned. Edward Eves, who was stationed at Norway House, went on a journey for the purpose of erecting a

mission building. He resolved to run a rapid, to save the arduous task of making a portage, and in the attempt, the boat was upset, and he lost his life at the early age of forty-one years.

The missionaries to the native tribes of the Dominion were in general men of culture, who counted it an honor to serve the red men. Some of them were eloquent preachers, possessing superior intellectual power. Among these may be counted Egerton Ryerson, the founder of the educational system of the Province of Ontario, who spent one year on an Indian Mission; the Hurlburt brothers, five of whom were ministers, and of these, three were missionaries to the Indians; and James Evans, the inventor of the Syllabic characters of the Cree language. All of these, and many more, in all the denominations were scholarly men.

In the pioneer days among the few white settlers in the vast territory between the Great Lakes and the Pacific Coast, there were unknown heroes, whose names are only a memory, for no marble shaft or bronze tablet keeps immortal their illustrious worth. There was William West, a modern saint cast in a gentle mould, who went among the lonely shanties between Port Arthur and Ignace, snatching a few hours' sleep in cold railway stations, oftentimes hungry, and dying at his post. Within one month of his last journey, he lay at his old home near Ottawa on a beautiful Sabbath morning, and as the sun's rays fell upon the bed, he said: "I want to go home on a Sabbath morning, when the sun is shining." His sweet and simple wish was granted. Brave soul, loyal and devoted, he was only twenty-nine years old when he reached the end of the trail. E. W. Wood, who seems to have had an erratic conversion, was a poetic soul and



THE REV. JAMES MCLACHLAN

Missionary to the Indians
of Lake Winnipeg District



THE REV. EDWARD PAUPANAKIS

An eloquent Indian preacher of
Lake Winnipeg District



THE REV. FRED CORY

"They shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when
I make up my jewels"

possessed a genius for preaching. He was the son of a British soldier, who bequeathed to the preacher lad the gift for stern discipline. This courageous youth defied disease, as was shown when he went alone to a settler's shanty and prepared for burial a man who had died of diphtheria. His sermons compelled his hearers, in old log buildings and small schoolhouses on the prairies of Manitoba, to stare in wonder, and to go home to think and act. When this undaunted soul was laboring in Alberta, there lay between him and his appointment at Carstairs, the swollen river, but he knew no fear. Tying a rope to the horn of his saddle, and the other end to his body, he drove the animal into the stream, and followed, determined to swim to the other side. In mid-stream, the rope broke, and he was swept down by the rapid current, and thus another brave man went home to God.

Fred Cory was another hero in homespun, who loved adventure, dared hardship in the cause of Christ, and was always on the alert in quest of souls. Of this brave young soul, the Rev. Dr. J. E. Hughson, his intimate friend and counsellor, writes: "Fred Cory left old London and went out to Alberta, followed by the prayers and tears of a widowed mother. For two years he served the church in the northern districts, preaching in school houses, and organizing little Sunday Schools and congregations. Then he went south and into the country around Lethbridge, following the advancing settlements with the privileges of the Gospel. He was an optimistic soul; it mattered not how cold it was, how hard the blizzard blew, how few people came out to hear him, or how many difficulties he encountered, he always wore a smile that would not come off. He went to Macleod in the month of April, to write his third year's examinations, intending to go to college

the following autumn. He finished his paper on Friday morning, and the friends urged him to stay over Sunday, but he replied that he could not disappoint the little congregations that would be awaiting him on the plains, and with a wave of his hand, he rode away in his little two-wheeled cart, eager for his work. He came to the Old Man River, then swollen by the melting snows of the Rockies, and in fording the stream he missed his way, and when discovered, the horse had drowned, the little cart was just showing above the water, and the preacher was clinging for his life. A half-breed swam out, but the chilly water compelled him to return, and the most he could do was to fling out a rope. The rope reached the drowning man, who seized it eagerly, but his hands were paralyzed, and he could not hold it; a moment later, the current overturned the little cart, in which his foot was caught, and took him down to rise no more. The next day the mounted police recovered the body. In his pocket was a little Testament, in the Testament was an outline of the sermon he had prepared for the following Sunday, and this was his text: 'They shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels.' We brought his body to Lethbridge where we laid it in a prairie grave, with the flowers of summer to deck his resting place, and the snows of winter to be his winding sheet. Around the grave were cow-boys and ranchers, men and women and little children, who had come thirty and forty miles to do honor to the friend whom they had lost. The next day I went to the Post Office, hoping to secure the address of his mother, and send her tidings of the sad event. They gave me the last letter she ever wrote; it was full of a mother's love. She spoke of the

cold winter through which we had passed, and urged her boy to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. The next day I was handed a letter from his brother which read: 'Yesterday, mother was cleaning the windows in the upper storey of our home. Somehow, she must have lost her balance and fallen to the pavement below, and when we picked her up she only breathed a few times and was gone.' She never heard that her boy had struggled with the waters of the Old Man River; he never heard that his mother had fallen from that upper storey. They parted in old London in the days that were gone, and they met in the City whose streets are gold. They have talked it over, and between that mother and her boy there is not a regret for the hardships endured, or the life that was given for God, the Methodist Church and the future of the nation. He was a hero, not in khaki, but in homespun, and his influence still lives in the foothills and upon the plains."

What shall I more say? for the time would fail me to tell of brave men and women of whom the world has never heard who lived in lonely outposts of civilization, holding up the standard of the Cross. They travelled over the long trails, explored deep ravines, crossed mountains, lived in native camps, were often cold and hungry, and murmured not. They have passed on with the smile of God upon their faces, and are now at home.

CHAPTER XV

HEROINES OF WESTERN CANADA

THE story of brave women on the lonely homesteads of the prairie, and among the mountains, has never been written, and can never be fully told; and who shall give a record of the heroic women of the mission house, far removed from the haunts of civilization, with dusky maids and mothers as their only neighbors, and exposed to the hardships of the frontier. Not alone, in dark lands across the seas, where the children of superstition roam in unbridled license, is heroism manifested by the white sisters of the Christian faith, for here at home, in primitive log houses and disjointed frame buildings, on the shores of northern lakes and far inland rivers, and even in the Arctic wilds, women of beauty and refinement have lived in dense solitude, that they might win a few savages as disciples of the great Christ. Never shall I forget a young school teacher calling on me at the office of "The Wesleyan" in Halifax, Nova Scotia, as I sat in the editorial chair, that she might get some information about an Anglican Mission, where she was going to teach some Eskimo children. When I told her that the end of the railroad was at Edmonton, and her destination lay more than a thousand miles beyond, and that it would take her from six weeks to two months to complete the journey, she smiled at the prospect, and went away with joy in her heart. A vision still lingers of a young woman in Winnipeg holding out her hand as a token of farewell, and telling me that she was off to Africa in a fortnight. It

seemed so natural for her to go, and yet so far away into the unknown. Having in mind the danger of crossing the ocean in time of war, we talked thus: "What about the submarines?" "If I am in the Lord's work, he will take care of me." "Where are you going to land?" "I don't know." "When do you expect to reach your destination?" "I cannot tell." We parted with a mutual blessing, and I saw her no more. She remarked to one of her friends on leaving, "If I can land in Africa, my prayers will be answered, and should the Lord call me home early, I shall be content." In less than three months, there came a telephone message to me: "Have you heard the news?" "What news?" I said. The answer was: "Martha is dead. She landed in Africa, and started up the country to her mission, was stricken with fever, and in two weeks passed away in triumph." And so Winnipeg and Africa were joined in sorrow, and another heroine of western Canada, in the person of my old friend Martha Marr, was numbered in the roll call of the dead.

Another heroic woman was Apauakas, White Antelope as the Blackfeet called her, the companion of my youth, my comrade and mate, since we started west on our honeymoon, thirty-eight years ago. She was often left alone among the Indians with children to care for, when I went on a trip to Edmonton, and was absent five weeks. Frequent were these journeys of mine in the early days, but she had no such vacation. The monotony and isolation were apt to produce depression of spirits, but never a murmur escaped from her lips, though the silent tear was eloquent in a moment of weakness. Like angels' visits, letters from friends were few and far between, as the mail came only once a month, and when delayed by blizzards did not arrive sometimes for six weeks. We were appar-

ently forgotten, except by near relatives, and a letter would often have cheered us, as it does the soldiers in the trenches, but we did not through all the years spent in the mission field, receive more than an average of four letters a year. When Mrs. T. W. Jeffery, the saintly woman of the parsonage in Toronto, sent a simple Christmas card, with the words inscribed, "I have not forgotten you," there were tears in our eyes.

Time and again before the days of railroads, Apauakas has crept under the buckboard on the treeless prairie, when the thermometer was more than 30° below zero, and with the tent thrown over the vehicle, as the ground was too hard to drive the picket pins into the soil, and we have been awakened by the howling of the storm, to find the snow piled up around us. She has been caught on the old north trail in a pelting hail storm with no covering for protection, and the frightened horses speeding like demons to escape the smarting pain. She has tucked her garments around her, and with her feet high on the top of the dashboard, has held the two children in her arms, while I guided the horses over the bar on the swollen river. Twenty feet from the bar, the rapid fell to a depth of fifteen feet, and the folks have stood on the shore watching the dangerous but necessary experiment, and unable to render any assistance should the worst have happened. When the prairie fire swept through the Coulee, it was she who bundled the children into the buckboard, and helped to fight the fire. When the call came from a sick white woman fifty miles distant, though the mountain streams were surging with the melting snows, and there were no bridges, and though there was a strange driver, and darkness would set in before the end of the trip, she packed her small valise, and was off on her

mission of mercy. After ten days' nursing, she came back with two pounds of butter, and two dozen eggs to help eke out the disconsolate larder in the mission house.

Donations were rare in those days, seldom were there any marriage fees, and there was never a reception with an address of welcome, nor at the time of departure, a parting gift; so the butter and eggs were a benediction, and we enjoyed a feast, which was remembered for a long time, as one of the bright spots in mission life.

On lonely mission fields consecrated women serving as nuns of the Roman Catholic Church have given their lives in the service of the heathen in the far north, and are worthy successors of the Jesuit Fathers of the days long ago, when Canada was young.

When Elizabeth Oke became the wife of John Horden, and they left Gravesend on June 8, 1851, for Moosonee, she was ready for any sacrifice, but never dreamed that when her husband became Bishop of a vast diocese on the shores of Hudson's Bay, that she would be separated from him for several years. Once a year, if there was no accident, a ship brought their mail, but Moose Fort was so cut off from the outside world, that when the annual vessel bringing out supplies was caught in the ice, the news reached England before it was known at Albany, which was only one hundred miles from Moose Fort. After thirteen years' hard service, the missionary family planned to go home for a rest, and to place their three children at school in England. But the ship was crushed in the ice, and not until a year later, in 1865, did they manage to take the long and tiresome journey in a sailing vessel, which beat about the Atlantic for many dreary weeks in severe storms. After spending two years at home, they returned to their mission station, by way of

Montreal, bringing their two youngest children with them. The last 1,200 miles had to be covered by canoes, which included camping out at night, and making long portages, that caused endless trouble and anxiety. In 1872, the good woman was left at the mission, while her husband went to England, and in Westminster Abbey, was consecrated Anglican Bishop of Moosonee. Heavy responsibilities fell upon the mother during the long absences of her husband, who had sometimes to travel six hundred miles to visit some of his flock. In 1878, she went to England taking two of her daughters with her to attend school, and for two years the bishop was alone in the northland, away from his family. After eighteen months of reunion, he returned to his diocese alone. For six years husband and wife did not see each other, and then as the days of retirement from the mission were close at hand, they hoped they would no longer be separated. Alas! that time never came. The Bishop went back expecting to finish his work in a few months, but it was not completed for nearly four years, and when he was ready to depart and retire from the mission field, he suddenly passed away. A patient, godly and devoted woman was Elizabeth Horden, and her name is still revered in the far distant north.

Another brave soul was Charlotte Selina Bompas, wife of the Anglican Bishop of the Mackenzie River and the Yukon, a lady of refinement, who spent forty years away from civilization, in the cold and bleak regions of the north, that she might tell the old, old story to pagan waifs. The letters she received were usually eight months on the way, and were a luxury when they came, yet she did not complain, and was too busy to feel lonesome. In the spring of 1877, she was very ill, and had to leave for

England. Despite her frail condition, she was compelled to travel by boat from Fort Simpson in Athabasca to Winnipeg, a distance of over one thousand miles. There were numerous portages and rapids, and amid storm and sunshine, they travelled on the rough waters by day, and camped in the open at night. Nevertheless, as soon as she had recovered, she was eager to return, counting it an honor to serve God in any place. When a woman had been murdered, she took her child, a Mackenzie River Indian waif, into her home, and not only cared for it, but loved it as much as a mother would. She told the story of the child in her beautiful little book, "Owinda—the Weeping One." After her husband had died, and she herself had become feeble, her heart was still in Canada. Mrs. Bompas had many friends in Winnipeg, and the northern country, for she was a lovely woman. On January 23, 1917, at the age of eighty-seven, she passed away in Westmount, Province of Quebec.

For several years Mrs. W. A. Burman, wife of the first Anglican missionary to the Sioux Indians at Oak River, Manitoba, worked hard among the natives. Her husband was an excellent scholar in the Sioux and Cree languages, a notable paper on the construction of the former being published by him, and he was also Chairman of the Committee on the Revision of the Cree Bible. Beside these linguistic accomplishments, he was an authority on the botany of the Province of Manitoba. Some years ago, when I was giving a lecture in the village of Oak River, on the native tribes, incidentally I made mention of the splendid work done by this missionary and his devoted wife, and at the close, a number of people bore testimony to the simple beauty of their lives, and the honor in which they were held by the Indians. Although this good lady's

life has been in a great measure one of privation, when Canon Burman died, and she was left alone, she was not content to remain in seclusion, but became the matron of the Mackay Industrial School at Le Pas. This school must indeed be dear to her, as it was named after her uncle, Archdeacon J. A. Mackay, who did so much among the Cree Indians in Saskatchewan, and to whom was intrusted the reading of the proof sheets of the Revised Cree Bible. May she live long in her blessed work of training the native youth to lives of usefulness in this new land.

When Mrs. Nisbet went with her husband to start a Presbyterian mission among the Cree Indians in Saskatchewan in 1866, it was a long and tedious journey of five hundred miles in a "prairie schooner" over creeks and rivers, and unbroken prairie. Their goods were carried in Red River carts, each drawn by a single ox, and the progress was slow indeed. When the creeks were too deep to ford, they fastened two cart wheels together, and spreading an oilcloth over them, made a respectable boat, by which they carted their stuff over in safety. It took the party forty days to reach Carlton House, where they located, and they gave it the name it now bears, Prince Albert. Eight years were spent in the evangelization of the Indians. With health undermined, the devoted woman returned to her father's house at Kildonan, where she died, leaving a family of small children.

Call the roll of the Methodist heroines in the north, and west as far as the Pacific Ocean, and they will answer to their names, a goodly band of the white sisters of the people. On Indian missions and among the white settlers, they lived and thrived, and were passing rich on less than forty pounds a year. From the days of Mrs. Evans in



MRS. GEORGE MCDOUGALL

A Missionary Heroine of the Canadian North-West

1840, along through the years, to the times of Mrs. Hurlburt and her devoted successors on lonely fields, there have not been wanting brave women, volunteers of the right sort when conscription was unknown, who went forward into the wilds, and if need be, were ready to suffer and to die for the faith. They taught the maids and mothers the simple arts of domestic science, and the useful art of cleanliness, and initiated them into the modes of dress of civilized life, and gently led them to Christ. The long line has been thinned by death, though a few linger, their silver hair a benediction to weary souls. There was Mrs. E. R. Young, patient and faithful, telling the wonderful story of love; Mrs. Ruttan loyal to the last; Mrs. Enos Langford, worn out with suffering, and slipping home to God in the city of Winnipeg; and Mrs. John Semmens broken down in health with the work of years. Mrs. Edward Eves, and Mrs. James A. McLachlan, are still living, both of whom had stood on the shores of Lake Winnipeg to receive the bodies of their husbands, faithful men, who met tragic deaths in their mission work.

Mrs. George McDougall spent many years on mission fields, first in Ontario, then in the north and west, at Norway House, on Lake Winnipeg, then at Victoria, near Edmonton. She cared for the orphans in the camps of the Crees and Stonies, taught school, nursed the sick, stood by the dying, and brought consolation to the sorrowing and bereaved. She saw her husband bury two of their daughters in the mission garden within one week, and bore the long suspense while mounted parties scoured the plains searching for her lost husband, and with patient resignation received his frozen body, when it was brought to her door. Her cup of suffering seemed filled to over-

flowing when news was brought that her youngest son George had been killed in Montana; yet, through all the tragic years, she murmured not, but unto the last, gave thanks, and sought to win souls for Christ.

It seemed a strange thing for a woman to found the first Protestant Mission in Southern Alberta, but that honor was reserved for Miss Barratt, the mission teacher, whom John McDougall sent, with one of his daughters as companion, to Fort Macleod. There she started a school, and held possession, until Henry Manning, his wife and family came on the ground six months afterward. He remained one year, until I entered, as "Missionary to the Blackfoot Indians," which was the legend on my orders for the west. An heroic soul was this pioneer woman, who lived and taught among the Indians for several years, and then returned to her home in Ontario, still longing to go back, but never able to find a way.

Pathetic indeed was the passing of Mrs. Sibbald, wife of the mission teacher at Morley, who was stricken with typhoid fever, and the nearest doctor was one hundred and fifty miles distant. Her last prayer was a benediction on her dusky friends. Their gratitude and love were seen as the Stonies returned from their hunting grounds in the mountains, and dropped twigs on her grave, as they said: "She was a good woman, and we loved her."

When Mrs. Orrin German was suffering from cancer, and her missionary husband brought her in a sled over the snow in the depth of winter, kind friends in Calgary came to their help, and raised funds sufficient to send her to the Pacific Coast for medical treatment. But it was too late; she passed away in the land of strangers, far from home and kindred, with her husband and God to comfort her in her last hours.

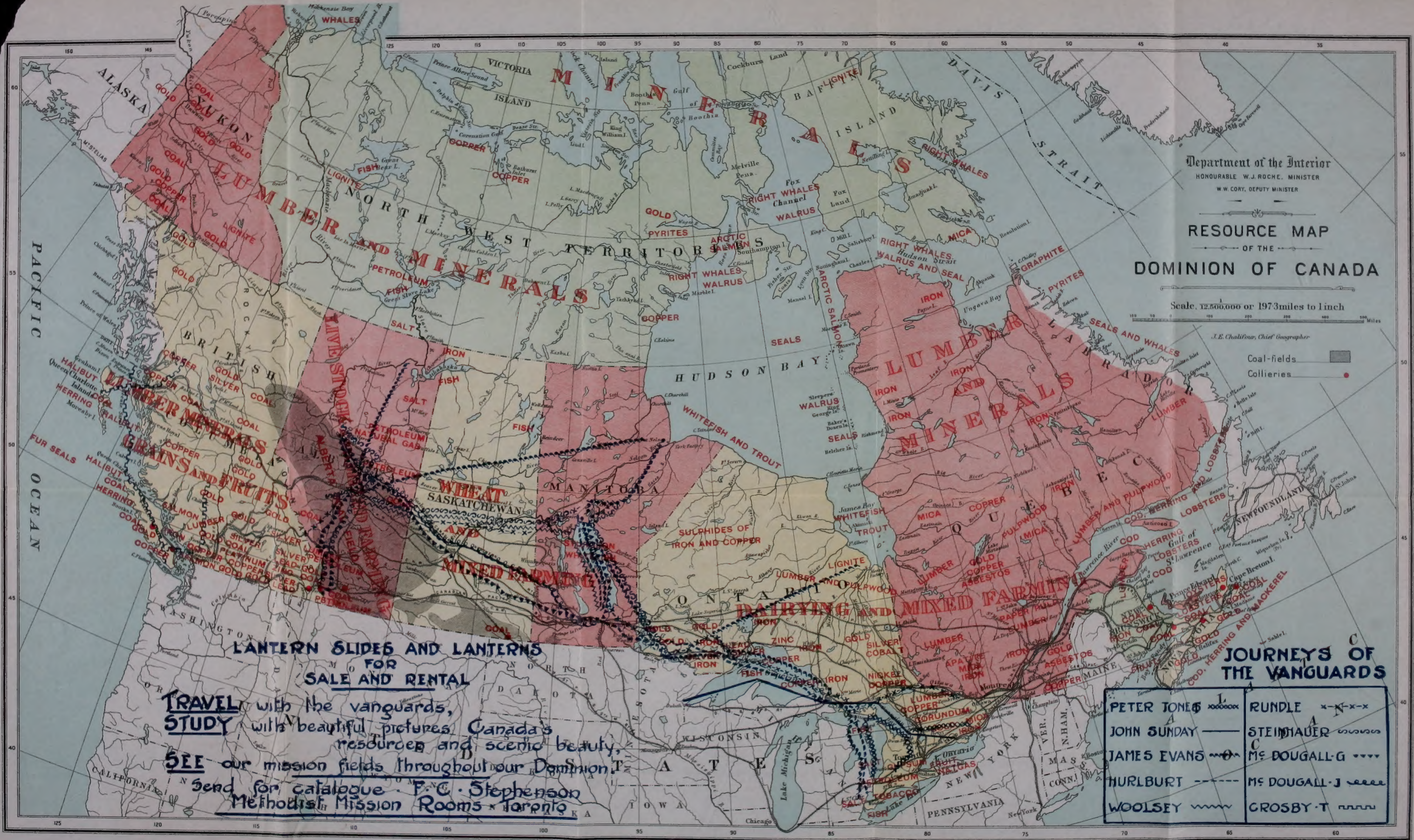
One lone figure among the missionary women remains, binding the old and the new regime as no other, the widow of John McDougall at Calgary. What changes have taken place since she came west, and what a traveller she has been, witnessing sights that will never return, and conversing with people whose names are unknown! Accompanied by her husband, she has traversed wild regions far inland on Lake Winnipeg, and a thousand miles westward; she has gone to the far north. Of these visions, many books might be written, but she abides content with the memory of having done her duty to the savages of these western lands.

And who shall write the wonderful story of Mrs. Crosby, or tell the tales of the camp fires on the Coast? No one can describe the pathos of a mother with her three dead children, waiting for the return of husband and father from a long missionary trip. In perils oft by land and sea, in dangers among drunken Indians and medicine men opposed to their work, amid lonely haunts and degraded surroundings, she pursued her undaunted course through a long period of years, seeking no sympathy, and courting no honors. This heroine of the western coast, with other faithful women of her kind, has sung songs for other hearts when her own was sad, and waits for the benediction of the Master, when she goes home.

The days of heroic endeavor have not passed away, and home mission fields are still distant and isolated. Brave women like Mrs. S. D. Gaudin and Mrs. Fred G. Stevens on Lake Winnipeg, and others in the far west, are still standing at the outposts of civilization, guarding the frontier for Christ, and glad of opportunities to do their bit for the Empire and the human race.

Let us not forget them while they live, and send an occasional letter to them, without waiting for any introduction. None is needed, for they belong to us all. Then we shall not mourn over lost benedictions, and unspoken words, which might have brought some cheer, and prolonged lives of usefulness to a perishing race.

THE END.



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