

ALBERTA

SASKA'CH

EDSON

EDMONTON

NORTH SASKATCHEWAN

VEGREVILLE

WETASKIWIN

CAMROSE

LLOYDMINSTER

PRINCE ALBERT

NORTH BATTLEFOR

RED DEER R.

RED DEER

WILKIE

BIGGAR

SMITHTON

BANFF

CALGARY

ROSETOWN

KINDERSLEY

BOW RIVER

SOUTH SASKATCHEWAN R.

PINCHER CREEK

LETHBRIDGE

MEDICINE HAT

SWIFT CURRENT

MOOSEJAW

REGINA

MAPLE CREEK

SHAUNAVON

SENIBOI VEYBI



SKACHÉWAN

MANITOBA

PRINCE ALBERT

WILHELMSTADT

SKATOON

ASSINIBOINE RIVER

DAUPHIN

LAKE WINNIEPEG

WINNIEPEGOSIS

MANITOBA

MELVILLE  
• FT. QU'APPELLE

REGINA

BROADVIEW

MINNEDOSA

NEEPAWA

STONEWALL

MOOSEJAW

• WOLSELEY

VIRDEN

BRANDON

WINNIPEG

WILHELMSTADT

SSINIBOIA

WEYBURN

• ARCOLA

SOURIS

• BALDUR

• CARMAN

ESTEVAN

• LAUDER

• MORDEN

• CRYSTAL CITY

• DELORAINE

• KILLARNEY



REV. OLIVER DARWIN, D.D.

# PIONEERING *with* PIONEERS

*(An Autobiography)*

BY

OLIVER DARWIN

THE UNITED CHURCH OF CANADA

The Committee on Missionary Education

KENNETH J. BEATON, *Secretary*

299 QUEEN STREET WEST, TORONTO 2 B, ONT.

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## FOREWORD

Forty-four years ago this summer I received a letter instructing me to report to Rev. O. Darwin, Bell Avenue, Winnipeg, on my arrival. When we got to Winnipeg, we had no trouble in finding Dr. Darwin. He found us—a number of rather bewildered English recruits for the Ministry. From that day until his retirement in 1928, he was the authentic voice of authority so far as Home Mission work was concerned.

Every man who served under Dr. Darwin discovered for himself what manner of man he was—to some he was a rather grim figure—greatly demanding. To others he appeared in a more mellow light, especially if they were in difficulties not of their own making. To all he was a true friend.

This book reveals much of the inner life of Dr. Darwin. If he needed an “apology”—here it is. Early in life he was converted. Henceforth he knew none save Jesus Christ and Him crucified. That has been for him a sufficient Commission. This is the record of how he discharged it.

GEO. DOREY

## PREFACE

THE WRITER of this book would never on his own account have undertaken the task. He never believed he had the ability, or the necessary literary qualifications for such an undertaking. It is only because of suggestions made by Rev. Dr. A. W. Kenner, of the Manitoba Conference of the former Methodist Church, and Rev. P. I. Thacker, of the Saskatchewan Conference, and the request of very many friends and fellow-workers of more than sixty years, and the persistent urging of two very dear friends in whose judgment I have the greatest confidence, Rev. Dr. W. A. Cooke, and Rev. Dr. T. E. Holling, that I have been persuaded to write.

I have not attempted to write a history of the Church's work; others with greater knowledge and ability have done this. What I have undertaken to do is to tell the life story of a Sky Pilot, pioneering with the pioneers of our great North-West, and to catch a few sparks thrown off from the workman's anvil as I have travelled from place to place over land and sea.

I am greatly indebted to the Methodist Church, through whose agency I was converted and brought into the ministry, and to the Mission Board of the Church in honouring me with the position of Superintendent of Missions. This gave me opportunities for travel, and contacts with pioneers, preachers and laymen who made a great contribution in laying foundations for Christian citizenship and planting places of worship all over the land.

I hope the telling of the story may help the young people to realize the greatness of the heritage that has come to them in The United Church of Canada, to know something of the hardships endured and the sacrifices made in those early days, and to see the opportunities for greater service in this day. There

are fields white unto harvest calling for labourers. I trust it may lead some to dedicate their lives to what I believe is the greatest work in all the world.

I hope, also, that laymen reading the stories of what laymen have done, may be led to emulate their example and use their opportunities to maintain Christian ideals, and dedicate their lives to the Master's service. If such results are achieved, I shall thank God, and know that my labour in writing has not been in vain. The story shows what God can do with very poor material surrendered to Him.

I am greatly indebted to Dr. Holling and Dr. Cooke for suggestions and help in compiling and arranging the script, and offer them my most grateful thanks, also to Miss Ethyl Harding, for her excellent work in taking dictation and typing the script.

OLIVER DARWIN

With happy memories of your  
Vancouver visit with Harry and  
Betty.  
And with kindest  
regards & best wishes of the  
Author.  
Sincerely  
Oliver Darwin



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## CHAPTER I

### BEGINNINGS IN LANDS OLD AND NEW

I WAS BORN August 3rd, 1860, in the village of Great Ayton at the foot of Rosebery Hill, said to be the highest hill in Yorkshire, England, and famed as the place where Captain Cook received his education. When I was five years of age my parents moved to New Linthorpe, a suburb of the industrial town of Middlesborough, where my mother died when I was eight years of age, leaving a family of five girls and three boys. My eldest sister at sixteen years of age assumed the duties of mother to the family. Although she performed the household duties with marked efficiency, she was unable to control the energies or discipline the rest of the family. Here, I attended the public school, the only schooling I had, and left before reaching the end of Grade 1.

I was blessed with a strong, healthy body which made me appear older than most boys of my age. When nine years old, I went to work on a farm, making bands for binding sheaves. After this, I worked in a brickyard, when bricks were made by hand, and laid on the ground in rows to dry. I worked at several other jobs, until at seventeen years of age, I was employed in the steel works at Wolsingham in the County of Durham, as a blacksmith, and continued at this work for several years.

At this time I had contracted bad habits of life which took me a long way on the broad road leading to destruction. I was nearing a dangerous precipice when a fellow-worker named Langdale, one Sunday morning met me and asked me to go with him to the Sunday School. More for ridicule than for reform I consented. The lesson for the day was from the Gospel according to Saint John, Chapter 3, 1-16, the golden text being the last verse: "God so loved

the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life." The Superintendent of the School, commenting on the golden text, stressed the word "perish" in such a way that it made me realize something of how the Psalmist must have felt when he said, "My bones waxed old through my roaring all the day long for day and night Thy hand was heavy upon me. My moisture was turned into the drought of summer." For a week I suffered with a sense of fear which only a guilty conscience could produce.

The following Sunday I was invited by my friend to go with him to a class meeting, where I heard people tell how God had saved them through believing in Jesus. While I could not read the words of the Golden Text, I believed their content, and like John Wesley in the meeting house in Aldersgate Street, I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ and that He had forgiven my sins and saved me from perishing. From that day the purpose and course of my life were changed.

The blacksmith with whom I worked as helper was an infidel. On hearing of my conversion he began to taunt me and tried to move me out of my new-found joy. In every kind of argument he advanced to persuade me I had been deluded, I was unable to reply except one, and that was along the line of experience. I knew that God for Christ's sake had forgiven my sins and the atheist could not argue me out of that.

With this New Birth, there was born in me the desire for knowledge. The Superintendent of the Sunday School in his wisdom suggested I take a class of small boys. Cards were used as lesson helps, containing sentences such as, "God is Love," "God is Light," "God is Good." In the use of these I began to teach myself in teaching others.

I made rapid progress in learning to read so that in two years I was given the position of an "Exhorter" on the Circuit Plan, and six months later I passed

the examination required, and my name appeared on the Plan as an accredited Local Preacher, taking regular appointments not only in our own Circuit hut in those adjoining. I was urged by the Superintendent Minister of the Circuit to devote my life to the Christian Ministry, but told him I was going to be married when I was twenty-one years of age, and that they did not accept married men in the ministry. I was married at twenty-one and thought that would have ended the idea of my becoming an ordained minister.

My work as a blacksmith was a fifty-hour week, and wages were paid of twenty-five shillings. One morning on entering the Works we were met with a notice that a reduction in wages of ten per cent. would be imposed by the management. On being asked by some of the workmen what I was going to do about it, I told them I was going to strike. "I am going to strike for Canada." Two of my friends, Mr. C. W. Hodgson and Mr. R. Wilkinson, his brother-in-law, had already settled in Winnipeg, and I decided to follow them, and I booked my passage to Winnipeg. I left my wife and two-year-old daughter with her parents and turned my face to the new world in the hope that in a short while I would be able to provide a home in which we would have the joy of reunion. This took longer than anticipated, as we shall see later.

By the Steamship *Sarnia* I left Liverpool, and after thirteen days of storm and calm we reached Quebec. From there began the long journey by way of Montreal, Toronto, Owen Sound and the Great Lakes, to Fort William. At Fort William I sent a telegram to my friend, Robert Wilkinson, organist at Wesley Church in Winnipeg, telling him the time of my expected arrival.

I had previously decided that on reaching Canada I would give up my preaching and give what service I could to Sunday School work. But man proposes and God disposes. It so happened that Rev. George Daniel, the minister of Wesley Church, had an

engagement out of the city on the following Sunday and had been unable to secure a supply. He mentioned this to Mr. Wilkinson, who knew I should arrive in Winnipeg in a few days, he told Mr. Daniel. In spite of myself and my decision, I was announced as the preacher at Wesley for the following Sunday. This was my introduction to Canada, and the commencement of a varied career.

I found a real home with Mrs. Glenwright; the kindness shown me by this Christian lady will never be forgotten. My first business was to find a job. Unable to find work at my trade, I went to the Ogilvie Flour Mills, having had some experience in mill work. They did not require anyone in the mill, but the foreman said, "We need a man to dig some post holes for a fence." I took the job, and that afternoon made \$1.75, the largest sum I had ever made in so short a time. My next job was in Sprague's Sawmill, handling lumber.

One month later I received to my surprise a note from Rev. Dr. Ezra Stafford, pastor of Grace Church and President of the Manitoba and Northwest Conference, requesting me to meet him at his prayer meeting. How he could have heard of me I did not know, but I went and made myself known to him. Dr. Stafford congratulated me on coming to this country, and of opportunity, and wished me success. Then he said, "I hear you are a local preacher. In this Conference we are in great need of preachers. We have several places where people are in need of pastoral care. I want you to go to one of these fields." I said, "I am a married man with wife and child to provide for, and, besides, my lack of education would not permit me to enter the ministry, nor have I the ability for such work."

But he was ready to deal with my objections in a way I did not dream of. The minister of the church which I attended in England was Rev. James Henderson, a cousin of Rev. Dr. James Henderson, then minister of Sherbrooke Church, Montreal. My former pastor had written to his cousin in Montreal,

telling him of my leaving for Canada, and also of the work I had done as a local preacher. He added, "As you are in need of preachers in Canada, if you get into touch with this man, he will do you good service. I don't know his address, but he is going to a place called Winnipeg." James Henderson forwarded the letter to Dr. Stafford, and he began to enquire of the ministers in Winnipeg if a man named Darwin from England was known to them. Rev. George Daniel of Wesley Church was able to supply the needed information, and said that I had preached for him. Hence Dr. Stafford's note asking me to meet him.

In reply to the objections I had made against undertaking the work of supply, being a married man, Dr. Stafford said, "The Conference has at times accepted married men and I have no doubt they would do so in your case. Regarding your lack of education or ability to preach, the letter we have from your pastor is sufficient evidence to warrant us in asking you to take a field. In regard to finance, I cannot promise you much, but I can promise you a big opportunity for service and I believe God will provide at least a living." So after three days of prayerful and thoughtful consideration, I consented to his urgent request, and made preparation to start for my first appointment.

I had made an adventurous decision and soon realized that my equipment for such a career was meagre. I had no books, I needed certain articles of clothing, and had not the money to procure them. However, my good friend, Mr. Hodgson, gave me a Bible Dictionary, which was a great help, and aided me in securing other necessities. With this limited equipment I arrived at my first field, Wolseley, N.W.T., having travelled on a mixed train, passenger and freight. Dr. Stafford was at the station in Winnipeg to see me off and to give me his blessing. His final words I have never forgotten, "Darwin, never undervalue your congregation." I had good occasion to remember his advice when I held my first service.



On arrival at Wolseley, I was kindly received and welcomed by Rev. J. H. L. Joslyn, one of God's good men, who rendered fruitful service and lived to a great age. Mr. Joslyn had made arrangements for me to stay at the local hotel owned and managed by Mr. W. D. Perley, afterwards Senator Perley. To the Perley family I shall always be indebted for their kindness to me.

The Wolseley field consisted of three appointments, Wolseley, Sintaluta, and Shillington's, a few miles south of the town. On Sunday morning, August 3rd, 1884—my birthday—I walked under a burning sun to Sintaluta, ten miles further west on the C.P.R., where I had been announced to preach in the section house. On reaching the place, I found the people had moved away, the door was locked, and not a person was in sight. I had arrived early, so sat on the grass to rest and wait developments. At last a woman and child appeared from behind a bluff; they were coming in the direction of the section house. They were to be my first congregation, as no other people came. My first impulse was to return at once to Wolseley, but I remembered Dr. Stafford's last words to me, "Never undervalue your congregation." So on the shady side of the section house, I conducted my first service. I did everything but take up the collection. Then I commenced my return journey to Wolseley, and reached there in time for my three o'clock service.

There, in a little frame building—an Orange Hall—a fairly good-sized congregation had assembled representing various religious denominations. The service was made memorable to me by the strange conduct of three young ladies sitting on the front seat, who kept shuffling their feet and smiling as they kept their eyes fixed on some object I could not see. The reason for their unusual conduct was soon apparent. As I stepped to the edge of the raised platform, I saw a gopher putting his head through a knot hole. So, speaking in a loud tone of voice, and stamping my

foot above his head, I was no longer interrupted in the conduct of the service.

On the following day I went to Qu'Appelle to interview my Superintendent, Rev. T. Lawson. I met a young Englishman who had been also enlisted as a Supply, and who was in town to purchase supplies prior to going to his mission field. He was Walter A. Cooke. We there formed a friendship which has increased in intensity all through the years.

It was about this time that Crossley and Hunter had arranged to hold evangelistic services in Broadview, a divisional point on the C.P.R. For some unknown reason they cancelled these meetings and began their work in Ontario. It was decided, however, that the meetings must go on, and on August 5th Rev. J. H. L. Joslyn and Rev. Thomas Lawson took charge. Walter Cooke and I joined them and took our turn in conducting the services. It was really in an atmosphere of revival we thus commenced our ministry. The meetings resulted in many conversions, and in a general quickening of spiritual life throughout the whole district.

The territory covered by Rev. Thomas Lawson and myself was very extensive, including Summerberry in the East to Balgonie in the West, and all the settlements north and south of the C.P.R., and north as far as the Primitive Methodist Colony at Pheasant Plains.

On the following Sunday I was with Mr. Lawson at Qu'Appelle, and preached at his appointments. On the following day we began special meetings at his Edgeley appointment, and continued until Friday. On the following Sunday I preached at Kenlis and Balcarres, in homes that were opened for service before churches were erected. The home at Balcarres was also the Post Office, kept by Mrs. Johnston, who with her family became a great force in moulding the religious life of the community. One of her sons, J. W., later entered the ministry and faithfully served the Church until his death in Vancouver, B.C.

On the following Monday I returned to Wolseley,

and was told of a disastrous fire that had destroyed the home and buildings of a settler some miles east. His name was Thompson, and he had been out from England for about a year. The news set me wondering whether by any chance it might be a Primitive Methodist Local Preacher whom I had known in England, and who had told me that he was going to America. That night I was unable to sleep for thinking of this man Thompson, and the disaster that had befallen him. Next morning I saddled my pony and started for the place, and at length I came across a man and woman raking among the embers. There to my amazement I found the Thompsons whom I had last seen in England. As I drew near, I said, "Hello, Thompson, what are you doing here?" On looking up he recognized me, and grasping my hand with his grimy hands, and with tears streaming down his face, said, "It seemed as if all the world was dead, and who should come along but you." Through the kindness of a bachelor named McLaughlin, the Thompson family were allowed to occupy his home until they could rebuild. We went into the house, where they told the story of the fire. While both were away, a spark from the stove pipe ignited some tar paper under the shingles of the roof and before the children noticed it, the house was a mass of flames, and in a short time house and contents were destroyed.

Mrs. Thompson, with thoughts of home destroyed, children's clothing gone, fall and winter approaching, was plunged into deepest gloom and grief. But a little girl of eleven years looked up and said, "Don't cry, Mother, you know that Father has been reading the book of Job at family prayers, and Job lost far more than we have lost, and he said, 'The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, Blessed be the name of the Lord.'" "What could I do but dry my tears," said the Mother, "as I thought of the children who had been spared." After dinner we went along to the scene of the fire and we found a mantel clock,

his gold watch, and ten pounds in gold, untouched by the fire.

I wrote to friends in England, telling of the disaster that had befallen their former neighbour and church worker, and appealing for help in the way of clothing and other supplies. In the month of November a large box arrived which I hurriedly took to the Thompsons, arriving in a blizzard much to their surprise. The box proved too large to be taken through the door of the shack, but we brought it up to the door, took off the top and began to unload its contents. Thanks were tendered to Santa Claus for this much-appreciated pre-Christmas visit. Mr. Thompson, a fine, well-educated, Christian gentleman, had trained for the ministry, but was compelled to give up the prospect of a ministerial career on account of a throat affection, but he and his family made a fine contribution to the moral and spiritual life of the community.

The last day of my first month as a home missionary found me again in Wolsley, taking my three appointments. During the month of October I commenced a series of special services at the Shillington appointment, and with the help of Mr. Joslyn carried on for two weeks. Several conversions resulted, one of which is well worth recording.

One day I went to the stable to saddle my pony when a young man who had been attending the meetings came to the stable door to enquire if I had seen some cattle he had lost. Telling him I had not, I seized the opportunity of asking him if he had sought and found the Saviour. He said, "I will come back tonight, sir." I replied, "What will you come back tonight for?" He said, "I will come back to give myself to the Saviour." I said, "You may be in hell before tonight." Then he said, "What shall I do?" I said, "Kneel right here and give your heart to God." It was in a stable that angels once rejoiced over the birth of a world's Redeemer, and were again made to rejoice over a soul being born and surrendering his life to Jesus. The meetings

held in Broadview, Edgeley and Shillington's had resulted in over seventy conversions.

In Wolseley there were a number of people from Nova Scotia. They were nicknamed "Herring Backs." It so happened that one Sunday when I was called away from Wolseley, I secured a Local Preacher—one of the numerous Local Preachers from the Primitive Methodist Colony at Pheasant Plains. This man was from Yorkshire and while he was preaching the "aitches" flew around in eccentric profusion. In giving out the hymn, "Rescue the perishing," he read, "Care for the herring ones," which it was mischievously said, referred to that part of the congregation from Nova Scotia. When I heard the people telling this incident, it made me realize I, too, was a Yorkshireman and liable to put the aitch in the wrong place. I set myself at once to overcome this difficulty. I wrote out a list of words, such as 'and' and 'hand,' 'ill' and 'hill,' 'erring' and 'herring,' and while riding horseback I would repeat these words, and in this way saved myself from nicknaming my Nova Scotia friends.

That autumn two incidents occurred, one near comedy and the other near tragedy. The first happened with an early fall of snow. I had arranged to take a service at the home of a Mr. Busby who lived east of Kenlis Plains, Maple Green, across the Qu'Appelle Valley. Being too cold to ride horseback, I constructed a sleigh and for a seat I had a nail keg. Not having any shafts, I secured a whistle tree, which, with a piece of rope, I attached to the sleigh. I borrowed harness and with a robe wrapped around my knees I started on Saturday afternoon for the Busby home to be ready for my Sunday morning service. My sleigh was a fine success on the plains, but what about it when I was to descend into the valley? I began to feel a bit uneasy. I reasoned with myself whether to hold the sleigh back or to make the pony move fast enough to keep ahead. I decided on the latter course, and started down hill. The sleigh was gaining on the pony. I gave him a

tap with the whip, he increased his speed. We were travelling at a rapid rate when the sleigh struck a stone in the frozen ground. The keg rolled out from under me and the reins slipped out of my hands and I was left on the ground. Regaining my feet, I saw the pony on the gallop, the sleigh swinging from one side to the other until finally it landed in the yard of a Mr. Ellis. He caught the pony and held him until I, carrying my nail keg and the robe, caught up to them and proceeded on my journey. I was wiser for the experience, and on my return journey adopted a new method of negotiating the hill.

An incident that might have been tragic occurred in the blacksmith's shop. I was talking to the blacksmith, when Rev. A. Robson, a Presbyterian minister, came along, carrying a gun. He told the blacksmith something was wrong with the nipple. The blacksmith, a Mr. Heaslip, took hold of it and said, "It is not loaded, is it?" "Oh, no," said Mr. Robson, whereupon Mr. Heaslip laid the barrel in the fire to warm the nipples, when a charge went off and blew a hole through the side of the shop so large that you could put your hand through. We stood speechless for a moment, when Mr. Robson, white as death, said, "I did not know it was loaded." Not the first such explanation that has been given for the unexpected discharge of a gun.

## CHAPTER II

### 1885—THE END OF AN ERA

IN THE LATTER PART of March news came of an uprising on the part of the Indians and half-breeds under the leadership of Louis Riel. A clash had taken place at Duck Lake and a number of people had been killed. The call-to-arms was sounded and the Winnipeg 90th Battalion, under the leadership of General Middleton, was on its way to quell the uprising.

The settlers on the Kenosis Plains were in a state of great excitement, and were preparing to leave their homes. Rev. Thomas Lawson went to advise them, and on Saturday the 28th word came to me to take his work at Qu'Appelle. This was a hard trip, riding on my pony through slush and snow a foot deep. I had just reached Sintaluta from Wolseley when the pony refused to go a step further. I dismounted and walked, leading him along. We came to a creek near Indian Head, which was full of melting snow. I got on the pony's back, stood up and tried to make him carry me through the creek, but he refused, so I had to wade into the snow-cold waters and pull my steed across. We managed at last to reach Indian Head, where there was a store and a livery barn. It was midnight, and no one was around. I put the pony into a stall and pinned a card on the bridle, asking that the pony be cared for until I called for him. I then went over to the station platform. There was no station house, and I waited hoping a train would come along. Soon I saw one approaching, and I flagged it. It stopped and let me on. It proved to be the troop train that was carrying General Middleton and the 90th Battalion. Reaching Qu'Appelle about four in the morning, I made my way to the parsonage, and throwing myself on the lounge was soon fast asleep.

The only service I had that day was at Qu'Appelle in the evening. During the day there was great excitement. Farmers from all over the country had been recruited for transport service and were inspected by General Middleton. The Battalion paraded in the afternoon. As they marched along I said to those standing near me, "There is a man like Sir John A. MacDonald," and someone who knew him replied, "That is his son." He was an officer of the Company.

A number of the Battalion attended the service in the evening in the Methodist Church. I preached on the text, I Corinthians 15: 58. It was the last sermon some of the men ever heard. The first man to be killed, named Wheeler, played the organ at that service. In response to the invitation of the preacher, several of the volunteers held up their hands asking for the prayers of the congregation. The next morning the Battalion, loaded in farmers' wagons, started north for the scene of trouble.

The everyday routine of ministerial life in Wolseley was pleasantly broken by a letter from Rev. Dr. Stafford, stating he was coming to pay me a visit and that, if I so desired, he would give his lecture, "The Universal Boy," which I had heard him give in Winnipeg. I was only too glad to make arrangements for the lecture, which was largely attended and greatly enjoyed. The real purpose of his visit, however, was to persuade me to take the preliminary course of study and become a candidate for the ministry, which I decided to do.

The next day I drove him to Broadview, where he was to give his lecture for Mr. Joslyn. He had brought me a new suit of clothes, from Winnipeg, for which I had been measured before I left for Wolseley. The journey from Wolseley to Broadview was not a joyride, by any means. I borrowed a pony to hitch up with my own, and also a buggy. We drove off in line style, but in crossing Wolfe Creek on the outskirts of the town one of the ponies got down in the mud. I had to climb out of the buggy



to help him. In doing so, I got my new suit all spattered with mud. Being liberated from this predicament we proceeded on our journey a few miles until we came to the home of Mrs. T. L. Bray, whose husband kept a store in town. This good lady took compassion on me, helped me to clean the mud off my suit, and served us with lunch—the first of many instances of kind hospitality I was to receive at her hands. Continuing on our journey without further incident, we arrived at Broadview in time for supper and the lecture.

I returned the next day to Wolseley, and Dr. Stafford to Winnipeg. His visit had been a great inspiration to me. My decision having been made to enter the ministry, I procured the books required for the first year's course of study, and began serious study. When the examinations were held the following April, in spite of the interruptions caused by the rebellion, I managed to pass the examinations—the preliminary and the first year's course.

My friend and fellow student, Walter Cooke, wrote at the same time. We were billeted at the Qu'Appelle parsonage. At the suggestion of our host and presiding examiner, Mr. Lawson, we spent the evenings in having a kind of forum. He would give us young preachers a subject to speak on, followed by a period of discussion and criticism. I was given the subject, "Money," and began by giving what I thought was a scriptural quotation, "Money is the root of all evil." My fellow student, in his criticism, kindly pointed out that there was no such passage of Scripture, and then gave the correct quotation, "The love of money is the root of all evil." It was a profitable exercise and had the effect of making me more careful in quoting Scripture in my public discourses.

I had hoped by this time to have been joined by my wife and child, but on account of the rebellion I advised them to remain in England until peace had been restored. I took the opportunity to visit my friends in Winnipeg, and also to attend

the Manitoba and Northwest Conference held in Zion Church. The General Superintendent of the Methodist Church of Canada was in the chair. After the opening exercises, in which Rev. Thomas Argue read the Scriptures, and Rev. James Woodsworth and Rev. J. M. Harrison led in prayer, the election of officers took place, which resulted in James Woodsworth becoming President, and Andrew Stewart, Secretary.

W. A. Cooke was received on trial as a candidate for the ministry, but I being a married man, permission from Conference had to be obtained before I could be received. In consequence, my name does not appear along with his. In a resolution moved by Rev. T. Lawson, and carried unanimously, permission was given to employ me, also credit was given for time of service and for examinations passed. In the minutes for Conference, 1887, my name appears as a probationer of two years' standing.

The Conference was a great inspiration to me, and I had great delight in meeting many of the members, ministerial and lay. It was interesting to listen to the reading of the final draft of stations, and especially to hear "Wascana—W. A. Cooke—to exchange regularly with Superintendent of Regina; Fort Qu'Appelle and P.M. Colony—Oliver Darwin—under Superintendent of Qu'Appelle." Thus Brother Cooke and I received our first official appointments in the Conference.

Returning to Wolseley, many of the people expressed great disappointment at my being moved, especially when no other name had been placed for Wolseley.

There were two blacksmith shops in Wolseley at the time, one owned by a Mr. Mahon, a Roman Catholic, and the other owned by a Mr. Hislop, who was a Protestant, a member of my church, and steward, who always took up the collections. He said to me one day, "If you can get John Mahon to come to church I will put an extra dollar on the collection plate." The following week I was pass-

ing the door of Mahon's blacksmith shop, when I noticed he was engaged in a piece of work requiring a helper. I went into the shop and called his attention to it, and said I would be glad to help him. He looked at me with a good deal of amazement and wondered if it were possible that a young Methodist preacher would be able to handle the hammer for that purpose. After about two hours' work we accomplished a task that, single-handed, would have taken him more than a day. When the work was completed, he was thanking me for the service which I had given him, and I said to him, in accepting his thanks, "One good turn deserves another," and he said to me, "Shure, sor, what can I do for you?" I said, "You can come over to the hall and hear me preach." And he said, "I'll be glad to do that, sor."

The following Sunday Mahon was at the church, and when Hislop took up the collection, I saw that he had put a bill on the collection plate, and it was quite amusing for me to note him, as he came up the aisle, carrying the collection plate in one hand and feeling for the dollar he had promised to give if I could get Mahon to church.

On Sunday, July 5th, I preached my farewell sermon at Wolseley, and during the week a number of friends gathered together to make a presentation, thanking me for the services rendered during my eleven months in the pastorate, and wishing me success in my new field.

I left for Fort Qu'Appelle and owing to the conditions caused by the transport service in connection with the rebellion, found every place of accommodation taken up. I was unable to find a boarding house, but the big tent we used at Broadview for special services had been erected for church services at Fort Qu'Appelle, and with a smaller tent within the big one, I took up my quarters, and was tolerably comfortable. I had to purchase my own meals, which consisted largely of crackers and cheese, and then I ran over to the river for a drink of water.

My field consisted of all the territory from the

Kenlis Plains on the east, Balcarres and Fort Qu'Appelle, and in the west from Loon Creek, Shannon's and Fort Qu'Appelle, a distance from end to end of nearly one hundred miles. This meant I had to leave home on Saturday to take my first service Sunday morning, returning to the town for night.

We had considerable excitement when Chief Piapot, with his band of Indians, came into the town, raided the Hudson's Bay store, got liquor, and became very boisterous, so much so that it was thought wise to put the women and children into the Presbyterian Church, a stone building which had been recently erected. Then word was sent to Colonel Scott, who, with the 91st Battalion, was stationed at Qu'Appelle Station, or, as it was called at that time, Troy. Scott marched with his battalion of men over the twenty-mile route in something like five hours. It was a great sight when they came down the hill into the valley. The men in their red coats, and carrying their rifles over their shoulders with fixed bayonets gleaming in the sunlight, caused a shout of joy to go up from the anxious people who had been wondering just what might take place. Piapot and his men, without making any trouble, chose to take their departure, and went back to the reserve. The battalion remained in Fort Qu'Appelle until the end of hostilities.

During their stay about ninety of the volunteers attended my service in the big tent. One night during a very heavy rainstorm, I had the privilege of sheltering Colonel Bolton's scouts, who rode into the town at that time. With the coming of the battalion, I found boarding much better, for when the call came for meals, knowing a number of the officers and volunteers, I was asked to share their rations.

One Sunday morning I preached at Loon Creek, being entertained at the home of a Mr. and Mrs. Holtby. Sunday morning after the service Mrs. Holtby provided me with sandwiches for lunch, as I had thirty miles to go to my next appointment and

hadn't time to stay for lunch. I came to a big stone standing out on the prairie, I sat down to eat my lunch. A ground hog came on, and there being no trails, and having no compass, I started in the direction of my next appointment, the home of people named Shannon. But after travelling for three or four hours, I came right back to that big stone. I started out once more, and again returned to that big stone. Here I stayed all night; staking out my pony, I slept beside the stone.

Starting out the next day without breakfast, I travelled on and on until I saw smoke curling up in the distance. As I came nearer I found it was an Indian teepee where two Indians were camped near to the Touchwood Hills. As a stranger, they took me in, and gave me food. I got meat to eat, and meat was all they had, reminding me of a story told of a lady who invited an English preacher to her home for dinner. She said to him, "Pease pudding is all I have today—but pease pudding, if you are a Christian you will be satisfied with. If you are not a Christian, it would be good enough for you." So, remembering this, I took my Indian hospitality and was thankful. From the little Indian language I had been able to acquire, I found I was about ten miles further from home than I had been when I started out after Sunday morning service two days before!

I became acquainted with the Chaplain of the Battalion, a Presbyterian minister named Rowan. Years later we came together as pastors in the same town. With the capture of Riel, the rebellion ended. He was taken to Regina and after a prolonged and exciting trial was sentenced to be hanged. The execution took place at the Northwest Mounted Police Barracks just outside the city.

## CHAPTER III

### PIONEERING WITH PIONEERS

MY WIFE AND CHILD arrived from England in September. I met them at Qu'Appelle station. After a night spent at the parsonage, we started on the twenty-mile drive to our new home. It was a weird and desolate introduction for my wife to the prairies. Because of a fire which had swept over most of the distance, the black ground and smoke from fires still smouldering in the bluffs had the appearance of an uninviting wilderness. It was hard for me to paint a brighter picture under these conditions. She bravely refrained from expressing her feelings at the time. About midday I called at the home of one of my parishioners who lived in a little log shanty. This lady, Mrs. Haines, gave us a real prairie welcome, which was greatly appreciated by Mrs. Darwin.

Our three-year-old daughter asked Mrs. Haines for a drink of water, which was handed to her in a dipper. To the embarrassment of our hostess, the youngster said, "At my Grandmother's they gave me a glass to drink out of." She soon learned, however, to accept a kind offer without any such embarrassing remark.

After lunch we proceeded on our journey and reached the town of Fort Qu'Appelle in the early afternoon. Our home was a house with one room downstairs and a bedroom above. The furniture consisted of a stove, some cooking utensils, a packing box for a table, other boxes for cupboards, and half a dozen kitchen chairs. What a contrast to the home which my wife had left in England!

Mrs. Haines, along with an English lady, Mrs. Benson, and a Miss Johnston, had made the house as presentable as possible, and provided needed provisions with which to begin our Canadian house-

keeping. My wife bravely adjusted herself to this new life, thankful that we were together again, and, inspired with the hope of better days, took courage.

Here let me pay a tribute to the splendid band of young women who have become the wives of missionaries. Leaving the finest of city and country homes, they have accepted similar conditions and with their husbands have endured hardships as they sought to lay the foundations for a Canadian Christian citizenship.

One hardship my wife had to suffer was when a large box of goods arrived from England containing articles of clothing and chinaware, etc. On opening the box, we found to our dismay that, with the exception of two small plates, every piece of a precious china set was broken. It was a sight to bring tears to her eyes, but it did not crush her spirit. In spite of all, she kept her courage, making the best of what we had, and hoping for better times. Mrs. Benson, a kind, jovial, real Christian woman, was a helpful companion to Mrs. Darwin in those early days.

The crops that year had been badly frozen, and the flour for baking was so poor that it was almost impossible to use. Our meat consisted largely of rabbits and prairie chickens which I shot. Occasionally a farmer would bring part of a pig he had killed. This was credited on his contribution to my salary. My salary for the year, received from the Field, was \$125, and from the Missionary Society \$208, a total of \$333.

On the approach of colder weather we had to provide warmer accommodation for the services, than the tent. With help from the Pausonage and Church Aid Fund, and contributions made by the people, mostly friends from the Balcarres appointment, we built a church, twenty by thirty feet. Mr. Cadman of Balcarres loaned me a team of horses and wagon with which we drew foundation stones from the hill-side.

I hauled all the lumber from Indian Head, a

distance of about eighteen miles. Also busy with my studies, I had to make use of the time constituted in these journeys. In getting up my Greek grammar, which was a requirement in the first year's course of study, I used to repeat audibly as I sat on the reach of the wagon, and drove along the trail, the paradigms of Greek verbs. Returning with my load of lumber, I would make notes of sermons on the boards.

After the church was built, the congregations increased. Among the interested attendants was a blacksmith, a half-breed. This man came to me one day with a petition, asking for my signature for the appointment of a man to municipal office. This man was an undesirable character, and I refused to sign. The half-breed was very angry, and said the best friend he had was the Roman Catholic priest, and stopped coming to my church. I had a few days before this incident taken my buckboard to his shop for repairs. It was near the end of the week and I needed it for my Sunday work. I had no money to pay for the repairs, and because of his changed attitude to me, I did not like to ask for credit. I was feeling very blue on this account. I went to the Post Office to get my mail, and whilst waiting for it to be sorted, a gentleman, an Anglican, called me to one side and said, "Mr. Darwin, I have attended some of your services and have not contributed much, but in appreciation of the same, I want you to accept this small gift." He put a five dollar bill into my hand. With a lighter heart I was able to go for my buckboard and pay the cost of the work. You may say, "What a coincidence!" I say, a gift of God to meet a great need.

I was able to start on my journey to Kenlis to be in time for my Sunday morning appointment. We did some visiting among the people. When my wife noticed the furnishings in most of the homes were no better than our own, she found it easier to adjust herself to the conditions. The friendly welcome and kind hospitality shown by the people offset the lack



of elaborate furnishings. In most homes six chairs and a table, and cretonne-covered boxes with shelves to hold different articles of crockery and other household utensils constituted the furnishings in the homes of most pioneers.

Early in November we were invited to the home of the Websters, living in the Balcarres neighbourhood, for the week-end. A light fall of snow had covered the faint track leading from the main road to the homes of the settlers. About six o'clock in the evening we reached the point on the road where we had to branch off. A prairie fog settled down and darkness deepened. I drove in what I thought was the direction of the Webster home, and just about the time I should have been there I came across a new-made sleigh track, and found on investigation it was my own track. I had been moving in a circle.

It was now quite dark, every bluff looked like a house. I did not know which way to go to find the house, so decided to ramp. In a poplar bluff I unhitched the horse, turned the sleigh half over and seated my wife and child in it, covered them up with the buffalo robe, and then proceeded to light a fire. I made a practice of carrying a supply of matches and a little hatchet along with me on my trips. I gathered together some of the dry branches of the trees and soon had a fire burning in front of the sleigh, intending to stay here for the night. But in about two hours the fog cleared and the stars came out, and in the distance through a clearing in the bluffs I saw a light. I hitched up my horse and made for the light, a lighted lantern on a pole which the Websters had placed as a guide for us, but which we had not been able to see through the fog. I was within a quarter of a mile of the house when I turned into the bluff. We were welcomed warmly by our host, and after relating our experiences were given refreshment, and in a short while were asleep in a cosy bed. This was an experience my wife long remembered.

A Mr. William Dayman, one of the early settlers on the Kenlis plots, a local preacher who had done fine service in ministering to the people before a regular minister was appointed, was leaving his farm and returning to Ontario. He offered us his log house, which stood on the bank of Pheasant Creek. We accepted his offer and moved to Kenlis. Instead of having to leave home Saturday to drive to Kenlis for morning service, I started there and finished at Fort Qu'Appelle, had to stay all night, and return on the Monday. The nearest neighbour was about half a mile distant, a family of earnest Christian people named Anderson, consisting of four girls and three boys. They were very kind to my wife and never allowed her to be alone in my absence. Two of the boys entered the ministry of the Methodist Church, and the third was a very acceptable local preacher. This family made a great contribution in moulding the moral and spiritual life of the community.

We were very comfortable in this log house until the winter storms began. Then commenced our difficulties. It was hard to keep the place warm, and kept me busy with the bucksaw cutting wood. Water had to be hauled from the creek, or obtained through melting snow. Milk we brought from the neighbours, wrapped in newspapers, as it had been frozen in pans. We thawed it out as we required it for use. Potatoes froze as hard as stones, and we had to thaw them out in cold water before cooking. Keeping the stove going, we managed to keep ourselves fairly comfortable. We were greatly relieved when the spring came around.

We enjoyed being among the farmers, and were greatly interested in their seeding activities. One day I met one of the neighbours, who had just finished seeding a great field of wheat. He said to me, "I have just finished my wheat sowing, and I have made a vow that I will give to the Church and work of the Kingdom of God one-tenth bushels of all the field." I said, "I hope you will have a good

crop." I watched with great interest the growth of that field, and never saw a more beautiful sight than it presented at harvest time.

A terrific hailstorm swept the plains and great damage was done, but believe it or not, that field, although in close proximity to the rest, was not damaged in the least, and a yield of over thirty-five bushels to the acre was garnered. The portion he should have given was so large that he failed to make good his vow. His givings were only slightly increased over previous years. That fall, he lost a team of horses, and then disease struck his cattle, and one head after another died, and disaster dogged his fortunes until he left the farm. The last I knew of him he was cutting wood with the bucksaw for one of the hotels in a nearby town.

The words of Malachi, recorded in chapter 3, verses 8 and 9, came to me in a forcible way, "Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me, but ye say, wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings. Ye are cursed with a curse for ye have robbed me even this whole nation." I do not say this man was cursed of God; I only say the circumstances were significant.

The spring came early that year and the snow disappeared, and the frogs were croaking in the sloughs, and the crocuses were blooming, saying, "Spring has come." So to be in keeping with nature, I prepared a sermon, my text being, "For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land." When I looked out on Sunday morning there was about ten inches of snow on the ground. I had to change to another text.

In the fall of the year we returned to Fort Qu'Appelle and commenced the building of a parsonage. With the team and wagon I had previously, I hauled all the lumber from Indian Head for the building. It was nearing completion in the month of November; the plastering had been done, and



**THE METHODIST CONFERENCE, ZION CHURCH, WINNIPEG  
1885**

RECENTLY UNITED METHODIST CHURCHES TOOK INITIAL STEPS  
TO ESTABLISH WESLEY COLLEGE

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|-------------------------|------------------------|
| 1—Rev. R. N. Avison     | 27—Rev. S. E. Colwill  |
| 2—M. H. Fieldhouse      | 28—Rev. Andrew Stewart |
| 3—J. Ellis              | 29—Rev. Wm. Halstead   |
| 4—Rev. W. R. Morrison   | 30—Rev. A. H. Anderson |
| 5—Rev. I. N. Robinson   | 31—Rev. O. Darwin      |
| 6—J. W. Sifton          | 32—Rev. E. A. Stafford |
| 7—Rev. Joshua Elliott   | 33—Rev. Thos. Lawson   |
| 8—D. W. Barker          | 34—W. A. Prest         |
| 9—Rev. J. Rawson        | 35—Rev. J. F. Betts    |
| 10—Rev. Joshua Dyke     | 36—Rev. J. F. Ruttan   |
| 11—S. R. Parsons        | 37—Rev. Andrew Gordon  |
| 12—J. Elliott           | 38—Ferris Bolton       |
| 13—Rev. W. Bridgman     | 39—Rev. W. H. Buckler  |
| 14—Rev. W. L. Rutledge  | 40—Rev. W. J. Hewitt   |
| 15—Hugh Harley          | 41—Rev. A. D. Wheeler  |
| 16—Rev. Wm. Rogers      | 42—Clifford Sifton     |
| 17—Rev. T. B. Beynon    | 43—Geo. Brownridge     |
| 18—Rev. J. M. Harrison  | 44—Rev. Geo. Hanna     |
| 19—G. H. Campbell       | 45—Rev. Thos. Argue    |
| 20—Rev. Jas. Woodsworth | 46—H. Collins          |
| 21—Rev. A. J. Barltrop  | 47—Rev. Chas. Crichton |
| 22—Rev. A. W. Ross      | 48—Rev. R. B. Laidley  |
| 23—Rev. Caleb Parker    | 49—Rev. Geo. Daniel    |
| 24—Rev. J. A. Williams  | 50—A. M. Paterson      |
| 25—E. Wilson            | 51—Rev. Enos Langford  |
| 26—G. W. Beynon         |                        |



with the colder weather setting in there was danger of it freezing. In order to prevent such an occurrence, two stoves were set up and fires kept on night and day. With the bucksaw I cut the wood, and at intervals during the night I would rise and renew the fires. By this means the walls were dried and two days before Christmas we were able to move in.

The prospects for a happy Christmas were not very cheering for our lunds were at the zero point when a young man wanted to get married, and in that there was the prospect of a five dollar bill. It meant a drive of twenty miles and return. The wedding was to take place at three o'clock. I arrived at the home, conducted the ceremony, and after resting and feeding my horse, I started on the return journey. I received what I had anticipated, a fee of five dollars, from the groom.

The drifting snow had made the trails very heavy, and the travelling became hard. It was a bitterly cold night, over 40 degrees below zero. Reaching Katepwe Lake, and starting my journey across the lake, I became sleepy, got out of the sleigh and tried to run behind, but found that in spite of this my head would drop on the back of the sleigh, and fearing I might fall asleep and be left on the trail. I got back into the sleigh, put the lines around my neck, and tried to keep myself awake by clapping my hands and swinging my arms. In spite of this, I kept feeling I wanted to go to sleep. I had a collie dog along with me, so called him up beside me, and whether from instinct or inspiration, he would hunt his nose beside my chin, and in this way helped me to keep awake. I managed to reach home and stable my horse, but I had no knowledge of how I managed to do this. I went in the house and went to bed. slept all night and all next day. My wife, becoming alarmed at not being able to awake me, called in Dr. Hall. He said my sleep was from pure exhaustion and that I would be all right. When I woke up, having received the five dollar fee, it enabled us to procure a little added cheer for Christmas. That

same evening the mail carrier from Indian Head had his feet badly frozen, and as a result they had to be amputated.

I would like to pay tribute to a body of splendid local preachers living on the plains and in the Primitive Methodist colony. Among the latter was a Mr. J. Cooke, father of W. A. Cooke, Mr. Allan, a very eloquent and forceful preacher, Messrs. Lovelidge and Watts, and on the Plains a Mr. Teece and his son, John, also a Mr. Chipperfield, a Congregationalist from England. These men rendered efficient service when no ordained ministers were available for the services.

The first election for the Northwest Council took place at this time, which was quite an event, and instead of having secret ballot on this occasion we had open voting. Among the candidates for election were Mr. W. D. Perley, his son-in-law, Levi Thompson, Major Phipps, G. L. Dodds, and a Mr. Sutherland, a resident of Fort Qu'Appelle. The question of introducing 4 per cent. beer in place of the permit system which had been in operation was suggested. Mr. Sutherland was in favour of this, and in our conference we had passed resolutions opposing any change. I was advised by my recording steward against voting for any of the candidates except Sutherland, but when my name was called and I walked up to the table where the returning officer sat, and I was asked the question, "For whom do you vote?" I said, "Levi Thompson," which was the only vote polled for him in Fort Qu'Appelle.

An interesting scene occurred when the Northwest Mounted Police were bringing in a number of Indians who had been implicated in the rebellion. On arriving in Fort Qu'Appelle, there were four men and one woman in a democrat. Whether the woman was mother or wife or sister of any of the Indians I do not know, but she had to leave the company at Fort Qu'Appelle. When she stepped down from the democrat and stood on the sidewalk and saw the police drive off with the four men, I noticed the look

on her face, and saw the tears as they trickled down her cheeks, the picture of distress. It used to be said the Indians could never be civilized, but, if they could be, the only way would be to shoot them. But when I looked upon that scene, I said, "Don't tell me the Indians cannot be civilized, for any heart capable of real sorrow is capable of real joy, and a heart capable of real sorrow and of real joy is capable of receiving the salvation which comes through believing in Christ Jesus our Lord." This gave me a real interest in Indian mission work and, had it not been for circumstances I could not control, I should have devoted my life to Indian missionary work.

Our first Canadian child, Gertrude, was born in Fort Qu'Appelle on July 11th, 1886. Mrs. Darwin was cared for by a member of our Kentis congregation, Mrs. Anderson. After my wife's convalescence, Mrs. Anderson returned to Kentis with me as I went on a Saturday afternoon to be ready for my Sunday morning service. On the journey, about three miles from her home, we were overtaken by a terrific thunderstorm, and were drenched to the skin. A vivid flash of lightning, accompanied by a terrific thunderclap, stunned my horse and he fell as if dead on the trail. I loosened the harness, pulled the buckboard clear, and went to his head. I raised his head and he struggled to his feet and staggered like a drunken man. Taking a few steps, he regained his equilibrium, and I hitched him up again, and we proceeded on our journey, and soon reached the Anderson home, none the worse for our experience.

At the Conference of 1887, I was stationed at Boissevain in Southern Manitoba. Leaving Fort Qu'Appelle on July first, I sent my wife and children by train from Qu'Appelle station to Brandon. They were to stay with the Leach family, who had moved there from Balcarres, until I could meet them there after driving a distance of about two hundred miles.

On my journey I stayed over Sunday with Rev. T. B. Wilson, at Moosomin, and preached for him in



the evening. Next day I drove to Virden, where Mr. Joslyn was conducting special services, and I also preached there. I reached Brandon on the seventh of July, and joined my family. On the tenth of July I preached for Rev. John Semmens at Carberry, returning next day to Brandon. Mr. Leach kindly offered to freight our goods from Brandon to Boissevain. He started on Monday afternoon. We started the next day, and overtook him a short distance from Boissevain.

A parsonage was in the process of being built and we stored our goods in the basement and were housed with Mr. and Mrs. R. Cooke. For the kindness of the Leaches and the Cookes, we shall ever be grateful. On the seventeenth of July I commenced my ministry at Boissevain, a three-point mission, much more compact and easier to work than *Fort Qu'Appelle*.

At the last Board Meeting I held, I found the trustees were faced with a note for \$164, which they proposed to raise by a fifty-cent supper and concert. I persuaded them to take a free will offering instead of making a charge, thereby giving everybody an opportunity to attend. The final decision was to take up the offering on the following Sunday and have the supper and concert the next day. It proved a glorious success. The people acted on the suggestions I had made in my sermon on "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse." The collection plates had a pile of bills on them, and one of the stewards, Mr. Oke, was so overcome with emotion that tears were running down his cheeks as he set down the collection plate on the Communion Table with the exclamation, "Glory." The amount required was raised within a very few dollars, which were cheerfully contributed and all were thankful.

I had not been in Boissevain long before I came into clash with the liquor forces, who were determined to get two licences for the sale of liquor. The Act required they must attach a list of sixteen names of the nearest 20 householders. When not honestly

able to secure the required number, they often resorted to dishonest tricks to accomplish their purpose.

At a meeting of the Licence Commissioners in Killarney we opposed the granting of a licence to the two hotels in Boissevain. I was presenting a list of the names of those opposing the licences. I asked the Commissioner for a definition of the word "householder." He hedged and wavered and was unwilling to commit himself. But I kept pressing him until he became very angry, and said, "I'll give you a definition in a way you won't like, if you keep this up." I replied, "Well, I don't know, sir, what may be implied in your statement, but in any way you choose I am prepared to have your definition." The definition was not forthcoming, and we had to proceed with the hearing. Our protest against one of the hotels was successful. On leaving Killarney after the adjournment of the Commissioners, a number of the liquor people, hidden in the bushes on the outskirts of the town, threw eggs at us as we passed by. None of them did any damage, as our fur coats broke their force.

Soon after this we were challenged to debate this liquor business. We accepted the challenge. Two men undertook to defend the liquor interests, and Mr. McEwan, a merchant in the town, and I opposed. A spokesman for the liquor interests was the first speaker. Mr. McEwan then followed. Then the other man to speak against us was a disgruntled member of my congregation who poured the vials of his wrath upon my head. I was the last speaker, but did not take any notice of what this man had said, but confined my remarks to the arguments of the first speaker. The meeting was definitely in our favour.

In my closing remarks, I said, "You men made a mistake in having those eggs thrown at us in Killarney, for they did not break. They were fresh eggs. We are keeping them and in the warm weather we will set them and they will hatch temperance chickens

as sure as you live." Then Mr. Cottingham sang a song I had composed, based on a popular quartette the White Brothers used to sing with great acceptance:

"One night we made a great long trip  
 Allow me to move a vote of thanks,  
 To see the Licence Commissioners sit,  
 Allow me to move a vote of thanks,  
 They sat and sat on us, of course,  
 Allow me to move a vote of thanks,  
 Next time they sit we'll ride another horse,  
 Allow me to move a vote of thanks;  
 We got fresh-egged as we came home,  
 Right near Killarney's banks,  
 These eggs are hatching now, you bet,  
 Allow me to move a vote of thanks."

This meeting ended without any gain for the liquor people.

There were several places along the Deloraine railway line, where protests were made against the issuing of licences. The liquor men resorted to all kinds of annoyance and intimidation against the temperance people. One of our ministers had his horses' harness run and destroyed. In another case, they cut the mane off his horses. The hoodlums at Boissevain sought to annoy me by circling around the parsonage with a beer barrel on a truck, and shouting intimidating threats.

At Cartwright, a student, James Endicott (later a missionary to China and Moderator of the General Council of The United Church of Canada), because of his opposition to the business, was followed from the town to his boarding house about a mile away by the hotelkeeper, carrying a shotgun.

At a meeting of the Commissioners in the town of Maniton, a great crowd gathered in the hall. Representing the Cartwright hotelkeeper was a noted lawyer from Winnipeg, F. C. Wade. Representing the Cartwright temperance people was Mr. Burke, a merchant of the town. The lawyer cross-questioned Mr. Burke, regarding the distance some of the householders who had signed the protest against granting

the licence were from the hotel. When he could not make Mr. Burke deviate from a statement made, he said, "Well, if that is all you have to say, God help you." Endicott, sitting near him, said, "He will, brother, he will," which raised quite a laugh among the listening people. The licence was not granted.

The most important event in my three years' ministry at Boissevain was a Revival, which in the minds of most of the people was not opportune at the time I had suggested having it. It was in March, when the farmers were busy preparing to seed, and the roads heavy. But so powerfully was I impressed as I drove along to Boissevain for the Sunday afternoon service that I should hold special services in town that I told the congregation I would commence special services on Monday night. There was a look of great surprise on the faces of the officials and members of the Church. One of the most faithful members of the Board, Mr. Oke, said, "This is a sudden announcement you have made. You have not consulted us, our seeding is just commencing and the roads are so bad we can't attend the meetings. I can't come." "All right," I said, "You stay home and pray for us. I'll carry on with those who come."

Monday night a few of the townspeople came. Next night a few more, by Friday night we had the largest congregation, numbering seventeen. The meetings had been helpful and inspiring, even though our numbers were small. I asked the congregation should we continue. By a standing vote they decided to carry on. On the second Monday night, Rev. William Elliott preached to an increased congregation. On Tuesday two persons came forward and surrendered to Christ. By the end of the week the Church was full. Mr. Oke by this time became stirred and got the farmers from his community to take turns in bringing the people in. They came in wagon-loads, in spite of bad roads, and several conversions took place, the Oke family especially being blessed.

Rev. John Brown, an English Congregational minister who was ministering to the Deloraine congregation of the Presbyterian Church, was exchanging pulpits for the week-end with the Buissevain minister. He said he had come on to be ready for his Sunday evening service, was intending to rest, but found the town in a state of great excitement over a revival meeting in the Methodist Church and a dance in the dining room of one of the hotels. He chose to come to the meeting on Friday night, and I asked him to preach. He gave a stirring evangelistic address, which was greatly appreciated. On the Sunday evening our people went to the Presbyterian Church and heard another helpful, inspiring message. These two sermons, one by Mr. Elliot, and the other by Mr. Brown, comprised the only preaching help I had during the meetings.

The dance, which was organized with a view to taking people away from our meeting, failed in its object. The meetings continued during the following week, ending on the Friday night, and resulted in an ingathering of forty-five people. Among the young men converted, five entered the ministry. Two of the boys were of the Oke family, causing Mr. Oke to thank God for a revival which was held in the springtime when many thought it was unwise to attempt it.

Ten years later I was invited to preach the church anniversary sermons in a new church which had been erected. I visited the Sunday School in the afternoon and addressed the teachers and scholars. The Superintendent of the School, before giving out the closing hymn, said it was at the meetings I had held ten years before that he was led to give his heart to God. Then the Bible Class teacher said, "I also gave my heart to God at those meetings." Two more of the Sunday School staff gave similar testimony. It was a great joy to me to find, after ten years, these people were carrying on the work of God and the Church in the community. The names of Cooke, Oke, Robinson, Johnston, McEwan, Mus-

grove, Morris and Wilson, and many others are to me a precious and abiding memory.

Our third child, Lena May, was born here. We were very sorry to leave this much beloved people. Their kind expressions of appreciation were greatly treasured by my wife and family.

Our next field was Otenaw, which was later named Baldur. There was no parsonage on this field. A farmer of the name of Strang was leaving the farm, and we were able to rent the place and remained there until a parsonage was built. The Strangs were our nearest neighbours and were very congenial people. Peter Strang was Reeve of the Municipality of Argyle. He was an ardent Presbyterian, but there being no Presbyterian services on the field, he worshipped with us. I prevailed on him to take an occasional service for me. His wife said it was through this that he was led to give up the farm and study for the ministry. It was a very interesting coincidence that in later years he became Superintendent of Missions in Southern Saskatchewan for the Presbyterian Church, and I occupied a similar position for the same territory in the Methodist Church. We had many conferences in arranging our work, to prevent overlapping in the days leading up to Church Union, but more of that later.

My field consisted of five appointments: Otenaw, Grund, Excelsior, Rose Hill, and Belmont, two of these receiving fortnightly service. The appropriation made for ministerial support was \$245, the missionary grant \$138, making a total of \$383, leaving a total deficiency from the minimum salary of \$277. Next year I told them they would have to raise my full salary, as I did not intend to accept any missionary money. They paid me \$568.

With the building of the Northern Pacific Railway between Morris and Brandon, new townsites were created. Midway between Otenaw and Belmont was Baldur. Our church serving the Baldur community was about three miles from the new town, where stores and a blacksmith shop were already

doing business and plans for building a parsonage had been made. I proposed that the church be moved to Baldur, but two families of trustees of the church, living in proximity to the old church, were opposed to the change being made. However, it was generally agreed that the move was necessary, and in spite of their opposition, which went to the length of serving me with an injunction forbidding me to move it, I arranged and announced that the church would be moved on the following Monday.

I told these two trustees on the Sunday that about nine o'clock tomorrow morning eleven teams would be harnessed to the church, and the only way to prevent its removal would be to have a stronger combination at the other end of it. We had no further trouble over it. The teams were hitched to it, and by nine o'clock it was on its way to the ground prepared for it in Baldur. The work went forward with new interest. In another week or two the parsonage was completed and we moved from the farm to the town.

The community was a stronghold of Orangeism. I was invited once to preach to them on a Sunday nearest to July 12. I knew many of them were not living up to the requirements of their Order, and I spoke to them on the text, "Examine yourselves whether ye be in the faith, prove your own selves." I quoted from the constitution the essentials required for membership in their Order, faith in Jesus Christ as their Saviour and a hatred of cursing and swearing. I told them I had heard some of them using bad language on the streets. Then I read that they were to uphold the Protestant religion, but I noticed many of them did not keep the Sabbath Day holy, and urged them to examine themselves.

Then, the constitution said they were to sacrifice all political leads and work for the common good. "But," I said, "at a recent election one candidate for election was a man who was pressing for a school law to promote the common good, and the other was a man who voted against the Jesuits Estate Act, and had been condemned for so doing by every Orange

Lodge in the Dominion. And yet we have the spectacle of the Grand Master of your Lodge going to the Roman Catholic Reserve and hauling voters to vote for the man who had been condemned by all the Lodges in the land and against the man who was working for the common good.

The members of the Order gave me ten dollars for conducting the service and then appointed a committee to make a reply to my remarks. I was told by a member of the committee that they reported to the Lodge that what I had said was true and urged the members to mend their ways and live up to the requirements of the constitution.

Our youngest child was born here, and Mrs. Creamer proved a real friend to us, as indeed she was a real mother to the community, helping all in need. I had arranged for a ministerial friend to visit us. He came the day after the baby was born and being unable to entertain him, I had promised to take him to Cartwright some thirty miles south. We started about noon and reached the home he was to visit. I fed and rested my horse, and after refreshment I started on my homeward journey. I had to cross the Pembina valley.

A friend in Cartwright told me of a road by which I could save a few miles on my journey. But I missed my way, and found the trail I was following vanished among stumps and underbrush. It was now too dark to pick my way and to try to return to the main road, so I unhitched the horse, put the harness in the buggy and started to walk to try and reach the house of people I knew living on the bank at the other side of the valley. I had the horse along with me and the going was hard, the bushes were wet, and I was drenched to the skin. About midnight I was in the bottom of the valley, and decided to stay there until daylight. I stood by the horse, the warmth of whose body helped me from getting a chill.

In the morning when it broke day I could see the house to which I was going, and started towards it.



I became very tired and sleepy and concluded that I must have a rest. I commenced to pile together some of the branches lying around, and as I did so a deer jumped up and went leaping through the brush. I forged my way to the place where the deer started from and found a faint trail, and followed it, and soon came to a road which the settlers used for hauling wood from the bush. I got on the horse's back and soon came into the settlement and to the house I was looking for, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Nrelin. They were greatly surprised to see me in such a condition, soaking wet, and with my clothes torn, a sorry sight. I told them the story of how I had missed the trail and wandered through the night. They knew where I had missed the right road and went to get the buggy.

After getting dry clothes and a good breakfast, I went to bed and slept until five o'clock that evening. The buggy having been recovered, and a suit of clothes having been provided, I left for home deeply grateful for the kindness shown me by these people. I reached home about seven that night, and was glad to find everything all right, although my wife had been greatly worried over my being a day late in returning from Cartwright. She wanted to know why I had purchased the kind of suit I was wearing. The explanation of this and the adventures of the night previous were reserved until she was in better condition to hear them. It was an experience long to be remembered.

Living about midway between Baldin and Pilot Mound was a Yorkshireman named John Wilson, with whom I became acquainted, and we became great friends. Often when driving between these two points I was invited to stay at his home and enjoy his hospitality. With all the genuine frankness characteristic of Yorkshiresmen, he said to me, "Whenever you are passing here we will always be glad to have you stay for a meal, and if need be, a bed for the night. If you are coming for dinner, arrange to arrive half an hour before dinner, rather than half an hour

alter, so my wife will not have to prepare another meal after she has washed her dishes; and if you are coming to stay the night, come before I put my slippers on; if there are good reasons for preventing you from being here in time, come, and you will be always welcome." This sound and good advice I was pleased to observe and to pass on to students and missionaries with whom I had much to do in later years.

At the Conference of 1892, I was stationed at Stonewall, Manitoba, and Rev. Hamilton Wigle, just out from Ontario, succeeded me at Balduv. We were warmly received by the Stonewall people. We had a furnished parsonage to go to, with a meal provided for us on arrival, which I and my family much appreciated.

The circuit consisted of six appointments, Rockwood, Pleasant Home, Dundas, Greenidge, Balmoral and Stonewall. One Sunday I preached at Rockwood at eleven o'clock, at Balmoral at three, and Stonewall at seven-thirty. On the alternate week I preached at Pleasant Home on Saturday night, at Dundas at eleven o'clock, Greenidge at two, Balmoral at three-thirty, and Stonewall at seven-thirty. This arrangement continued until the following Conference, when the circuit was divided and Dundas made a separate held, leaving Rockwood, Balmoral, and Stonewall as our charge, and a student, J. A. Haw, was appointed to Dundas.

During the year a family of the name of Stratton came to Stonewall, who made a great contribution to the church and to the social and political life of the community. The *Argus*—a local paper—was owned and edited by Ira Stratton, and his brother, John. Miss Barbara Stratton taught school there for many years. One boy, W. H. Stratton, entered the ministry.

On Thanksgiving Day in the second year of my ministry in Stonewall we were made to give special thanks by the arrival of a lovely baby boy; our four other children were all girls. But alas, our joy was

short-lived, for on the following Thanksgiving Day we had to bury him. After an acute attack of measles and croup, he was taken from us. This was our greatest sorrow, the sharpest arrow from the Almighty's quiver, and needed much grace to enable us to say, "Thy will be done."

That year I became Financial Secretary of the Winnipeg District. After four years of very happy relationship with the Stonewall people, we were removed to Fort William, which up to this time had been connected with Winnipeg District.

## CHAPTER IV

### THE CHALLENGE OF EXPANDING WORK

A NEW DISTRICT WAS CREATED, called the Port Arthur District, of which I was elected Chairman, and J. W. Saunby, Secretary. That territory stretched from Port Arthur to Keewatin along the line of the C.P.R., and all the Rainy River, Fort Francis, and the mining centres on the Seine River. There were only four ordained ministers on the District, one of whom was a superannuated man, and there were four probationers, H. A. Ireland, T. J. Wray, William Elton, and W. H. Fry. William Elton came into the work through me; he had no other superintendent during his probation, I ordained him, married him, baptized his three children, and buried him—a unique experience for a man to have.

W. H. Fry was a colourful character, a good preacher, and an expert canoe man, a genius in some ways, as the following incident will indicate. When writing his examination on the subject of Homiletics, he failed. The examiner on this subject said regarding the paper Fry had put in: "Utterly worthless, untrue to Scripture, history, and experience." I felt sorry for him and wrote, expressing my regret, and urged him to try and make amends by writing at the Supplementary Examinations to be held in September. To spur him to his best effort on this subject, I told him what the examiner had said regarding his paper. I received a letter from him, in which he began by saying, "Dear Brother Darwin, when I read what the examiner had written about my sermon, I had a jolly good laugh." I felt annoyed that he should take the matter so lightly. Then I read on, and got his explanation. He said, "The examiner gave us three texts on which to write our sermon. I had never preached on any one of them, so I just took an old sermon, and tacked it on to the text, and

evidently it wouldn't fit." I could see a bit of getting in his reply, and believed he would some day make good. So he did. He left our work and joined the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, and eventually became a Superintendent of Missions, having oversight of all the missionary work in the Hawaiian Islands.

I visited him at Fort Francis and the work he was doing along the Seine River among the miners. We had to travel by canoe to reach several of the mines. After my visit I had started for home. He, in company with one of the foremen of the mines, was running a rapids along the river, and the canoe upset, and the miner was drowned, but Fry escaped. News of this fatality got into the papers, but the name of the drowned man was not given. People in Fort William, knowing I was visiting with Fry at the time, surmised I was the drowned man. The ministers of the town of Port Arthur and Fort William began to call my wife, asking if she had any word of me, and she couldn't understand why they were doing this, as she had not seen the papers. She was greatly worried when Mr. Saunby called and told her the news. Fortunately, I arrived by train that day, to the great relief of my wife and friends.

I was interested in meeting Rev. Mr. Rowan, minister of the Presbyterian Church—the man who was Chaplain of Scott's Battalion at Fort Qu'Appelle during the rebellion. My ministry at Fort William was different from what I had been accustomed to on the prairies. I found it interesting work meeting the masters and men of the railway shops, the passenger ships and freighters. I made one interesting contact with Captain Anderson of the Canadian Pacific Steamship, *Manitoba*, and often visited him when in port. On the occasion of one of our visits to him, just before he was leaving on an Eastern trip, my wife, noticing the storm signals flying at the mouth of the river, remarked, "You are going to have a rough trip this time, Captain." He replied in his usual pleasant manner, "Well, Madam, I never



PIONEER CHURCH IN THE WEST



FIRST DAYS OF A TYPICAL PIONEER TOWN



bid the devil good morning until I meet him," a good practical philosophy for all of us.

I was invited by Captain McMann to take a trip with him on the freighter *Algonquin*, carrying wheat to Buffalo. On this trip were his wife and daughter, and two other ladies. It was a pleasant and happy company, and a company of varied church affiliation. The Captain was an Anglican, his wife and daughter, Methodists, the Engineer a Presbyterian, and the Mate a Baptist. One night as we sat on the deck, the Captain said to me, "Darwin, how do you account for these differences? We all have the same Bible, we are all heading for the same port, how comes the variety?" "Well," I said, "I would like to think over the question and answer it later." I had a picture of Lake Huron in my mind.

The following evening, the same company were seated on deck. We had passed through the locks from Lake Superior into Lake Huron. I asked the Captain how they found their way across the lake when out of sight of land. He said, "By chart and compass." "Well," I said, "I notice some ships travelling in the same way we are going. There is one ship that must be two miles to the south of us, and others as far to the north. If you have the same chart and compass, why is it that there should be this variation in the course?" "Oh," he said, "when we are leaving the river and entering the lake we set our course by the compass; a slight difference in the setting of the compass will take this ship to the left and the other to the right, and this is all right in deep water. When we are nearing the other side, we begin to see the landmarks and all come together to enter the river."

"Well," I said, "that may answer your question. The Anglican sets his course, being a lover of ritual, the Presbyterian gives it a Calvinistic bias, the Baptist likes lots of water, and the Methodist puts into it a free will—and thus the difference. We will all sight the landmarks as we near the other shore, and



will safely reach port." The Captain thought the illustration an answer to his question.

It was a delightful trip and gave me an insight into the vast shipping industry on the Great Lakes. It was interesting to see the trainloads of wheat coming in from the prairies, transferred through the great elevators into ships, carrying as much as half a million bushels of grain across the lakes to Eastern ports, and ships from the East carrying cargoes of coal and all kinds of merchandise for the West.

After three years' service at this interesting point, I was appointed to Moose Jaw, in Saskatchewan, near to where my ministry began. The Moose Jaw people were much displeased with the action of the Stationing Committee and showed their displeasure in a rather cruel way.

We reached Moose Jaw on June 30th, 1899. Nothing had been done by way of preparation for our coming. A student, George Elmitt, met us at the station and took us to the parsonage, which presented anything but an inviting picture. Our goods had not arrived and there were few things in the parsonage needful for immediate use. Mr. Elmitt was able to get from the stores certain hoodstalls. There was little fuel, but the next door neighbor, Mrs. Forge, came to our help by loaning certain things until our goods arrived.

The next day being a holiday, all the people were off to Buffalo Lake on holiday. Mr. Elmitt and I made some attempt to fix up the grounds round the parsonage. Mr. West, a member of the Church, was gardener for the C.P.R., and he brought us some plants. When the people returned from the lake in the evening, they saw a great change in the outward appearance of the parsonage. One or two families came in to make our acquaintance, but none of the officials. I urged my wife and family to be patient and not to offer complaint to any person. It required much of the grace of patience to endure, but grace was given. We fumigated and cleaned up

the house, and on receiving our goods we made ourselves tolerably comfortable.

On looking through the minute book of the Recording Steward, I found the reason for the cold reception that had been given us. Rev. Robert Milliken had been invited to become their pastor, and another resolution also was on record that they did not wish their minister to be Chairman of the District. Neither of these wishes had been complied with by the recent Conference, for in addition to my appointment as minister, I was also elected Chairman of the District.

Under these conditions I met the Official Board. After reading the minutes, the Recording Steward said, "I suppose the first item of business is making appropriation for ministerial support." "Well," I said, "under ordinary circumstances that would be the first order of business, but today it is to decide whether you want me or not. You did not invite me to come here, and, judging by the way you have treated us so far, you do not desire us to remain; therefore your first business will be to deal with that question. Being Chairman of the District, and having some authority to make changes, if you do not want us, I want you to say so and I can be out of here in two weeks." The Board began to make excuses for their conduct, expressed their regret and apologized for their conduct, and said they hoped no change would be made in the appointment. They then proceeded to make appropriation for our support. From this time on the atmosphere became decidedly more congenial and the people began enthusiastically to co-operate in the work. A new church at a cost of \$7,500 was built. The church was dedicated, the Rev. Andrew Stewart, D.D., of Winnipeg, being the special preacher. The growth of the congregation was considerable and the end of the pastorate was better than the beginning.

On a very hot Sunday in August, I went to Caron to conduct Communion Service, and from there drove to Wesley for afternoon service. The sun was scorch-

ing hot and the road exceedingly dusty. I became very thirsty, my mouth dry. I wondered whether I would be able to preach. There was no house near enough the Church where I might obtain a drink of water. On reaching the Church, the windows were open, and the people inside were fanning themselves with hymn books and papers, trying to keep cool. Passing the end of the seats, where sat a regular attendant of the Church, a woman who was not looked upon as one of the most thoughtful people in the community, my coat sleeve was tugged as I passed. I stopped and she said to me, "I was thinking about you driving over that hot, dusty road this afternoon, and thought you might be thirsty. You will find a sealer behind the pulpit with a drink." I found the sealer with, not water, but lemonade, with a piece of ice in it to keep it cool. Pouring it into a glass, I drank, and as I did so I remembered in a way I had never thought of before, "Whosoever shall give you a cup of water to drink in my name, shall in no wise lose his reward." The act of that thoughtful, kindhearted woman, Mrs. Beasley, I shall ever remember, and I think it will be remembered by Him who said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

At the Conference of 1902, held in Portage la Prairie, the following resolution was adopted:

"Owing to the pressure of the work in Western towns making it difficult, if not unjust to both fields and men, to ask for time and energy in the proper supervision of District work; and as the present and constantly increasing tide of immigration makes necessary a larger amount of supervision than ever; and as there has been a simultaneous movement in all the Western Districts regarding the matter resulting in memorials from three of them, this Conference directs that in the Regina and Edmonton Districts there shall be appointed Chairman-at-Large, and that in order to give effect to this resolution immediately, two men shall be stationed at some points on their Districts with the understanding that they shall be elected to the Chairmanship of said Districts."

The Regina and Moosomin Districts were combined and I was elected Chairman-at-Large and left without a station.

A great many new settlers were going into the Battleford region. I made a tour of investigation and found the people were as sheep without a shepherd, and desiring a minister.

We were holding an Epworth League Convention at which I reported this. I told of the number of settlers needing the ministry of the Gospel, but said, "We have no man to send, and if we had, we have no money to support him." As the hour of adjournment had come, I pronounced the benediction.

A man came to me and said, "You closed the meeting too quickly. I wanted to say a word."

"What would you like to say?"

He replied, "I would like to give \$25.00 towards paying for a man."

I said, "Put that speech into pickle and we will hear it this afternoon."

He made his speech, repeating his promise of \$25.00.

I said, "Praise the Lord."

Then another man rose and said, "We have had a talk with members of our appointment and have decided if you can secure a man for that community, we will supply the money."

I said, "Let us sing the Doxology." We did so, in a way that warmed every heart. Eight men had pledged \$100.00 each. I found the man and appointed Rev. Thomas Lawson, the very man who gave me my first appointment, and he went into that region and did splendid work in getting the people together and organizing the Battleford charge.

One of the farmers who subscribed \$100.00 was Mr. Ace Hurlburt. It was to be paid out of the approaching harvest, but his entire crop of wheat was destroyed by hail on the day before he intended to cut it. In addition to this misfortune, the storm also destroyed the roof of a barn he had just completed. The other men who subscribed to the special

fund for the maintenance of a man on a mission field generously decided to take over Mr. Hurlburt's obligation, and asked their pastor, Rev. J. A. Doyle, to communicate their purpose to him. Mr. Hurlburt was deeply touched by this generous offer, but said that while his loss had been great, he would not be without the blessing that would come to him by paying that one hundred dollars. He said, "On the strength of what God has given me in the past, I can borrow enough from the bank to enable me to carry on and repair the barn and to pay the debt I owe to God." It was the spirit of one of the heroes of faith. He lived and prospered and later moved to Vernon, B.C., where after a few years' service, he entered into the rest and reward of the people of God.

At my afternoon appointment, Boharm, we organized a Mutual Improvement Society, on old country lines, and in this enterprise were greatly helped by Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Hopkins and Mr. Fred Green. Mr. Hopkins subsequently became a member of the Dominion House of Commons, and Mr. Green, one of the leaders of the Farmers' Co-operative Movement.

Nearing Christmas the friends at Moose Jaw had their annual Church and Sunday School entertainment, at which I was expected to be present, but I was called away to a point fifty miles down the Soo Line to officiate at a marriage ceremony. On my return the following day I found a little bag on my desk. It contained the present I was to have received from the Christmas tree at the entertainment—sixty-four dollars. I resolved to invest it in books and give the best I could in thought in return for all the people's kindness. I believe that in adopting this course, both the congregation and the pastor would be blessed.

As Chairman of District 1 received news of a number of people having gone into the Carrot River County, about fifty miles southeast of Prince Albert. I resolved to go in and look over the situation, taking with me Rev. Robert Milliken, the Financial Secre-

tary of the District. I borrowed a horse from a student missionary to put along with my own, and taking a democrat, we decided to drive across the country. Our first stop was Round Plains, at a place called Wishart, where some ranchers named Hall had settled. There we held a service in a little school-house. From there we started an car journey north and drove for a whole day without seeing a house. The next day we kept on our journey over a trail-less country, travelling by compass, and in some places having to cut our way through Idalls. On the second night as we camped, a thunderstorm came up, but our tent kept us fairly dry. We continued our journey until the following evening, and lighted on a faint trail leading in the direction of what I thought was Stoney Creek in the Carra River region. We travelled on, pursuing our course. In about another two hours we came to a lake where the trail petered out, or as Milliken said, "It ran into a squirrel track and then up a tree." It was now Saturday night and we pitched our tent again. Our purpose to reach Stoney Creek Settlement in time for service on Sunday morning had to be abandoned.

Not having gained our objective, the question was, "What to do now?" After breakfast Milliken said, in a very mournful way, "Darwin, I believe we are lost."

I said, "Well, what do you think we ought to do about it?"

He said, "I think we ought to try to retrace our steps."

I said, "Well, I don't believe I could do that, and I'm sure you couldn't."

He asked, "Have you any idea where we are?"

I replied, "I do not know just where we are, but I know we are between two points, the Saskatchewan River to the north and an old trail we used in the time of the rebellion. Let us drive directly west until we come to the old trail." About four o'clock on Sunday afternoon we came to the trail. There was a little lake near by and a beautiful bluff of

poplars. We decided to camp right there. Just as we reached that point a flock of mallard ducks were flying over. I took the gun out of the democrat and shot one of the ducks, which we baked and ate with some hard tack biscuits that we had with us. We also had a box of red currants with us and these, along with some sugar, made a very tasty dessert.

From this point I knew my way to the ferry, which would take us across the Saskatchewan River onto the main road for Prince Albert. We went on to Prince Albert, where we were to hold a District Meeting, arriving in the evening, and at the parsonage received accommodation for the night. The next day the men from the various fields began to gather and we had a profitable meeting. Mr. Milliken leading discussions on several themes of interest and of value to the young men who were labouring in that part of our work. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Barner of Saskatoon, were present. Mrs. Barner, as organist, and a quartette made up of ministers, furnished music for the public meeting held in connection with the District Meeting.

We returned via Saskatoon, to Regina. The season had been dry, there was no water in the sloughs, and at no point was I able to procure water for the horses to drink until we came to Craik, where a freight train was at the station, and from the train crew I managed to get the water necessary to quench the horses' thirst.

On Saturday we reached Lumsden, where we stayed with a Mr. Carss, leaving the democrat and the young student's horse to be called for later. Mr. Milliken took the train in to Regina and I hitched a two-wheeled cart borrowed from Mr. Carss, and drove to Moose Jaw, reaching home on Saturday night.

With Moose Jaw was connected an outside appointment north of the town, known as Wesley. I suggested a change, Wesley to be the head of a new charge, leaving along with it Caron and Carmel. Bohann became attached to Moose Jaw. This suggested move met with much opposition from the

Wesley people, who threatened that if it were made, they would go over to the Presbyterian Church. To the official who made this statement to me I replied, "If that is your attitude the sooner you go to the Presbyterian Church the better, but the Lord help the church that gets you." I made the change and had Rev. J. A. Doyle, a newcomer into the Conference, appointed to Wesley. The people did not leave the church, but with Doyle as pastor, the church grew and prospered without any discomfort to Moose Jaw.

The General Conference of the Methodist Church was held in Winnipeg in 1902. Mr. N. W. Rowell, a prominent Toronto lawyer and an enthusiastic young people's leader, went west on a tour of inspection before the General Conference met, and thrilled the Conference with the story of his observations. A stream of immigrants from Great Britain, the United States, and other countries was pouring into the tremendous opportunities and responsibilities of the Canadian West. Mr. Rowell told the Conference that this influx of people thrust upon the Church and urged immediate action be taken. The Conference responded to his challenging appeal by authorizing the appointment of four Superintendents of Missions—one each for New Ontario, and British Columbia, and two for the Middle West.

At the annual meeting of the Board of Missions, which immediately followed the sessions of the General Conference, Rev. T. C. Buchanan was appointed for Alberta, and I for Manitoba and Assiniboia. With the change of provincial boundaries in 1905, the name Assiniboia was dropped and Saskatchewan substituted. The Conference boundaries were changed to coincide with those of the provinces.

The territory comprising my Superintendency stretched from Port Arthur in the east to the Eastern Alberta boundary in the west, and from the International Boundary in the south, to as far north as settlement went. The railway companies generously



furnished me with a pass for free transportation over all Western lines, which was an important contribution to the work of the Church. I completed my work as Chairman-at-Large on the Regina and Moosomin Districts, on November 18th, and commenced my work as Superintendent of Missions in a series of revival meetings at Mellort. These meetings resulted in quickening the life of the Church and in several additions to its membership.

Work along the Soo Line was growing. An Epworth League Convention was being held at Weyburn. Young People from all points down as far east as Estevan were present. The meetings were held in a hall. A stove had been set up in the hall, and the hardware merchant, Mr. Tucker, was having some difficulty in getting the stovepipes in place before the delegates arrived. Rev. Charles Endicott with his contingent had arrived from Estevan. Seeing the situation he went over to the organ and began to play and sing, "We're waiting for the fire," thus adding more irritation to Mr. Tucker. But finally the pipes were fixed, the stove lighted, and soon the hall was warmed up and the Convention got under way. A very profitable Convention was held and those attending were inspired to take more aggressive action in their several communities.

The part of the country between Moose Jaw and Estevan had been termed "the dry belt," and it was some considerable time after the railway was in operation before settlers took up land. A party of settlers from Ontario were the first to move in. A dozen families brought in lumber and began to build their homes. They wrote me about the prospects of a missionary being appointed to serve them. I went down and met ten men in one of their homes, and explained the conditions under which a missionary might be appointed, namely, for a married man a salary of \$700 or a probationer, of \$450.

I asked them how much they could raise toward this amount. One of them said, "We have just arrived here and will not have any income this year:

everything is outlay with no income. We shall not be able to give anything this year. Should we have a crop next year we would be able to contribute, but for this year we shall have to ask the Missionary Society to supply us with a missionary. I said to this man, "I have a suggestion I would like to make. My suggestion is that you do not trouble about religion for this year; it does not appear to amount to much; let it go until you have a crop."

A disappointed, and even resentful, look came over their faces on hearing my suggestion. So I went on to say, "When you decided to come West, you knew there were a number of things you were going to need, horses, oxen, and food to sustain them; you would need ploughs, harrows, wagon and seed, and other implements with which to cultivate your land. You would also need bread and pork, flour and potatoes, tea and other things, but religion you did not need, and so made no provision for it."

When I got through I saw a tear start down the cheek of one man, and he rose to say, "Mr. Darwin, what you have just said is absolutely true in my case, for I have the paper in my house on which I wrote down the things we were going to need, many things besides those you have named, but I did not put down anything for my religion. God forgive me! I would not remain here if we were not to have the means of grace, regular worship, and the fellowship and inspiration of the church. You can count on me for at least \$25."

The rest of the men continued the discussion and concluded by saying, "Send us a young missionary and we will look after his salary." They did that. They also went to work and built a little church and dedicated it free of debt. And this was done by men who thought they could not do anything. When people realize their need of religion to be as imperative as their need for bread and clothing, they will make provision for it, and lay aside for its support according as God has prospered them.

Rev. T. E. Holling succeeded me in the pastorate.

It was a great joy to me when I had a Sunday off duty to attend the service with my family and listen to the preaching of Brother Holling, a man of like spirit with myself. We were both fond of singing, and the choir leader asked us to sing a duet. We chose that popular number, "The Bird with a Broken Pinion." We thought we had done fairly well until on retiring from the church one of the officials said to us, "It's too bad about that bird."

"What do you mean?" we asked.

"Well, before you fellows began it had only a broken wing, but now it's dead." A crushing criticism of our musical ability, and as far as we were concerned the bird was never resurrected.

## CHAPTER V

### THE CHURCH KEEPS PACE WITH THE PROVINCES

Crowds were now pressing into the prairies, forming new settlements and creating a need for new missions. At the Conference of 1902, twenty new missions were formed and when the stationing list was read there were twelve places marked "One Wanted."

A gentleman, Mr. J. F. Cairns, son of Rev. Hugh Cairns of the Montreal Conference, looking for a place to start business, said his father had advised him to consult me as to a suitable place to locate. I advised Saskatoon. He accepted my advice, erected a store, and put in a carload of goods. It was shortly after this that the Ban Colony arrived, consisting of two thousand people. Others also streamed into the same area. Within a year Mr. Cairns had to enlarge his store, and in two years he erected a brick building with four times the space, and two years later still he erected a great department store—one of the largest in the West. People were pouring into the country by the thousand. One hundred and twenty-nine thousand came in 1903.

On February 25th I met with the Saskatoon Official Board in a hall over a store—the first store built north of the river. I advised the purchase of lots and the erection of a ten-thousand-dollar building. Mr. Dolmage, one of the oldest members of the Nutana Church, laughed at the idea and said, "I have always given Mr. Darwin credit for a little sense but I think he must have gone clean crazy. It has taken us twenty years to clear the debt on the old church and now he says we should spend ten thousand dollars on a new church." I replied, "That is true; but in two years from now you will see more progress

than you have experienced in the past twenty years." Action was taken by the Board, lots were purchased, plans for a church and parsonage prepared, and soon building operations were under way.

The first Conference I was privileged to attend was held in Winnipeg in 1885. I was one of three collecting the ballots for President. Taking them to the table in front of the General Superintendent, Dr. J. A. Williams, he said to me, "They will do this for you some day." At the Conference held in Wesley College, Winnipeg, in 1903, I was elected President on the first ballot, and the prophecy of Dr. Williams, made years before, came true.

At that Conference a resolution was passed recommending the division of the Conference into three Conferences, and a committee was appointed to prepare a memorial to that effect to the General Conference. Because of the better train connections from Regina, I changed my residence to that city. One of my first duties as President was the laying of the corner-stone of a church at Ronleau, on the Soo Line.

My next duty was not so pleasant, for I had to settle a dispute over an appointment between Vinden and Crystal City. The case being urgent, required an all-night drive from Brandon to Crystal City and return the next night to Vinden. The dispute was finally settled, although in a different way from what was desired by one of the Boards concerned. My duties also called me to widely separated points to meet Official Boards and learn of their needs in men and money, and of new fields which should be opened up.

During the course of my travels I met the Board of a mission that had been served by a missionary who had been largely supported out of missionary funds. I asked them if they didn't think it was time to become self-supporting? I also enquired how they got to church twenty years ago. They said, "We rode horseback, or came in buckboards, and when we didn't have wagons we hitched oxen to a stone load, and that's how we went to church in those days."

I said, "You must be better off now than you were then, for I noticed that there were cars and luggies outside." One man said, "We are twenty times better off than we were then."

"Well," I said, "how do your givings compare now with then?"

After a brief silence the man said, "Well, to tell the truth, I am giving the same old five dollar bill."

I asked, "Do you think that is right?" "No," said he, "Then what should be done about it?" I enquired.

The answer was, "We have got to become self-supporting." They did so. There were other places where similar conditions existed, and where after consideration similar results were obtained.

The General Board of Missions met in Toronto on October first. The Manitoba representatives were James Woodsworth, Thomas Nixon and myself. While in the East I preached in London, Exeter, and in Metropolitan and St. Paul's Churches in Toronto.

In St. Paul's Church, Avenue Road, whose minister was Rev. W. L. Armstrong, I noticed a man dressed in ordinary grey clothes, who looked like a prosperous farmer. He appeared to be much interested in my story, and as I told of the hard work being done by our missionaries in the West, their long drives in below-zero weather, and of the sacrificial givings on the part of the people, he would rub away the tears that ran down his cheeks. At the close of the service he came forward to tell me how much he had enjoyed my address and introduced himself as Dr. John Burwash. I was glad I did not know that he and a number of professors from Victoria University were present, or I am sure I would have been uncomfortable. Their kind and generous words made me feel there was no need to fear the presence of such men. They, indeed, comprised the most interested and sympathetic part of the congregation.

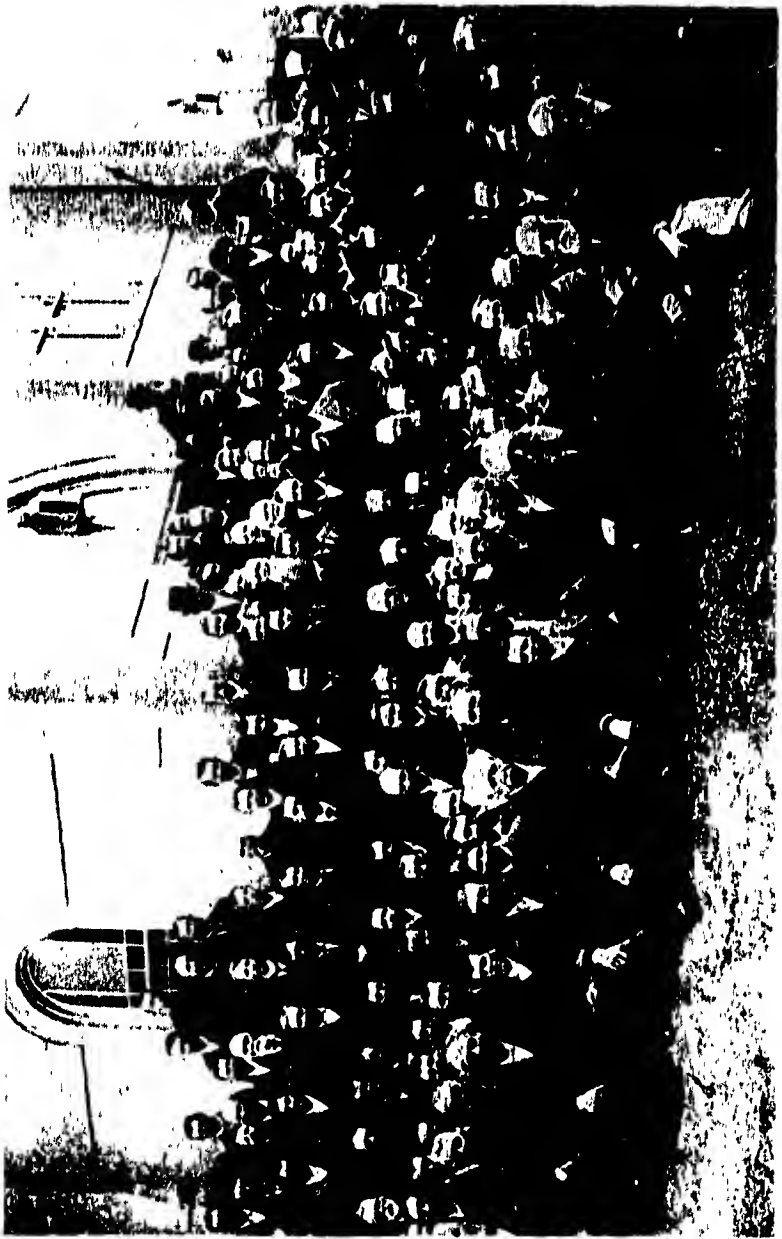
During my stay in the East I visited and preached in many of the large cities and towns, always on the lookout for young men willing to enter the ministry in our Western Conferences. Having heard of a

likely young man in Dundas, I went from Toronto to interview him. On the train I met a gentleman who was a member of the same church as this young man. I told him the purpose of my visit. He said, "I am afraid your errand will be fruitless. That young man has a very important position with an insurance company and has received a considerable increase in his salary." I felt a bit disappointed, but continued my journey, and on reaching Dundas the young man was at the station to greet me. I told him of the conversation I had on the train with the gentleman already referred to, who had informed me of the position and the increase of salary.

"Yes," said the young man, "that is all true."

"Well," I said, "if we are to consider this matter on the basis of salary, we do not need to spend five minutes talking about it. All I can offer you as a salary is a minimum of \$150, long drives, and much hard work, and many discouragements. But the other thing I have to offer is that of a big opportunity for Christian service in a country greatly needing Christian workers. Pray about it, ask God to guide you, and send me your reply to Toronto." The next day I received his reply. "I have decided to take the big opportunity." He did not enter the ministry for the salary, but for an opportunity to declare the good news of salvation to a people in need.

The last session of the Manitoba and Northwest Conference was held in Grace Church, Winnipeg, on June 9th, 1904. After twenty years' service in the Northwest, I was again elected President, and had the privilege of declaring the work complete, and presiding at a meeting in which a new era of enlarged opportunity was commenced by the creation of the three Conferences under the names of Manitoba, Assiniboia, and Alberta. Dr. George Young, the pioneer missionary of the English-speaking people of the West, was present and told of the beginnings of Methodism, and gave us his blessing as we moved forward to undertake larger efforts for the evangelization of the Middle West.







## *The Church Keeps Pace With The Provinces 47*

The newly elected presidents for these three Conferences were William Somerville for Manitoba, Hamilton Wible for Assiniboia, and the veteran J. M. Harrison for Alberta. I then presented to each President a gavel made from the sill of the first Grace Church, Winnipeg, each bearing a silver shield duly inscribed. And so, with this memorable ending of the Old Conference, with all its blessed and enduring fellowships, and the new Conferences started on their course, we turned our faces and put our hands to the great and urgent task of meeting the spiritual needs of the thousands who were flocking into the prairies from other parts of Canada and from other parts of the world. The march of time and the logic of events have abundantly justified the course we took at that historic Conference.

Immediately after the Conference of 1904 I started on a visitation of the Winnipeg, Brandon, Moosomin, Birtle, Dauphin and Saskatoon districts, which kept me on the go until the 10th of September. I would like to pay my tribute to the splendid spirit of co-operation I received from chairmen of districts, ministers and probationers, who gave time, their horses and buggies, in carrying me from one district to another. The trains on some of the branch lines operated only one way each day. Others had only a tri-weekly service. Their co-operation was to me a very great saving of time, and enabled me to do twice the work I otherwise could have done. Not only was my time saved and service extended, but hundreds of dollars were saved to the Missionary Society by this voluntary service.

In this way, with the minimum salaries these men received, they made contributions of untold amounts to the Missionary Society, not recorded in the reports. The kind hospitality of the men accorded me in their homes will not be forgotten. The benefit I received from them, as they told me of books they had been reading, was immense, and kept me in touch with the thinking of the day.

On my way to Saskatoon on one occasion, as the

train was nearing Chamberlain, the engine ran into the ditch and turned over on its side. Fortunately, it was not travelling at a great speed, and apart from the shock none of the passengers was hurt. The cars in which they were riding remained on the rails. I got off and went toward the engine to see about the engineer, who was quite a friend of mine. The fireman had jumped clear. I asked him about Fred; he did not know what had happened to him. After the steam, which had obscured the search, cleared, he was found with arms and legs pinned beneath the cab of the engine, living, but unconscious. By digging the earth from beneath him, he was released. He was carried to the sleeping car and soon the doctor who had been summoned arrived and dressed his bruises. When he came to, he motioned for a drink of water, and the first words he spoke were, "Were any of the passengers hurt?" Unmindful of his own injuries, he was thinking of the people for whom he was responsible. A fine spirit of self-forgetfulness and concern for others.

Two men who had not seen each other for more than twenty years met in one of the new towns springing up on the prairies. One said to the other, "I am glad to see you," and enquired, "What are you doing out here?" "Oh, I am working over there," pointing to a little frame church. "What are you working at there?" was the next question. "Endeavouring to make characters," he said. "Have you become a preacher?" "No, but I am superintendent of a Sunday School which meets there, and I am trying to teach children to become Christians and good citizens." "What do they pay you for that work?" was his next question. "Oh, they don't pay me anything for that." "Then, how do you live?" he enquired. "Well," he said, "I have a hardware store here in which I try to earn enough during the week to live on, and on Sunday I work with the boys and girls and try to make them into good and useful citizens."

In another town just starting, a young man, who

was converted under my ministry in Bedsevalin, had moved in and built a store, which he stocked with goods. He told me that on the last Sunday after opening a man from the United States came along wanting to purchase goods. "I asked him, if he did not know it was Sunday. He said he knew, but did not think it mattered as he had always been able to obtain goods where he came from on Sunday." My friend said to him, "I have built this store at considerable cost, and stocked it with goods. I am anxious to do business with all the people in the community, therefore with you. Because you came here today needing goods and because you believed you could obtain them, I am going to give them to you, but from this time onward, whether you deal with me or go elsewhere, you cannot purchase goods here on Sunday."

He went on to wrap up the goods. The man said to him, "How do you spend Sunday in a land like this?" My friend answered, "Well, in that implement building over there we have a Sunday School and I spend part of my time there. There is a young missionary coming tonight, and he is going to preach in that same building. I intend going there, and that is how I spend my Sundays." "Well," said the man, as he took his parcel of goods, "give me your hand, partner. That is a better way to spend Sunday than I've been used to doing." He went home with his goods, returned at night with his wife and children for the evening service, and became one of the most regular attendants. These pioneer business laymen in co-operation with the pioneer preachers, laid the foundations for law and order and Christian living in the land.

On September 14th I left for the East, taking in the Port Arthur District Meeting at Fort William, and also meeting the Official Board of the Murillo Mission. I was unable to procure a sleeping berth on either standard or tourist cars, and had to travel in the day coach, which was also crowded. Walking along the aisle of the car, I saw one vacant seat

and sat down beside a man, and said to him, "Good evening, sir." I don't know whether he knew what I said, but I couldn't understand what he said. Wanting to be sociable, I walked through the car to see if there should be another vacant seat, but was unable to find one.

Returning, I found this man busy with two books, one a little leather backed book that he held in his hand, and the other book on the windowsill of the car. Stretching as far as I could, I noticed the book on the windowsill was a copy of the New Testament in the English language. I wondered if he knew anything of that language; I might be able to talk to him by means of the books. I took hold of the New Testament and opened it at the third chapter of the Gospel according to St. John and put my finger on the sixteenth verse, and then he turned over the leaves of his leather-backed book until he found the place where in his own language he read the great passage, "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." I think he tried to say, "Yes." Then he turned to my book, for I couldn't understand what was written in his, and he placed his finger on the first chapter of the Gospel according to John, and the twelfth verse, which reads, "To as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to as many as believe on his Name," and then I said, "Yes."

Then, I turned to the last Epistle of John, and in the third chapter and the second verse, where it reads, "Beloved, now are *He* the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what *He* shall be, but *We* know that when he shall appear *We* shall be like him for *We* shall see him as he is." And in his leather-backed book he read this passage, and I understood when he came to this word "*He*," for each time he made the gesture with his thumb, first to me and then to himself. While we didn't understand a word of each other's language, because of

the knowledge he happened to have of the English as it was written, although not able to speak it, because of an expirmer that was common to us both, we were able to carry on a conversation, being members of "the household of faith."

From Fort William I went on to Toronto to attend the meeting of the Board of Missions. At the conclusion of its work, I visited Belleville, the Lay Convention at Thorndale, preached in Empress Avenue, Colborne, and First Church in London in search of men. Returning home, I started on a round of visitation of the various districts, holding Board Meetings and visiting new territory up to the time of the Conference of 1905.

After the Conference of 1905 I was assigned as Home Mission representative of the Epworth Leagues in the London Conference and Rev. G. E. Hartwell was assigned as Foreign Missionary to the Leagues of the Conference. Travelling down the lakes on the Steamship *Sarona*, I preached to a fine congregation as we sailed across Lake Superior. In the London Conference I visited summer schools from July 10th to 15th, at Lucan on the 16th, and Port Stanley on the 23rd, at Elgin Erie Summer School on July 21st, Grand Bend August 1st to 8th. On August 3rd, being my birthday, which someone had found out, they had a birthday cake and tables all decorated in order to celebrate that occasion.

From August 9th to 16th I attended Summer School at Goderich, and from the 16th to the 19th at Kingsville. Reaching St. Thomas on the 20th, I set out for home.

On June 15th, 1906, I was asked to meet with the Alberta Conference in its first session after organization. Having to prepare an address for General Conference, I placed a quantity of material in my suitcase, thinking that on the long trip from Winnipeg to Edmonton I might be able to look over this material. On my way home from the Alberta Conference, on going to bed at Broadview I left my suitcase just outside the berth. On reaching Winnipeg

next morning I was unable to find my suitcase; someone had taken it, whether by mistake or otherwise I never knew. There was little of anything of value in it aside from the papers, which to me were of untold value. My name and address were on a card on the suitcase. After a year of argument with the claims agent of the railway company, I received for damages a cheque amounting to twenty five dollars. This in no way compensated me for the loss of the material in the suitcase.

Previous to the Conference of 1906, I moved to Winnipeg. The work was rapidly expanding, as indicated in the increase of stations from 107 in 1905 to 158 in 1906. The stationing list at this Conference contained the words "One Wanted" at thirty three places. Twenty names appeared on the list of men recruited in England by Rev. Dr. James Woodsworth, including J. P. Shaver, Thomas Bray, J. T. Stephens, George Hovey, T. W. Johnston, E. B. Naylor, and F. Blatchford Ball.

Because of the rapid expansion of the work in the West a memorial was presented to the General Board of Missions asking for the appointment of additional Superintendents. During the year I met six Official Boards, attended eleven District Meetings, officiated at seven church dedications, and delivered 99 sermons or addresses. I attended the annual meeting of the Board of Missions in Toronto, and at the conclusion of the sessions I went to the London Conference, preached in First Church, St. Thomas, in the morning, and Grace Church to the evening. The following Sunday I preached in First Church, London, and Dundas Centre, and during the week spoke in Askin Street and Wellington Street Churches, and then on to Sarnia.

Sailing from there on the *Hiome*, I reached Fort William on Saturday, and remained there over Sunday, and preached for Rev. M. C. Flatt at the morning service. At this service there was a reception of new members. An amusing incident occurred, for just as the people to be received into membership

had come forward to the altar, a goat came in the door and trotted up the aisle right into the choir-loft, where it mounted a chair and sat there looking at the people in front of him. Everybody, of course, wanted to laugh. Mr. Flatt said, "I have heard of institutions where in the reception of new members a goat is employed, but we do not require such service this morning." This remark eased the tension of the congregation. Two of the officials, each taking hold of a horn of the goat, led him outside and the reception was proceeded with. It was not known whether some wag had done this for a prank, or whether it was just a curious happening. It certainly created a good deal of amusement and conjecture.

I continued on my homeward journey to Winnipeg, having travelled 24,788 miles during the year, or an average of 2,081 miles per month.

At this time I was offered the position of Chaplain at the Stoney Mountain Penitentiary, Manitoba. After being away from home so much, and with a desire for more home life, I accepted the position and began preparations to move to Stoney Mountain. A very strong plea from the Rev. James Allan, General Secretary of Home Missions, and a resolution of the Special Committee of the Assiniboia Conference, asking me to continue in the Superintendency resulted in my giving up the penitentiary position after a month, and continuing my work as Missionary Superintendent, a decision I never regretted.

In the fall of the year 1908 Dr. Wm. Sparling of Grace Church, Winnipeg, was taking a holiday in Alberta. He had been invited to St. James' Church, Montreal. Thinking he might be of service in inducing young men in the east to volunteer for work in the west, I invited him to stop off the train at Battleford on his way home and take a trip with me over some of our mission territory. He consented to do this, and along with Rev. M. M. Bennett, Chairman of Saskatoon District, and with a team and democrat we picked up Dr. Sparling at Battle-



ford and started to Cleburnst some forty miles south. Here we held a Board Meeting, the first of its kind in that territory, at which there were present Mr. and Mrs. Fisher, Mr. Hoover, Senior, and his son, who was a local preacher, Mr. W. Brooks, Rev. Bennett, Dr. Sparling and myself. It was in a soil house, the home of Mr. Fisher. We stayed there all night.

From there we had to pass through about sixty miles of very sparsely settled country. It was raining, and the trail was heavy, a drive of forty-five miles brought us to a soil house. It was getting dark and we had still fifteen miles to go to the settlement where we were to have a service. I inquired of the people if they could put up three preachers and a team of horses for the night. They could give us supper, but had hardly sufficient sleeping room for their own family in the house, but in the new stable they had just erected there were two empty stalls and we could have them. So we put the horses into one stall, and the preachers occupied the other. We had just nicely settled down among the hay, when Bennett started to snore, and Dr. Sparling to cough. Then, when things quieted down and we were ready to sleep, a cow in another stall began to cough, and a calf started to bawl. After that ceased, there was a short period of peace, then a stray dog tied up in a corner began to howl and broke our rest again. When he quieted down, daylight began to appear and the roosters began to crow. So I got up, harnessed the horses and hitched up, and we started on the fifteen-mile journey we had before us, leaving a note expressing gratitude for the kind hospitality of the people.

We reached the home of a Mr. Cole, where we were graciously welcomed, and entertained. After a needed wash and breakfast, and a short rest, along with Mr. Cole and his family we went to the largest house in the community, where a service had been previously arranged. Dr. Sparling preached a most inspiring and encouraging sermon on Abraham, the pioneer, going out from his people into a new land,

and pictured to these people a great future in the days ahead.

From there we drove through new settlements in the Goose Lake county, where Dr. Sparling saw places which soon would be densely populated. We reached Saskatoon, where we bade goodbye to Dr. Sparling, who expressed his delight with the trip in spite of the hardships endured. He resolved to make people in the east realize the possibilities and responsibilities facing them in the ever-expanding west, and to do his best in urging young men to volunteer their services to meet the challenge.

The continued influx of people necessitated constant changes and rearrangement of fields. At every District Meeting new missions were being formed and additional men required.

Travelling through new territory in the north county, I came to a sod house. I knocked at the door, and a voice called, "Come in." I went in, and in a corner of the house was a man lying on a bed who said he "was going out," meaning he realized he was dying. I sat beside him, taking his hand in mine. He began to tell me the story of his coming into the county, and taking up his land. Along with his wife, he said, they worked hard and were getting along, and had saved enough money that they might have made their home more comfortable, but he got the idea he would like to purchase another quarter section, and did so. Then they continued working hard, saving their earnings, and again had the means by which they could have, and ought to have, improved the living conditions of the home. There was a quarter section adjoining the land he had, which was good pasture land, and he thought he would like to have that. They worked and saved and secured that. The get-more-land fever had got such a hold upon him that instead of improving his home and giving his wife and children better living conditions, he wanted to secure the other quarter section adjoining him, so that he could own the section.

He then said, "I have got the section," and with a look in his eye and a tone in his voice I shall never forget, he said, "That's all I have got." The poor fellow passed out shortly after, and although I do not know what took place between him and his Maker, from what I could see he had lived for a section of land and got his reward, and had to write "received in full payment, nothing beyond."

Anyone who lives simply to accumulate, whether it be land or wealth, and fails to lay up treasure in heaven, who at the end cannot look up and say, "Yonder's my home and portion laid, my treasure and my heart are there, and my abiding home," dies miserable, wretched, and poor. "I've got the *section*; that's *all I've got*," a tale which has been repeated in the lives of many settlers.

I visited Lacan, Brantford, and Centennial and High Park Churches in Toronto, and then attended the committee on appropriations from the 4th to the 6th of October. On October 7th I went to Ottawa for the meeting of the General Board of Missions, at which Board a grant was passed for the purchase of a car. On the 11th of the month, along with Rev. I. C. Buchanan, we left for Quebec where we were to meet a contingent of young men who were on their way from England. When the ship docked at Quebec we went on board, and as we sailed along the St. Lawrence River up to Montreal, we assigned these men to the different mission fields and gave them a letter instructing them how to go from Winnipeg to their destination and the person or persons to whom they were to report on their arrival. There were thirty-five young men in this contingent. We arranged with the C.P.R. in Montreal to have a tourist car ready so that they might all ride together to Winnipeg. We purchased a supply of food and other essentials necessary for the journey. They all enjoyed being able to travel together over the long route from Montreal to Winnipeg. From this centre they separated, each going to the field to which he had been appointed.

## CHAPTER VI

### THE ADVENTURES OF THE "RED ANGEL."

IT BECAME APPARENT that in order to do my work more efficiently, a motor car was necessary, and the Board granted the amount needed for its purchase. I was given a demonstration of a car known as the Bush, a single cylinder with a chain-drive, two-seated, but with room for baggage at the back, and by placing a box you could carry two passengers. Since the car was being bought to do missionary work, I thought it should have a name in keeping with its mission, and therefore christened it, "The Red Angel." Driving the car around the city in order to become acquainted with its working, I was passing along the street and approaching the corner where two men were talking. As I came near them, one said to the other, "There goes Darwin with his Red Devil." The perversity of human speech! Nevertheless, before I got through with this vehicle, I came to the conclusion they had the right name for it.

I started the next day on my last trip to the Saskatoon District and to visit a number of new missions, which had been formed along the Goose Line Railway. I left Regina in the afternoon, and reached Chamberlain about six in the evening, when a heavy thunderstorm was just breaking. I looked for a place in which to put my car. There was no room for it in the livery barn, but the man in charge of the elevator told me I might run it in there for the night. He went over and opened the door. I drove up the gangway into the elevator, and whether I failed to manipulate the clutch or put my foot on the accelerator, I don't know, but the car hit the doors on the other side, breaking the stay that held

them together. As I went down that side I called to the elevator man to keep the door open, I would be back. So around I went and came in the same way, but managed to stop without doing any more damage. The damage, however, was light and no expense for repairs was needed.

Leaving Chamberlain the next morning for Davidson, the roads were heavy and rough. I had to go in low gear, and within a few miles of Outlook, I ran out of gas. I had to walk three miles to a farm house where the man had a tractor and managed to purchase enough gas from him to take me into Outlook. Here I refilled my tank and at the same time took a five-gallon tin so that in case of emergency I might be saved from having to take a similar walk. Going on from Outlook to Rosetown, I visited all the points along the line of railway between Rosetown and Keadersley, and then having to cross from the south to Wilkie in the north, I drove through Scott and on to Wilkie.

On the return trip Rev. Mr. Day of Saskatoon travelled with me. About nine o'clock in the evening, as we were travelling along the trail at about twenty-five miles per hour, we hit a stone solidly imbedded by the side of the trail. The flywheel of this car being the lowest part of it, it hit the stone and flew into about a score of pieces. So we pushed the car aside and left for a house a short distance away. It was the home of a young couple who had recently been married, and the house was not yet completely finished. The front door steps had not been placed there. I went to knock at the door and just as I did so the man of the house opened the door to spit. I managed to dodge, but the man gave a yell of surprise when he saw my hand held up in the act of knocking at the door, thinking that it was someone with evil design. However, I called to him and said not to be alarmed, that we were just two Methodist preachers stranded and wanted to know if we could get accommodation for the night.

They willingly took us in and provided us with supper, and after an evening of pleasant chat, we retired. The next day we had to have the car drawn to the nearest railway point and shipped to Regina for repairs.

From this time I continued to visit missions in the Moose Jaw and Regina Districts until the Conference of 1910.

After the Conference I returned to Regina and found the car repaired and ready for the road once more. Visiting in the Arcola District, I had been to a mission south of Oxlow. As I travelled along the road I saw a horse and buggy coming toward me, driven by a woman who evidently was afraid at the approach of the car. Horses in those days were very much excited when these cars passed along the road. I stopped the car some distance from where the woman was hobbling the horse by his head, her thumbs in the rings of the bit. As I came up to her she was saying in her Irish brogue, "The Lord help us." So I said to her, "Let me take the horse's head, you take the lines back into the buggy, and with the help of the Lord I'm satisfied we will be able to get along all right." After we had passed the car and I was leaving the horse, the woman was saying to herself, "The devil take them things." She evidently had a prayer suitable for each end of her trouble.

There were many incidents of like nature which occurred as one drove along the road. On the way from Moose Jaw to Assiniboia, I had travelled some miles when I had a puncture, and had to take off the tire and repair it. As I did so a man came along in a democrat, with a pair of mules, and as he looked at me fixing the tire, he called out, "Give me the mules," and I said, "Yes, stick to your mules, brother." He went on and he is not gone more than a mile when I passed him on the road, and cheerily said to him, "Stick to your mules, brother." Before I had gone half a mile I had another blowout. The man

came up and as he passed me again, he called out, "Give me the mules, mister." I repaired the tire and was soon on the way, and once more passed the mules, saluting my friend again with the statement, "Stick to your mules." Without further trouble, I went on to Assiniboia, held quarterly meeting, and when returning next meeting some twelve or fifteen miles distant from Assiniboia, I found the man camped beside the road, having spent the night there, and I passed him with a final salute and urged him to "stick to his mules."

During the year following this, I travelled over the Conference visiting missions and district meetings, finding the car a very great help when crossing from one line of railway to another.

In July, 1911, Dr. Chowen, the General Superintendent, came to Regina and took a trip with me into the Willow Beach county, very sparsely settled at that time. When we were some sixty miles south of Moose Jaw, he told me he had been travelling through the prairies for some years, but he had never seen them until now and he was entranced with the broad vision that greeted his eye from the place where we then were. He was greatly taken with a field of flax. The farmer had been settled there for some years and had managed to cultivate enough ground to have a large field of flax all in bloom. Dr. Chowen thought it was a lake in the distance, and was quite surprised when I told him we were going to drive through the middle of it, which we did.

As we came near to Assiniboia where there was a little more settlement, my car broke down and I had to secure means of transportation for Dr. Chowen to return. A farmer in the district very kindly offered to drive on to Ogea, some forty miles away from where we then were. He wrote a letter to my wife stating that he had left me wrestling with "The Red Angel," but that I was all right and he expected I would reach home in due time.

I stayed with a Mr. Patterson overnight, and the next day his son, having to drive to Moose Jaw with the oxen team, I hitched the car behind his wagon and he pulled me from Assiniboia into Moose Jaw. It was rather a humiliating experience for me to have to sit and guide the wheels of the car behind an ox team, to have people as they passed implying, if they didn't speak, "Wouldn't it be well for you to have oxen?"



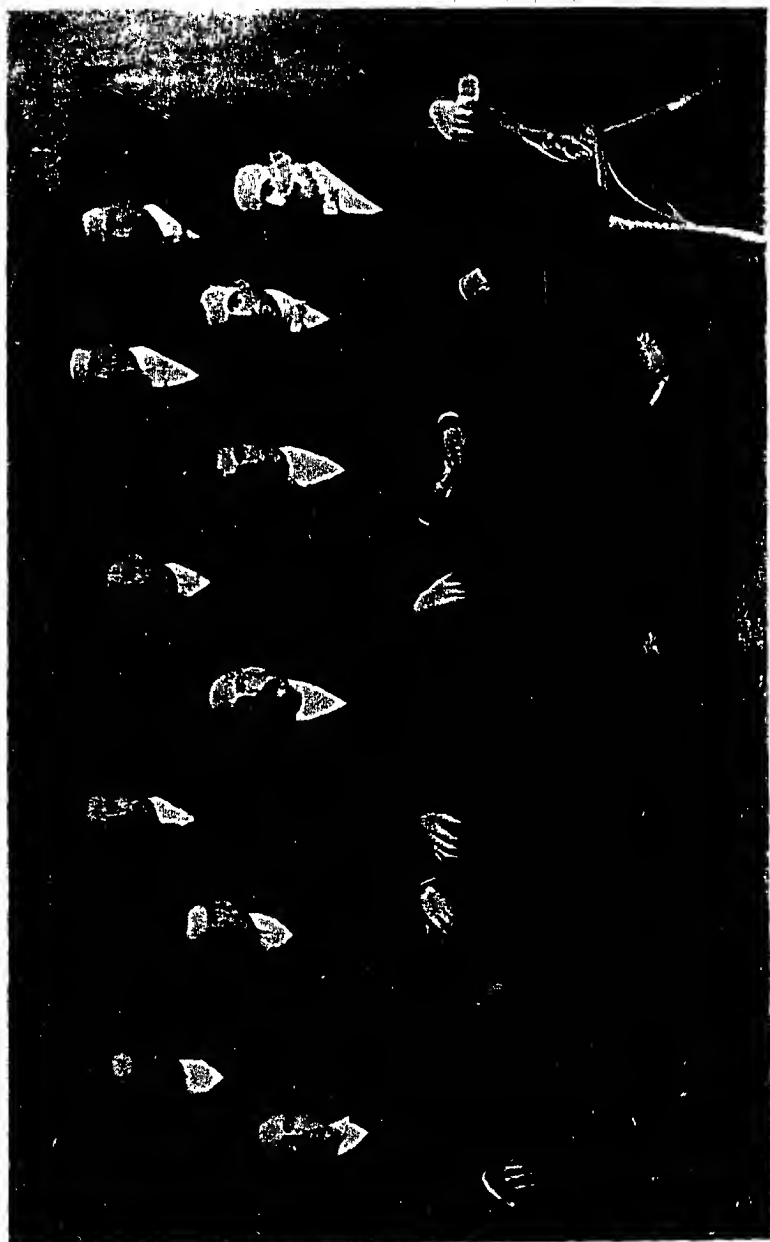
## CHAPTER VII

### CHURCH CO-OPERATION ON THE FRONTIER

PEOPLE WERE STILL COMING into the West in large numbers, necessitating the opening of more fields and rearranging others. During August and part of September I visited in Swift Current, Battleford, Prince Albert, Saskatoon and Yorkton Districts. Then I attended the Committee on Appropriation in Toronto and the General Board Meeting.

At this time another contingent of recruits for the ministry, secured by Dr. Woodsworth in England, arrived in Montreal. I met them on their arrival, took them to a room in the Wesleyan Theological College, where I assigned them to the Conferences and mission fields where they were needed. After touring London, Exeter and Sarnia Districts in search of men, I returned home.

From thence I continued the rounds of visiting missions and District Meetings up to the time of Conference, 1912, held in Moose Jaw. At this Conference my colleague in the Superintendency, Rev. J. A. Doyle, was elected President. At the close of the sessions, I was busy gathering up some papers when Doyle called to me from the door of the vestry saying they wanted me for a committee meeting. I said, "I am anxious to catch the train which is due to leave in a few minutes: is the meeting important?" "Yes," said Doyle, "very important." He then said, "There are a number of your friends, ministers and laymen, who think it's time you were having a change, and we want you and Mrs. Darwin to book your passage to England and at our expense take a three-months' vacation." This statement gave me the thrill of my life. It was something I had for years been hoping for, but I never expected to see its



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fulfilment. My emotions got the better of me and I was unable even to say, "Thank you." I left the room, started to the train for home, and it was some time before I could really believe it was true.

Soon after Conference, we were shocked to hear that Dr. J. W. Sparling, honoured and beloved principal of Wesley College, had passed away. I went to Winnipeg to attend the funeral which took place on June 18th, 1912. The whole West mourned the passing of this great soul.

On Sunday, June 30th, a friend from England came to visit us and was to have taken tea with us. It was an exceedingly hot day. About four o'clock the sky darkened and grew darker as the moments passed. We concluded a bad thunderstorm was approaching. Our friend decided to go home; he thought his family might be alarmed. For awhile everything was still. The air became stifling. I told my family they had better go down to the basement as I feared the storm was going to be of great intensity. The wind began to blow with increased fury. It blew our front door open. I went to the door and placed my shoulder to it, and with my feet on the bottom of the stairs for extra pressure, I tried to close it, but was unable to do so. Over my shoulder, through the small open space, I saw the roof of a house on the opposite side of the street disappear. Then the frame house next door to the south of us blew down, and the bricks from the chimney came through our dining room window and were whirled around the room, taking the pictures from the walls and plates from the plate rack, and mixing them all in the middle of the dining room. The wind split one corner of the roof and escaped, leaving the rest of the house undamaged. I do not think the fury of the storm lasted more than a minute, but it seemed a long minute.

When I looked out of the door and down the street, there was a terrible sight of houses demolished and the street a mass of bricks, timbers and other debris. Several people were killed and scores of people were injured. By the kind providence of our

Heavenly Father we escaped without injury. A gentleman from Crystal City, Manitoba, who was visiting his son in Regina, was on the street in a bewildered state. He told me this son was in the Y.M.C.A. Building and had been severely cut about his face with broken glass. This gentleman, Mr. J. J. Ring, stayed with us a few days and helped me repair the roof of our house. His son, Mr. L. B. Ring, after receiving treatment for his facial cuts, recovered without permanent injury.

I had often heard stories of cyclones by Americans, who told of the kinds of damage done by storms in various parts of the States. I listened to their stories with a good deal of mental reservation, since the things done appeared impossible. But after the cyclone in Regina, no matter what people would tell me about cyclones, I could readily believe them.

Metropolitan Church and parsonage were badly damaged. Rev. H. I. Lewis, pastor of the church, was by the bedside of his wife, who was an invalid. While the stairway was blocked by a mass of broken timbers, there was not a piece on the bed on which Mrs. Lewis lay. In the living room Miss Lewis, with two children, were in a corner, shielded by the piano. The rest of the room was littered with bricks and broken timbers, but they were unharmed. It was a terrific experience and one long to be remembered.

Our daughter and her husband, Mr. R. L. Norman, came to visit us, to see if we were all right, and returning to their home at Pincher Creek persuaded my wife to go with them, in order to relieve the nervous strain caused by the experience. A few days later I followed. It was a great relief to be able to spend a few days in this pleasant place at the foot of the mountains and enjoy the quiet and beauty of the surroundings.

The engineer of the train on which I was returning to Regina had received orders when approaching Seven Persons station to slow down and take the siding to avoid cars which were stalled on the main line. Whether he had disregarded these orders or

not we do not know, but taking the siding the engine left the rails and overturned, killing both engineer and fireman, and several of the passengers were severely injured. The sight of the dead men and the cries of pain of the injured passengers was a harrowing experience, and added to the effects of the cyclone experience, it was very trying on my own nerves. I had again to give thanks to God for His kindness in allowing me to escape without injury.

At this time in order to keep pace with the expanding work, the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches organized a committee of co-operation. The purpose of this organization was to do away with overlapping on mission charges. A booklet was prepared, called "Agreement for Co-operation in Home Mission Work." It provided for a joint committee of Synod and Annual Conference. This committee defined the local districts of the synod, or conference. Committees were appointed for each local district, of which Superintendents of Home Missions, Conveners of Presbyteries, and Chairmen of Districts were ex-officio members. These committees would meet in districts where there was overlapping, and after enquiry, first, as to which church was first on the ground, second, what was the number of communicant members, third, number of people attending, non-members, and the ability of the church to furnish a supply, it was quite interesting to note how many of the non-members, who had never attended the services, were presented on some of the lists.

On the basis of the committee's report, a field was assigned to one church or the other. Some assignments were made to the Presbyterian Church on the ground that "Methodists were more willing to co-operate than the Presbyterians." This became more apparent at the time of Union. The Joint Co-operative Committee for Saskatchewan met in Regina in 1911 and divided the province into districts which were largely co-terminus with the presbyteries and districts.

The first Local Committee was held in Swift

Current in May, 1912. These committees halted to a large extent the organization of local unions which had begun in a few places—at Frohisher, Kennedy, Melville, Kerrubert, and a few other places. A great amount of overlapping was eliminated, paving the way for the organic union of the three denominations, Presbyterian, Congregational and Methodist, which was consummated on June 10th, 1925.

From August 7th to September 15th, 1912, every day, Sundays and week-days, I visited missions in Battleford, Saskatoon, Yorkton, and Regina Districts. Then I went to Toronto for the meeting of the Committee on Appropriations, and from there to Brantford for the meeting of the General Board of Missions, after which, in search of men, I visited Brantford, Brampton, Chatham, Lucan, Essex and London. I reached Winnipeg on October 31st, for a meeting of Summer Supply Committee.

On November 5th, I attended a meeting of the Co-operating Committee in the Y.M.C.A. in Regina. After attending a series of District Meetings, Conference Missionary Committee, a Western Summer Supply Committee in Calgary, and then a meeting of the local Co-operating Committee in Saskatoon, I returned to Regina, where a number of ministers had a luncheon to bid me Godspeed on my leaving for England.

## CHAPTER VIII

### I SEE ENGLAND AGAIN

EARLY IN DECEMBER, with my wife and daughter, Nellie, I left for Montreal and from there, on the Steamship *Garmann*, we sailed for Liverpool. After a passage in which we endured some storm, but mostly smooth sailing, we reached Liverpool in time to enjoy Christmas festivities with relatives we had not seen for thirty years, and whom Nellie was seeing for the first time.

At the time of our arrival in Liverpool there was a strike of railway men, and traffic was greatly interrupted. I could not purchase tickets to our destination, but managed to get a train to Darlington, a junction point where we had to branch off from the main line. We were informed there might be a train going up the branch line on which we had to travel, but could not state the time it would leave. After some hours of waiting, an engine appeared on the track, and they began to make up a train. Soon carriages were attached and the train pulled up to the platform. The engineer stepped down from the cab, and began to oil the engine.

When Nellie saw the engine she began to laugh. Seeing that the engineer noticed her laughing, I said, "You don't know what this girl is laughing at?" "No," said he. "Well," I said, "she is laughing at this toy you have for an engine." (It was a small-sized engine used for branch-line traffic.) "Douse she think she won't pull err?" he asked. "Well, I don't know whether that is what she is thinking, but she is laughing at the engine." He came on to the platform with the oil tin in his hand and said, "Where is she from?" "From Canada," I replied. "Oh, fra Canada. I know Canada is a big spot. You 'ave big things in Canada. You 'ave big mountains, big prairies, big cornfields, big h'elevators to put your



corn bin. You 'ave big traints and big engines to pull 'em, but there h'is some things h'over 'ere she has not seen or 'eard. She has not seen a cuckoo nor 'eard 'im call. She 'as never seen a skylark h'in the h'air nor 'eard 'im sing." And thus he went on.

I stood charmed in the presence of this man in overalls, as he declared his knowledge of Canada, its resources in big things and limitations of hner things which make for happiness. To me, who had been living where people were absorbed in material things, whose lives were engrossed in the making of cooney, and where they were singing an anthem which ran something like, "Laud, lots, dollacs and wheat"—to stand in the presence of a man who realized that songbirds and things beautiful had to do with the making of life, was an inspiration.

Soon the train started and we reached the end of our rail journey. It was now ten o'clock in the evening, and we had three miles to walk to the home of our friends. We had not advised them of our coming, so there was no one to meet us. We went to a temperance hotel, owned and managed by two sisters whom I had known before I left for Canada thirty years previous. We were given rooms for the night, and next morning while we were at breakfast, every time the one who was serving us brought something to the table and returned, she stopped at the door with a look of curiosity. After breakfast, when ready to depart, I asked for the bill and said to the lady, "I noticed each time you were leaving the room after serving us, you gave us a look which made us feel as though you suspected us of pocketing some of your cutlery." "Oh, no," she said, "but I thought I had seen you before and was trying to place you." "Whom did you think it was?" I asked. "Well," she said, "I did not know, but now that you have spoken I think it must be Oliver Darwin." We were pleased to renew the acquaintance, and I was interested to find that after so long an absence I could be recognized by my voice.

Another evidence that such was the case was when a little later on I went into a men's furnishings store, kept by an old friend, to purchase a new hat. Finding one the right size, I enquired the price. "Half a guinea," he said. I said, "If you will give me a guarantee with this hat that no one will steal it within a year, I will give you a guinea for it." The man looked at me and said, "Is your name Oliver Darwin?" I said, "What makes you ask?" "Well," he said, "that voice is like the voice of an old friend by that name." I concluded my voice had not changed in all the years.

It was a beautiful morning, and, leaving our baggage, we started on our three-mile walk up a steep hill for the first mile. Everything appeared just as it was when I had climbed it so often thirty years before. I said to Nellie, "A little farther along we will come to a big stone at the forks of a dividing of the road. When your Mother and I were courting, two of our friends courting at the same time had to travel this road until we came to the stone, then they went to the road at the right and we to the left. After we had seen our girls home, if my friend got back to that stone before me he would place a small stone upon the big one, indicating he had gone home. I would do likewise should I be there first."

When we got to the place where the stone used to be, much to my surprise and disappointment the stone was gone. That was the only change which had taken place during our thirty years' absence. We were informed later, had we been two weeks earlier the stone would still have been there.

We reached our destination and there was great rejoicing at our arrival, but we had to endure censure on account of having kept our visit secret.

Our arrival had been announced in the paper, and on the first Saturday a friend from a place where I used to preach came along with his motor car to get me to preach for them the next day. He would come for me in the morning. I consented, and

preached in the morning, spoke to the Bible Class in the afternoon, and preached again in the evening, and had a delightful time meeting many friends with whom I had fellowshipped in earlier days. On Monday I was invited to attend a Christmas tree and entertainment, and gave an address in a village named Fir Tree.

The following Sunday, in the church which I attended at the time of leaving for England, I preached morning and evening, and during the three months in England I delivered twenty-three sermons or addresses to congregations in places where I preached years before.

I had some very interesting experiences during my visit. The day after our arrival from Canada I went alone to see my eldest sister in Middlesborough. It was in the afternoon. I rapped at the door, she came to answer. I asked about her husband; she said he was at work and would not be home before five o'clock. "Well," I said, "I will come in and wait for him." She did not encourage my doing this and seemed afraid. Then I said, "You are a great one, having a person come all this way to see you and then you won't let him in," and with that she recognized me and burst into tears, and I had to spend the next moments in consoling her.

The next morning a neighbour who had seen me at the door said to my sister, "You had a foreigner visiting you yesterday, I noticed." "Foreigner," said my sister, "it was my brother from Canada." People were greatly interested in seeing anyone from Canada in those days.

I was travelling one day on the train in the Wear-dale Valley. In the compartment there was only one man beside myself. I spoke to him as I entered the coach, but he did not make any response and seemed rather to resent a stranger speaking to him. We rode along, passed two or three stations, then coming to a station he was gathering together some

parcels he had. So I ventured to ask him if he was well acquainted with the people in that neighbourhood. He answered rather coldly that he was. I said, "The reason I ask is that I am from Canada and I used to know some people around here and wondered if they were still here." He dropped his parcels and took my hand to shake it, and said, "I have a brother-in-law in Canada. He resides at a place called Perdue, in Saskatchewan. His name is Hodgson." I asked, "Joss Hodgson?" "Yes," he said, "Do you know him?" Then he wanted me to visit him; his wife would be delighted to see me, knowing her brother. I was sorry I could not do so.

Continuing my journey I went to the end of the line to a place called "Wear Head," where I had promised a Regina friend I would visit his uncle, a Mr. Peart. He lived about a mile and a half from the station. There was no checking office, so I asked the station-master if I could leave my suitcase with him until I made my visit. He was quite willing. When I returned, I got my suitcase, and was walking along the platform. A man came up to me and said, "Excuse me, sir; I believe you are from Canada." "Why do you believe that?" I asked. He said the station-master told him. Then he said, "I have an uncle in Canada, at Prince Albert, Saskatchewan; he is a miller." I said, "Joseph Kidd." "Yes," he said, "do you know him?" He was delighted to find I knew his uncle and asked me to convey his good wishes to him. Numerous instances of like character I met with as I travelled around.

Visiting my wife's brother in Sunderland, we were to leave the following day to go to visit other relatives. I was walking along the street and saw crowds of men gathered in different places. I got near enough to them so I could hear their conversation. It was about a football game to be played at three o'clock. The game had been played previously at Manchester, but had to be replayed because the crowd had broken into the field and the game had

been called off. Now it was being played in Sunderland, so I went home and reported what I heard and changed our plans and decided to stay in Sunderland and see the game. My brother-in-law said, "We will have to get there by one o'clock." I said, "But the game is not till three." "We must get there before three," he said. So dinner was hurried, and at one o'clock we entered the playing field and the only place we could secure was standing room at the top of the grandstand. Thirty-five thousand people were already in the field, and half as many more were trying to get in. Mounted police rode around on the outside of the field, keeping people away. There was tremendous excitement and the home team won. Workshops had to close down to allow the men to attend the game. To a man from the Canadian prairie, to see the crowd of people was a great thrill. It was an indication of the great interest the English people take in the national game of football.

Journeying to London, we visited St. Paul's Cathedral—that marvellous monument to the architectural genius of Sir Christopher Wren. Just as we were coming out of the Cathedral I stepped on a piece of orange peel and my feet slipped. As I was falling on the large stone steps a gentleman entering the building caught me on his arm and said, "It is a good thing to have some one to look after you when you are away from home and drunk." I looked at him, and recognized a friend from Canada—Mr. J. H. Woodside from Port Arthur, Ontario. It was a remarkable coincidence, as neither of us knew that the other was away from Canada at the time.

An important debate on Home Rule for Ireland was about to take place in the House of Commons. I wrote to the Right Honourable Arthur Henderson, whom I had known thirty years before, asking if he could secure a ticket for me to attend the debate. He replied expressing his pleasure at my being in England, but regretted he could not secure a ticket for me as they had all been given out two weeks before.

He told me, however, of another debate on Welsh Disestablishment, which was to take place the following week. He invited me to take lunch with him at the Parliament Buildings on the day of debate. I met him at the time appointed and had two hours of very happy association while we conversed about the days when, as local preachers on adjoining circuits, we used to exchange appointments. I was given a good seat in the visitors' gallery and could see and hear all that was going on. The Prime Minister, Mr. Asquith, and Lloyd George both spoke. I noted with great interest the contrast between these two great men. When Mr. Asquith had to answer questions the first thing he did was to stand up to his full stature, every inch of him was on his feet, his fine head being adorned with black wavy hair. With quiet deliberation and in clear, chaste English he answered the questions and sat down. Mr. Lloyd George, when the question was called, was immediately on his feet, the answer given in less time than I can write it down. Two very different personalities. It was a great day for me and one for which I shall be always grateful to my friend, Arthur Henderson.

England was much the same as when I had left it thirty years before. I visited the steel works, where I was employed before leaving England, and found men working in exactly the same place and doing the very same kind of work. The one great exception was that a young man, a clerk in the office when I left, Thomas Miller, had risen to be the manager of the works. He escorted me all through, and coming up to some of the young lads who were now full-grown men he would ask, "Do you remember this man?" Some I could place, but others I did not recognize.

In my visits to places and churches where I used to visit and preach, I found the same spirit of friendly hospitality, but I found in church life the Wesleyan

congregations becoming more like the Church of England in the conduct of worship, the Primitive Methodist Churches becoming more evangelistic and Wesleyan.

The time was drawing near for our return to Canada. Early in March we boarded the Steamship *Empress of Britain*. It was a rather stormy passage and each of us had to pay tribute to old Father Neptune. We reached Toronto on March 17th, and visiting Wesley Buildings, headquarters of our Methodist Church, I was pleased to greet the officials in charge. Dr. Lorne Pierce was sitting at his desk with the door open. When I came near to him he rose to greet me, and taking hold of my hand with both of his he introduced me to Professor Michael, saying, "This man did me a kindness which I can never forget." I wondered for a while what he meant, and then remembered that when he was a young probationer for the ministry, he was stationed on a mission field where my daughter was living. I was visiting with her and she told me that Mr. Pierce was sick with typhoid fever. I went over to his boarding house to see him. My daughter had a bouquet of red carnations on the table, and I asked to be allowed to take a few over to Lorne. He was delighted to have them and expressed his pleasure at my visit. And now I was greatly interested to find, after so many years had passed, that he had not forgotten that incident.

When leaving for England I had to leave my car, "The Red Angel," in the garage at Kindersley, owing to the delay in obtaining parts necessary for repairs from Detroit, U.S.A. On my return to Regina I was presented with a bill of expense which was out of all reason according to experts in the business. I refused to pay the amount, but made an offer that was deemed fair and reasonable. The proprietor refused the offer and sold the car. I took the matter to the court, but before the trial the owner of the garage had skipped out of Kindersley and failed to

appear in court. The judge awarded me full value of the car, \$300, and \$185 expenses. The man had left nothing behind him from which we were able to collect. About two years afterwards I located him at Trenton, Ontario. But I was advised by Mr. A. W. Briggs, the well known lawyer of Toronto, that to pursue the matter with such a man would incur much expense with little hope of recovering. Thus ended the career of the little Red Angel, which had become known to Methodist people in every district of the Conference, and was now replaced by Henry Ford Model T.



## CHAPTER IX

### IN LABOURS ABUNDANT

DR. CUOWN was on a visit to the West, and we immediately went into a conference in Regina regarding New Canadian work. After that I attended a series of meetings dealing with local co-operation at Abernethy, Swift Current, Lemberg, Earl Grey, and Bullea. Then I attended a number of Official Boards and District Meetings, and also officiated at the opening of a church at Talmage and attended the Conference of 1913 at Moose Jaw.

Immediately after Conference I went to Chamberlain for church opening, then left for the east in search of men, visited St. Thomas and several points in the London Conference until the end of July. Returning to the West, I preached at Fort William on August 10th, and then visited all the missions from Assiniboia along the line west to Leitchville. From there I crossed over the country to Swift Current. I hit a stone and cracked the right side of the gear case of the car, which caused the oil to leak out. I was miles from a garage. In the distance I saw a wire fence. I took the pliers and cut off a piece of barbed wire from the bottom strand of the fence. I wound it around the casing, twisted it tight, closed the crack and was able to proceed until I came to a garage where I secured repairs.

Then I visited all the mission fields from Cabri to Prelate, returning to Swift Current for District Meeting on September 2nd. I attended District Meetings at Moose Jaw, Westburn, Broadview, Strasburg and Regina, then left for the Mission Board which met at Amherst, Nova Scotia, on October 4th. At the Board Meeting Dr. James Endicott, who for years had been a missionary in China, was appointed General Secretary of the Foreign Department of the Board.

It was a great joy for me to meet at this session of the Mission Board my friend, Walter A. Cooke, General Secretary of the Winnipeg Church Extension and City Mission Board, who was there to present certain matters having to do with the conduct of city missions in Winnipeg. On behalf of his Board he argued that city missions were an integral part of the responsibility of the General Board, and that instead of two separate appeals for missionary funds, it would be better if the General Board would finance mission work in cities, as well as in rural areas. As a result, the Board asked the General Secretary of Home Missions, Rev. James Allen, to meet the Winnipeg Committee with regard to the matter. The effect of the Conference was that the system was changed, and the General Board made available funds for the support of All People's Mission and other similar work in the city. As old friends, who had begun our ministry together in Saskatchewan, it was a mutual pleasure for Walter Cooke and me to meet, a pleasure that was happily repeated many times at subsequent meetings of the General Board and our friendship continued unbroken through the years.

During the sessions of the Board Meeting I preached at Amherst Head, and on the following Sunday, at Bond's Church and Smith Memorial in Halifax. I was asked by Dr. Borden, principal of the College at Sackville, to speak to the students attending the College. I went, accompanied by Rev. M. M. Bennett. Dr. Borden drove us in his car. Nearing the College there was quite a grade with ditches on either side of the road. Near the end of the grade a cow was on the road. I said to Dr. Borden, "You teach the students philosophy, mathematics, and other subjects; can you tell me which side of the road a cow will take when approached by a motor car?" He replied, "I think she will go to the right." We came up to the cow which was headed to the right, then suddenly she turned to the left, with the result that she was hit amidships and landed in the ditch. Fortunately for us, the car

remained on the road. After addressing the students on the opportunities for service in the West, we returned by train to Amherst.

After the Board Meeting, I went on to Moncton where Rev. H. A. Goodwin, a former Saskatchewan preacher, was in charge, and preached on the Sunday. From there I journeyed to Prince Edward Island and addressed a meeting in Charlottetown. While there I was entertained by a gentleman who had a fox farm. He showed me a pair of young foxes, which he said were valued at \$35,000, which I could hardly believe possible, although the industry then in its infancy commanded what seemed to me extraordinary prices. Visiting several places while in the East, in search of men, I returned West, and during the year I preached or delivered eighty-four addresses, and travelled 14,067 miles.

In 1914 the Conference met in Yorkton, and Rev. H. G. Cairns was elected President. Returning home after Conference, I had Rev. S. T. Robson in the car along with me. I was to take him to the station at Qu'Appelle, so he could go on to Indian Head, where he was stationed.

There had been a period of wet weather and the roads were in many places cut into deep ruts, then the hot sun had dried and hardened them, leaving them in rough condition. Rounding a bluff, we hit a hard, dry rut. A front tire blew out and the car turned upside down. I cut off the power from the engine and wondered about Robson. I was greatly relieved when he enquired, "Darwin, are you hurt?" I was not hurt at all. How he managed to get out of the car, he could not tell. It was a miraculous escape. I crawled out from underneath the car. We righted it, found the radius rod twisted, but otherwise undamaged. I took the radius rod off, a big stone near by served as an anvil, and I straightened it out, replaced it, put on the spare tire, and proceeded on our journey. We reached Qu'Appelle in time for the train, then I went on to Regina. I gave thanks to God for having been

saved from what might have been a tragic happening.

In the summer of 1914 crops in the southwestern part of the province were almost a total failure, owing to continual drouth. Day by day the farmers watched for rain which did not come. They witnessed the burning up of the growing crops by the rays of the scorching sun. Bravely did the missionaries minister to the people in these trying times, preaching the Gospel of hope and cheer, and said as true prophets, "Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines, the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat, the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls, yet will I rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." This was especially true in the Shannavon and Swift Current districts.

At the Swift Current District Meeting the chairman, Rev. C. Endicott, with all the characteristics of a courageous general, set an example for his men in splendid optimism when he said, "We must not allow this one year of failure to interfere with the maintenance of the work of Jesus Christ, the King of Kings, when we have so many years of abundant success to our credit. From my circuit this year I expect to have as much salary as I had last year, and increased contribution to the General Fund for Missions, and I want you to do the same." Even with my own optimism and faith in the liberality of the people, but knowing the conditions the fields were in, I thought he was asking too much. The response on the part of the representatives of the district to such a challenge was worthy of the heroism of the soldiers on the battlefields, and the motto of all the men from the various fields became in spite of the hard times, "As much for ministerial support as last year and the same amount for missions."

The result was that while a few fields failed to reach their objective, the district succeeded. For ministerial support they gave an increase of \$33, and

for missions an increase of \$237. A fine example of courageous leadership.

The annual Conference Missionary Committee was held in Regina on September 1st. I attended it and the next day a meeting of the College Executive, and then left for the east for the Meeting of the General Board, which was held in Toronto. Owing to the outbreak of war, there appeared to be a pessimistic note in the proceedings. This was voiced especially by Mr. J. W. Flavelle and Mr. H. H. Fudger, who was Treasurer of the Board. When the Committee on Appropriations brought in their reports it was estimated that there would be a shortage of fifty thousand dollars, and the question arose, "What to do about it?" We were told we could not expect as large sums of money from the wealthy men as in previous years, so the Committees were asked to reconvene and to see if they could not find some way of curtailing the amounts required, and thus provide for the amount needed.

The Foreign Committee brought in the report, stating the only way they could reduce the amount would be by stopping construction of buildings that were already underway. The Home Committee reported that the only way by which they could find the amount necessary was by reducing the grants recommended for missionaries on the field. After presenting these reports, a resolution was moved to adopt. This was seconded, and Dr. Chown, who was in the chair, was putting the motion when I rose to speak. It was just about the hour of adjournment and he was anxious to have the matter settled and said there was not time for debate. I moved the adjournment of the debate and it was carried by the Board. The next morning, after the opening exercises, I then had the floor and proceeded to enumerate the experiences I had during the interval.

When I had left the Board, it looked to me as though there were persons who thought it was about to die. I couldn't sleep that night and not being able to sleep, I took the missionary report and read

it from end to end to try to find a subscription that represented the giving of a wealthy business man, and I couldn't find a single subscription of that character in the report. About four o'clock in the morning the boys began to call the newspapers. I got up and purchased a paper and noticed that things were not going well for the Allies. That dampened my spirits a little more.

So, going to the Board Meeting that morning, contrary to my wife's idea of the fitness of things, I put on a black tie instead of a white one, thinking it might be more in keeping with the demise of the Board. Then I proceeded to say that I was surprised at the remarks which had been made by certain members of the Board, which indicated to me that they were putting up the white flag before they had had the first skirmish in the battle. I then said if there had to be any reduction in salaries, these should begin with the secretaries, and the superintendents of missions, and the missionaries on the field should be the last men to suffer. I then proposed a campaign to be undertaken by the secretaries. Instead of going to city churches where they had heard the reports of secretaries so often, they should turn their attention to some of the rich agricultural communities and go out and tell the people just what was needed and ask them to contribute that amount. Then, at the end of the year, if this should not succeed and there had to be reductions, they could be made, but this should not be done until a real campaign had been undertaken.

In reply to those who had stated that we could not expect large subscriptions in wartime from wealthy businessmen, I said, "I read the sporting pages in the papers once in a while. I saw where a man connected with a hockey team had made a contribution of ten thousand dollars. In another case it was stated that a man had contributed twenty-five thousand dollars to support a boxing enterprise.

But I couldn't find in the whole report where a man had given either ten or twenty-five thousand in order to carry on the great missionary enterprises of the Church. It was quite interesting to see Mr. Flavelle rise to his feet and, in his characteristic fashion rub his forehead with his hand, say that we had not looked upon this thing in a big way and thought that a campaign as indicated should be undertaken. After some further discussion the Board decided to carry out this plan. We came within five thousand dollars of raising the amount needed and no reduction in grants had to be made.

During my visit in the East, in order to try to secure some recruits for our Western work, I visited places in Hamilton and Montreal conferences. Then I returned to Winnipeg for a Board Meeting of the directors of Wesley College, as well as several committees on co-operation at different points.

I was appointed, along with two other persons, one of whom was Mr. Justice Brown, to visit Winnipeg to try to persuade the Rev. J. E. Hughson to take the principalship of Regina College. As I had known Mr. Hughson, I called him on the phone to arrange a time of interview. I gave him a hint as to the purpose of our seeing him. He arranged the time, and we were to meet in his study. He was then pastor of Grace Church, and was occupying the parsonage at the time.

We met in his study, and after the other members of the delegation had been introduced, Mr. Hughson said right off, "Now, gentlemen, I understand the purpose for which you have come. Before you say anything to me about the position and its possibilities, and before you mention a word of salary, or anything pertaining to the position, I want to say that anything that would take me from the pulpit and from the privilege of declaring the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, would be a step down and not upward." So our mission, so far as Mr. Hughson

was concerted, failed. Afterwards, Rev. Mr. Stapleford was selected as principal of the College.

At the close of the 1915 Conference, held in Regina, we found that we had fourteen men who had enlisted for services at the front, and sixteen fields needing supplies had to be left vacant. The war was affecting the church at home in many ways. One effect was to draw many of our younger ministers into the Chaplaincy Service, thereby creating vacancies on the home front.

To fully appreciate the work of a Superintendent of Missions, it is necessary to understand the methods by which the work was done and the basis on which grants from the Missionary Society were made to fields. It is to be understood that every field served by a missionary was responsible for the salary of the missionary. On new fields where the membership was small and the people unable to meet the minimum salary required, the Missionary Society made a grant to make up the salary. The Official Board made the estimate of what it could do towards raising the amount required, and then asked for the grant required. These estimates were made at the first Official Board meeting after Conference. Then, these grants were all reviewed and passed on by the Financial District Meeting and sent on to the Appropriation Committee which met just prior to the meeting of the General Board of Missions. The Board made the grants final.

The above procedure shows the necessity there was for the Superintendent of Missions to visit the fields where young inexperienced men were stationed, and to give guidance and encouragement to Official Boards to do their best towards self-support.

After the Board Meetings, the rounds of visitation of the fields, to encourage preachers and people in these lonely places, was undertaken. Then, in the springtime there began a round-up for the May District Meetings, preparing the returns and tabulating results for presentation to Conference.

Here I would like to give an illustration in concrete



form of the work of a Superintendent of Missions for the month of August, 1915, showing meetings attended and miles travelled.

<i>Date</i>	<i>Place</i>	<i>Meetings</i>	<i>Miles Travelled</i>
Aug. 1	Thorncliffe } Cedar Hill } West Lawn }	Sunday Services . . . . .	
2	Horizon . . . . .	Official Board . . . . .	47
3	Viceroy . . . . .	Official Board . . . . .	30
4	Hardisty . . . . .	Official Board . . . . .	50
5	Willow Bunch . . . . .	Official Board . . . . .	66
5	Limerlek . . . . .	Official Board . . . . .	10
6	Barton . . . . .	Official Board . . . . .	58
	Neville . . . . .	Official Board . . . . .	30
7	Hazlet . . . . .	Official Board . . . . .	184
	Sanford Denes . . . . .	Official Board . . . . .	
8	Waldensian Valley } Happy Valley }	Sunday Services . . . . .	82
9	Estuary . . . . .	Official Board . . . . .	100
10	Prelate . . . . .	Official Board . . . . .	26
11	Lancer . . . . .	Official Board . . . . .	25
12	Cabri . . . . .	Official Board . . . . .	35
	Home for a day . . . . .		204
15	Imperial } Bermuda } Stalwart }	Sunday Services . . . . .	
16	Imperial . . . . .	Official Board . . . . .	186
20	Manna . . . . .	Official Board . . . . .	115
21	Hughton . . . . .	Official Board . . . . .	60
	Penkill . . . . .	Official Board . . . . .	30
22	Eston } Ownersville }	Sunday Services . . . . .	
	Eston . . . . .	Official Board . . . . .	55
23	Brock . . . . .	Official Board . . . . .	25
24	Dodsland . . . . .	Official Board . . . . .	30
	Tramping Lake . . . . .	Official Board . . . . .	42
26	Wilkie . . . . .	District Meeting . . . . .	105
27	Rosetown . . . . .	District Meeting . . . . .	84
28	Dinsmore . . . . .	Official Board . . . . .	75
29	Glenhurst } Ardath } Bounty }	Sunday Services . . . . .	35
31	Milden . . . . .	District Meeting . . . . .	
	Home . . . . .		218
Total . . . . .			2,025

The above was the kind of programme carried out year by year, names of places changed as railway towns were located and post office centres changed. After attending several meetings in the West, I left for Toronto to attend the meeting of Mission Board.

The first year's work under war conditions had been one of much interest and anxiety. The General Board of Missions convened in a spirit of optimism and thankfulness, for the policy decided upon a year previously had been abundantly justified.

Returning to Regina, I attended the Conference Special Committee, also Missionary Committee, and then a meeting with College supplies in Winnipeg. During November, December and January I visited Battleford, Moosomin, Weyburn, Yorkton, Swift Current, and Arcola Districts.

In February I took time off for a holiday to attend and curl in the Winnipeg Bonspiel. I had done this for several years, and in doing so had made contacts with men from all parts of the West, which often resulted in their attendance at the services I conducted in the towns from which they had come.

In March I attended a meeting of college students in Wesley College, Winnipeg, a meeting of the Board of Governors of Regina College, and a meeting of the same College Board.

At this meeting the Hon. George Brown, Lieutenant-Governor of Saskatchewan, undertook to criticize preachers in general, for what he said was their lack of business ability and sense. He did this in such a way as to stir up my Yorkshire indignation at his unfair and unjust remarks. I told him that donning a Windsor uniform did not give him licence to hail men in the way he had done. I told him plainly that the troubles the College had to face were not due to ministers' lack of business sense, but largely because of his inflated ideas of what good business methods were. This made the Governor very angry for a while, but he got over it and gave me an invitation to a reception at Government House shortly afterwards, when he was quite gracious.

Along with Rev. J. A. Doyle, I went to Edmonton for a meeting of College supplies. On board the train I showed him a letter I had received from Rev. Dr. Crummy, Principal of Wesley College, Winnipeg, which read as follows:

April 1st, 1916.

DEAR DR. DARWIN:

The Board of Directors of Wesley College at its session last night extended to you the degree of Doctor of Divinity *honoris causa* for distinguished service rendered in laying the foundations of Methodism in these Western Provinces, and for equally distinguished services in the superintendence and direction of the work during these later years.

I hope you will see fit to accept this degree and that you may be able to be present to receive it on Friday night next at the Annual Theological Convocation.

Would you kindly indicate to me by return mail your willingness to accept the degree, if that be your mind, as I trust it will be, and state whether or not you can be present.

If it is absolutely impossible for you to be present we can confer the degree in absentia, but of course it would be a great pleasure to myself and to all of us if you could be present.

Yours sincerely,

(Sgd.) EBER CRUMMY

Doyle, out of the greatness of his heart, expressed his delight and wanted me to leave the train and return to Winnipeg for the Convocation. I said, "No, I will stay with the work we have on hand." Of course, I was much surprised and wondered whether I should accept this honour, whether with my lack of academic training it might be a handicap more than a help. My own thought was that to continue as plain Oliver Darwin would be best. Then, considering the judgment of the College Board and their believing me worthy, I gave my consent, and the degree was conferred "in absentia."

The man who presented me to the Convocation was a man who had been the greatest inspiration to me, and exercised the greatest influence for good, more than any person I had ever known, Rev. Andrew Stewart, D.D. A friend who was present at

the Convocation, in writing me, said, "Dr. Stewart introduced you among a flock of geese." I wondered what this could mean, and learned afterwards he had related an incident which occurred when I was stationed at Boissevain years before.

We were standing at the door of our parsonage in Boissevain when we noticed flocks of geese flying south. I said to Mr. Stewart, "How would you like to take a goose back with you?" "That would be fine," he said. I got my gun, brought around the pony from the stable, mounted him, and galloped over to a hill about half a mile away, over which the geese were flying. Reaching this point just as a flock were approaching, I dismounted, and from behind the pony I fired and dropped the leader of the flock. They became disorganized for a few seconds and I could have shot another, but the other shell in the gun failed to go off. I picked up the goose I had shot and returned to the stable, and gave Mr. Stewart the goose. In some form or other he made use of this incident as he introduced me to receive the honour of D.D.

From every part of the Dominion and from Newfoundland I received letters of congratulation. They did not elate me, but made me feel very humble, for I deemed myself unworthy of the distinction and feared I might not be able to live up to what might be expected of me. I could only thank God for the friends who thought me worthy of this honour, and ask for grace to enable me so to live as to merit their confidence.

I continued the ordinary routine of visiting missions, attending Board and District Meetings until the Conference met in Moose Jaw on June 5th, 1916. Here, another unexpected honour was conferred upon me in my being elected President of the Conference.

The year 1916 was a busy one, having the duties of President of Conference besides my regular work as Superintendent of Missions. During the year I preached at thirty-six different places on Sundays,

attended nine Quarterly Boards, six meetings of Co-operating Committees, and five meetings of College Boards, and of the seventeen Districts within the Conference meeting twice a year, I attended twenty of their sessions.

I had to make two trips to Toronto, the General Board of Missions, and the Transfer Committee Meeting, also meetings of the Student Summer Supply Committee at Winnipeg and Edmonton, besides the visitation of scattered missions all over the Conference.

During this year Rev. Dr. Woodsworth, our Senior Superintendent of Missions, passed to his reward. I attended the funeral services in Young Church, Winnipeg, on January 28th. Very fine tributes were paid to his beautiful character, splendid executive abilities, and the great work he had done during the period of years he served as Superintendent of Missions.

In connection with troubles in Wesley College, several meetings were held which culminated in the resignation of Dr. Crummy as Principal. I was called upon to make a report of these meetings to the Conference of 1917, in Saskatoon. Rev. J. C. Hartley was elected President at this Conference. In giving my report, I made reference to what I considered an unfair attitude taken by Professor Bland against Dr. Crummy, which greatly incensed many of the Professor's admirers among the younger members of the Conference, losing favour with them in consequence. Nevertheless, I remained firm in what I stated.

On June 4th, I attended a meeting of the College Board, called to appoint a new Principal and Professors. Mr. J. H. Ashdown, who had been charged with the duty of selecting a Principal, named Rev. J. H. Riddell, and the Board endorsed his recommendation and a reorganization of the College took place. Although he had to face a delicate and difficult situation, his sagacious and sympathetic administration abundantly justified his appointment.

Dr. Riddell left the College in a sound and healthy condition.

Immediately after Conference on June 19th, I attended a meeting of the Local Co-operating Committee at Delight School, and a meeting for the organization of a Union Church at Eyebrow, and after that a District Meeting at Weyburn, and went to Winnipeg for another meeting of Wesley College Board. After attending several District Meetings in Manitoba and Saskatchewan Conferences and a meeting of Wesley College Board, I went on to Toronto for General Board Meeting. Returning, I attended the Local Co-operating Committees at Brandon and Keewatin until the middle of January.

## CHAPTER X

### FROM THE GREAT LAKES TO THE PACIFIC

AT THE SUGGESTION of Dr. L. H. White, Superintendent of Missions for British Columbia, and endorsed by Rev. James Allen, General Secretary of the Board of Home Missions, I was requested to visit British Columbia and see at first-hand some of the mission fields of the Conference. On January 27th I preached in Mount Pleasant Church in the morning, visited the Chinese and Japanese schools in the afternoon, and preached for Rev. A. E. Roberts in Turner Institute in the evening. On the 28th I was given a kind reception and welcome to British Columbia by the Ministerial Association.

On the 29th I gave an address at Sapperton and spent a pleasant night at the parsonage with Rev. George and Mrs. Hackett, on the 30th, Lantern Views of the Prairies, at Kirsilano, on the 31st at North Vancouver, and on February 1st at First Avenue. On the 3rd in Nanaimo, Wallace Street in the morning, spoke to the Indians in their church in the afternoon, and Haliburton Street in the evening.

Then I boarded the *Thomas Crosby* and we visited three lighthouses, and in the evening came to Cape Mudge. As we neared the Cape, we saw a great fleet of boats of all sizes and kinds, gas boats, sail-boats, rowboats and canoes, big and little. The Captain said, "They are having a potlatch." The Captain anchored the *Crosby* and in a small rowboat Dr. White and I went ashore and visited the potlatch. There was a great log building, I would think over one hundred feet long, and forty or fifty feet wide. There were Indians, men, women and children, all huddled together, a big fire in the centre, the smoke and sparks going out through a great hole in the roof.

At about ten o'clock at night, all the light being from the fire, a number of women at one end of the building were chanting and moaning weird sounds, and a beating of tom-toms, furnished what I presume they called music. Then a wild man from the woods came in and danced and went through all kinds of contortions and kept them up long after we left. From what we saw we could well understand why missionaries and decent people were opposed to the potlatch. Cape Mudge at this time was a dirty village with squalid log houses and unsanitary conditions, presenting a great challenge for missionary work.

We went on to Alert Bay and gave a lantern talk. From there we went to Pine Island and ran into a storm and had to seek shelter. On the 9th we were at Bella Coola. I gave a lantern talk, visited the hospital, and then left for Ocean Falls. I preached on the Sunday and showed the pictures. The next day we were at Bella Bella and visited the hospital in which Dr. Darby and his staff were carrying on their great work of healing and service. We gave the lantern talk in the church. The next day we were at Swanson Bay, and from there went to Hallet Bay.

On the 17th we were at Prince Rupert and were pleased to have a visit with Rev. W. S. A. and Mrs. Crux, fellow-workers from the prairies. I preached and after the evening service showed the pictures. Mrs. Crux treated me to a crab salad such as I had not tasted since leaving England. It was a real treat to renew fellowship with these treasured friends.

Dr. White returned to Vancouver the next day. We continued our journey on to Port Simpson and gave a talk and showed the lantern slides. I asked Dr. Spencer if the people made any contribution toward the upkeep of the *Crosby*. He said, "They have not done so." I said, "I think you ought to ask the people to do so. They are pleased to have the *Crosby* visit them. Tell them what it costs to maintain the boat and make possible these visits." Mr. W. H. Pierce was present and Dr. Spencer got



him to speak and make an explanation regarding cost, etc. He made the explanation and asked for a collection. He said, "You used to get for your salmon so much (naming the price), now you get so much (which was very much greater). You are well able to do something towards the cost of these trips." They took up a collection, which amounted to sixteen dollars and twenty-five cents.

On our way over from Prince Rupert, it was quite rough sailing. Mrs. Kergin was journeying with us. Captain Oliver, who loved a game of checkers, challenged me to a game. We were seated at a table, just above the stairway leading to the lower part of the boat. There were sounds coming from the cabin, indicating there was something wrong with Mrs. Kergin. The Captain was getting the better of the game and I was not feeling just right and asked to be excused. I went out on to the deck, and a flock of porpoise were right beside us, and I could not refrain from paying tribute to Father Neptune and the porpoise. I felt better, but did not care to resume the game.

From Port Simpson we journeyed to Victoria, reaching there Saturday evening, and we stayed over Sunday. I was billeted at the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. David Spencer, where I received a welcome and was shown kindness I shall never forget. I preached in Metropolitan Church in the morning and at Wesley Church in the evening.

Sunday evening several persons were gathered in the Spencer home, among whom was Mr. Gerry McGeer. About ten o'clock Mrs. Spencer brought the large family Bible and placed it on a small table and requested me to conduct family worship, after which I was permitted to retire. I shall always feel grateful to Dr. White for arranging and making it possible for me to enjoy the gracious hospitality of that delightful Christian home.

I left the *Thomas Crosby* here, feeling devoutly thankful to Captain Oliver and his crew for the great kindness tendered to me during the many days we

had spent together, days such as I never expected to enjoy again. But at a later date this did become possible.

I next visited Esquimaux where Rev. Robert Hughes was pastor. I was surprised but delighted to find his wife to be a person whom I had met on the prairie, and had many times enjoyed the hospitality of her parents' home in Milestone, Saskatchewan. Mr. and Mrs. Reed were esteemed members of the Methodist Church there. I showed the pictures of the prairie, which were very interesting, especially to Mrs. Hughes. From there I went to Duncan, where I met another prairie old friend in the person of Rev. J. W. Dickenson, who had retired from the ministry and was then engaged as Secretary of the Municipality. I gave the lantern views here, also at Cumberland and Port Alberni.

Returning to Vancouver, on March 3rd, I preached at Wilson Heights in the morning and at New Westminster in the evening. On the 5th I went to Kamloops, and here visited with my very much beloved friends, Howard and Mrs. Ireland, and from there I went to Kelowna, where Rev. E. D. Braden had gathered together a number of former prairie people, to whom I had ministered when stationed at Wolsley. I gave a short address, recalling experiences of earlier days. From there I went to Nelson and preached morning and evening. I spent two days in fellowship with my dear friends, the Abbott family, who were occupying the parsonage, and then left for home, having seen much of British Columbia and delighted with the fellowship and kind treatment accorded me by Dr. White and the brethren I had been privileged to meet.

My first meeting on returning to the prairies was a meeting of the Executive of Wesley College Board, then a meeting on work among New Canadians at All People's Mission. Then I left for Toronto for a special meeting of the General Board of Missions and returned to Regina for the Saskatchewan Conference of 1918. Rev. M. M. Bennett was elected

President. During the year I had moved to Winnipeg. From the Saskatchewan Conference I went on to attend sessions of Manitoba Conference held in Grace Church. Rev. J. W. Churchill was elected President.

In looking over these four years of war, 1914 to 1918, one has to conclude it had a very marked effect upon the work of the Church. The changed conditions of the times made men think differently. It became easier to talk to them of God and things eternal. The distress and deep-felt need of the times compelled men to think seriously, and to seek assistance from the Highest, to turn from the valleys of material and human inefficiency and lift their eyes unto the hills from whence cometh help.

In the spirit in which so many of our brave men enlisted in the defence of king and country, the missionaries on the various fields have bravely and heroically served and done valiant work for King Jesus, for Canadian homes and Canadian citizenship. This same spirit of sacrificial service on the part of the people is evidenced in their splendid liberality shown in increased givings to ministerial support and to the Missionary Fund of the Church, an increase in ministerial support of \$16,044, and in missionary givings of \$14,457.

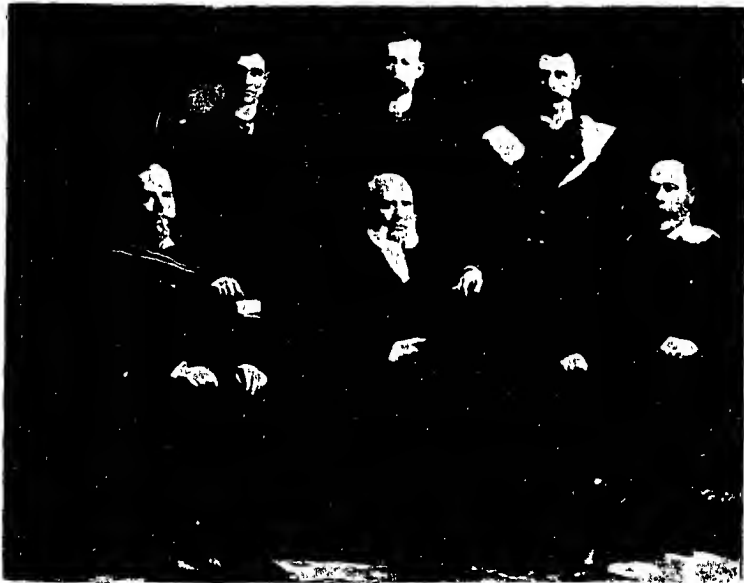
Soon after the Conference of 1918, I attended the summer school at Rock Lake, Manitoba, and gave four addresses. What might have been a serious accident occurred, owing to the caretaker of the camp having gone away. One of the boats began to drift out into the lake. I started to swim out after it. The wind was blowing off-shore and when I got out some distance the water became quite rough and I happened to get a mouthful which stuck in my throat and I couldn't breathe. After a while I turned quickly over onto my back, and in doing so got ease. The boat was some little distance out. I managed to get to it and climbed in. Fortunately there was a paddle in the boat and by means of that I was able to bring the boat to shore, but the nervous



DR. JAMES WOODSWORTH



DR. CHARLES EMBCOTT



*Permission of Ripston Press*

THE FACULTY OF WESLEY COLLEGE IN 1892



strain made me quite sick and I left the camp and went home to Winnipeg, and for two days had to suffer the consequences. However, after a rest I was all right and able to continue my work.

My next trip was to the Rainy River District, going on the Canadian Northern train from Winnipeg. It was one of the first trains that ran over that part of the road. The conductor on the train was an old friend of mine. There were not many passengers, he had not many tickets to collect, and for want of something better to do he would come to the seat where I was, sit down, and talk to me. While we were engaged in conversation the newsboy—I don't think he could have been more than thirteen or fourteen years of age—came through the car with a box in his hand. When he came to where we were sitting he held the box in front of me and said, "Cigar, sir?" I said, "No, thank you, boy, I don't smoke." He passed on and then went back to the baggage car where he kept his goods. The conductor said to him, "You shouldn't offer that man cigars, he is a Methodist preacher. He doesn't smoke," and the boy said, "How do you know he's a Methodist preacher?" "Oh," he said, "I have known that man a long time; twenty years ago he and I used to work together in a sawmill," and the boy said, "Oh, go on." He said, "That is so." Later the boy came into the car again, and as he approached me I knew he was going to say something for his eyes were just sparkling and dancing. When he came to my seat he said, "Say, the conductor says you and he used to work together in a sawmill twenty years ago. Is that so?" I said, "That's so, my boy." Then he said, "Isn't that great? You and he worked together in a sawmill and now he's a conductor and you're a preacher." I said, "Yes, my boy, and the Lord only knows what you may be, providing you will give the best there is in you to the best there is for you. You may be President of this road for anything you know." The little fellow stretched

himself up, and said, "Then, sir, it's worth while giving my best."

Another incident on the Canadian Northern train occurred one evening between six and seven o'clock. Mr. W. Brown, who was Superintendent of the Division, passing through the car said to me, "Have you been to dinner, Darwin?" I said, "That's a funny question for you to ask on a train like this—no dining car and no dining halls along the route. How can a man purchase dinner?" He smiled and passed on to the baggage car, and then, returning, as he passed me he said, "You come back with me." I went with him to the rear of the train where his private car was attached. His Chinese cook had a fine dinner on the way—roast turkey with all the vegetables, cranberry sauce, and a fine dessert. After dinner Mr. Brown said to me, "You take that easy chair. I don't know whether you smoke or not, but if you do, there's a box of cigars; you help yourself." I didn't take any of the cigars, but I took the easy chair and rode from there into Fort William in more than ordinary comfort.

The next day being Sunday, I preached at Fort William in the morning and Port Arthur in the evening. On Monday I visited Murillo and attended the Quarterly Board, and that night I returned to Winnipeg.

After attending numerous meetings in the two Conferences I left for Toronto for General Board of Missions, and on to the General Conference which was held in Hamilton. On October 6th I preached in Zion Church in the morning and Watertown in the evening. On the 13th I preached in the morning in Caledonia Church, on the 20th in the Emerald Street Church in the morning and Siucoc Street in the evening. I left for Winnipeg the next day. I was aroused from my slumbers early one morning with the sound of whistles and automobile horns and the rattle of tin cans, which indicated the "Cease Fire" order had been given and the war was ended.

Feelings of joy were being released, and all that day from morning till night there was a constant sound of blowing of whistles and horns, and the rattle of tin cans attached to automobiles driving through the streets. It was a day of great gladness for all people.

Then I went from there to Parry, in Saskatchewan, and held three services on the field that day, and then attended Conference Special Committee in Regina. Returning to Winnipeg, I preached in Young Church in the morning and Weston in the evening.

On January 3rd I attended a missionary banquet in Winnipeg. From there I went to Carberry on the 11th, for missionary sermons. On the Monday morning Rev. S. Wilkinson, who was in charge of the work at Carberry, was seeing me to the train. Passing a drug store where a large thermometer was hanging outside the door, he looked at the thermometer and turned up the collar of his coat—he hadn't felt the cold until he saw the thermometer, and when it registered 43 degrees below zero he thought it was time to protect his ears.

On the 26th I took services at Enterprise, East Mountain, and Hohlfield. On journeying home, nearing Manitow, a well-dressed young man, who looked to me like a commercial traveller, sat down beside me and started to talk. Every few words he spoke he had to put in some kind of an oath, using the name of God and Jesus Christ in a way they ought never to be used, and using other words that I did not enjoy listening to. I wanted to give the fellow a rebuke and to put it in the mildest form I knew how. I began to tell him some kind of story, and every few words I said, "chains and horses," and kept on saying, "chains and horses," until the man looked at me in a peculiar way and said; "Why do you say, 'chains and horses'?" That's what I wanted him to say.

Then I said to him, "When you sat down beside me, I looked at you. I saw you were well-dressed



and you looked intelligent, and I came to the conclusion you must be from some centre of civilization where some new method of speech had been introduced. As I had spent so much time travelling on the frontier, I felt that I must be getting behind the times, but wanting to keep up-to-date I thought that, instead of the words that you were using, I would put in, 'chains and horses.'" The man slapped his knee with his hand and said, "I'm a damned fool." Then he began to tell me about his mother who lived in Ontario and two sisters who were at home, and he spoke about the atmosphere of the home being altogether different from the kind of atmosphere indicated by his blasphemous expressions. We rode on for some distance, and then, when he left the train, he thanked me for the rebuke I had given him and said he would endeavour not to be caught that way again.

After attending a series of meetings in the two Conferences, I went to Regina for Saskatchewan Conference, at which Rev. M. M. Bennett was elected President.

On the 4th of June I had to go to Welwyn to bury the Rev. William Elton, who had passed away a day or two before. Then I attended the Manitoba Conference held in Grace Church, Winnipeg. I also attended several meetings pertaining to church extension, inter-church relationships, publicity committee, and Board of Directors of the City Extension Committee. District Meetings at Souris, Crystal City, Carman and Newdale, Rouleau and Moose Jaw.

On August 3rd I visited Vancouver, preaching in Wesley Church, then returned to Winnipeg for Church Extension Society meeting, and an inter-church meeting in the Y.M.C.A. building. This really ended my work as Superintendent of Missions for the prairie provinces.

Summing up my experiences as a Missionary Superintendent on the prairies and in the mining areas around Fort William and Fort Frances in Ontario, I

have travelled a distance of 456,552 miles, an average of 26,862 miles per year. I have used various methods of transportation, riding horseback, a two-wheeled sulky and buckboard. During the winter periods I have used sleighs made out of packing boxes fastened on wooden skids, carioles and modern cutters. I have made free use of bicycles and motor cars, and also travelled on freight trains, riding with the engineer in his cab and with the train crews in their caboose. I have travelled in the day coach, the tourist car and standard sleeper on the modern trans-continental trains. Along the rivers I have travelled by row-boat, canoe, gas-boats of all sizes, and on steamships of the most modern type.

I have slept in stables, straw stacks, and rolled up in blankets and robes on the open prairie. I have preached in sod houses, stores, station houses, implement sheds, pool rooms, school houses, and churches of every size and description. I have spent many, cold, dreary hours at stations where there was no agent and no fires in the waiting rooms, and at all hours in the night when trains were running hours late. I have spent many hours, sometimes days, waiting for trains that stalled in snowdrifts and at other times were held up by wash-outs. I have been in many accidents in which others have been killed or injured yet I have been providentially spared to carry on my work. I have travelled through every province in this Dominion and preached or delivered addresses in churches in every city or town of importance from Halifax to Victoria.

It was because of my knowledge and experience gained in this way, and the many contacts I made with preachers and people that the Methodist Church of Canada through its Board of Missions appointed me as representative of the Methodist Church in Great Britain. I cannot help but reflect on the contrast of my coming to Canada years ago with no expectation of any other career but that of a worker with my hands, and my returning to my native land

as the official representative of the great Church I had served in so many different capacities. Truly

There's a divinity that shapes our ends  
Rough bew them as we will.

My appointment was made by the Board of Missions at its session in October, 1919. Returning West I began to prepare to leave for England. It was the hope that not only would I assist emigrants coming to Canada in general, but specialize on securing recruits for the ministry and perhaps be of service in advising school teachers of the opportunities for positions in the Canadian West. With the latter end in view I interviewed the Educational Departments of the three Western Provinces in Winnipeg, Regina and Edmonton.

One of the regrets we had in leaving for England was to part with a grandson, Billy Finline, who had been with us since the death of his mother. He had been a great joy to us. Our grief was relieved by the thought that he would be well cared for by his Grandmother Finline in Regina. We were also sorry to have to part with a young man attending university and boarding with us, Albert Cooke, son of our dear friends, Dr. W. A. and Mrs. Cooke. It had been a joy and great pleasure to have his companionship in the home, and in later years to meet him again occupying the position of a professor in the University of British Columbia.

## CHAPTER XI

### CHURCH REPRESENTATIVE IN GREAT BRITAIN

WE LEFT WINNIPEG in the middle of November, on the first lap of our journey, and called at Wesley Buildings, Toronto, where, at a meeting of the Missionary and other Officials we were given a farewell and were presented with a standard copy of the newly-edited American Revised Bible. Rev. Dr. Briggs in gracious words of appreciation and good wishes made the presentation, and Dr. Armp wrote on the fly leaf the following:

REV. O. DARWIN, D.D.

A spontaneous expression from members of the Methodist Church, Wesley Buildings, Toronto. Presented on the occasion of his leaving to represent our Church in the Mother Land. With Dr. and Mrs. Darwin go our affection and our prayers.

The next day we left for New York where we had booked passage on the Steamship *Carmania*. On reaching New York we learned that owing to an accident suffered by the *Carmania* she would be unable to sail. The White Star *Cedric* was in port and was to sail in two days. We managed to secure a transfer to that ship, and proceeded on our journey.

We arrived in Liverpool in time to spend Christmas with relatives. My first task, of course, was to find suitable house accommodation—not an easy thing to do. But at last, being unable to secure any place of abode, my friends, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Kerr, the Canadian Emigration Agent in Liverpool, offered to share their comfortable home with us. We deeply appreciated this kindness and for three months lived in happy association with Mr. Kerr and his family. We heard of a house for sale—the Missionary Society

advanced the money, and we bought the house and settled down to English housekeeping.

People in England were still being rationed and we found it to be a very different experience from what we had been accustomed to in Canada. This rationing continued for six months after our arrival in England.

My next task was to make contact with the officials of the various Methodist bodies. In this I was greatly hindered because of a misunderstanding between the Wesleyan officials and the officials of our Canadian Church.

Dr. C. E. Manning, the General Secretary of Home Missions, had notified the Methodist periodicals in England of my appointment and arrival in England before the Wesleyan authorities had been advised. The situation created was one of friction between the two churches, but when it was pointed out to Dr. Manning that his course had not been a wise one, he promptly and generously acknowledged his mistake and expressed his regret. Fortunately, the official in England who had to do with the matter was an old friend of mine, and he did much to iron out the difficulties. Unfortunately, he passed away before a clear understanding had been reached. I refer to the late Rev. Simpson Johnson. I had known him when he was in the Barnard Castle Circuit in England. He remembered our former association and in a letter to Dr. Manning said, "On behalf of our Committee and of the whole Methodist Conference, we will render Dr. Darwin every assistance that is possible."

The Wesleyan Church had a department for handling the problem of emigration, but unfortunately the other Methodist bodies had no similar organization. It took some considerable time and not a little difficult negotiation to have a policy of emigration framed which would be subscribed to by all the churches concerned. But at last we succeeded.

It provided that "all emigrants to Canada who are reported to the Brotherhood Department of the

Church shall be placed in communication with Dr. Darwin who would accept the responsibility of giving them all the direction and assistance necessary."

Our next immediate business was to locate a suitable office in Liverpool. After some difficulty I was able to make arrangement for office space in the Central Hall Mission which had been erected in memory of the Rev. Charles Garrett who did so much for the people of Liverpool. I was also fortunate in securing a daughter of the Rev. A. F. Guttery as my secretary. She proved to be very efficient, capable and faithful.

Having succeeded in getting a working agreement between the three Methodist bodies, and having secured suitable office space in the Central Hall in Liverpool, we were ready to outline our method of work. On having information, if given in time, we wrote to those who were planning to emigrate to Canada, enclosing a Brotherhood Badge, asking them to wear the same on board ship, thus enabling us to recognize them, and also for our chaplains at the port of disembarkation to give them a welcome and any assistance on starting the rail journey to their destination.

The ministers in charge of the fields nearest to the locality to which they were going, were notified. They were asked to be on the lookout for the immigrants and to give them a welcome to the fellowship of the Church. This service was much appreciated as evidenced by a letter received from the province of Saskatchewan:

I must apologize for not writing earlier to tell you I have arrived quite safely, and to thank you for your kind thought in sending letter of introduction to the pastor of the church in this district. Please accept my thanks for all your kindness.

The following is from a minister in Ontario:

I went the afternoon I received your letter, to the address you forwarded, and sure enough, they were there. I assure you they were more than surprised when I told them that I had received word from you of their coming, and their street address. They were delighted to find recognition in

this way, in a strange land. It has tied them up to our Church in right good fashion, and has been the means of bringing the family they came to, along to the Church. Previously they had gone nowhere.

We sent hundreds of letters of like character and received replies thanking us for service rendered. We think this was a ministry worthwhile, which had in it something pertaining to the spirit of friendliness expressed by James Whitcombe Riley in the words:

Oh, this world's a curious compound  
With its honey and its gall,  
With its cares and bitter crosses,  
But a good world after all.  
What a good God must have made it,  
Leastways that is what I say  
When a load is on my shoulder  
In a friendly sort of way.

Not only from the Methodist Churches in Great Britain were we able to direct prospective emigrants, but also from Ireland. Every Methodist minister in Ireland was circularized, and the Irish Methodist Press notified of our plan to assist in getting the Irish Methodist emigrants suitably located and connected with our own Canadian Church.

As an instance of the appreciation of this service, I received the following letter:

In response to your splendid circular letter, I send the following information. . . . Anything you can do for these young people will be greatly appreciated.

Other letters of like import were received from all over Ireland. It is a pleasure to record the whole-hearted co-operation we received from the Irish Methodist Church.

During my term of office in Liverpool, I visited all the ships carrying passengers from, and those arriving at Liverpool. I had many interesting experiences. The Anglican Church had a man looking after emigrants the same way as I was. We each had a pass from the various shipping companies which gave

us the privilege of going out board each of the ships leaving or coming into Liverpool.

On my first visit to the shipping point, Mr. Kerr, Canadian Immigration Agent, introduced me to the Anglican representative, who was one of the stand-off type and exhibited an air of superiority. At different times on sailing days he condescended to nod when he saw me but that appeared to be as far as he wanted to go in becoming acquainted. One day, when we were at the wharf, a number of Anglicans who had been attending a Lambeth Conference were returning to Canada, among them Archbishop Matheson, Primate of all Canada, whom I knew very well, and a number of bishops. We, the Anglican representative and myself, were standing at the head of the gangplank on which the passengers boarded the ship. When Archbishop Matheson came up the plank and saw me, he came over to me and shook hands, and introduced me to a number of the bishops. When the ship was leaving the dock, the Anglican representative came over to me and said, "Mr. Darwin, you appear to be acquainted with many of our men." "Yes," I said, "in Canada we grow big men, and big men are easy to get acquainted with, but there are men of smaller type in this country with whom it seems difficult to make acquaintance." He turned and went away as though he was hurt.

The next sailing day I was at the landing stage and this man came along and greeted me with a kindly "Good Morning," and then he told me he had been hurt at what I had said to him on the previous sailing day, but after thinking it over he had come to the conclusion I was right and asked my forgiveness for his lack of courtesy. I freely forgave him and saw in this admission of smallness and lack of courtesy there was an element of bigness, and from that day forward we were friends and became mutually helpful to each other in the work we were endeavouring to do.

In the late summer of 1920 it was a matter of great



joy for me to greet a number of the members of a Canadian delegation arriving in Liverpool on the way to attend the Fifth Meeting of the Ecumenical Methodist Conference in London. Among these were our very dear friends, Doctors A. Stewart, W. A. Cooke, William Sparling, Mrs. Nellie McClung, Rev. L. and Mrs. Wray, and others.

I received an invitation from Sir Robert Perks to attend a dinner he was giving to the British delegates attending the Conference. We had a very interesting time. After dinner Sir Robert, who was presiding, lit a cigar and had a box of cigars passed around among the delegates. The only ones who took a cigar were the English and Australian delegates. None of the others, with one exception, took one. Dr. William Sparling took a cigar but did not light it, and caused quite a little amusement by the way he manoeuvred with the cigar. I was thankful to Sir Robert for the invitation to join with the delegates on this occasion.

I shall always be grateful to the General Board of Missions for giving me the privilege of being its representative in Great Britain, not for anything I had been able to do for the Church, but for the pleasure and profit afforded me in seeing more of my native land. This came as I went to different parts to interview prospective probationers for the ministry. I renewed contacts with persons I had known in former days and preachers who had influenced my life and made impressions on my mind never to be erased.

The first Sunday I was in Liverpool I went to Princess Avenue Primitive Methodist Chapel to hear the Rev. A. T. Gutery who was pastor in charge at that time. After the service he was having a meeting of the congregation and asked me to remain and gave me an introduction to his people and spoke of the delight he had in introducing a Canadian who represented a united Methodist and wished to see the day when they would be able to speak of the Methodist Church in Great Britain. He was an ardent

contender for union of the Methodist Churches in England.

Dr. Guttery was looked upon as being one of the foremost leaders in the Primitive Methodist Church. Shortly after I went to Liverpool he lost the use of his voice through disease and was unable to speak above a loud whisper. On April 18th he preached his last sermon in Princess Avenue Church and on the 25th went to the Church but was unable to preach. He was taken to a nursing home and given the finest treatment that English specialists could give. In spite of their efforts, they could not overcome this terrible disease. For five months he suffered, and although he was able to move around, he did not recover his speech. During those months, I visited him frequently in his home and greatly enjoyed association with the family, noticing the bravery, patience and faithfulness of his splendid wife, and enjoying the acquaintance of the children, three boys and three girls.

During the last week in Liverpool, I was passing Central Hall and noticed a placard announcing that a Rev. S. T. House was to preach on the coming Sabbath. When a young man in England, I had frequently heard a Rev. S. T. House preach and I wondered if this could be the same man, but having been away for thirty years, and he being a man at that time of over fifty, I wondered if it could really be the same person. I went to the hall and saw the man enter the pulpit, an old man with white hair. The man I had known previously was a man with jet black hair. As the service went on I listened to his reading and the other parts of the service, but could not place him as being the man I thought, until he started to preach. As he warmed up to his theme, he had a habit of giving a little tilt with his shoulder. He had not gone far before I noticed that tilt, and I said, "That is my man." I went up to him and spoke to him of the days when I used to listen to him. I told him of my having been away thirty years, and how I came to be present that morning, and

was unable to place him until he gave the little tilt to his shoulder. He laughed and was quite pleased that I had made myself known to him.

Later on I was privileged to attend the conferences of the three Methodist bodies, Wesleyan Methodist, Primitive Methodist, and United Methodist Churches. Although not having any official connection with the conference I was given a seat on the platform in the Wesleyan Conference, and was by that means able to see the great gathering of fathers and brethren. There was a stillness about the conduct of the conference that was different from what I had been used to in Canada. Subjects were being introduced and then debated by men who had prepared set speeches on the themes, and when speaking came forward to the platform. They were learned and well-thought-out declarations, but there was no spontaneous discussion from the floor of the conference, which to my mind made the proceedings too formal and set.

In the Primitive Methodist Conference things were not carried on in just the same previously-thought-out manner. In the discussion of questions that came up there was more spontaneity—men taking part from the floor of the conference and with an evangelical flavour brought to bear on almost all questions relating to the Church's life. In the United Methodist Conference I found them more in keeping with the conduct of our Canadian Methodist Conferences.

I was asked to give an account of my work at the Conference, which I did, and had the opportunity of paying tribute to one of their ministers who had just passed away, who in the early period of my life as a local preacher had been to me a great inspiration and help.

I attended an interesting meeting in the Central Buildings in Westminster, where a presentation of a picture of John Wesley, by J. W. L. Forster, Canadian artist, was made to the officials of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, for kindness shown to

Canadian soldiers in London during the war period. The meeting was presided over by Sir Robert Perks. The portrait was to be presented by Mr. Forster and received by Sir Walter Runciman and the Rev. J. Sharpe, President of the Conference.

I had the privilege of preaching in many of the Churches and Chapels in different parts of the country, some places where I had preached as a local preacher before leaving for Canada. It was a great joy to greet so many friends after thirty years' absence, who were engaged in the work of the Master in those places. I preached in the Wesleyan Chapel at Barnes in London, conducted a funeral service in the city of Durham, where we laid to rest Mrs. Charlton, wife of Rev. R. Charlton, one of our young Saskatchewan preachers who for a while was supplying a charge in Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Preaching in Hedderness Chapel, Hull, after the evening service I was invited to the home of Mr. F. Ferris, a prominent and influential member of the Church. I spent two delightful hours with this man. In the course of the evening he showed me an album which contained pictures of all the Presidents of the Wesleyan Conference from the time of Wesley and a short typewritten statement of their birth, date they were president, and date of death. That album contained for him a great treasure-house of precious memories.

Every year during my sojourn in England I preached the anniversary sermons in the little chapel in the village of Skeelby, in which for over forty years my brother had taken a leading part as local preacher and leader, and on the Monday evenings following the Sunday services, lectured on the following topics: "Experiences in the Canadian West," "Characteristics of Early Methodism," "A Yorkshireman's Heroism on the Pacific Coast," dealing with the life and labours of the Rev. Thomas Crosley.

I had to make a business trip to Ireland. Owing to disturbed conditions I was refused permission to go to Dublin, but was able to visit Bellast. I remembered

that my dear friend, R. J. Whittle, of Winnipeg, had a brother in Belfast, an eminent physician who was also a member of the British House of Commons. On finding the address in the city directory, I went to Sir William Whittle's home residence, but found he was absent in London, attending to his parliamentary duties. Lady Whittle, after satisfying herself that I was the person corresponding to the card I presented (great precautions were being then taken lest persons with sinister designs should gain entrance to public places and homes of prominent people) received me. My means of assuring her I was the person represented was my recognition of the portrait of R. J. in Winnipeg. I said, "This portrait makes me believe my friend is still alive." When I said that the transformation that took place in her countenance can only be compared to the change to a burst of sunshine out of a dark sky; from that moment I was accorded such a warm Irish welcome as I shall never forget.

After showing me over the beautiful grounds and serving tea, Lady Whittle told me of a booklet she had written under the title of Judas Iscariot, gave me her only copy to read and return with any comments I saw fit to make. She invited me to bring Mrs. Darwin on another visit when Sir William would be home.

I read the book as requested and returned it, and received the following letter from her:

Lennoxvale,  
Malone Road,  
Belfast.

DEAR MR. DARWIN:

Thank you for your words on Judas. I shall prize them. Today I am bewildered by all around me. The Head Constable in our village is, I think, past recovery. The rebels struck him down while he was doing his duty as best he knew how. His last words to me the other week were, "Well, thank God, I am ready."

As ——— not talked over the police situation—it's all past words. It seems to me I did not know what "Fret Not" stood for when I gave the enclosed address. Believe me,

Sincerely yours,

June 22nd, 1920.

(Sgd.) NELLIE ADA WHITTLE



REV. C. HARWIN, D.D., AND REV. W. A. COOKE, D.D.,  
BEGAN MINISTRY IN 1881



MEMBERS OF THE 1897 MASTHEAD AND NORTHWEST CONFERENCE AND  
THEIR WIVES NOW RESIDING IN BRITISH COLUMBIA



The address referred to above was a printed copy containing notes from an address she had given on Psalm 37, "Fret Not"—a very fine and appropriate message for the troublous times in which the people in Ireland were living. It indicated that this elect lady knew the source from which came an assured peace. I prize these communications as reminders of a delightful day spent in Belfast.

One important phase of our overseas ministry was to secure suitable young men for our vacant fields in the West. In response to our advertisement in the Methodist Press we had one hundred and twenty-five applicants out of which twenty-two were selected and sent to Canada, five to Alberta, eight to Saskatchewan, one to Toronto, and eight to Newfoundland.

Another aspect of our work had to do with the Canadian soldiers who had married English girls. We had many letters of enquiry regarding these men and the localities to which they had taken their young wives. We were able to give anxious parents information which made it easier for them to be reconciled to their children being so far away from them.

On one occasion I was giving a lantern lecture, showing pictures of the prairies and British Columbia. The following day a lady came to the office telling me of her son who was somewhere among the mountains. She had not heard from him for some years and wondered if by any means I might be able to locate him. She brought with her the last letter she had from him, but he did not give his address. The envelope bore the postal stamp "Anchorage, Alaska." We had no minister in Alaska, to whom I could write, but I wrote to Rev. J. Herdman who was our minister at Anyox, B.C., thinking he might be able to secure information from someone travelling up the coast to Alaska. Mr. Herdman forwarded my letter to a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States. The minister inserted in the local paper published in Anchorage the name of the man whose whereabouts we were anxious to



obtain. A miner saw the note in the paper, called up the minister and said, "I have seen in the paper that a poor mudder want to know about her boy. I know him. He is well, has wife and two children. Poor mudder will be happy to know." Contact was made with the man and about twelve months later that mother called at the office, her face beaming with delight, to thank me for having, as she said, "brought back her lost boy."

We were asked for all kinds of information on many matters concerning places and people in Canada, which made the work interesting for us and helpful to those making inquiry.

Conditions in Great Britain in common with the whole world, were beginning to undergo a marked change as the result of the aftermath of the Great War. The prosperity of the immediate war years declined with a consequent slowing-up of the tide of emigration from the Old to the New World. In the nature of things it began to affect the work we had been sent to Great Britain to do.

After a complete review of the situation by the General Board of Missions at its annual meeting in Toronto in April, 1923, it was decided to close the office in Liverpool and we were called home.

The following resolution was passed:

That this Executive Committee desires to place on record its appreciation of the very faithful efforts which Dr. Darwin has made to carry out his instructions from the Board of Missions and to fill what has proved to be the very difficult position of Overseas Representative, but

Whereas immigration from the British Isles during the last three years has been so much less than was anticipated:

And whereas the prospects for increased British immigration in the immediate future are not bright:

And whereas the requirement of men from England for our ministry is much less than a few years ago:

And whereas the Board of Missions is faced with another very serious deficit this year and is under necessity of effecting every possible economy:

Resolved that the position of Overseas Representative be ended and Dr. Darwin be recalled from England. *Carried.*

This decision created some surprise in Methodist circles in Great Britain, as is illustrated by a letter I received from Rev. Marshall Hartley after notifying him of the decision of my Board in Toronto:

Thanks for your letter of yesterday, which has given me rather a shock. I am sorry that your Board of Missions has decided on the course you report; it is specially unfortunate that this action should be taken so soon after we have perfected our organization in this country.

I note that you will be writing me again with some information as to how to proceed with emigrants to the Dominion so that I may know how to act in future in the interests of those who are going to Canada.

Meanwhile up to the thirtieth instant we will send to you any Canadian applications that come to hand.

We requested the Brotherhood Committee, of which Mr. Hartley was the Secretary, to forward names of immigrants after April 30th to Dr. C. E. Manning, Toronto, who would forward the same to the person who should receive them.

Thus closed the Office of the Representative of the Canadian Methodist Church in Great Britain and Ireland.

I deemed it a great privilege to have had contact and association with some of the great preachers of England.

At a great meeting held in Central Hall, Liverpool, attended by representative people of all the churches, preachers and lay representatives from the business, industrial and political life of the nation, to discuss prevailing conditions, the aftermath of war, and to suggest remedies for their improvement, speakers were the Archbishop of York, Rev. J. H. Jowett, and Sir Donald McLean. Dr. Jowett expressed the preachers' view when he said, "Looking around among my people, and looking round on my nation, and longing for an ethical revival for the reformation of outward manners of life, I know that the power in which it is to be accomplished is the preaching of Christ, and Him crucified. Christ and Him

crucified is the doctrine which is to be creative of the moral reformation of our country."

Sir Donald McLean, speaking for the statesmen, business and industrial men, stressed the idea, "The only solution for permanent cure of prevailing ills was through the acceptance of the teachings of Jesus and practicing His way of life."

We now commenced preparations for leaving. We sold the house, disposing of it without loss. We were not so fortunate in disposing of office furnishings and our own household goods. A slump in prices had taken place, and we had to dispose of them at a great loss.



FOUR GENERATIONS OF THE DARWIN FAMILY



"MOSSLEY HILL" - THE DARWIN HOME AT OCEAN PARK, B.C.



## CHAPTER XII

### MISSION SUPERINTENDENT IN B.C.

IN THE MIDDLE OF JUNE we bade "Goodbye" to a host of friends and relatives, and were on our way back to Canada. We had a pleasant passage and arrived safely in Montreal, and from there proceeded to Toronto where we received from the officials of Wesley Buildings a welcome back to Canada. We stayed a day or two in Toronto, visiting friends, and then went on to Nelson, B.C., for a visit with my daughter and family, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Norman. My wife remained there for some time, while I proceeded to Vancouver to try to find a home and there begin my work as Superintendent of Missions.

There was no welcome accorded me here, which was no surprise, as I had been given to understand by officials of the British Columbia Conference that I was not wanted. Before leaving Liverpool I received a cable which read, "British Columbia Conference standing vote opposes your appointment Missionary Superintendency. Demand review by Hull Board, forestalling disastrous results. J. P. Westman, President; R. M. Thomson, Secretary."

My goods were ready to ship, labelled for Vancouver. I cabled this message to Dr. Manning, and received in return a cable reading, "Your appointment stands." Such a situation might have frightened a younger and less experienced man; I had gone before to a place where I was not wanted, with no "disastrous results" following. I did not anticipate any "disastrous results" in British Columbia. I had no enemies in the Conference that I knew of, but many friends. I had not asked to be sent to British Columbia. I trusted the wisdom of the Board in making the appointment. I sought to make friendly relationships with the President of Conference and

the Missionary Committee before entering upon my work.

A meeting of the Conference Missionary Committee was called, at which they protested my coming and refused me any co-operation. A prominent layman, Mr. Arthur Lee, wrote me a letter of welcome and told me "not to be alarmed at the opposition of the Conference officials, the laymen of the Conference welcome your appointment." Through the kindness and help of Rev. R. R. Morrison, I secured a house on Kitchener Street, near Grandview Church, of which he was pastor. By the end of July my wife came along from Nelson, and we were comfortably settled. We united with Grandview Church and were cordially welcomed by the congregation. We attended our first Sunday service on July 8th, enjoyed the preacher, and met many very friendly people, and left quite at home.

My first official visit was to the Victoria Financial District Meeting, which was held on July 29th in Nanaimo. The Chairman, after opening the meeting, called on me to speak and said they would be glad to hear anything I had to communicate. I replied that the first thing I had to communicate was that I wished them to understand clearly that I did not ask to be sent to them as Superintendent of Missions, that I was well aware that British Columbia Conference did not want me as Superintendent of Missions, that I had come because I was sent and was there to do the business for which I had been sent, to carry out as far as possible the policy of the Mission Board, and as far as possible to safeguard the interests of every missionary employed on the field.

My next visit was to the Prince Rupert District Meeting at Smithers, thence to Prince Rupert for the following Sunday services, and also to Port Simpson for a conference with Dr. Spencer, the medical missionary in charge. Thence to Vernon for the Financial District Meeting of the Kamloops-Okanagan District. Here, my judgment regarding

the grant was challenged by the missionary at Rutland. He claimed he should have additional allowance for horse-keep because of the distance and condition of the roads over which he had to travel, and said, "You ought to visit the field and see for yourself." Having a day to spare, I got my friend, Mr. A. Hulburt, to drive me over the field. We visited the different appointments.

I had asked the minister to call his Official Board together in the evening of the same day. Calling at the parsonage after our round was complete, he asked me what I thought of the field. I told him I thought he was having a picnic compared with many of the men who were covering much larger territory and on worse roads. Although he did not wish me to say anything about it to the Board, I felt it was necessary for the Board to understand what the situation really was, and after my explanation they were perfectly satisfied that the right thing had been done.

I visited several other Financial District Meetings in the Conference, finishing the itinerary at Vancouver where I attended the two District Meetings, Vancouver East and Vancouver West. Up to this time there had been no serious results attendant on my work, such as had been hinted at in the cable-grant already referred to.

I then left to attend the Annual Meeting of the Board of Missions in Toronto. At this meeting my appointment as Superintendent of Missions was reviewed, after Rev. J. P. Westman, the President of the British Columbia Conference, and the lay representative offered strenuous opposition, Mr. Westman declaring "that if the appointment was continued the morale of the Conference would be destroyed," but there being no disastrous results reported after two months' visitation of Missions and District Meetings in the Conference, the Board confirmed the appointment.

Returning home with this additional endorsement of my appointment, I carried on my routine work of visiting districts, preaching and addressing congrega-



tions, and seeking to stimulate further interest and increased support for the work of advancing the Kingdom of God in British Columbia.

One feature of the work peculiar to this Conference is the Marine Missions. With such a large coastline, and so many rivers and lakes, much work had to be done by men who were in charge of mission boats. This type of work was of a hazardous nature, and involved many hardships on the part of our men.

In the spring of 1924 I went to Cape Mudge and along with Captain Scott visited Harriet Bay, Granite Bay, and from there to Salmon River. As we turned out of perfectly calm waters in the straits to get into Salmon River, a stiff southwest wind was blowing, and with the tide-rips it churned the water into a boisterous sea. Our engine stalled and we were drifting perilously near the rugged rocks. Captain Scott managed to get the engine going just in time to save us from what might have been a serious disaster. It took all the power of the engine to keep us clear of the rocks.

Speaking of this incident to a member of the church, a lady who was greatly interested in mission work made the remark, "What a close call; the boat might have been lost." She thought of the boat; I thought of it as bearing the life of a missionary which might have been lost. It would be easy to replace the boat, but not so easy to replace a life.

This experience led me to urge the Board of Missions to furnish a more powerful engine for this and other boats of the same size. The Board acted upon my suggestion and put in Vivian engines of twenty horsepower, replacing the fourteen horsepower we had at the time of our experience.

After holding a service at Salmon River we returned to Campbell River and thence by steamer to Vancouver in time for the meeting of the Annual Conference.

I had not yet been transferred to the British Columbia Conference. On opening the business of the Conference, the President said, "I notice certain

persons present representing the General Conference," and then he asked that they be given associate membership, which was done. He ignored my presence entirely in the Conference, which to me was an indication of his pettiness. No disastrous results had followed my visitation of the various fields and districts, and the morale of the Conference had not been destroyed. I had a better opinion of the Conference than that held by its President.

I completed my first year's work as Superintendent of Missions in British Columbia Conference, and after making further visits to Financial District Meetings and attending the Conference Standing Missionary Committee, I left for Toronto to attend the Annual Meeting of the Board of Missions.

This new appointment was the means of further enlarging my vision of the work our Church was doing, and I was able to present the claims and needs of our mission work in British Columbia with the same enthusiasm and interest as I formerly had the work on the prairies.

Returning from the Mission Board, I met the Conference Standing Missionary Committee. The Board had given a contract for the building of a new boat to replace the one in use at Alert Bay and on its completion I went to Alert Bay for a service of dedication. Then, with the missionary, Rev. T. C. Colwell, we went to a Finnish Settlement some eight or ten miles west to take delivery of the boat and bring it to the Bay where the service of dedication was held. The boat was named the *William Oliver* in honour of Captain Oliver who had for so long given sacrificial service along the British Columbia coast.

The boat had to be taken to Vancouver for government registration. The old one had been sold to the Provincial Constable at Campbell River. Unable to get a man to take it there, Mr. Colwell suggested I should travel with him, taking charge of one of the boats, I handling the new one with the old one in tow, as her engine was not working right.

We left on a Monday afternoon and got along very well in daylight, but when darkness fell we decided to exchange places, as I knew nothing about the navigation lights along the shore. Colwell taking charge of the *William Oliver*, and I the one in tow. He started with a jerk and the tow line parted, and for some time I was left adrift, Colwell not having noticed what had happened. But as soon as he discovered the trouble, he returned to repair the line and we made another start. We travelled some distance then came to a boom of logs where we decided to tie up for the night alongside the boom. A wind came up and began to blow the boats against the logs. To avoid damage we juddered away and continued on our journey.

As we travelled along, the wind increased and the sea became quite rough. Nearing Rock Bay, Mr. Colwell decided to go in there for shelter. As we came near to the wharf a heavy rain was falling and before we could get the boats tied up we were drenched to the skin. We changed into the dry clothes we carried with us and went to bed and rested for the remainder of the night.

By nine o'clock the next morning the wind had gone down and we continued our journey, I in the new boat and Colwell in the tow. When we were nearing Seymour Narrows, I began to feel nervous and got Colwell to come alongside so that I could ask him about navigating the Narrows. I did not think it wise for me to attempt it, but he thought it would be all right, telling me to keep well in the centre of the channel. As we proceeded, the boat would hit a tide-rip which made me wonder what next, but more from good fortune than seamanship, we got to Campbell River and duly delivered the boat we had in tow to its purchaser, devoutly thankful we had been able to do so without serious mishap.

It was about noon, Wednesday, when we left for Vancouver. There was quite a stiff breeze blowing, but as Colwell was anxious to meet some of the men of the company with which he served during the war,

he decided to proceed on our journey. As evening approached the wind increased in fury, and as darkness deepened we were battling heavy seas and our boat rocked so much that I could not move without holding on with both hands. The high waves that hit the boat came right over the cabin and found their way into the hold, filling it where the fly wheel was spattering bilge all over the place. I had to get a pail and bail out the water, which was no easy undertaking.

All night we battled the storm and as we neared Vancouver a wire parted and our lights went out. I tried hard to get the ends together, having to hold on with one hand as the boat rolled so badly. Finally I straightened one piece of wire and managed to make a hook on each end of the wires and after several attempts succeeded in connecting them, and we once again had light. We made our way to the Kitsilano Beach and when daylight appeared, worked our way around Stanley Park, through Lions' Gate, and into harbour. Tying up the boat we made our way to my home on Walden Street, tired and hungry and ready for a rest, thankful we had weathered the storm and were safe in port.

After a brief rest I resumed my work on the island and mainland, visiting missions and preaching at many points. On the 22nd of March I left for Bella Bella where I boarded the *Thomas Crosby* and during the rest of the month I visited Ocean Falls, Swanson Bay, Owens Camp, Kitamaat, Buteedale, China Hat, Bella Bella, Dawson's Wharf and Rivers Inlet, giving addresses at each place to loggers, fishermen, Indians and others. The *Crosby* was coming down to Vancouver for overhaul. Mrs. Oliver had joined us. Crossing Queen Charlotte Sound we ran into a south-west gale. White caps formed and the waves were lashed into fury. The captain decided to turn and take shelter in Smith's Inlet. As we turned, the engine stalled, and the boat falling into the trough of the sea, Mrs. Oliver screamed, and we all thought the boat was going under. The captain got the

engine started, and by cool and careful handling managed to get into Smith's Inlet where we stayed until the wind abated. Mrs. Oliver would not continue with us but took the Canadian Pacific steamship into Vancouver. Next morning, the wind having calmed down, we started out, and without further trouble we were able to continue on journey.

This experience led me to press for a more powerful engine for this boat, which resulted in the installation of a fifty horsepower diesel engine, which made sailings decidedly safer for the missionaries manning the boat and bringing great joy to the heart of Captain Oliver.

While I was busy in these enterprises, great movements were coming to a culminating point in the life of the three branches of the Christian Church in Canada. The negotiations that had been going on for years looking toward church union were concluded in the Union of the Congregational, the Presbyterian and the Methodist Churches. The Union was consummated in a great meeting in Toronto on the 10th day of June, 1925.

Far reaching consequences for the administration of The United Church of Canada were quickly taking place. Here in British Columbia we began on July 3rd a round of Presbyteries under the United system. The first was held at Prince Rupert. Here, there was little change as the territory was predominantly Methodist. The next meeting was held at Smithers where former members of different bodies came together in the best of fellowship and did the business in the spirit of brotherly concord. Upon questions on which there was a difference of opinion, the discussions were not between Presbyterians and Methodists, but between Presbyterians and Presbyterians, and between Methodists and Methodists.

The next meeting was at Prince George. We were pleased and helped in having Dr. C. W. Gordon (Ralph Connor) in attendance. We next met in Kelowna, where I met the Rev. Dr. Ferguson, Superintendent of Missions for the former Presbyterian



REV. OLIVER AND MRS. DARWIN





Church. I was impressed with his friendly and genial manner, and we entered the enlarged fellowship in the friendliest of feeling. The business was transacted as though we had always been one body.

Our next point was Nelson, in the Kootenay Presbytery. Owing to an unfortunate incident concerning our minister at Nakusp, I was faced with a problem requiring faithful, wise and sympathetic handling. I explained the case to Dr. Ferguson and sought his advice as we journeyed together. I greatly appreciated the help given me in one of the hardest experiences I had ever been called upon to deal with. The Presbytery acted discreetly in the matter, which was a great relief to me. At this meeting I met for the first time Rev. W. R. Walkinshaw and Rev. F. E. Rummals, and was impressed with their spirit and outlook. It has been a great pleasure to have later association with these brethren in Vancouver Presbytery.

Victoria was next visited and then New Westminster. We finally met with the two Vancouver Presbyteries, East and West, when in association with Dr. G. A. Wilson and all the other Presbyterian representatives the same feelings of cordial fellowship and the finest spirit of cooperation prevailed, all doing their best to make the Union a success.

So The United Church of Canada in British Columbia, so long a dream and a hope, became an accomplished fact. Surely the good hand of the Lord had led us thus far and we confidently believed that His blessing would rest on the labours of His servants in further consolidation and extension of the larger church.

At the annual Board of Missions held in October, 1925, the territory in which the Superintendents of Missions had oversight in their former Presbyterian and Methodist Churches was divided as follows: the Vancouver, Victoria, New Westminster and Cariboo Presbyteries were allotted to Rev. Dr. Wilson, and the Prince Rupert, Kamloops, Okanagan and Kootenay Presbyteries to myself.



Early in February, 1926, a sore bereavement came to me in the passing of my beloved wife, who for forty-five years had shared with me all the experiences of life. Patient amidst privations, courageous in times of great trials, dearly loved by the people on every field we served, after my appointment as Superintendent of Missions, my duties taking me away from home for long intervals, she bravely carried the responsibilities of the home until her heart failed and she was not for God took her, making it hard for me to say, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

I continued the work of visiting Missions, and attending Presbytery Meetings, Board Meetings and Conferences.

My last trip on the *Crosby* was taken in the month of April, 1927, with Captain Scott. We visited Skidegate, Queen Charlotte, the whaling stations at Ross Harbour, Lagoon Bay, St. James Lighthouse, where we had a very interesting visit with the keepers of the light, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence. These good people had not had a visit from anyone for six months. Our presence gave them an opportunity to talk, and we were delighted to listen. Before leaving we sang hymns, read portions of the Word, and commended them to God in prayer. Our visit was greatly appreciated by the Lawrences. I took a picture of the *Crosby* as she lay at anchor at the foot of the cape. From this Mr. Lawrence made an oil painting and sent it to me. I greatly prize this painting which hangs on the wall of my study.

Captain Scott was much pleased with the working of the fifty horsepower diesel engine we had in the boat for this trip. Returning to Prince Rupert I bade farewell to Captain Scott and the *Crosby*, and returned to Vancouver on the Steamer *Gannonsin*.

On October 4th I attended the Mission Board in Toronto. A reduction in the number of Superintendents of Missions had to be made, British Columbia to have two instead of three. Kootenay

Presbytery was given to Dr. Osterhout, in addition to his work as Superintendent of Oriental work; the remaining work was to be supervised by Dr. G. A. Wilson.

I was offered my former position as Superintendent of Missions in Saskatchewan. However, after having spent so many years on the prairies facing the rigors of that climate, I did not think at my age it would be wise to undertake it, so I offered my resignation to the Board. The Board accepted my resignation, but asked me to take deputation work for the Missionary and Maintenance Fund until the end of the year.

## CHAPTER XIII

### LOOKING BACK

I LEFT VANCOUVER FOR THE EAST, stayed over at Winnipeg for the opening of the General Council being held there, at which Dr. Gunn was elected Moderator. I then left for Toronto where I received instructions regarding my itinerary, which called me to Halifax. There I was met by the Rev. John Mutch, and preached in Halifax the next day, September 16th, going from there to Berwick, where I met the father of Mrs. (Col.) G. D. Fallis. From thence I went to Aylesford and was pleased to meet a fellow Yorkshireman, a Mr. Holland. This is a prosperous village, said to possess the largest apple canning plant in Eastern Canada. Thence I went to Kingston, where we had a good week-night meeting. Next day I went to Middleton and on to Bridgetown for Sunday services.

Annapolis Royal was the next point. Passing through Upper Clements Country it presented a picture of continuous beauty; then on to Bear River, a town which acclaims itself as the Switzerland of Nova Scotia. Here I met another Yorkshireman, Mr. Snowden from Whitby, England. I spoke here to an appreciative audience.

From there to Digby, then to Weymouth, where I spent the day with Rev. Mr. Pentz, and addressed his people. I motored through an excellent farming country and on to Yarmouth for Sunday, September 30th. I stayed with Dr. Williamson, whose wife was a daughter of Rev. Dr. Heartz, a prominent member of the Board of Missions. It was a joy to preach to the congregation and have fellowship with Rev. Mr. Seeley, brother of one of our beloved ministers in the Saskatchewan Conference.

On the way to Halifax I visited Wolfville, the home of Acadia University, which with its affiliated institu-

tions has a combined registration of nearly a thousand students.

I spent a day at Grand Pic, the scene of Longfellow's famous poem, "Evangeline." It poured rain all day, and having to stay indoors I read the poem in sight of the statue of Evangeline and chapel in the Memorial Park, which added interest to the reading.

The trip through this beautiful Annapolis Valley was a delightful experience. It was, however, marred by an accident which took place a few miles from Halifax. As the train was nearing a level crossing, a motor car travelling at great speed was approaching and failed to stop, with the result that it was hit by the engine. Everything was brought to a sudden stop. I went to the door of the car, and there saw the demolished motor, one man dead and the other terribly injured. A few miles ahead was a hospital from which there came an ambulance which was at the station when the train arrived. The men were taken off the train, one dead, and in the paper next day it was reported the injured man had died before reaching the hospital. Bottles of liquor were strewn around the wreckage and it was clearly a case of driving while drunk.

Reaching Halifax, I was met by Rev. Mr. Clarke, the pastor of St. Matthew's Church, at whose home I was graciously entertained. I preached in United Memorial Church in the morning and in St. Matthew's in the evening. Here, it was incumbent that the preacher wear a gown, and much to my dislike I had to comply with this requirement. The pulpit was an old-fashioned one, and to enter it you had to climb up several steps. The gown got in the way of my feet and made me feel like a woman in skirts. However, I soon forgot my trappings and centred my mind on my message and preached to an interested and appreciative congregation, and I enjoyed the service.

The following day Dr. Clarke took me to several of the beauty spots around Halifax, and there were

many of them. The trees were gorgeous in autumnal beauty, with a variety of colouring not seen in the west. Citadel Hill stands in the centre of the city, 271 feet above the harbour. Standing on this eminence one beholds a most glorious scene. After our morning of sightseeing we went to a club luncheon, at which I was asked to speak. I told the gathering about our beautiful Stanley Park, our harbour, surrounded by mighty mountains, but had to admit for beauty of colour and real charm, we could not excel Halifax Harbour.

In the afternoon Dr. Clarke took me to visit the mother of Rev. John Archibald of Vancouver, and after that visit I was not surprised that he should possess the many kind, brotherly characteristics he had acquired. She was a bright, intellectual, beautiful Christian, who made you feel better for having been in her presence. I shall always feel indebted to Dr. and Mrs. Clarke for their kind hospitality accorded to me in their delightful home during my stay in Halifax.

I was now joined by Rev. Duncan McLeod, uncle of Rev. Duncan Wilkie of Shaughnessy Heights Church, Vancouver, and for several weeks we travelled together, speaking at meetings in several of the Presbyteries in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Dr. McLeod usually spoke first, with his keen spiritual insight and evangelical fervour paving the way for the practical presentation of the work I was able to make, stressing particularly the work of the prairies and of British Columbia. Our meetings were very well attended and our messages appeared to be appreciated. It was a spiritual uplift to me and a great inspiration to be associated with Duncan McLeod in this series of meetings, the memory of which I shall always cherish. With this series of meetings I finished my work in the active ministry and joined the ranks of the retired veterans.

I ask myself in all sincerity, "Have I been able during my life's day to make the world any better for my having lived in it?" While I would not like

to undertake the appraisal on my own behalf, the answer to the question I leave to others.

The Board of Directors of Wesley College, in conferring upon me the degree of Doctor of Divinity, said, "For distinguished service rendered in laying the foundation of Methodism in these western provinces and for equally distinguished services in the superintendency and direction of this work during these later years."

This testimony was confirmed by the General Secretary of the Board of Home Missions, Rev. Dr. Manning, "I write to congratulate you on the honor which has been conferred on you by Wesley College, Winnipeg, as announced in the *Globe* of this morning. This is a well merited honor. Few servants of the Church have endured greater hardships or rendered more efficient service in their appointed places than you have done, and it gives me unqualified pleasure to know that you have received this expression of appreciation."

Dr. Endicott of the Foreign Mission Board said, "When the degree was granted to me, I felt, and also expressed my conviction that I was receiving wages in advance, but in your own case we can only feel that you have well earned, and more than earned, this recognition."

My fellow superintendents, Rev. George Steele in the Maritimes, Rev. Mark Fenwick of Newfoundland, and Rev. J. H. White of British Columbia, all voiced similar testimony, also Rev. Frank Langford of the Department of Sunday Schools, who said, "Your honors are already won and your place in the history of the west and in the hearts of your friends is secure, but we rejoice at this public recognition of one whom we personally delight to honor."

Scores of letters came to me from Chairmen of Districts of the Manitoba and the Saskatchewan Conferences, with whom I had worked for upwards of twenty years, and not the least appreciated came from the young men labouring on the mission fields, who testified to the help I had given them.

For any benefit I have been to the Church and country, I have received hundredfold benefit from the Church in giving me the privilege of serving, and in the contacts I was privileged to make with so many of the great leaders of the Church. It was a benediction to go to Conference and enjoy fellowship with Dr. J. A. Williams, one of the first General Superintendents, also with Dr. Carman and Dr. Clowin, and leaders like Dr. Briggs, Dr. Potts, Dr. Spens, Dr. Wm. Spurling, and Dr. J. W. Spurling of Wesley College fame. To have met and heard the great Dr. Douglas discourse on "The Transcendence of Man" was a joy and inspiration which made you reach for that which one longed to be able to grasp.

Great men directed the missionary enterprises of the Church, Dr. Sutherland, and Dr. Henderson in the Home Department, and Endicott, and Armp in the Foreign Department of the Church, followed in the Home Department later by James Allen and Rev. C. F. Manning. It was a pleasure to serve under the leadership of such men.

For what I am, and for what I have been able to do for the Church I owe all to God, through the agency and instrumentality of the Methodist Church. I used to say, "I'm a Methodist bred, I am a Methodist born, and when I am dead there will be a Methodist gone." But with the union I was pleased to enter into a larger fellowship of Church life and associate with great souls of another family, now happily become one.

The names of Pidgeon, and Warriner, Laird, and Logan became as familiar as Carman and Clowin, Endicott and Armp.

In British Columbia we were glad to be associated with Dr. W. H. Smith, Dr. Mitchell, Dr. Henderson, W. G. Wilson, George A. Wilson, J. R. Robertson, and other men working together under the name, "The United Church of Canada."

Visiting my friends, Rev. W. S. A. and Mrs. Crux, now retired and living at Ocean Park, I was so taken up with the location and people, resident, and owners

of property looking forward to becoming residents, including Rev. Robert Hughes, T. Barlow, Doctors A. M. and O. M. Sattford, John Pye, G. O. Falls, D. Scott, W. Deans, and others, that I decided to purchase lots and prepare a home for future residence.

On October 4th, 1927, after eighteen months of loneliness, I married Miss Hartley, who was a member of the staff of workers in Central Hall, Liverpool, where I had my office during the time I was in England. She came to Canada in February, 1924, and lived with us, until the passing of my former wife.

From the Ocean Park Limited Company we purchased an acreage lot, which at that time was all forest. I went to work, cleared ground for the building of a house, made a road in from the main road to the clearing, procured the necessary lumber for building, and construction began.

My friend Gray allowed me the use of a summer cottage he had, in which I stayed until our own house was ready. In 1929 we moved from the city into what seemed like the forest primeval. I wondered whether I was doing the right thing. After a life of constant travelling would I be able to settle in such a quiet place? I am happy to say that from the time we went into our country home I never experienced a lonely day, or ever desired to leave it. To commemorate the birthplace of my wife, we named the place Mossley Hill. My wife and I, both blessed with physical health, began the work of changing the forest into a fruit farm, and the wilderness into a wonderland of floral display. Two cedar posts held the frame with the name in large rustic letters, "Mossley Hill." This formed the gateway from the road to the house.

Rev. John Pye, passing along the road, said to me, "You've got your name spelled wrong, it should be 'Mosely Hill' after a village in Yorkshire." "No," I said, "The spelling is all right. It is named 'Mossley Hill' after a place in Lancashire," and so it remained Mossley Hill. The name attracted people in pass-



ing, and several called in to enquire concerning the inhabitants. It became a rendezvous for relatives and friends, who would drive out from the city, and after a wicket, or corn roast, and a cup of coffee or a bowl of soup, would return feeling better for the outing.

It became famous as being the annual meeting place for a group of ladies known as the Fancy Work Group of Chown Memorial United Church. The first reception and garden party at Mossley Hill was held on Thursday, June 27th, 1929. There were present between forty and fifty persons.

For five years in succession the group visited Mossley Hill. Several items of interest took place at these gatherings. At the gathering on Wednesday, June 18th, 1930, a bit of excitement was created as the party were being seated for luncheon. A pig, which had been brought from Vancouver and put in the pen, found its way out and had to be chased back into its own quarters. Mr. George Bell got honourable mention for his clever management of the raid upon the pig, and his success in putting her where she belonged. Mrs. Sanford suggested that they call the pig "Fancy", after the Group, and so we did. Another feature of this gathering was the presentation of a "Love" token to Mrs. Rev. O. M. Sanford, who was shortly leaving for Victoria. Mrs. David Jackson and Mrs. Derbyshire voiced expressions of appreciation on behalf of the Group for the work Mrs. Sanford had done.

At the fourth meeting, on June 16th, 1932, a feature of the gathering was a presentation to Dr. and Mrs. Darwin of a silver centree dish, as an expression of regard and love. The last of these gatherings took place on Thursday, June 15th, 1934. The ladies on these occasions, after luncheon, would hold their business meeting, while the men who had driven them out would engage in a contest of horseshoe pitching, which was greatly enjoyed.

After the death of Mrs. Jackson, the name was

changed from The Fanny Wick to the Fanny Jackson Group, and still continues.

One of the ladies wrote the following:

DR. AND MRS. DARWIN

You say, "Come again," each year as we part,  
 And the lure of your home still tugs at our hearts.  
 So a June meeting day finds us well on our way  
 And we're here to enjoy it this day, set apart.  
 We love your retreat with its setting so grand,  
 And Nature, so kind, with the work of your hand,  
 Each year adds new beauty in flower and vine,  
 Your home and your friendship you graciously share  
 With this group Fanny Jackson, one day of the year.

Old memories are dearer, old faces are nearer,  
 As the stories are told 'round the table each year  
 This toast gives me pleasure and joy without measure,  
 May you be spared together for many a long year,  
 New potatoes to gather and to clear your verandah  
 For the Chown picnic party, no work you will spare.  
 Then a walk through the garden, the woodpile to view,  
 City folks think they're hardworked,  
 Then what about you!

SARAH ANN ELLIOTT

A man representing one of the nurseries came along selling trees. He was kicking the soil with his feet and said to me, "You ought to grow cherries here. This soil is suitable for cherries. You can make money growing cherries." I said, "I don't want to make money." Then he said, "What the devil are you here for?" as though a prison could only be there to make money. I said, "I am here to live, to grow enough fruit and vegetables for our needs, and if we have a surplus to send it in to Rev. Andrew Roddick to distribute to the needy people in the east end of the city." This man represented the thought believed by too many people, that the only thing to do in life is to make money, not realizing that a man's life "consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesses."

A number of ministers retired, and others looking to the time of retirement, had purchased property and built homes in the community, among these

being Drs. A. M. and O. M. Samford, Dr. S. S. Osterhout, Rev. Robert Hughes, W. S. A. Gaus, T. Barlow, John Pye, William Deans, W. B. Willan, W. Guy, T. E. Colwell, J. Gibson, George O. Fallis, and others. Those in all-year residence were Robert Hughes, Gaus, Barlow, and myself. Rev. Lashly Hall was resident in White Rock.

The minister in charge of the church work was Rev. W. C. Frank, who had five preaching services each Sunday: White Rock morning and evening, Crescent in the afternoon at 2:30, Hazelmore at 2:30, and Sullivan at 7:00 in the evening, the pastor taking three services each Sabbath, and two being supplied by the retired men in the community. This arrangement continued until White Rock and Crescent became a self-sustaining charge, White Rock, morning service at 10:30, and Crescent at 11:30, with Sunday School at Crescent at 10:30.

A special feature among those who had formerly been Methodists was the annual May breakfast, copied from English Wesleyan Methodism, inaugurated by Mrs. Hughes. At the breakfast grapefruit, cereals, bacon and eggs, rolls and marmalade were served, after which a programme was rendered consisting of an address by some returned or home missionary, and singing was furnished by a group of ladies from Vancouver, known as "The Georgian Quartette." The service of these talented ladies was greatly appreciated.

The last of these my wife and I were privileged to attend was at the time of writing, May 1st, 1947. Although the morning was dampened by rain, over a hundred were present, and fifty dollars netted for the W.M.S. of the United Church. The Anglican part of the association hold a similar entertainment in the fall, their proceeds going to the Anglican Church.

The community was blessed with an unusual amount of local talent, and several plays and entertainments were put on which equalled anything that could be fostered by city circles. Mr. Fraser Reid,

who was a regular weekend visitor, rendered great service to the community, and much credit was due to Mrs. James Hughes, Latouche, Broach, Cape, and many others resident in the community.

I took services for several of the ministers in adjoining charges, at Aldersford, Ladum, and in the city. On one Sunday I supplied for Rev. W. W. Abbott on the Port Moody charge. I preached at Iona in the morning. No one having invited me for lunch, and having to preach at Central School in the afternoon and Port Moody at night, and being too far to go home to Ocean Park for lunch, I remembered a daughter of my dear friend, Dr. F. E. Holling, was married to an Anglican gentleman, a Mr. Thurston, living in Port Moody. Having known Mrs. Thurston from girlhood, I knew she would give me lunch, so I went to the home, introduced myself, and told of my plight. I was more than welcomed by these gracious people. I was taken in and led, and invited back for tea, and there began an acquaintanceship with Mr. Thurston, which has grown into a genuine friendship, increasing as the years unfold. I preached at Port Moody at night and returned home, richer because of the new friendship gained.

For ten years I was Superintendent of the Sunday School at Crescent. Previously the Sunday School was closed during the summer months. I urged we keep it open all through the summer, and while some said no one would attend, we found the attendance larger than at any other period. The Anglican and Crescent ladies worked harmoniously together in Church, Red Cross, and Community enterprises, and made substantial contributions to the churches and other organizations.

Ocean Park is noted as the site of the annual United Church Summer School Camp. The camp is composed of seventeen acres of wooded ground on the banks of Semiahmoo Bay. It was purchased by subscriptions from former Methodist people and at the time of Union was transferred to the United Church. Originally, for the accommoda-

tion of attendants, tents with wooden floors and frames were used, with cots for sleeping. A large tent was used for dining room and a small kitchen for cooking purposes, and a large wooden building was used for holding services and storing camp equipment in the wintertime.

A great amount of work was needed in erecting these tents and taking them down, and storing them each year. I was asked to take the management of the camp grounds and equipment, and for five years attended to the tents, their erection at the beginning of the camp, and storing at the end. I also had charge of the water pipes, which conveyed the water from a large tank situated about a quarter of a mile from the camp centre. These pipes being on the open ground had to be uncoupled and drained each fall, and coupled again in the spring for the camp. The water was pumped by a ram from a spring, sixty feet below the tank.

Because of the success of the camp, and the growing attendance, changes had to be made. The Committee, having Mr. Norman Cull, as Chairman, and Rev. O. M. Sanford, Secretary-Treasurer, saw the need for enlargement and improvement, and with Mr. C. E. Mahon, an enthusiastic and energetic planner and worker, new ground was cleared, cabins were built, the tents gradually abandoned, and other more modern and up-to-date accommodation provided.

During depression days the building of a frame dining room was undertaken, and under the supervision of Mr. Gleason and a body of men recruited by Mr. Mahon, who gave their time freely, the splendid substantial building, with its great fireplace and up-to-date kitchen equipment was erected. Mr. Mammel and Mr. Quinn gave much of their time to the project. For five years I gave a lot of time, and put in much hard work in improving the grounds and protecting the interests of the park. Then, owing to a disagreement with the Chairman of the Committee, I resigned the management of the camp.

I had much dealing and association with Rev. O. M. Sauloud, and shall always cherish the memory of his kind advice and helpful co-operation in the work. The camp continues to grow in popularity and powerful influence in the training and educating of young people for future leadership in the church.

By this time I had cleared so much ground on my own place, and had so much under cultivation that it was becoming too hard to take care of. So I decided to sell. On the 27th of December, 1911, I sold the place to Mr. O. L. James, and on January 27th, 1912, moved into Vancouver.

During the five years of residence in the city, I have tried to render some service to the Church in preaching and other forms of activity.

Looking back over the sixty-three years since coming to Canada, I am amazed at the changes which have taken place.

Winnipeg was a city of 30,000 population, the sidewalks were plank, and on the side streets were laid lengthwise, which after a shower of rain compelled you to walk circumspectly and with caution. Street cars were drawn by horses, and there was little or no street pavement.

The country lying between Winnipeg and the Rocky Mountains was termed "the great lone land," a country described as possessing millions of acres of snow, a land of snowstomps and blizzards, fit only for Indians and trappers and dealers in furs. A poet sang about "Our Lady of the Snows." It was only after a sprinkling of adventurous souls undertook to experiment with the sod that its record was changed to a land that should be termed "the granary of the world."

The optimism of these people was shown by a man whom the Rev. George Young, first Methodist missionary to the English-speaking people, met as he was moving to his homestead with his oxen, wagon and goods. The man was stuck in the mud on a soft place of the road. Dr. Young expressed his sympathy, but the man, looking to the future, cheerfully

responded, "This mud is the stuff out of which wheat will grow." His prediction was amply justified by crops he reaped in later days.

Men of this type were just "the lust low wash of waves where soon would toll a human sea." Railways began to be constructed, transportation improved, and settlements were slowly formed until now we have three great provinces with their hundreds of thousands of population. With great interest I have watched this growth of population. I witnessed the building of every line of railway now in operation.

Winnipeg, a city of 30,000 people, now a city of over 200,000. Other cities have come into being such as Brandon, Regina, Saskatoon, Edmonton, and Calgary. Farm homes have been transformed from log, sod, or frame shanties into homes of modern design and convenience. Gramophone, telephone, and radio have revolutionized living in the country. From oxen for farming operations, and four-horse teams, we now have tractors, and from horsepower threshing outfits, we have steam power threshing machines, and on to the combine, cutting and threshing the grain at one operation, and elevators to take care of the crop.

Means of transportation have changed from the backboard and democrat to the motor car. Marvellous have been the changes in the social, industrial, economic and religious life of the people.

The Methodist Conference ministering to this great community in 1884 was comprised of seventy-three ministers, all of whom have passed away but two, my life long friend, Dr. W. A. Cooke, here in Vancouver, and myself.

One of the great pleasures of my life in retirement is to think of the men with whom I have had fellowship and had to do during the years, a great, grand, devoted and brotherly company. A delight to recall to mind men who served on mission fields, who have made good and have become leaders in the Church.

Rev. James Endicott served on frontier missions in

Manitoba and Alberta, and afterwards went to West China and there rendered splendid service. On his return he was made General Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions, and later became Moderator of The United Church of Canada. Dr. Endicott's brother, Charles, also served the Church first as a missionary on frontier fields, and developed such qualities of leadership that led him to the positions of Chairman of Districts, Superintendent of Western Missions, and finally General Secretary of the Missionary and Maintenance Fund of The United Church of Canada. These gifted brothers are, as I write, enjoying a well-earned retirement.

Jesse H. Aramp served on mission fields in Saskatchewan, early became assistant to Dr. James Endicott in the Department of Foreign Missions, and followed his Chief in the General Secretaryship, and was also honoured as Moderator of the General Council of the Church. Happily his bow still abides in strength.

George Dorey came from the Isle of Jersey and served on frontier fields in Saskatchewan with such distinction that he was called to be Superintendent of Missions, later Associate Secretary of Home Missions, and then, at the lamented death of Dr. Robert Cochrane, was chosen to be his successor, a position he is ably filling as I write.

Dr. Hugh Dobson served on mission fields in the early days, and for years has been the honoured and efficient Associate Secretary of the Evangelism and Social Service Department of the Church in the West.

Then, I think of all the recruits from England who came as the result of Dr. Woodsworth's visits to the Old Land in search of men to supply the rapidly opening fields in our Canadian West, and also of those who came as the result of my work in Great Britain. These men have made good, and have been honoured by the Church, some becoming Presidents of Conferences, and others honoured with the degree of Doctor of Divinity. Out of the many



who came, very few failed to realize hopes concerning them.

Thinking of the great body of men with whom I have been privileged to labour within the bounds of the Manitoba, Saskatchewan and British Columbia Conferences, remembering their labours, their hard ships, their sacrifices, their brotherly fellowship, I cannot but thank the Great Head of the Church for putting me into this Western Ministry, and granting me an eventide in which to repair in the labours of those who in the true apostolic succession are carrying on the work in this new day.

My three years of Superintendency in British Columbia, after the first few months, were just as happy as had been my years in the Pacific Provinces. The resolution passed by the Conference at the time of my retirement expressed warm appreciation for the service rendered.

I have lived through the Riel Rebellion of 1885, the South African War, two great World Wars, and witnessed the terrible toll of human life, and sacrifice of the cream of young manhood and the destruction and devastation wrought among the warring nations.

Despite all the discoveries of science, the inventions, the mechanical devices, the coming together of the churches and the organization of social reform agencies, we have been unable to overcome the suspicions and feuds of mankind, or to curb the ills that afflict us, such as the legalized liquor traffic, "the scourge of all villainies," the gambling business, the strained relations between capital and labour, or the apparent indifference to the things that make for Christian citizenship. I am convinced that the only cure for these ills is in the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the Love of God experienced and practised. Love is the mightiest transforming force in God's universe. There is no suspicion that love cannot disarm, no opposition love cannot overcome, no hate that love cannot cause to melt away. The Gospel of Love contained in John 3: 16, believed in and experienced by mankind, is the world's cure-all. This Gospel

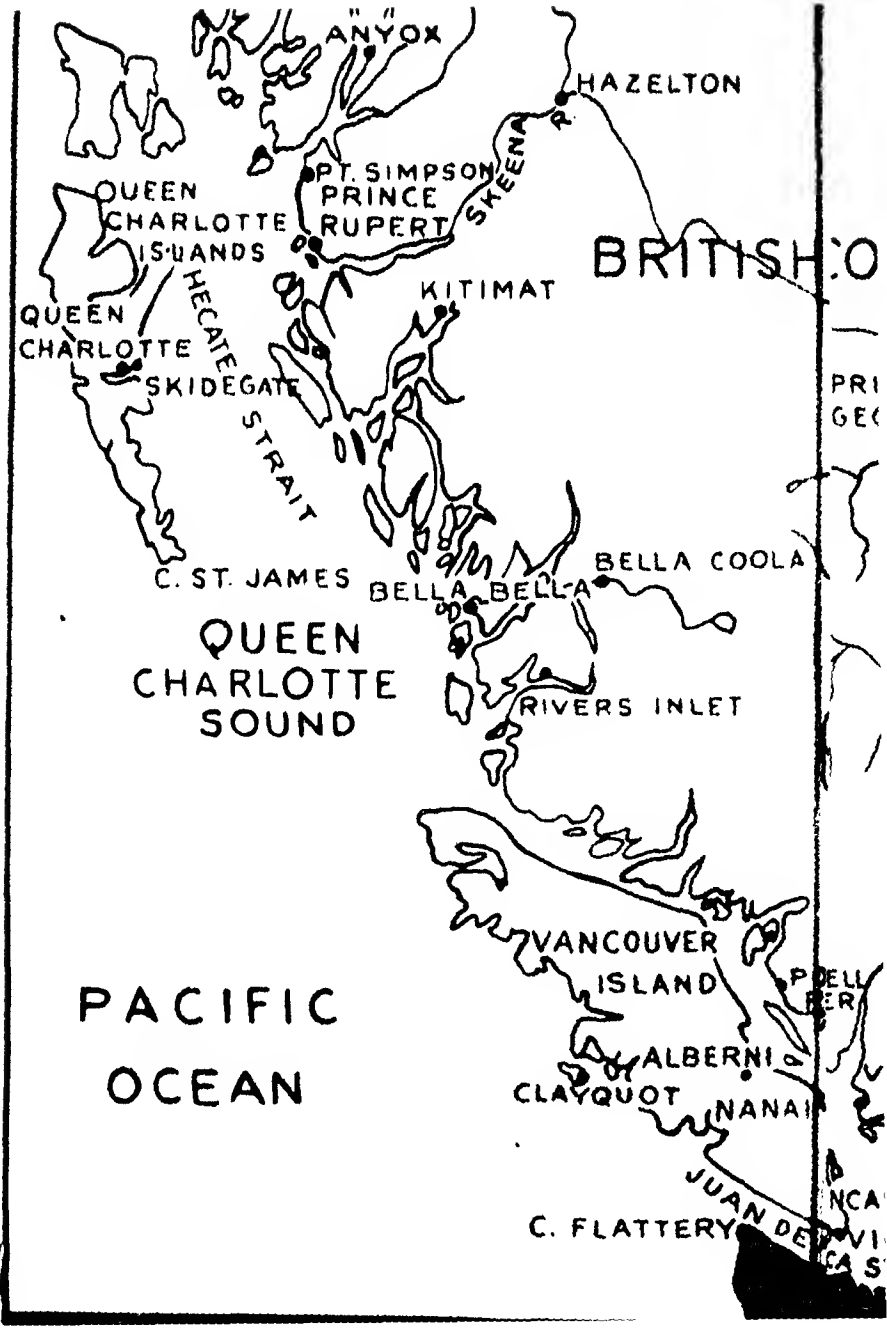
saved me, and will save all who will accept it, and it will also save the world.

And so, with this firm faith, I close as I began this story of my life with the great declaration: "GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD THAT HE GAVE HIS ONLY BEGOTTEN SON THAT WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH IN HIM SHOULD NOT PERISH BUT HAVE EVERLASTING LIFE."

This concluding thought received added emphasis when I listened on a recent Sunday morning to our beloved Moderator, the Rt. Rev. T. W. Jones, in St. Andrew's Wesley Church, Vancouver. Near the close of his sermon he told of being in London, England, shortly after the terrible blitz which did such terrible destruction. One of the buildings hit was St. Paul's Cathedral. A bomb fell through the dome and crashed its way into the crypt. But amid the ruins, one lifted up his eyes to the circle of the dome to find that the inscription was untouched and still giving out its message of John 3:16. There it was at the very heart of the Empire, saying in spite of man's inhumanity to man, that "GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD THAT WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH IN HIM SHOULD NOT PERISH BUT HAVE EVERLASTING LIFE."

There is no other Gospel for this war-torn world

In the cross of Christ I glory  
    'Towering o'er the works of man  
All the light of sacred story  
    Gathers round its head sublime



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