SPLENDID LIVES SERIES

JOHN HORDEN

MISSIONARY BISHOP

Life on the Shores of Hudson Bay

by

A. R. BUCKLAND
M.A.

JOHN HORDEN, BISHOP OF MOOSONEE.

[*From a photograph taken about the time of his consecration.*]

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A Life on the Shores of Hudson's Bay

BY THE

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TO

MRS. HORDEN

FOR MANY LONG YEARS

THE COMPANION

OF

HER HUSBAND'S MISSIONARY LIFE

NOTE

For the material contained in this Life I am indebted to Bishop Horden's letters, published in the Periodicals and Reports of the Church Missionary Society, and in the columns of the *Record*; to the volume, *Forty-two Years amongst the Indians and Eskimo*, compiled by the Editor of the *Coral Magazine*, from letters addressed to her; to the account of Bishop Horden amongst the *Brief Sketches of Church Missionary Society Workers*; and to information privately communicated.

A. R. B.

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JOHN HORDEN

MISSIONARY BISHOP

CHAPTER I

A BOY'S AMBITION

A Child's Resolve and a Life's Devotion—John Horden at Home and at School—A Book that made a Missionary—Apprentice Days and Work at Home—Accepted for the Mission-Field.

IT is hard to find a healthy and intelligent boy, who does not, sooner or later, make up his mind what he would "like to be." It happens now and then that he chooses something unsuitable, or that he has made up his mind under the influence of a merely temporary

interest. It happens, too, that ambitions cannot always be gratified. But these things do not keep the majority of boys in each generation from choosing or seeking to choose for themselves.

The missionary-bishop whose life will be told in this book was one of the boys who made up their minds early. He was also one of those who found that other people's views as to his future did not agree with his own. Yet happily he is to be counted amongst the boys who, disappointed at first of their cherished ambition, were afterwards able to realise it in full. John Horden as a child resolved that, God willing, he would be a missionary. He had at first opposition and disappointment to face. But in due time his wish was granted; he lived and died a missionary in one of the hardest fields of labour known to the modern evangelist.

Horden gives us an example of a lifelong devotion to a single cause. This marks him off at once from a large number of the best-known workers in the foreign mission field. William Carey was thirty-three when he volunteered to go out as a missionary, and his

sign-board had borne the notice "Second-hand shoes bought and sold" before he became a schoolmaster and preacher. Adoniram Judson had yearned for distinction in many paths, had taught in a school, and had travelled with a company of actors, before the turning-point in life which saw his decision for God and his resolve to be a missionary. Allen Gardiner was a naval officer, from childhood warmly interested in the service, before he took up missionary work in Zululand, or made the heroic attempt which led to his death in Tierra del Fuego. To come to more modern instances, Dr. John G. Paton had preached the gospel earnestly at home before he was called to enter on his marvellous experiences in the South Seas. Hannington, the martyr-bishop, was taken from a country parish; Alexander Mackay, from work as an engineer; Mr. Monro, some time head of the Metropolitan Police Force, from well-earned repose after an active life; and many others, whose names the world has not heard of, have laid down secular occupations, in order to work amongst the heathen or Mohammedans abroad.

Again, there are young people who in early life make up their minds what they would "like to be," but discover, after a brief trial, that they have made a mistake, and turn, more or less readily, to something else. Many a boy inspired by the delightful sea-stories so popular with every generation, has resolved to be a sailor, and has insisted, against advice and entreaty, that a sailor he will be. With a good many of these a single voyage is enough. They find out with amazing promptitude that the one thing for which they are peculiarly unfitted is the sailor's life. Happy are those who discover such mistakes before they have gone too far, and are saved the unhappiness which falls in life to the lot "of the round man in a square hole." It was otherwise with John Horden. He formed his resolution early in life; to it he was always constant; and in the exercise of the calling he had chosen he died in a green old age.

John Horden was born at Exeter in 1828, the eldest son of William and Sarah Horden. His father was a printer by trade, and the family were in

humble circumstances. But the parents were devout Christian people, and, despite their early views about the calling of a missionary, they had much to do with the framing of their son's career.

At seven years of age John Horden entered St. John's School, Exeter, a charity the origin of which goes back to the twelfth century. When Horden was a boy it was a school in which a varying number of orphans and others were clothed, educated, and prepared for a useful life. There, too, he was under religious influences, and there John Horden definitely accepted Christ as his Saviour. Some observers look with suspicion upon all signs of religious conviction in boys and girls. They declare that it is unnatural, and can only end in disappointment. The theory is contradicted by many a consistent life which began in early childhood the conscious service of God, and the life of John Horden is a case in point. The convictions of boyhood remained the convictions of his manhood.

In the Thirties and Forties there were not many books dealing in a popular way with foreign

missions. Such enterprises were less numerous, were less cared for, less known, less talked of, than in these days, when the lives and work of such men as Livingstone, Patteson, Hannington, Gilmour, and Paton, have made some sides of missionary work familiar to "the man in the street." But if the books were fewer, they had their readers. One came into the hands of Horden, and, under God, decided his future for him. It dealt with India, and the horrors of heathenism as there displayed. Horden read it, and decided upon his career in life. He would be a missionary, a missionary to India, a bearer of the glad tidings to those who lay in the grasp of the cruel superstitions described.

Resolutions of this kind are easily formed, and as easily forgotten. In Horden's case they were cherished. He had not made up his mind in a fit of exaltation; in everyday language, he "meant business." But he was not his own master. There was home to think of, his parents to consult, and his father strongly opposed his plan. It would be easy, of course, to condemn Mr. Horden for standing in

the way of so noble a decision; but remember the times. Those were not the days in which the foreign missionary was a familiar object. The Church of Christ in our land is still but poorly and feebly doing its duty by heathendom; but it is a miracle of zeal and industry compared to what it was in the Thirties and Forties. John Horden only met with the opposition which was so general in his times, and has always had to be counted with in one way or another. As a matter of fact, too, that early opposition was justified; it ended in Horden becoming much better equipped for the work of his life than if he had from the first entered on the special training for a missionary.

When John Horden left school he was apprenticed to a trade, and, like an honest Christian lad, worked at it with intelligence and vigour. The result was a readiness at manual labour, a skill in the use of tools, and a capacity for making the best of unpromising material, which, in after life, stood him in better stead than the regular course of seminary training could have done.

But, whilst working with his hands, he never forgot his great ambition. In his spare time he plodded steadily on with his books, toiling at the Greek and Latin, of which, if his hopes were ever to be realised, a knowledge would be demanded. He succeeded so far that, when his apprentice days were over, and the opportunity came, he laid aside manual labour and became a schoolmaster. But though he did this it was not because he had any foolish contempt for working at a trade, for even as a bishop he was always ready to take up tools himself, and that not as playthings, but for practical ends.

In the meantime his spiritual life, and with it his ambition, was fostered under the happiest influence. The Vicar of St. Thomas's, Exeter, encouraged an interest in foreign missions. In connection with the church there existed a little group of young men who met regularly for Bible study and gave their leisure to Christian work. Horden was not alone amongst them in looking forward to a life in the mission-field. But until the door should open, they prepared

for the work of evangelists abroad by acting as evangelists at home. It was the way to keep their resolution alive. It seems only natural to learn that, of this little band, six eventually became missionaries.

As for Horden, he was no longer a boy but a man when, in 1850, he was able to offer himself to the Church Missionary Society. He was accepted, and although it seemed probable that some time would elapse before he would be sent to the field, he had at last drawn within reach of his ambition. Its actual realisation came, as a fact, much sooner than he could have ventured to hope for.

CHAPTER II

THE DEPARTURE FOR MOOSONEE

A Land of Romance—Moose Factory—The Call for a Man—Horden Chosen—A Hasty Departure—First Impressions of Hudson's Bay—Moose and its People.

TO many generations of English boys the vast regions of the Far West have been a land of romance. To-day, when railways span the continent of America from Atlantic to Pacific, when the isolated settlements of a generation ago are already large towns, and when "the noble red man" is threatening to become as extinct as the dodo or the great auk, that old interest in the land is gone. But, as the continent has become better

known, we are the more able to realise its enormous area. Horden, as we shall presently see, went out to a diocese which measured some 1500 miles from top to bottom and side to side, and had some 3000 miles of coast. Yet it is a mere corner of North America.

If you look at the map of that continent, you will find the great arm of the sea, called Hudson's Bay, thrusting itself far into the land. Its south-eastern extremity is called James' Bay. Into this a river discharges, and on that river, on an island, a few miles from its mouth, stands a village known as Moose Fort or Moose Factory. As its name suggests, it is a station of the Hudson's Bay Company, to which it owes its existence and the presence of a small European population. The post is still cut off from the world by almost impenetrable forests, and by the ice-bound waters of the bay. Once a year, in the Fifties and much later, a ship came from England with stores and news; when it left, the door seemed again to shut on the outside world. The natives of the regions were Eskimos, Chippeways, Crees, and Ojibbeways. Now

the vast area, from the border line of the United States to the shores of the Arctic Ocean, and from Hudson's Bay to the Pacific Coast, is dotted with mission-stations; but then much of the land in the south, now open to settlers, was still unexplored. As for Christianity, thousands of Indians are now living consistent, God-fearing lives, where then no missionary had so much as preached the Word.

But Moose Fort enjoyed some privileges of its own. The European population included men of Christian character, and a Wesleyan missionary had worked amongst the natives. The field was not, therefore, entirely uncared for; but little had been done.

In May 1851, the Church Missionary Society was informed that the Wesleyans were about to withdraw from Moose Factory. There were those who felt that the position ought to be occupied, and as the Church Missionary Society was extending its work in the north-west, why should it not occupy this admirable centre upon the shores of

ESKIMO WOMAN AND CHILD.

the Hudson's Bay? The call seemed imperative; it was resolved to fill the vacancy.

John Horden's opportunity was come. The committee resolved to send out a lay missionary, and the offer of the young Devonshire schoolmaster was remembered. He seemed to be the very man for the post; but could he go? If he went at all, he must sail a married man, and the one ship of the year was to leave in two or three weeks.

But the genuine soldier of the cross is always ready. On May 10, 1851, Horden received a letter from Henry Venn, the honorary secretary of the Church Missionary Society, announcing his appointment to Moose Factory. On May 24, Horden left his work at school; on May 25, he was married; on May 28, he left for London on the way to his post in the mission-field.

Horden had not to choose a wife with the haste which this statement might suggest. At the time when he first offered himself to the Church Missionary Society he became engaged to Miss Elizabeth Oke, who was not only a member of the same congre-

gation as himself, but was filled with the same desire to be a missionary. She, too, had prepared for the foreign field by working at home. When the call to Moosonee came, the decision rested with her. Without hesitation she resolved to go, and the hasty wedding began a married life of singular happiness and of long duration.

Horden and his wife joined their ship at Gravesend on June 8, 1851. The voyage out was slow and uneventful, but the time was not wasted. The young missionary did not believe in keeping his message only for Indians and Eskimo. He acted as chaplain whilst on board ship, and so, in his missionary work, began that consistency of life which, from first to last, won for him the respect of all who knew him. He worked, moreover, at the language he would have to use, and, with an eye to brightening the services with the natives, he learned to play the accordion. Nor was Mrs. Horden idle. One of the passengers on board came from Hudson's Bay Territory, and in this woman Mrs. Horden found her first pupil.

On July 26th, Horden noted in his diary their arrival at the entrance of Hudson's Bay. His own words convey an excellent impression of the land to which he had been sent:—

"The sun shone very brightly in the morning and we saw several large icebergs. In the afternoon the atmosphere became very thick and cold; all felt that they were experiencing the rigour of winter in the month of July. About six the mist almost instantaneously cleared off, the sun shone forth, and land was visible. Yes! we had entered the straits—Resolution being to our right—a barren, bleak, but lofty and majestic shore; while on our left lay an immense field of ice, extending many miles. We passed thousands of pieces of every description and size, some resembling churches, others hills, valleys, mountains, and houses. It was most amusing to hear the sailors give names to the several pieces—This is such a head; that is the hull of such a vessel or barge, and so forth."

Horden went on to describe the voyage up the bay, the perils of which from ice and fog and tempest every year made the advent of the annual ship a matter of extreme anxiety. The navigation of the bay, with its slow progress, its demand for unceasing watchfulness, its alternation of hopes and disappointment, its constant demand upon the voyager to "endure hardness"—was, in a way, both a preparation for and a figure of the difficulties through which Horden would have to pass in his spiritual work on the land before him. Here, for example, are three entries from his account of the voyage:—

"*Aug.* 10.—Surrounded with ice, atmosphere very thick. It fell calm about tea, and we anchored to a very large piece of ice, and filled our water tank. The ice opening, and a good breeze springing up, we got under way about seven, sailing through very thick ice. Having sailed a few miles, we were again fast, and for four hours gained nothing.

"*Aug.* 11.—We anchored to a large piece of ice at

four A.M. It rained or snowed almost the whole day. The wind blew very strongly but did not open the ice. Some of us went on to the piece to which we were fastened. It was about two miles in circumference.

"*Aug.* 12.—About three A.M. we loosed from the ice, and, having proceeded six miles in five hours and a half, we were obliged to anchor again, the ice being very close and heavy around us. In the evening the men enjoyed themselves by playing football on the ice, which happened to be very flat."

The ship remained locked in the ice for a week; then they were able to make some progress, and at last, on August 23, they anchored in the outer Moose Roads, about forty miles from the Fort. Three days later Horden was at Moose Fort, which, from that day until his death, was the centre of his work.

The first sight of the place and its people left a vivid impression on his mind. The diary, which formed his first letter to the Church Missionary Society, gives us a summary of his impressions:—

"On reaching the Fort, which stands on a rather large island, wigwams, houses, and inhabitants began to present themselves. We saw first three Indian

AN INDIAN CHIEF.

boys, dressed in flannel coats, playing on the beach, then a house, then many Indian wigwams, and the old factory and stores. Some way beyond, on the same side of the river, stood a neat little church with

a suitable tower, while still farther on were a few Indian tents. After dinner we visited almost everyone on the island, including nearly 150 Indians, all of whom were very glad to see us. Most of their tents are of a poor description, but some are superior, in the form of marquees. Most of them were dirty. The general clothing of the men is a flannel coat bordered with red, with trousers of the same material; some, however, have decent cloth coats and trousers. A part of the women wore gowns, others a petticoat with a blanket thrown over their shoulders.

"A contrast, this, to Devonshire!"

CHAPTER III

FIRST LABOURS AMONGST ESKIMO AND INDIANS

Place and People—Horden's Training—Cut off from the World—Getting to Work—Learning Cree—A Laughable Blunder—A Visitor at Moose—Horden Ordained—A Man of many Tasks.

HORDEN had reached the scene of his labours, and it is time, therefore, to say something more as to the place and the people.

His missionary interest had been first drawn out towards the teeming millions of India. But he had been called to an almost Arctic climate, and not to a field under the tropics; to a few scattered sheep in a veritable wilderness rather than to the dense population of the Indian cities.

At Moose Fort the European was cut off from the outside world. Once a year—if no accident happened—a ship came and went, but so difficult was navigation that those who depended upon the ship for supplies were never free from anxiety on its behalf. Even on that moving subject news travelled slowly. One year the ship was held fast by ice in the bay. The tidings reached England before they were known at Albany, a hundred miles from Moose.

Inland communications were no less difficult. Roads there were none. In summer the birch-bark canoe made the readiest vehicle, but even its use meant much hard labour. In winter the choice lay between the dog-sleigh and the snow-shoe. Food was never very plentiful. The natives and even the Europeans knew what scarcity and sometimes famine meant. The extremes of temperature have an alarming look to those who know only an English climate. In summer the heat might reach 100°, and the busy mosquito add its torment to the trials of the season. In winter the mercury would fall many degrees below zero. It will be seen at once that a

missionary in such a place had need of pluck and endurance. Horden had to shepherd a vast region, which meant occasionally journeys which extended to a thousand miles or more. He had to camp out, to share the food of his Indians, to be ready for any of the contingencies which may befall the traveller in a land of wood and stream, where men are few and roads are not. But the early disappointment, which gave him a training in manual labour, had hardened his muscles, and educated hand and eye. It had been, after all, the right way for him.

In like manner his after experience as schoolmaster had prepared him for the very serious task of teaching himself new languages and teaching others the gospel story.

One advantage Horden had which does not often fall to the lot of a pioneer missionary. There were Christian men and women to meet him at his coming. The head of the Company's station warmly welcomed the young missionary and his wife. In company with the few other Europeans he rejoiced at the advent of a religious teacher, alike for the sake of

LOADING CANOE FOR A RIVER JOURNEY.

the white men and of the Indians. Of the latter, too, some few had, under the teaching of the Wesleyan missionary, become devout and consistent Christians. Thus Horden began his life-work with some advantages on his side. From one point of view they were especially useful; they enabled the young missionary and his wife at once to feel that Moose was their home. It is not often that this is the case; but with Horden the shores of Hudson's Bay were henceforth home, and England was but a place to visit. They lived, as he himself put it a few months before his death, "buried in the interminable forest, the door of our grave being opened but seldom." It was hard, perhaps, but he was able to add: "I doubt there being many happier communities than the one to be found where the hand of God has placed me; the wheels of our little society move smoothly; and with God in our midst we envy none the advantages they possess, and are contented with our own diminutive world."

Horden lost no time in getting to work. When he reached Moose there were three or four hundred

people in the place; he visited them all within a few hours of his arrival. The next and most urgent task was to learn Cree, the language used by the majority of the Indians within reach. He began this systematically, on the day after he reached Moose. With the aid of a native interpreter, he composed a short address, which he read to his congregation that same evening. So hard did he work that in a few short months he could preach without aid. And Cree is not an easy language.

He found it more trying than Greek and Latin, possibly because he lacked the aids which every schoolboy has for the learning of these languages. But his first sermon drew from an Indian woman this reply: "I thank you for your kind words; I will keep them to my heart." It was, no doubt, Horden's rapid progress with their language, and his resolve to become one of themselves, which so soon gave him a secure place in their affections. In eight months, to their surprise and joy, he could preach to them in Cree without an interpreter. But he had, of course, his difficulties and his blunders.

Once, for example, he was explaining to a class of young men the story of the Creation. "God," he said, "created Eve out of one of Adam's—" he meant to say "ribs," but, as the laughter of his hearers showed him, he really said "pipes." But that is the kind of mistake which every learner is likely to make.

It must not, however, be assumed that Horden had come to a place where a missionary's life was likely to be one of ease. The more he knew of the people the more he saw how sadly they needed the gospel he had come to preach. Crime of the grossest character abounded. Men made little of murdering their aged parents or their young children, and cannibalism resulted in the times of famine. The European's life was not always safe, and his property was the object of attentions with which he would often have willingly dispensed. Horden himself, however, had little reason to complain of the people. Indeed, it was their own liking which became the means of keeping him in their midst.

It had been the Society's plan to send a clergyman to Moose and allow Horden to prepare for ordination at Red River, under the eye of the Bishop of Rupert's Land. That plan was never carried out. Instead of the young missionary going to the bishop, the bishop came to him.

Bishop Anderson reached Moose at the end of a six weeks' journey. He had travelled 1500 miles over lake and river to reach this outlying post. He had expected to find a novice; he found an expert. Horden knew the people and knew the language. They were distressed at the bare thought of losing him. What was to be done? The bishop's good sense solved the difficulty. He examined Horden carefully, ordained him deacon and priest, left him at Moose, and arranged that the other clergyman should go elsewhere.

Bishop Anderson had made no mistake. Horden settled down with quiet enthusiasm to his work. Cut off though they were from the world, there was variety of labour. In the winter the population of the village was small; but the people, old and

young, could be taught. Occasionally there was building work to be done, in which Horden's manual skill was of great use. And always there was the task of translating the word of God into the language of the people. To this task Horden early gave his attention, and upon it he was still engaged in his last months of life.

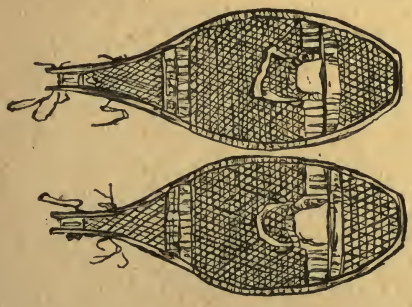
CHAPTER IV

"IN JOURNEYINGS OFTEN"

A Winter Journey—Dogs and Snow-Shoes—A Famine in the Land —And a Flood—Amongst the Eskimo—A Long Day's Work —The Bible for the People—A New Trade Learned—Early Fruits.

N summer it became possible to travel, and then the outlying stations called for care. At distances varying from 50 to 430 miles from Moose there were posts at which, at certain seasons, bodies of Indians were to be found. One of the first stations visited was Albany, a hundred miles north of Moose. His own account gives a vivid picture of the difficulties met by the inexperienced traveller :—

"I started," he wrote, "from Moose on January 5th, 1852, in a sleigh drawn by five dogs and accompanied by two Indians. After riding eight or nine miles I walked for a time, but found myself unable to keep pace with the dogs. We were obliged to walk about two miles through thickly-set



A PAIR OF SNOW-SHOES.

willows, in snow-shoes, sinking at every step a full foot in the snow. Being unaccustomed to this kind of marching I found it very fatiguing, and, having never before placed snow-shoes on my feet, had two or three falls, and, the snow being so deep, was unable to rise without assistance. Could you have seen me then in full armour, with a flannel and fur

cap on my head, pilot-coat, scarf, mittens, and snow-shoes, I little think you would have recognised in me the young man sitting before you in your study, whom you asked whether he wished to come to this country."

A fortnight was spent at Albany, and the return was made "with few mishaps," though, in the same letter, we learn that "during two days the cold was most intense, our faces being frost-bitten—mine not considerably, as it was quickly discovered." This incidental way of alluding to hardships will be found in all the bishop's letters from first to last. He never "makes a fuss"; difficulties, trials, sufferings—all are in "the day's work." In 1854 there was great scarcity of food, amounting to famine—that was a trial always to be feared and often to be faced. In June 1857 danger of another kind threatened the settlement. Immense quantities of snow had fallen in the winter, and the break-up of the ice in the river was expected with more than usual anxiety. A flood was looked for, and a flood came.

"On the night of May 21st the noise, as of distant thunders, told of the conflict going on between the rushing waters and the still compact ice, great masses of which were being occasionally thrown up in heaps. Soon the alarm bell rang, which told us of our danger, and some gentlemen from the Factory instantly came to conduct us thither, as our house is in a very exposed position. The river was now twenty feet above its usual level, and large hills of ice, twenty feet high, were thrown up in several places. The water continued to rise, until it was five feet higher, by which time every house on the island, except the Factory, was flooded; the water, as we afterwards ascertained, having been five feet nine inches deep in my own kitchen."

Happily, although much damage was done, no life was lost. But such effects are long felt by the Indians, for the rabbits which supply them with food and covering are swept off by the flood. There was another visitation of the kind in the spring of 1860, when the wooden church, then

building, was floated off and carried nearly a quarter of a mile from its foundation. In the fall of the year the same danger seemed to be upon them.

But there was a bright side even to these visitations, for they meant the break-up of the long, gloomy, trying winter, the prospect of a change of food, a change of work, and news from distant friends. In the long frost-bound months the Indians felt the hardship of dwelling in a barren land; so little stood between them and actual starvation. At one post, early visited by Horden, out of 120 Indians a sixth died of hunger in one season.

At that station one man had saved his life at the expense of his children. There were six little ones; he killed and ate them all. The desolation of the land, which yields so little to man, was brought home to the missionary on that journey. He had 430 miles to travel, and, "during the whole way," he wrote, "I saw no tent or house, not even human being, until I arrived within a short distance of the post. I appeared to be passing through a foreign land."

Yet a land of even greater desolation was under his care. At Whale River there were Eskimo, and to these Horden early paid a visit. In 1862 he was able to give them more attention.

Keen student of languages as Horden was—and he even learned something of Norwegian, in order to be able to minister to the Europeans at Moose—he was dependent partly during this visit on the help of an interpreter. That interpreter is an interesting reminder of the way in which one mission helps another. For the young Eskimo who served Horden had formerly lived on the coast of Labrador. Whilst there he had come under the instruction of the Moravian missionaries, and had carried to Whale River, on the shores of Hudson's Bay, some knowledge of their teaching. He could speak a little English, knew some texts, and remembered some hymns well. Thus the Moravians in far-off Labrador had, all unknown to themselves, prepared the way of the gospel in another land.

The journey to Whale River was trying, but the missionary felt well repaid. He wrote home in the

following year, that "those eight days were indeed blessed ones, and will not soon be forgotten by me, for they were amongst the most successful missionary days I have had since I have been in the country."

His day's work amongst them was much as follows. At six in the morning he began with a service for the Eskimo, to which some came "dressed very much like working men in England," in imported garments; others in the seal-skin clothing popular amongst them; and one woman in "an English gown, of which she seemed not a little proud." The service was a mixture of worship and instruction, with as much singing as possible.

This over, the missionary went to breakfast. After breakfast came a service for the Indians, who were less eager than the Eskimo, although more advanced in knowledge.

When Horden had ended his lesson to the Indians he went to school himself—that is to say, he took a lesson from his Eskimo interpreter. This over, he began visiting the homes of his flock — seal-skin tents, and not the ice-houses of which we

ESKIMO MAN.

hear at other times. Then came a walk; then another service with the Eskimo; then another with the Indians; an English service for the few Europeans at the station; another hour learning Eskimo; a half an hour's social chat; and at last, "with feelings of thankfulness at having been placed as a labourer in the vineyard of the Lord, I retired to rest."

Horden was greatly drawn towards these Eskimo of Whale River; they seemed so gentle, so contented under many hardships, so ready to learn, so sincere in their new faith. Three were baptized during this visit, two of whom afterwards became man and wife. This little church was soon sorely tried, for the young interpreter was drowned, and the Christian wife died.

One other department of work, in which Horden made great strides during his first period of residence in Moosonee, remains to be noticed. Every wise missionary wishes his people as soon as possible to have the Bible, or at least some of it, in their own tongue. Horden was fully alive to this part of his

duty, and from the first worked at translation. But the busiest writer finds himself hard pushed, unless he can have the aid of the printing-press. Something had been done for the mission at home, but more was to be done by Horden himself at Moose.

To his great joy the ship one year brought out every requisite for a small printing-office. It was true that Horden knew nothing of type-setting, or of taking impressions from the type when set; but his early training again came in useful. Nothing daunted, he set to work at the new trade, and taught a small boy to help him. It was slow work, and so different from the means they had seen him use before, that some of his faithful Indians feared this new task had turned his brain. But when the first eight pages were printed off their delight was almost as great as his own. To the occupations of translator and printer Horden added that of a poet, with the result that, before he took his first holiday to England, he had given the Indians the Four Gospels, a prayer-book, and a hymn-book in the Cree language.

But these labours were not without a drawback. Working early and late, with much anxiety of many kinds, he found, when his book of the Gospels was complete, that his strength was overtaxed. "I have felt," he wrote, "that even a very strong constitution has limits, which it may not pass with impunity." That he did not caution himself without good cause will easily be believed when Horden's many tasks are kept in mind. Thus, apart from all other work, he learned Cree, Ojibbeway, and Eskimo, for the benefit of the natives; Norwegian, for some of the Company's staff; and Hebrew, that he might be the better able to translate the Old Testament in time.

His labours were not in vain. Before he thought of visiting England for his first holiday, he was able to estimate that 1800 Indians in his district had either been baptized or were waiting for the rite.

CHAPTER V

ENGLAND VISITED

The Coming of the Ship—A Wreck—A Perilous Voyage—
Rest and Return to Work.

HE Hordens left England in 1851; they wished to go home for a few months in 1864. We shall all agree that they had earned a holiday, but it was not any yearning for "rest and change" that caused them to return. Children had been born to them, and three were then at an age at which it was desirable that they should go to English schools. Horden planned, therefore, to leave Moose by the ship of 1864, and to reach England in the October or November of that year.

The coming of the ship with its cargo of food, of clothing, of merchandise, and of news was always eagerly looked for by Europeans and natives alike. It was expected all through August. When the 23rd, and the latest known date for its appearance had gone, despair began to be felt. Something had happened; they would have to get on as best they might for twelve more months. But some hoped.

Yet September passed, and there was no ship. October came, and then on the 7th, in the midst of a fearful storm, they heard, "the report of large guns at sea."

"The ship's come!" was the cry.

The people slept that night in pleasant anticipation of joy on the morrow.

But the morrow brought disappointment. The guns came from a schooner sent from York Factory to break the bad news. The Moose ship had been wrecked within the bay, and little save the letters had been saved.

The ship of 1865 fared better, but she too had been in perils, had been injured by the ice, and had

to be patched up at Moose before the return voyage could begin. When fairly afloat it was soon clear to the Hordens that the voyage would be a very different one from their first. His own account of the early dangers is, as usual, vivid:—

"We left Moose with a fair wind, which took us in safety over our long, crooked, and dangerous bar; but we had not proceeded above half a day's sail before a heavy storm came upon us. Dangers were around us, the dread of all coming to Moose Factory, the Gasket Shoal, was ahead; the charts were frequently consulted; the captain was anxious, sleep departed from his eyes. We are at the commencement of the straits; we see land—high, rugged, barren hills; snow is lying in the valleys, stern winter is already come; it seems a home scarcely fit for the white bear and the walrus. What are these solitary giants, raising their heads so high, and appearing so formidable? They are immense icebergs, which have come from regions still farther north, and are now being carried by the current through Hudson's Straits

YORK FACTORY.

into the Atlantic Ocean. The glass speaks of coming bad weather, the topsails are reefed, reefs are put to the mainsail; and now it is on us, the wind roars through the rigging, the ship plunges and creaks. Night comes over the scene; there is no cessation of the tempest; it howls and roars—it is a fearful night! One of the boats is nearly swept away, and is saved with difficulty; we have lost some of our rigging; one man is washed overboard, and washed back again. The sea breaks over the vessel, and dashes into the cabin; but One mightier has said, 'Hitherto shalt thou come and no farther.' By the morning, the morning of the Sabbath, the wind had abated."

The voyage which began in this way continued to be one of weariness. But at last they reached home, and were able to spend some months amidst familiar scenes at Exeter. The old objection to missionary work was now no longer felt by Horden's father, and both parents now found themselves fully in sympathy with the son's work in life.

Having placed some of their children at school, and obtained a little of the rest so well earned, Mr.

and Mrs. Horden went back to the field in 1867. This time they approached their desolate home from the south, travelling by steamer and rail as far as Montreal, and then covering the last 1200 miles in canoes. For Horden himself this would not have meant much hardship; but Mrs. Horden had her two youngest children with her, and for them the long journey was not without its dangers. The party had, of course, to camp out at night, and occasionally the canoes reached places where all the passengers had to land whilst "portages" were made. But they reached their destination safely, and were warmly welcomed. They returned in time to be of help to their neighbours in a winter of great scarcity and hardship.

Mr. Horden was at once plunged into his former occupations, and added to them a new one. A harmonium had been provided for the little church at Moose, and he learnt to play it.

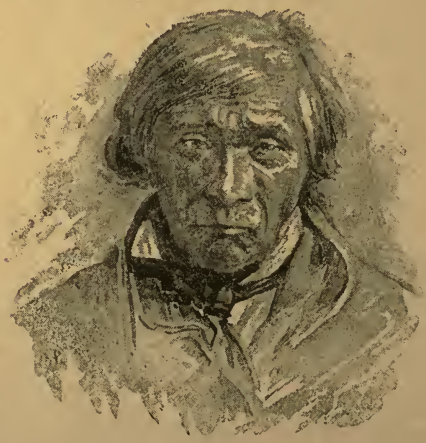
CHAPTER VI

OUT-STATIONS

A Canoe Journey — Fighting the Ice — Simple Worshippers — Indian Liberality—Missionary and Mechanic—The Decay of Heathenism.

HORDEN now began a series of missionary journeys, longer than any he had hitherto attempted. In May 1868 he started for a post called Brunswick House, which lies far to the south-east, near Lake Superior. The journey, made by canoe, lasted eleven days. The river was full of ice, and the travellers were several times in serious danger. Horden spent nine days amongst the Indians at Brunswick House, and then turned home again. A few days were spent at

Moose, and then he was away once more; this time heading to the north-east to Rupert's House. There he found some three or four hundred Indians, many of whom had known and practised the worst evils of heathenism, but who were now honest Chris-



AGED CREE MAN.

tian people. Two Sundays were spent at Rupert's House; then the missionary turned due north along the coast of James' Bay (the southern extension of Hudson's Bay), travelling by canoe to Fort George, doing the two hundred miles in four days

and a half. Here he had pleasant intercourse with another body of Christian Indians under a native teacher.

Only a few days could be spent at Fort George, after which passage was taken by a schooner to go still farther north. Their destination was Great Whale River, but the journey threatened to be disastrous. Horden himself thus pictures the experiences of this journey:—

"We get half-way, then, as the vessel cannot move forward, I leave it, and, accompanied by two native sailors, proceed in a small boat. Two days bring us to an encampment of Indians. I now leave my boat and enter a canoe, having with me Keshkumash, his wife, and their young son; two other canoes, each containing a man and his wife, keep us company. We have to work in earnest. Sometimes we go along fast; then we were in the midst of ice, and could not move at all; again we were chopping a passage for the canoes with our axes; and then, when we could do nothing else, we carried it over

the rocks and set it down where the ice was not so closely packed.

"After two days and a half of this we came to a standstill, and I determined to go on foot. I took one Indian with me, and we set off. Our walk was over high, bare hills; rivers ran through several of the valleys, these we waded."

Arrived at last at his destination, there were heathen Indians to deal with, some of whom received his message, whilst some did not. But Horden had not yet reached his farthest point north, and therefore pushed on to Little Whale River, where he was amongst the Eskimo. Then, and not till then, did he return south.

In 1870 came another series of long journeys, marked by so much hardship that Horden's health suffered. He left Moose in June, and travelled up the river to New Brunswick, having for his companions during a part of the time some Indians, who, before they knew a white missionary, had learned from a Christian Indian how to worship God.

Their way was very simple. One gave out the verse of a hymn; another repeated a text of Scripture; then came more of the hymn, and then more texts. After this they knelt, and some half a dozen began to pray all at once. The heathen observers found opportunity to speak, and one explained that he had been favoured with a visit from a spirit, which declared that it would withdraw its protection from his children if he gave them up for Christian teaching.

From New Brunswick Horden went on to the south-east, to a station called Matawakumma. There the Indians were decreasing in numbers, but not in their love for Christ. For amongst them Horden made what he called "the largest comparative collection I have ever made in my life, no less than £8, 2s. 8d." The liberality of these little scattered communities was indeed remarkable. If they could not give in coin they could in kind.

One collection from an Indian congregation produced fifty-eight beavers, then equal to a

sum of £8, 14s. When Horden was building a school at Moose, they gave part of their aid in labour, and worked to the value of £20. Before Horden returned a second time to England, he had built five churches, not one of which could have been raised without the hearty co-operation of the Christian Indians. That in the building of them he had reason again and again to be thankful for the early training which made him a good artisan, is plain enough from his letters. But, like Mackay, he knew that he could be serving God just as well when working with hammer and chisel as when praying with a little group of Indians encamped for the night by some swift stream, or preaching in one of the churches raised in part by his own labour, or when brightening with the sure promises of God the deathbed of some believing Indian.

But a new responsibility was about to fall on Horden, and, in preparation for this, he went to England in 1872.

When he left Moose, heathenism was almost ex-

tinct there. Twelve native teachers, trained by him, were ministering to their brethren; and the number of declared Christians in his district was estimated at 1625.

CHAPTER VII

A NEW RESPONSIBILITY

Horden Consecrated Bishop of Moosonee—A Great Diocese, Few People—At Work once more—A Day's Tasks—An Interrupted Service, and Scolding Mothers—An Ordination Sermon.

HORDEN was called to England that he might be made a bishop. The country round Hudson's Bay had formed a part of the immense diocese of Rupert's Land, but, with the advance of missionary work and the increase of the white population, it had been resolved to divide it. An irregular slice of territory surrounding Hudson's Bay became the new diocese of Moosonee, and was placed under Horden's care. No better

choice could have been made. He was in the prime of life, and had seen twenty-one years of service in the field. He had shown qualities which are rarely found together in one man.

BISHOP'S COURT, SCHOOLHOUSE, AND TENT, MOOSE FORT.

He was consecrated at Westminster Abbey on December 15, 1872; one of the prelates who laid their hands on him being that very Bishop Anderson who, just twenty years before, had ordained him at Moose.

The new diocese had this peculiarity, that on one side it had no boundary. Towards the north it extends as far as you please; towards the south it is now bordered by the Canadian Pacific Railway; eastward and westward it runs up by the shores of the great bay. The inhabitants perhaps numbered 10,000; a few Europeans, some half-breeds, with Crees, Ojibbeways, Chippewyans, and Eskimo. There was no rich person in the diocese, and the Indians in particular had many hardships to face. But the population was so scattered that, when Horden was summoned home this time, he had, as he put it, just returned from "a five months' walk" in his own "parish."

Bishop Horden left England in May, and went home overland—that is to say, he again approached Moose from the south. It was another case of hard work, hard fare, and hard dealings from the mosquitoes, which had no more reverence for a bishop than for a curate.

Of course there were rejoicings at the return of the bishop, but Horden himself settled down at once to

everyday work. He had his plans for the diocese, dividing it into districts, in the hope of placing a clergyman in each. Into the work of translation he threw himself with new zest, using upon this the long days when the rivers were in the grip of the ice, and little travelling could be done. Thus, in writing on May 5th, 1874, the date of the great Church Missionary Society meeting of the year, in the Exeter Hall, he gives us a glimpse of one such quiet day at Moose:—

"Outside it is very gloomy; it is still very cold; the snow is very deep on the ground; the ice in the river is nearly as strong as it was in the middle of winter, and we do not anticipate a break-up for a fortnight, and when the break-up comes we fear a flood.

"And, now, how shall I spend the day? Principally on my translations, which, I thank God, are progressing very favourably. I am now engaged on the Psalms, which are to form the commencement of the book I have in hand. See me, then, as I shall be

half an hour hence, pen and ink and manuscript book before me, Scott's Commentary opened at the ninetieth Psalm, with Mason's Bible, Cree Dictionary, Prayer-book, Cruden's Concordance, arrayed around me, and I shall be deep in the beauties of that solemn Psalm. At nine I take Bertie and Beatrice for an hour, and then return to my translations until dinner-time. Afterwards I shall go out to see some of my people, notably a very aged woman, grandmother of our schoolmaster; she has lived over a century."

But with these cares in his mind he always had an eye for the ordinary life of the settlement. He could help with the rest in preparing for the winter; in seeing that a potato crop was got in; that a stock of fish was caught, and salted or frozen; that pigs and cattle were killed and frozen; that great stores of firewood were brought in. For those who were healthy there were amusements too. The bishop's boys — like any

other boys — enjoyed wielding an axe, and were never better pleased than when out in the woods. Then they could taste the keen joy of rushing through the crisp air on a toboggan, which even those who have only known the sport as it is practised in winter in Switzerland will envy them. There was fishing too; cold work with the temperature "a little below zero," so that the trout froze hard soon after they left the water. But the bishop knew the secret of contentment, and writes down his own view in these words—

"*The happiest man is he who is most diligently employed about his Master's business.*"

Perhaps Horden's new dignity added weight to his words. At all events, it was soon after his return as a bishop that a curious interruption stopped for a moment one of his services. He had been up the bay, when, during the journey, he saw a body of Indians in the distance. As usual, he at once arranged a service for them. A good many

young people were present, to whom the bishop spoke.

Suddenly there was a stir amongst the hearers, and cries were raised.

He stopped for a moment in astonishment; but then their voices told him the cause of the tumult. The mothers were making the most of his advice.

"Do you hear?" they cried to their daughters; "isn't this what we are always telling you?"

Then the daughters were hauled to the front, whilst their mothers shouted: "Come here, that he may see you; let him see how ashamed you look, you disobedient children."

This interlude over, the sermon went on to a happy end.

Bishop Horden had for years been training some natives, with a view to the ministry, and two were speedily ordained by him. His own summary of his first ordination sermon will interest those who care to know the spirit in which Horden

worked, and the spirit he desired for his helpers. The text was Heb. xii. 2, and the summary runs thus—

"1. Look unto Jesus, to learn in what spirit your work should be performed.

"2. Look at Jesus, and see in Him how a minister of God should *pray*.

"3. Look unto Jesus, and learn from Him how to improve opportunities which arise in the course of your ministry. When paddling with an Indian, over one of the lakes, teach him to look to Jesus, who walked on the waves of the Lake of Gennesaret. In the lonely bivouac, speak to him of Jesus who had not where to lay His head. In the squalid tent, of Him who, though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor.

"4. Look unto Jesus, and learn from Him how best to convey instruction.

"5. Look unto Jesus in His holiness, and fashion your life in the same faultless mould.

"6. Look unto Jesus, for the fulfilment of His promises.

"7. Teach those to whom you are sent to look unto Jesus."

The bishop's words were, his hearers knew, but the reflection of his own life.

CHAPTER VIII

LEAVES FROM BISHOP HORDEN'S DIARY

More Helpers—A Roundabout Way to the Far North—A Terrible Journey—An Arctic Home—Lonely Churchill—An Indian Heroine—The Fruits of Christianity—Another Year of Rest.

N the settlement of teachers for the little communities under his care the bishop felt the greatest joy. He was able to place two native clergymen amongst the Ojibbeways. York Factory, an important trading-post on the south-west shore of the bay, had an English clergyman, Mr., afterwards Archdeacon, Winter; another English clergyman, the Rev. J. H. Keen, worked at Moose, and then at Rupert's House; and then Mr. E. J. Peck, who had begun life in the navy, came out to

work amongst the Eskimo. Mr. Peck was ordained by the bishop in 1878, and is still attached to the same mission.

But it must not be supposed that the help thus given made Horden himself less active. He "laboured more abundantly than they all," and with the same cheerful humility. He made a journey to the south-west to attend a Synod at Winnipeg, and thence proceeded, by way of contrast, to the north-west that he might visit York Factory. This curiously illustrates an old saying as to the "longest way round" being the "shortest way there." York Factory lies far to the north-west of Moose on the shores of the Hudson's Bay, at the mouth of the Nelson River. To reach it Horden went almost due south to Mattawa; then westward by the Canadian Pacific Railway. A stay was made near Winnipeg; then he went still farther west by steamer and boat before striking to the north through a desolate land to York Factory. Here the bishop was busy as ever, conducting an English school,—for desolate as

MAIN STREET, WINNIPEG

the spot is, the fur trade has gathered a little colony of English there,—helping the resident missionary to learn Cree, and teaching the natives.

From York Factory Horden pushed on to Fort Churchill, the most northerly spot inhabited in his diocese. This, too, is on the shores of the bay. The bishop's diary of this expedition shows the life which a missionary must be content to lead who would preach Christ in the far north. Here it is:—

"*Feb.* 1*st*, 1880.—At four o'clock, soon after the close of the Indian service, drove from York Factory 8 miles, through willows and woods to a house occupied by wood-cutters. Temperature, 30 degrees below zero.

"*Feb.* 2*nd*.—After service and breakfast, set out on our way to Churchill; the cold was severe and the wind high, so high indeed that the guide had some doubts about crossing Nelson River, which we reached soon after starting. Where we crossed it was 8 miles wide and very rough, the ice piled high most of the

distance; it was the most difficult travelling I have ever experienced; we were obliged to cross miles higher up than the route some of my companions had taken in coming to York only a few days previously, the ice having been broken up by the fierce winds which have lately raged. Having crossed without accident we went down the northern bank of the river towards the sea; at noon we took dinner, when our guide thought we had better put up for the night. We all went to Benjamin Kayam-awililew's tent; he was very kind, and enlarged his tent so as to accommodate the whole of us; we spent a very pleasant evening, I conducting our service in English and Cree. Temperature, 27 degrees below zero. We had among us two carioles, two sledges for baggage and provisions, and sixteen dogs.

"*Feb. 3rd.*—After prayers and breakfast, resumed our journey for a short time through woods, and then over more open country. The wind was high and cold, and the drifting of the snow did not permit us to proceed after twelve o'clock. We had a very good

encampment at Island Bluff. Temperature, 23 degrees below zero.

"*Feb. 4th.*—Bitterly cold, with a cutting wind, blowing directly in our faces; our way lay over plains interspersed with belts of trees; encamped between one and two o'clock at Partridge Creek. Temperature, 30 degrees below zero.

"*Feb. 5th.*—Cold still more severe; wind as yesterday, right in our teeth; could not travel after eleven o'clock, when we encamped at the edge of Stoney River Plain. With the exception of myself, all were frozen; the guide and James Isaac, my special attendant, very severely. Temperature, 36 degrees below zero.

"*Feb. 6th.*—No change for the better, but obliged to proceed, as food for both men and dogs was but limited; the crossing of the large plain was terrible, and all suffered a great deal. At three o'clock we encamped at Owl River. Temperature, 38 degrees below zero.

"*Feb. 7th.*—We had very bad weather to-day, the wind very high and cold, with a little snow and

much drift; could not proceed after eleven o'clock, when we encamped on the edge of the Big Plain. Indians killed two deer to-day. Temperature, 32 degrees below zero.

"*Feb. 8th.*—We started very late, and at once faced the plain. In looking over it, one could fancy himself beholding the frozen surface of the sea; no trees or bushes break the uniform level of white, and over it we jogged as rapidly as possible. Riding in a cariole over such a surface is by no means agreeable; one does not experience the sense of rapid movement over a smooth surface, one rather feels as if moving slowly over a rough road; more than anything else, it resembles that of being in a springless cart in a rugged country lane, for the snow lies in ridges, hardened by the wind, over which the cariole is incessantly jumping. At eleven o'clock we reached Bwaak, and proceeded no farther; it was terribly cold. Temperature, 46 degrees below zero.

"*Feb. 9th.*—Started early; weather not so cold. At two P.M. reached the south end of a belt of

woods, called Robinson's Bluff, when it was snowing somewhat thickly, and as this was a good place, with plenty of good wood, we encamped for the night. Temperature, 28 degrees below zero.

"*Feb.* 10*th.*—The weather somewhat better, and we made a good day, encamping in the evening among the eastern woods. Temperature, 31 degrees below zero.

"*Feb.* 11*th.*—A fine day, bright and cold, without wind; passed over several plains and small lakes, and through some belts of woods. At noon we took dinner at Statchookem Ridge, and there, 15 miles from Churchill, made a good smoke to signal our approach; 8 miles farther on, we made another, and were soon met by men from the post, with a team of dogs, by which we sent forward our doctor, who, with his fresh team and drivers, could get on much faster than we could do. We now made a descent of a couple of miles through a wood, which brought us to the bank of the Churchill River, here 4 miles wide; the crossing was somewhat disagreeable, from the great roughness of the

ice, although it was nothing like as bad as that which covered the Nelson River. At half-past four o'clock, I arrived at Churchill House, where the warmest of receptions was given me by Mr. Spencer, the Hudson's Bay Company's agent, and his wife. In the evening, held a service attended by all at the post. Temperature, 30 degrees below zero.

"The temperature given is that registered within the Fort at York Factory. The actual cold we experienced on the trip would be, at least, two degrees more in intensity than those I have given, on account of our exposure and of our journeying northward. Every evening, from an hour to an hour and a half was expended in preparing our barricade, on which much care was bestowed; the snow was first cleared from the ground, a wall of pine-trees, with the brush on, was then raised, over 4 feet high, so as to protect us effectually from the wind; at some distance in front of this the fire was laid, the whole space between it and the wall being thickly piled with pine-brush, which formed an agreeable carpet and bed; the

quantity of firewood cut was enormous: a small fire, and one not constantly replenished, would make but little impression on air 40 degrees below zero. Cooking and taking supper occupied some time, and then we would sometimes get a story from one of our

A HUNTER VISITING HIS TRAP.

companions of his travelling or hunting experiences, in which pluck, endurance, and self-reliance shone with becoming lustre. All closed with a service, in which everyone seemed to join with great heartiness. In the morning before starting, another service

was always held. From all, I experienced the greatest kindness; my faintest wish was complied with, if it had not been already anticipated. All were willing, all were cheerful; an angry look or an angry word was not interchanged the whole way."

Churchill is not a place which any European would choose as a home if duty did not call him there. The cold is believed to be as intense there as in almost any other spot on the earth's surface, and the isolation is so great, that the wife of the agent in charge was "often years without seeing the face of a civilised woman." Nor shall we wonder, since it is a place where the land sees eight months of continuous winter, with only some six weeks of real summer. There also, however, Bishop Horden was able to place a resident missionary, with so much blessing that, in recent years, nearly all the adults have regularly met at the table of the Lord. A few sentences from a comparatively recent letter will show that, desert as the land may be called, it has been fruitful before God.

"Constant and regular attendance," writes the missionary, "at all services is some proof of a desire to serve Christ at Churchill, for I am quite sure there are many real Christians in England whose place in the house of God would often be vacant if they had such a church as we had last winter: it was no uncommon thing to see minister and congregation covered with snow, and often have I gone through the full service with the thermometer a long way below freezing-point, yet all were as reverent and devout as if in a comfortable English church. Thank God, we have now got our new church opened and in use, so that I hope we may escape rain and storm, though to get the church fairly warm, with the thermometer 50 degrees below zero, requires good fires and good wood; the latter is an impossibility to get at Churchill."

The bishop's letters, during the period of service over which we have been looking, include many testimonies to the character and worth of the Christian Indians, both men and women. The "noble Red

man" does not always appear in fiction or in fact with much true nobility of character; yet under the gospel of Christ, men and women such as had once killed their own kindred, to save themselves from starving, proved themselves genuine heroes. Such a woman was Eliza, whose history Bishop Horden often alluded to. It is given in full in the letter which speaks of her death. Here it is in his own words—

"When I came to Moose, five - and - thirty years ago, among my first scholars was a young Indian girl, named Eliza Crow; she was very industrious in her studies, and was not long in acquiring the power of both speaking and reading English, and her Bible soon became her greatest delight. After a while, the family with whom she was living was sent far away into the interior to take charge of a trading-post, and she went with them. Here she married a Christian Indian, who was in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company. Leaving

INDIAN TRAPPERS.

that employ, they went to Albany, her husband's home, where they obtained their livelihood as fur-hunters. One winter they hunted on the Island of Agomske, the English interpretation of Ukamuske—'the land on the other side of the water.' Food was very scarce, and became more so, until their two youngest children succumbed to starvation. They were upwards of seventy miles from Albany, the nearest point at which assistance could be obtained. This must be reached, or all would starve. Eliza tied her two remaining children, a boy and girl, well wrapped up, on her sledge, and, preceded by her husband, now in a state of great exhaustion, began the weary tramp. Bravely they toiled on, until the husband's strength was spent. She then made up a small tent, lit a fire, and made him as comfortable as possible. She then pushed on with her load, reached the leading establishment, and fainted away. Nature had held out longer than could have been anticipated. Kind and busy hands were, without a moment's

delay, engaged in ministering to the wants of the famished ones. As soon as she could speak, Eliza evinced her anxiety for her husband, stating the condition in which she left him, and beseeching that help might be sent to him at once. Eskimo dogs were harnessed, and supplies instantly despatched. The tent was reached, but succour had come too late. The remains—cold, stiff, and emaciated—of the sufferer were alone there. These were buried, and the organisers returned to Albany. In the following summer Eliza came on to Moose, where she supported herself and her children by her industry; she was after a time married to her second husband, Norman Mardevela, a European, to whom she was a faithful and attached wife, and by whom she became the mother of four children, and these she brought up in an exemplary manner. Her last illness was a long one, which she bore with great patience. As the end approached, she seemed very anxious to be gone, saying that her Saviour stood waiting for her; her end was peace. She was held in

honour by all at Moose, and she will long live in our memory."

This story of fighting hunger is but too sadly common in the simple records of Indian life. Amelia's case was not unlike that of Eliza's; she too lost her husband in the vain effort to reach help. In the midst of this anguish a child was born, and that little one Amelia succeeded in carrying alive to Moose.

There was the wife of Jacob Matamashkum, who saved her husband from starvation by feeding him with the milk nature had given her for her child. "In the summer," wrote the wife of a native pastor at one station, "we depend altogether on our nets, and if fish fails, then there is nothing at all."

There are people sitting quietly at home in England, who sometimes doubt the value of Christianity to such as these Indians. The contrast between the heathen who in time of death saved himself by cannibalism, and the Christian who showed the courage and faith of Eliza and Amelia, is worth their consideration.

The bishop went back from Churchill to Fort York, and hence, by the annual ship, went to England for rest after his first eight years of work as a bishop.

CHAPTER IX

YEARS OF TRIAL

Moosonee Once More—Pestilence and Famine—A Perilous Journey —A Forest Fairyland—A Long Ride Behind Dogs.

BISHOP HORDEN returned to Moosonee in 1882. His friends in England had seen a marked change in him since he was last amongst them, and even those who, like myself, had never met Bishop Horden until this period, could not help noticing that he seemed physically unequal to the long, tiring journeys, and the extremes of heat and cold, and the exposure to which he was about to return. But at Moose their one anxiety was to have him with them.

Horden travelled again by the southern route. The progress of the Canadian Pacific Railway was making a change along the lower part of his diocese. Mattawa, when last he went that way to Moose, consisted of three houses. He now found it a flourishing little town. But the railway could not carry him north to Moose, and when once more in the canoe he found the weight of years beginning to tell upon him. But his spirits did not fail him.

In his diary he looks to the pleasure of meeting his own people; writes gleefully of the joy shown by a few Moose folk whom he met as they drew near the settlement; then of the little tumult that ensues when the news of his arrival is announced by voice and flag and bell; and, lastly, of the service which is almost at once held in the church.

Progress had been made in the bishop's absence, but there were sore trials to face. In the summer of 1883 an epidemic of whooping-cough broke out at Moose and Albany. At the latter station forty-four

died out of the small community; at Moose the disease was scarcely less fatal. In August a severe storm did much damage at Moose, and threw the more gloom over the settlement because the yearly ship was then expected. September came, day succeeding day without the expected arrival. It had been a time of great suffering, and the prospect of Christmas without the supplies expected filled all with alarm. Medicines were exhausted, candles were nearly all gone, only half a crop of potatoes was available, and even clothing was getting scarce. It was not until September 21st that the joyful cry, "The ship's come," was heard.

The anxiety told so much on Horden, and the results of another shipwreck would have been so serious, that he resolved to lay in a year's supply of all necessaries for all the stations, and so to lessen the risk of starvation. The money was found, and their yearly dread was therefore gone.

But there were more sorrows to meet. The year 1884 was one of much sickness and distress, which

had to be fought on all sides. Early in the summer the bishop made a journey up the Moose to Long Portage House. It was the kind of work which now tried him—the canoe journey hard, and the weather cold for camping out. Yet he was repaid by the pleasure of ministering to the little group of people at the station. On the journey out they met in five days but one family. On the return they came upon a small body of Indians. They stopped at once, and a service which lasted for three hours was held. The bishop went into camp at half-past ten, and was up and in the canoe again at four.

In the September of that year he had only just returned from the hard journey, when the news that influenza was raging at Albany sent him off on another journey of 100 miles again.

And his presence there was sorely needed. The epidemic threatened to sweep off the whole population, and was especially fatal to the young men. There were five funerals in one day, as many as for the most part occurred in a year. "To aggravate the evil," writes the bishop, "the weather was terrible;

for it was raining almost every day, while suitable food was not obtainable. Of flour, salt pork, and salt geese there was abundance, and they were distributed with a liberal hand; but in the summer there are no birds in the Albany marshes—no fish in the Albany river; it is always, as the Indians say, *Kitemakun, tapwā naspich kitemakun*—'It is poor; truly it is very poor.'"

Horden's coming seemed to give all new life. He was, compared with them, in health, and full of the bright, cheerful faith which they had seen him show in times of hardship before. He was here, there, and everywhere amongst them, distributing medicine and food; comforting the dying, burying the dead, consoling the bereaved; setting the convalescent to such tasks as they were fit for. After five weeks of such work he was able to turn his face homewards, leaving not one Indian seriously ill behind him.

At Rupert's House, too, sickness and death had been busy. It was one of the brightest spots in the land. The Indians had all received the gospel, and

held it faithfully; they were orderly, industrious, well-to-do people; starvation rarely threatened their little community. But now Horden found everything changed. Such suffering had come upon them as was usually seen in less prosperous settlements.

"Now," wrote the bishop in his annual letter, "I looked around and inquired, 'Where is this Indian? where that? what became of this child's father? where is this child's mother?'

"And the answer came: 'He died of starvation four winters ago; he was starved to death three years since; she and all the rest of her children were cut off two years ago.'

"'And what losses were sustained by you, last winter?'

"And I am told—four men, three women, and nineteen children; they were all baptized Christians."

Once in returning from Rupert's House the bishop nearly lost his life. They were crossing part of the bay in a dog-sleigh, and were nearly ten miles from land, when, looking seaward, they saw

the ice breaking up before the tide, and a stick struck vigorously upon the ice near them went through! They turned at once, happily reaching Rupert's House in safety.

The next catastrophe was the wreck of the annual ship, *The Princess Royal.* Happily for the settlers it was upon her return voyage; but the crew were for some months prisoners at Moose.

The autumn of 1885 was a trying one, for the weather turned warm when it should have been cold. This was hard for those who dwelt on Moose Island. "We can generally," he wrote, "cross the main channel of our river about Nov. 10th, on the ice, while this season we could not do so until a few days since. This is by no means to our advantage, as most of our firewood and a good portion of our food are obtainable at a distance from our island, to which we are confined until the river is firmly frozen; as it was, it lay for weeks quite impassable, with too much ice in it for navigation by boat or canoe, and too little for either sledge or snow-shoe."

But amidst the anxieties of this time Horden still

had an eye for the beauties of nature. In one letter he describes the forest as converted into a fairyland, in a way to which even his long experience does not seem to have furnished any parallel.

"A light rain fell for several hours, and froze at once on touching the houses, trees, and bushes; consequently the windward sides of the houses were covered with innumerable small icicles, depending from the lower edge of the weather boards; the trees, and especially the poplars, were thickly coated with ice, every branch being apparently encased in transparent glass; while the bushes, almost flattened to the ground by their weight of beauty, presented a most curious and striking appearance. Nor was this all, for a few days subsequently some very fine snow, or rather perhaps frozen mist, fell on the transparencies, the result being the most fairylike imaginable; and in a walk in the forest one would not have been at all surprised had he met with troops of elves, pixies, and fairies, with whose history we were made so well acquainted in the days of our childhood. But

this beauty was very destructive; the branches of the trees could not bear this unaccustomed burden, and numbers of them were continually breaking off, so that it was somewhat dangerous to walk under them, and of the bushes many were entirely destroyed. The birds and herbivorous animals must have suffered severely for a time, as it was impossible for them to obtain food; even the blades of grass which appeared above the snow were all as thick as ropes. Things are better now, although they have not yet reached their normal condition."

At the end of the same year the bishop made another journey to Albany. His account, published in England in the following April, is marked by all his old power of picturesque description. It will help the reader to understand the life which Horden still found it a joy to lead. The start was made on Dec. 18th, when, directly after breakfast, accompanied by his faithful fellow-workers, he walked to the Hudson's Bay Company's establishment, whence they were to start. The sledge was already on the river.

"Soon the dogs, twelve in number, and as beautiful creatures as were ever in harness, were led down the bank, and each with his separate trail fastened to the sledge, which was firmly moored to prevent the dogs running off with it until all was ready. This was soon effected; I said good-bye to the many friends assembled to see me off, the dogs in the meantime jumping, howling, tugging at the sledge in their eagerness to start; the mooring-rope was soon loosened, and a moment afterwards we were at the gallop, passing down the river in front of the houses standing on its northern bank, the inmates cheering us onward. At the end of the first half-mile we passed the last house, and were soon in the wilderness, away from the sight and sound of everything except ourselves. For a short time, while we were among the islands, the ice was rough, occasioned by the currents of the river and the action of the tides in the narrow spaces between the islands, but presently this was at an end, and the running became as smooth as the most fastidious traveller could desire. The temperature was delightful, no

wrapping up being required; it was simply perfection, and the mind felt a degree of elasticity to which it had long been a stranger. After going about fourteen miles, we came in sight of the ill-

IN CAMP.

fated *Princess Royal*, lying about six miles from the shore, and a little farther on we reached North Bluff Beacon. There we remained half an hour to give the dogs a little rest, and take a little refreshment

ourselves; then on again; the splendid dogs, with their tails curled over their backs, required no whip to urge them forward, but either at full gallop or fast trot, went on to our tent at Piskwamisk. We had done 40 miles in little over six hours, one of the best and most pleasant travelling days I have ever experienced. We soon made ourselves comfortable, and then saw to the comfort of our hard-working beasts, removing their harness, and fastening each with a chain to a separate tree stump to prevent their indulging in a fight, giving each a bed of pine brush, and then supplying him with a good supper of frozen white-fish, which, having most greedily devoured, and seeing that nothing more was forthcoming, he coiled himself up on his bed with his tail over his head, and relapsed into perfect silence for the night.

"The following morning the weather was very rough, and the atmosphere so thick that nothing seaward was visible, so we remained in camp, and passed most of the day in reading. The weather was not very inviting on our third morning,

but we had only a short stage before us to Cock Point, which it was absolutely necessary for us to reach so as to secure food for our dogs. Four hours took us there, and six hours and a half brought us the next day to Albany, where I found all well."

CHAPTER X

TO ENGLAND FOR THE LAST TIME

The Coming of Summer—Break-up of the Ice—The Three Cows of Churchill—Eskimo Dog Teams—Farewell Services—A Polyglot Preacher—In the Canoe Once More—A Critical Moment—Horden in England.

THE coming of the summer of 1886 was not without its alarm and danger for the dwellers at Moose. The ice broke up earlier than had ever been known before. An Indian came in on April 16th to warn the settlement that the ice was rotten. Four days later the ice could be seen some six miles off to be standing in high mounds. Big guns were fired — the warning to all Indians hunting at the river mouth. There was

no immediate change, but at three the next morning the crash came. "There was," wrote the bishop, "a roar as of heavy artillery. The ice broke right across the river, and began to heave and plunge, and a large body of it moved onwards. A huge field of it, rising above the river's bank, rushed forward as if it would destroy the mission premises, and stopping but a few feet from my front gate, all became quiet again. The river, packed with piled and broken ice-blocks looked wild and threatening, and we anxiously waited to see what the result of future shores would be. The water ebbed and flowed, and an occasional movement took place, but there was no cause for alarm, until eleven o'clock at night, when the water rose very high and the ice was borne forward with great velocity, the field of ice in front of my house being brought up to our fence, and the water lying deep in my garden."

All that summer the bishop was busy. There were still translations to be made; there were still teachers to train; there was still the ordinary work of the evangelist and pastor to discharge. Amidst

it all he finds time to write long letters home for publication, for Bishop Horden knew that the way to excite and keep alive an interest in missionary enterprise is to tell people how it is going, and how men fare in the land where the worker is. So Horden trained himself to write almost as fully of the everyday life of his people as of the work of grace which was manifest amongst them.

Thus, in one letter, he has a long account of Fort Churchill, "the last house in the world," *i.e.* the nearest to the North Pole. He devoted a good deal of space to the three cows of Churchill—valuable beasts, fed in winter chiefly on the white moss beloved of the reindeer. They were a strange trio. One was so small as to be almost a dwarf. The other was "so supple, that she required no milkmaid to milk her; she did it herself." The third was the proud owner of an artificial tail. This distinction she owed to an encounter with wolves. Not being far from home, she succeeded in reaching a place of safety alive. But the wolves were not wholly un-

successful, for one got near enough to bite off the fugitive's tail.

The loss was serious. Nowhere does a cow want her tail more than at Churchill. Flies swarm there, and without the weapon nature has provided she must die under their attacks. But art came to the help of nature. Somebody remembered that there was a dead cow's tail lying in the store. Happy thought! It was brought out; secured firmly to the stump of the lost member, the join neatly covered with canvas and tar; and then the cow was able once more to hold her own against the flies.

In another letter he gives a long account of the dogs which play so useful a part in the life of their almost Arctic settlement. It is suggested by the unexpected appearance at Moose of a large body of men coming up the river, hauling a heavy sledge behind them. As such work is generally done by dogs, the Moose people knew not what to make of the exhibition, unless the arrivals were strangers from parts unknown. They were, however, no strangers, but neighbours from Albany, who had

been compelled to harness themselves to their sledge and come to Moose for supplies, as their dogs had been attacked by a fatal epidemic which had carried off nearly the whole of them.

The bishop then describes the character and work of the dogs upon which the settler has to rely for so much aid in the hardest season of the year.

"These dogs, of pure Eskimo breed, are invaluable in winter, and large teams of them are kept at Albany, Rupert's House, Whale River, York, and Churchill. The Albany team was a particularly fine one, great care having been taken of late years in the selection of animals for breeding. They were well taken care of, were very tractable, and the pride of their famous driver, Harvey, who loved them almost as much as he does his children, and treated them most mercifully, an undeserved blow being never inflicted, and who, when on a journey, saw that every evening they were well fed, and, what is equally necessary, well bedded. In summer they do nothing, and are then voted a

HUNTING DEER.

great nuisance, as they are very dangerous to the calves, and require to be heavily blocked, which by no means improves their temper, and gives them a sadly hangdog look. In winter they do no work at Albany itself, but the whole season ply between Moose and Albany, bringing from there quantities of provisions, and taking back sledge-loads of dry goods. The Rupert's House team is used in a similar manner; Moose, from the large number of inhabitants, receiving all the food the neighbouring posts can spare, and being the depôt of the country, supplying all the goods required for use and trade. At Whale River, where no cattle are kept, dogs haul all the fire-wood consumed at the station, and as the wood is cut seven miles distant from the place, and the consumption is very great, they are kept very busy, and I think work much harder than at the more southern stations. A very large team, or indeed several teams, are kept at York Factory, and are employed in hauling venison, the principal food of the station, from the various places where

the hunters have succeeded in killing it. The Churchill team, too, is a splendid one, and the principal driver, George Oman, is almost as excellent in his way as Harvey of Albany. I have seen these dogs as playful and gentle as kittens, and as fierce and cruel as a pack of wolves; sometimes they are playing with and fondling each other and persons of their acquaintance, although there is perhaps less personal attachment in the Eskimo dog than in any other; and, again, I have seen dogs lying dead, killed by their companions in their terrible battles. As a rule, they are not dangerous to people, but they do occasionally attack them, and commit great outrages."

The time was now coming for the bishop to make his last visit to England. Mrs. Horden had remained before when the bishop sailed for Moosonee in 1882, and the separation had now been a long one. Yet, if Mrs. Horden was in England, he had blood-ties with Moosonee, and to him that still was home.

It was on the last day of May 1888 that he began the long journey. The preceding Sunday was

marked by a general solemnity on all sides, for, as he wrote, "every one at Moose is to me as a son or a daughter."

The first gathering of the day was an English service, at which the congregation numbered 200, although only six were Europeans. There were forty communicants, and the offertory was £35. Mr. Richards was ordained, and, as the bishop afterwards told an English audience, his accomplishments were many and varied. He could preach "a very good sermon" in English, and a "very good sermon" in Cree, and a "very tolerable sermon" in Ojibbeway, besides making himself understood in Eskimo. In addition he could "paddle his own canoe" with the best of them—a useful accomplishment in a land where the bishop himself had been clergyman, doctor, blacksmith, and schoolmaster.

But to return to the service. That over, there was one for the Indians at 7 A.M., to which they brought their own Bible and prayer-books, bought with their own money. At 1.30 the Sunday school began. At 3.30 the cathedral was again crowded.

Every person present was baptized, and every adult had been confirmed. The collection was £20. So ended the public services of a busy and a heart-moving day.

At last the hour of parting came, and from his place in the canoe, the bishop gave "a fatherly blessing" to the crowd gathered on the shore. His daughter and her children went a day's journey with the party, and a young grandson accompanied the bishop as far as Canada. At night they encamped by the river bank; supper was cooked by a roaring fire, and "a very solemn service closed the day."

The next day saw more farewells, and then the journey began in earnest.

It was not without its perils, as the canoe was poled or tracked up the river. At times they had to land, and feel their way as best they could through the pathless woods. Once they were face to face with a sudden death. "We had ascended a terrible and long rapid, and had got by the easiest side of the stream just opposite the foot of our longest portage, but between us and it ran the swollen and fiercely

ASCENDING A RAPID.

flowing river. We all grasped a paddle firmly, and, bending with our full strength, dashed out into the stream; we could get no farther, and were swept down like lightning into the boiling rapid. The sight was the most dangerous I had ever witnessed; but the men were equal to the emergency. Turning round in the canoe, the bow became the stern, and we were kept clear of the rocks which threatened our destruction."

The voyage to Canada was made without mishap, and soon the bishop was once more in England. It was not a time of idleness, or even of rest. There was much yet to be done in making known the work, and in pleading for the means to still further extend it. At the Church Missionary Society anniversary of 1889 the bishop was a conspicuous figure. He was warmly greeted, when, with other bishops, he appeared on the platform at Exeter Hall in the morning, and in the evening he took the chair.

Few who heard that speech will forget the veteran who made it. He had come, he told the vast audience, from the great Lone Land, where he had

spent thirty-eight years of his life. He showed them, in a graphic anecdote, the old condition of the Indians there. Then, by way of contrast, he took them back to that last Sunday in his diocese, already described. In a few days the bishop said farewell once more to his friends in England. He had turned his back upon the old scenes he was never to look on again.

CHAPTER XI

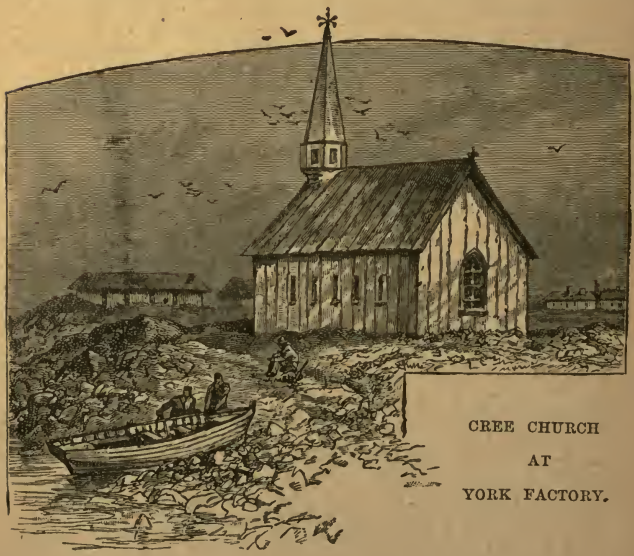
HOME AGAIN

Last Visits to Outlying Stations—An Eskimo Congregation—The Disabilities of Old Age—Still an Active Bishop—A Sunday at Whale River.

ISHOP HORDEN travelled again by way of Canada, and it was like Horden that, upon the railway car in the journey westward, he lectured every day to the people.

He went first to the north-west of his diocese, visiting Oxford House, and then going on to York Factory. "A pleasant week's journey," he called it, although few Europeans at his age would find it so. From York Factory he went on by boat to Churchill.

The weather was beautiful and bright every day, but the nights were very cold, and the sleeping out in the open boat was, in the bishop's words, "not always comfortable; but," he adds, "that mattered little, as



CREE CHURCH AT YORK FACTORY.

long as we were proceeding." In five days they were sailing up the Great Churchill River, and landing at the utmost limit of civilisation. The place was full, and the people were just as busy as the myriads of mosquitoes, which in the short

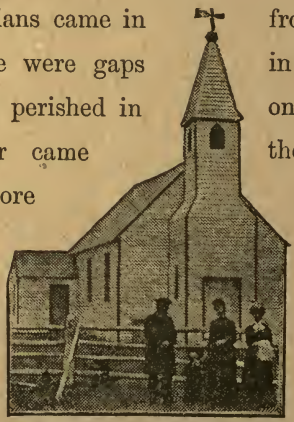
summer help to make life hard for man and beast. After a few days he returned to York, and thence went on by schooner to Moose.

It was dark when Horden landed, after his last absence, amongst his people; but they were on the beach in crowds to meet him. Here he was "really at home" and "felt so overjoyed and so thankful." From Moose he went on to Rupert's House. Here Christmas and the spring were spent. It was a time of trial for the natives, for the harvest of geese very largely failed them, and there was much suffering. The goose harvest was always important.

"When," the bishop wrote, "would the first goose be killed? Who would be lucky enough to kill it? Geese stands were made at intervals of about half a mile all down the river. Decoy geese were in abundance, but the real geese were very shy. They rewarded the hunters' patience and skill but moderately; but, in the poor times we were experiencing, every single goose was a prize, and often a hunter sat in his stand two or three days without securing one. Rupert's House is not noted for geese,

the marshes being very limited in extent; and this year the birds can find no food, in consequence of the great depth of snow, and on certain spots hundreds were found frozen, starved to death.'

The results were often of the saddest. When the bands of Indians came in from outlying districts there were gaps in their ranks. Eighteen had perished in one party.



CHURCH AT FORT GEORGE.

As summer came the bishop set out once more upon his travels, this time to the north. He visited East Main River, and ministered to a group of Indians who very rarely saw a clergyman. Then he went on to Fort George, and then still farther north to the Great Whale River. It was a wonderful proof of the thorough way in which those desolate lands had been evangelised that, as they journeyed along the coast of the bay they came one morning upon a body of Eskimo who were brethren. The bishop

was amongst them at once, and heard them all read from their books. Only one of the flock, a woman, was at all deficient. For her they made apologies; she had only just got her books; but they were teaching her every day. Horden's heart had long yearned over the Eskimo, and few things gave him more joy than their earnest attention.

That Christmas was spent at Moose. The school children were well thought of, for the bishop provided the nearest possible approach to such a "treat" as many enjoy at home in England. The tea was there and cake too, and a Christmas tree filled.

The following summer proved a sickly one. Influenza again broke out, and at Rupert's House the bishop had once more to be doctor, nurse, and pastor. He himself fell ill, and regained his strength but slowly.

August brought an important visitor to Moose. Horden had for some time felt that increasing years and declining strength made it desirable for him to place the work in the hands of some younger man. In the Rev. J. A. Newnham—now Bishop of Moosonee

—he believed that he had been directed to the right person. He was happy in this thought, but deferred his own return to England in order that he might see his future successor instructed in the work, and also that he might complete the translation of the Bible into Cree.

Christmas was spent at Albany with Archdeacon Vincent. It is a tiring journey. His first visit there had been made just forty years before. "I was then," he wrote, "young and active, and thought nothing of hardship; I could sleep in the open, bivouac with the cold bright sky overhead, with the thermometer 40 degrees below zero." But those days were gone for ever. "They tell me," he regretfully adds, "that, for the future, winter travelling must not be indulged in." And then he adds: "We must bow to the inevitable; we cannot always be young; the halting step and the grey head will come, and why should we dread their approach, when we know that 'if the earthly house of our tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building from God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens'?"

It was a cruel winter though a mild one, for the dreaded influenza was again amongst the people.

In the following May, the bishop was able to reach the last words of his translation of the Bible into Cree. He still hoped to give it complete and most careful revision, and this was now never long out of his thoughts.

Yet at this time he could still visit his distant flocks. One of his last long journeys was to Whale River. The account of his visit offers a striking illustration of the change which the acceptance of the gospel makes in the native life. He was eagerly welcomed, and at once plunged into work. Here is the list of the Sunday engagements:—

The first service was at 6.30 in the morning; that was for the Indians. All were present, some being men whom he had not seen for years. Service over, there was breakfast. After breakfast, the first business was a service for the Eskimo. Now they were not reluctant. "You see before you," wrote Horden, "a goodly number of clean, intelligent-looking people, short and stout; you see that they

have books in their hands, and notice that they readily find out the places required; they sing very nicely." This is not by any means the popular view of the Eskimo, and the change which has brought this about must be a very real one.

The Eskimo dismissed, it was time for dinner; and dinner over, a second Indian service was held. This must have been rather a group of services than one service, for the bishop married four couples and baptized twelve children. In scattered communities of this kind, people must be ready for services of such a nature just as the opportunity may occur. But it is possible that these Indian brides were not troubled by the necessity of preparing elaborate trousseaux, so that merely a few hours' notice of the ceremony would not occasion them any great alarm.

These services over, the bishop had a little leisure —time indeed for a short walk in the fresh air; a welcome release after breathing an atmosphere which, in his own patient way, he merely describes as "a little close." After the walk, tea; not a very

sumptuous repast for a bishop, but welcome enough. On the table were tea, preserved milk, sugar, bread, and, instead of butter, marrow fat.

After tea came yet another service, this time in English. These English services, the mention of which so often occurs in Horden's letters, are a useful reminder of one side of missionary work too rarely remembered. In the desolate, sparsely-peopled lands of the Hudson's Bay Territory, and in many other parts of the world, there are English-speaking people who owe their only opportunities of joining in divine service to the missionaries. Perhaps only those who have been for months at a time cut off from all such advantages can understand the joy of once more realising the pleasure of common worship, though no more than "two or three are gathered together" in the name of Christ.

After the English service came "a little conversation," and then bed. At six the next morning Horden was again at work, taking a final service before bidding good-bye to the people whose faces he could never hope to see again.

CHAPTER XII

CLOSING SCENES

Translational Work—A Sudden Blow—"He has been Very, Very Good"—Death—Memorials.

IN the autumn of that year Horden was busy upon his translations, when he was struck down with rheumatism. He described the attack thus, in a letter to myself, dated from his "sick chamber," just a week before his death:—

"My translational work I divided into two portions; in the morning of almost every day I was engaged on the revision of my Cree New Testament, while every afternoon my much valued Indian

assistant sat with me in my study, when we carefully examined all my last winter's translations from Joshua to Esther. This is now all but completed, and will, I hope, be entirely so long before this letter leaves Moose.

"I continued on my New Testament work until November 21, when my pen dropped from my hand, and I have not since touched it. I had completed the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark, and eleven chapters of St. Luke. On the preceding day I had felt perfectly well; I had preached at the English service from Malachi iii. 14, 17. I had taken my large class at the Indian school, and had then preached at the Indian service from Jeremiah xxiii. 5, on a greater deliverance than that from Egypt.

"On Monday I arose quite well and strong before it was light, and at a quarter past seven sat down to write, beginning the twelfth chapter of St. Luke. I worked on steadily for a quarter of an hour, when I received what seemed to me a terrible blow on the lower part of my back. I thought it a stroke of

rheumatism, and supposed its effects would pass off in the course of a few minutes, but in this I was disappointed: blow succeeded blow, until I could scarcely move.

"I sat up, however, until after prayers and breakfast, when I was conducted to my bed-chamber, and put to bed. Almost directly an automatic torture-machine of the finest temper and of the most exquisite sensitiveness established itself near my left hip, and, at my every movement, set to work with horrible intensity and regularity. What I suffered it is impossible to describe, and, even if I could describe it, it would not be understood by those who have not passed through a similar ordeal.

"Rheumatism and myself had been companions for many years, as was to be expected from the great exposure to which I have been subjected, in my summer and winter journeys through the mighty diocese of Moosonee, with the thermometer varying from 100 degrees in the shade to 50 degrees below zero. I had suffered in back, legs,

feet; I had been so bad occasionally that I could not walk down over the stairs, and when assaulted by my unpleasant companion out of doors I have been often obliged to exercise my strongest force of will to prevent myself from being thrown down in the snowy road.

"All these things I did not mind much; I could bear pain; and they did not interfere materially with my work, and as long as that could go on I was content. But it was a different thing now. With increased pain came inability to work, and for a week I lay almost unfit for anything. I seemed for a while to make progress towards recovery, and, three weeks after the attack, was able to walk from my bedroom to my study with a little assistance; then a relapse occurred, and I scarcely have been out of bed since, and when I shall again God alone knows.

"But He has been very, very good; He has kept me in peace; He has kept me in fairly good bodily health, and endued me with as much cheerfulness as I ever had possessed. Our young medical

man has been indefatigable in his efforts for my recovery; he has rubbed and kneaded me; he has mustard-plastered and blistered me, until the whole of my left leg bears testimony to the constancy of his attentions. I was to have gone to Winnipeg in the coming summer, and then to have returned finally to England after my long service. At present I see no probability of my being able to take that journey, as, before arriving at the railroad, there is more than a fortnight's hard work up one large river, which is impeded by many rapids and falls, necessitating frequent portèraging, which is utterly beyond my present powers. I suppose I shall be obliged to return home by the annual ship, but I dread this much, as there is no accommodation on board, and especially for one in my condition. I know that every effort will be made, were I obliged to return home this way, to make me as comfortable as circumstances permit for I meet with nothing but the greatest kindness from everyone connected with the Hudson's Bay Company. I need not trouble myself much about this; I can trust all to the hand

of God; He will provide that which He deems sufficient for my case."

This letter was never finished. The following postscript was appended by Mrs. Broughton:—

Jan. 24th. — "Since the above was written, my dear father, the Bishop of Moosonee, has passed away; he died quite unexpectedly on the morning of January 12th. C. S. BROUGHTON." 1893

In a subsequent letter, Mr., now Bishop, Newnham described the bishop's end. Early in January he had felt better, but in the second week of the month signs of weakness began to show themselves, and the doctor grew anxious. On the night of January 11th, all save the doctor went to bed, hoping to find the patient better in the morning. The doctor sat up till one A.M., and returned at five. By eight o'clock the bishop was so weak that his daughter and son-in-law were called into the room; but almost before they reached him he had passed away, from failure of the heart's action.

As he lay in his coffin, the people, young and old, came to take one last look at him that had dwelt in the place for forty years. The final scene of all is thus described by a young Indian, whom the bishop had for some years been teaching:—

"*Saturday, Jan.* 21*st*.—We had the funeral. The coffin was closed in the presence of four clergy. It was a lovely afternoon, almost spring-like, when the beautiful Burial Service was read, and the first Bishop of Moosonee's body was committed to the grave before his bereaved people. The whole adult population went to the church and to the grave. There he was laid amongst his flock, as he had said he wished to be. While still lying in the church, young and old came to take the last farewell of the face they loved so well, and who went in and out of their homes, over forty years, as a missionary, pastor, friend, and bishop."

Horden's grave is beside that of a daughter and a grandson.

So ended a work of forty-two years in a land of many hardships, yet also of many triumphs. Horden's successor found the diocese fully organised —one native clergyman, and twenty-six native lay teachers at work, and nearly 3600 baptized native Christians; the Bible in the hands of the people, and other literature also. And the work, under God, was mainly Horden's.

In the Cathedral of Exeter, the town of Horden's birth, a monument has been raised to the memory of their townsman. Another is found in the wall of the school under whose roof he first resolved to be a missionary. A simple statement of the main facts of his life is there followed by this short text, which aptly describes his career—

"Faithful unto Death."

THE END.

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