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Extracts from Bishop Scadding's Address

It is a great pleasure to be here today. I am on this platform under false pretenses. I got into something that I did not at all expect. I expected only to visit workshops, schoolrooms, and just enjoy myself. Although I am a Bishop, I am a very busy man, very, and I thought I would have a day off. I would be a boy again, be in the schoolroom, and remember my school days.

You have just been told that I would come to Chemawa again and show you stereopticon pictures. Of course I am going to come. Sometime I will come again and then show you the pictures and tell you stories.

There are a number of members of the Episcopal Church here at Chemawa, and a Bishop is like a shepherd of his flock. He goes out and gathers his sheep, and I would like to come here from time to time to meet my people and such others as may care to come.

My thoughts go back exactly 300 years to about this month, in January, February and March. There was a boat in England, a sail boat, not very large, but large enough to carry perhaps fifty or more people. The people were very nice, they were English people, they wanted to come out to what they heard was a new world, and so they left England in this boat and with them they had a minister, a clergyman of the Church of England. He was a fine young man of a parish in Kent. He wanted to come out with these people to preach the gospel to them, to teach them, and have them serve God. So he gave

up his fine home and his salary and joined that little group of people who sailed. They left England, and they went through stormy weather, and fair weather. Every day he had prayers with those people from the prayer book of the church of England, and a number had come to join. There came a day when land was seen ahead, everybody was excited. People were seen on the shore, they landed on the shore at Jamestown in Virginia 300 years ago on 7th day of June 1607. That little band of people who had gone through months and months of hard sailing and storm, and through all kinds of danger now gathered in the shade of a tree and there they celebrated a Holy communion in memory of our dear Lord. They slept upon the ground, and built coverings for themselves. There were savages in this country in those days, and those savages rushed upon them in a massacre and would have destroyed them all, those savages were known as the American Indians. They did it because it was their own land they did not think it was wrong. They had the right of possession of the soil. I have a feeling for those fellows though I am very sorry that they treated our forefathers as they did. One of the most beautiful things of all that story was a splendid character an Indian prince, Pocahontas, who saved many of those English men from being killed, and who later married a captain and went back to England where she was well received. Here was the beginning of the Christian work. The beginning of our history as fairly started. There came a wretched time after that when we robbed the Indians.

Continued on page 8