

The Story of an
Island Church



St. Mark's

on the Hill

Salt Spring Island, British Columbia,

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES



St. Mark's on the Hill



Cover design by Alfred Temmel.

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Ganges, British Columbia, Canada.

To the Memory of

WILLIAM JONAS McALLISTER
M.C., M.D.C.M.

A Good Friend of St. Mark's Church

All members of St. Mark's Chancel Guild wish to express their appreciation of the gift of time, talent and research given freely by the author of this booklet, John Rhodes Sturdy.

Joan K. Springford
President

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

In the preparation of this brief story of St. Mark's Church I have been particularly indebted to the Collins brothers of Salt Spring Island—Robert, Ernest and John—who trustingly placed in my hands invaluable material concerning the church and the island, with which, unfortunately in the confined space of a booklet, I cannot attempt to do full justice; to Graham Shove, who introduced me to this trio of brothers and their fascinating wealth of island lore; to Mrs. Margaret Cunningham, daughter of the first lay-reader of St. Mark's Church, who has compiled a great amount of early Salt Spring Island history and who also generously supplied several old photographs; to my good friend O. Leigh Spencer, who in 1952 wrote a booklet commemorating the Diamond Jubilee of the consecration of St. Mark's; to Miss Mary Walter of Victoria, who kindly sent the reminiscences of her mother, the late Margaret Walter, called "Early Days Among The Gulf Islands" and printed in 1946; to Mrs. Cecil Springford, president of St. Mark's Chancel Guild, and other Guild members for co-ordinating the sources of material, and to Miss Dorothy W. Scully of New York, pension fund recorder of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, who helped fill a blank in the early history of St. Mark's, when other sources had failed. And finally to the Reverend Edward F. Wilson, rector on Salt Spring Island from 1894 to 1909, who left behind him such an entertaining account of his days in the parish that the work for this writer became a constant delight. Some day, it is hoped, an enlarged history of St. Mark's will become part of the definitive story of Salt Spring Island, for the two are inseparable.

JOHN RHODES STURDY
Ganges, Salt Spring Island
British Columbia
1965

ST. MARK'S ON THE HILL

I write this story of the little church in some ways as an outsider. I do not belong, officially at least, to the communion of those who worship before its altar. But sometimes in the quiet hours I go there.

The church, named for St. Mark, stands on a high rock mound that commands part of the northern section of Salt Spring Island, in the Strait of Georgia, in the province of British Columbia. It is the Anglican parish church of the island, and the first to be built there, between 1889 and 1892.

Not a young church, but not really an old one. Although those connected with its founding have been dead for many years, when this is being written, in 1965, there are still living men and women who were brought to the church as children when it was little more than a plain frame building in the woods.

Perhaps there are valid reasons for writing the history of any church, and in recalling former days, so that they will not be banished again, at least for a little while, to the dusty files.

The ladies of St. Mark's Guild who invited me to tea were concerned with this. They suggested I might do the job for them.

"But I'm a Presbyterian," I said.

"Yes, of course you are," they said. "Have another lump of sugar."

I thought of great Canadian churches I might have written about, back in my home town of Montreal. Notre Dame, one of the most impressive Roman Catholic churches in the country, and the first St. Andrew and St. Paul, which was a masterpiece—and Presbyterian.

Notre Dame was cathedral in conception, and so were others I have known. St. Mark's on the hill at Salt Spring Island is tiny, roughly built in the first place, and for a time in its history, almost in decline. Dedicated hands made it beautiful within, and thereby may have saved it from being just another country church, no different from a hundred others.

But for me, the difference goes deeper. I cannot altogether explain this, except to say that in my newspaper days I was forced to attend a great many churches, and report a great many sermons. Sometimes I was merely taking notes on a pad, and sometimes, not very often I'm afraid, I felt that I was in a House of God. So perhaps I developed in my mind a classification of churches; and once in a while I would find myself in what I called a "true" one.

When I enter St. Mark's on the hill, and sit alone and think about things a little, I have that feeling. This, I know, is a "true" church, for me. In my mind I have the idea, too, that something special must have touched it in the beginning.

So I did not need another lump of sugar in my tea to tell this story.



In the closing decades of the 19th century Salt Spring Island had gotten over some of its pioneer pangs. Fierce Indian bands had ceased to foray south to commit murder and carry off prisoners. Canada was a Confederation, at least in name, and Victoria was the most important city north of San Francisco.

On Vancouver Island there was Maple Bay and Cowichan Bay, and across the waters, on Salt Spring Island, Vesuvius Bay. Here, on the direct steamer route of those days, was the entry point to a potential island paradise, twenty miles long and twelve miles wide, where a man, willing to work and clear the land, could establish a family home forever.

The original pioneers had by now broken a substantial way out of the wilderness. Canadians, Americans, Portuguese, English and Irish and Scots had hewn their homesteads from the hills and the valleys. The first cuts had been made; the land was now ready for new settlers to develop for their own.

There was plenty of land. Part of it had been settled by Negroes who had migrated to California in the gold rush days and had later come north. Much has been written about these Salt Spring Island Negroes, most of it highly romanticised. A popular legend has it that they were runaway slaves who had escaped by the "underground" to Canada. In fact, they were residents of California, some of them educated, and in terms of those days, wealthy. But although California

was a free state, the Negroes feared that increasingly restrictive measures were being planned against them. British Columbia seemed to hold out a better promise of complete freedom, and when some of the Negroes were offered holdings on Salt Spring Island—at twenty shillings an acre and four years to pay—they accepted. (Towards the turn of the century several of the Negro pioneers sold their island properties and returned to their original homes in the United States—as far away as Kentucky. Others stayed, their families to become a continuing part of the island community.)

St. Mark's Church stands on land originally owned by one of these early Negro settlers.

In the history of most pioneer communities, particularly in the West, it is usual to read that three things were established almost immediately there were enough people to support them; a church, a school and a saloon. But Salt Spring Islanders never seemed to conform to the usual pattern (which probably still holds true today). The early settlers thought of a school first, they never did put up a real saloon (at least, not a lawful one), and they were surprisingly late in building a church.

In 1888, although there were small groups of people in several parts of the island; at Vesuvius Bay, Fernwood, Central Settlement, and away over the "Divide," towards the southern end, Fulford Harbour, there was still no permanent place of worship.

It is not to be thought that the good people of the island were not concerned with their faith. From the old records it is learned that clergymen from Saanich came occasionally to the island to hold services in a log house near Vesuvius Bay.

In this present time when church unity appears to be growing in favor, it is pleasant to record that Salt Spring Island had a form of it many years ago, although it must be agreed that necessity played a part. At any rate, Anglicans and Methodists worshipped together at those early log cabin services, and even a few Presbyterians turned up in the back rows.

It is also on record that when St. Mark's Church was started, the non-Anglicans of the island rallied around to help, so it may be said that the little church, in one sense, had an interdenominational beginning.

That was in 1889. By then the residents had decided that it was high time they had a real church, and, as a hopeful consequence, their own rector and regular Sunday services. It was a problem where to place such a church. The steamer wharf was at Vesuvius Bay, but the other settlements were scattered.

Fulford Harbour, down towards the southern end of the island, was beyond consideration, partly because of the mountainous terrain between. At least, that was the excuse put forward by the "northerners." The people of Fulford evidently had the same thought. They built their own church, St. Mary's, not long after the opening of St. Mark's.

Salt Spring Islanders, at the start of a project anyway, have seldom agreed among themselves. Up to this day one section of the island will happily do battle with another at the mere mention of a suggestion.



SAMUEL J. BEDDIS
Builder



R. A. PURDY
Lay-Reader

And so, while the old records merely state that there were "long deliberations" over the choice of a church site, we can be fairly certain this meant that fists banged, faces grew red and very un-churchlike language flowed, before a final decision was reached.

This was for a piece of land—in reality a hill—offered freely by an island resident, Henry Stevens. It was a central location, or at least as much as any site could be called that, when people had to drive rough miles by horse-cart or buggy, or travel by foot, to visit their nearest neighbor. The site was gratefully accepted (by some) and clearing started. Islanders being islanders, once there was evidence that something was actually happening, differences were forgotten, and everyone lent a hand enthusiastically. As has been shown, even the Methodists and others joined in.

Actual construction of the church was placed in the hands of a pioneer resident, Samuel J. Beddis, and his eldest son. From his homestead far up the shore of Ganges harbor (and it was far in those days), Mr. Beddis would take his rowboat through often choppy seas to the harbor wharf and then trek on foot to the site of the church. Distances were formidable then, and so Mr. Beddis would usually stay a week at a time while he worked on the little church. He lived at a boarding-house just below the hill, operated by Mrs. Stevens, wife of the donor of the church land. She called her place Church-Hill Farm, and her charge for bed and board was a dollar a day.

Along with his son, Samuel Beddis had another craftsman, Carl Walter, who framed the roof. And one of his helpers was Raffles Purdy, who became the first lay-reader of St. Mark's. (The original Stevens boarding-house and Church-Hill Farm property now belongs to the Cunningham family, and the present Mrs. Cunningham is Raffles Purdy's daughter.)

The lumber for St. Mark's was brought from Vancouver Island by scow. It was hauled to the site by ox-team, and slowly it was raised



REV. J. B. HASLAM

into position. The hope was now becoming a reality. At the apex of the roof a tiny bell-tower made its appearance, and although there was still a bell to be obtained from somewhere, the workers could regard the result of their labor with some satisfaction. It might be rough, but it was beginning to look like a church.

This slow but steady activity on the part of the islanders must have been noted in the Anglican diocese of British Columbia at Victoria. The diocesan records of those days (at least in regard to outlying communities such as Salt Spring Island) are hardly a source of rich information for the historian. But at least they note that, in 1891, the bishop appointed a resident clergyman to Salt Spring. He was the Reverend James Belton Haslam.

Mr. Haslam was only twenty-three when he came to Salt Spring Island. A matriculant of Trinity College, Toronto, and ordained in 1889, he was designated by the British Columbia diocese as a "missionary priest" to the Gulf Islands, with residence on Salt Spring. The old connotation of the word "missionary," bringing to mind the conversion of savage heathens, must have amused the islanders, some of whom held degrees from British universities. Possibly Mr. Haslam, setting foot at Vesuvius Bay, was amused, too.

Rev. Belton Haslam served Salt Spring Island from 1891 to 1894. During his time St. Mark's was consecrated (May 15, 1892), and became a church in the true sense of the word, however rough its exterior might have looked and the interior sparsely furnished by cast-offs sent over from Victoria.

Mr. Haslam's life in the ministry is interesting. After turning over the Salt Spring parish to his successor in 1894, he became rector of St. Barnabas Church in Victoria. In the same year—the synod records state in their brief fashion—he "resigned to go to the United States."

This was by no means the end of Mr. Haslam's ministry. He was received into the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States in 1902, and became dean of the Cathedral of Saints Peter and Paul, Chicago. Later he was professor of homiletics at Nashotah House of



REV. E. F. WILSON

the Episcopal Seminary, Nashotah, Wisconsin. He retired from the ministry in 1936 and died at his home in Pasadena, California, in 1944, having outlived many of his successors at St. Mark's.

Travelling in the opposite direction came the next rector of the Salt Spring Island parish. Lately a missionary to the Ojibway Indians and from Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, the Reverend Edward F. Wilson had travelled overland into Oregon, with a mind to stop in the United States. When he finally decided to move up to British Columbia, he found the island calling open.

The history of St. Mark's Church from 1894 to 1909, in fact the whole history of the Salt Spring Island of those days, can be told with little reference outside the notes left by Mr. Wilson. This bearded Anglican priest, who fathered a family that in succeeding generations continues to be linked closely to the island, left behind him an amazing amount of written material; in diaries, illustrated notebooks, and a monthly magazine he called "Parish and Home." He was firstly rector of St. Mark's; he was also a writer of no small talent, a capable artist, a map-maker, a businessman and a first rate advertising salesman. His magazine usually carried two or three solid pages of advertisements, some from as far away as Toronto.

He probably needed talents outside the church. In May, 1896, at the annual meeting of the parish, he notes that the rector's yearly stipend amounted to: "From St. Mark's, \$171.35. From St. Mary's (Fulford), \$1."

He was not loath to let people know that he worked for his stipend. At the same annual meeting he announced that, during the year under review, he had held 104 Sunday services, 32 weekday services, made 584 home visits and travelled a total of 2,292 miles without once leaving the island.

This travelling, by horse and buggy, exacted its toll. In 1897 he reported in his magazine that "Rev. Mr. Wilson's buggy," like the deacon's one-horse shay, had "gone all to pieces." Fortunately some friends in England provided him with the means to purchase another.

In "Parish and Home" Mr. Wilson chronicled the activities of his St. Mark's congregation, religiously and otherwise, with flashes of wry humor. When an earthquake struck the island in 1897, one man was reported to have fled his home in terror, stopping at the gate just long enough (according to Mr. Wilson's account) to shout back to his wife left inside the house to "look after the children."

(One of Mr. Wilson's sons has stated, a little ruefully, that this sense of humor was not always apparent at home. It would appear that the Reverend was a strict father.)

Now and again he would strike at his reader's heartstrings with writing that was stark enough for a New York tabloid of the 1930's, as witness the opening lines of his story on the death of an island girl, Bertha Whims, in 1901: "It was a quarter past nine; she was sitting on a low stool in the doorway, nursing the baby. Her mother heard her cough. 'Oh, Mother, look at the blood!' Her mother ran to her. 'Mother, I am going to die; good-bye to you all.' And she died in her mother's arms."

(St. Mark's graveyard—now a part of the main Anglican cemetery—bears witness to the fact that death struck savagely at the island around the turn of the century, in forms that are now regarded as almost alien, particularly typhoid and diphtheria. In Mr. Wilson's early ministry, as in Rev. Belton Haslam's day, there was no doctor resident on Salt Spring Island, and the clergymen were called upon to do what they could to ease suffering, and to treat injuries on the spot. Even going to St. Mark's on a Sunday morning could be hazardous. There were many instances of horses running away from their drivers, upsetting a buggy or a cart, and causing serious injury to the occupants; although it might be added that the automobile traffic of today provides its own brand of peril.

It was during Mr. Wilson's time as rector that St. Mark's prospered, if that word may be used in connection with a church. Certainly the church began to change, and rapidly, from the little place of worship in the bush, with its rough furniture and plain glass windows. If Mr. Wilson was the rector, and perhaps the driving force in many ways, it was the people, the parishioners, who really made the church on the hill.

They drove many miles by horse and cart, on roads and trails that would horrify the island newcomer of today who complains about potholes in the blacktop; they came in wind and rain, in summer heat and freezing winter, to clear away a little more bush, to level a little more land—to add a bit more of this and a bit more of that to the interior of the church.

Donations came in. A pulpit, choir seats—and new windows. Behind the altar, in stained glass, the figure of Christ stilling the waters arose, a memorial to two young men, Harold Scott and George Smedley, drowned in Ganges harbor in 1898. At the other end of the church a Queen Victoria memorial window was installed, unique in Canada.*

* Details of these windows, and list of the gifts given to St. Mark's, will be found in the Appendix.

A bell was placed in the tiny steeple. A pump organ called the congregation to its feet. And those feet were warmed, if barely, by an old wood stove.

Outside the church there were other things to be considered. A driving shed, for instance, to accommodate the horses and carts and buggies that brought the worshippers to church. This was a public shed, of course, but nearby was another, smaller one, and that was securely padlocked.

One of the stalwarts of St. Mark's, a church warden and synod delegate, was Harry W. Bullock, whose name is commemorated on the iron gates that today front the church. Mr. Bullock, an Edwardian bachelor with an imposing beard, was easily the most impressive member of St. Mark's congregation. In the history of Salt Spring Island he is a chapter by himself, and his name is associated with landmarks that still remain; the Trading Company store in Ganges and what used to be known as the Log Cabin Cafe. On his large estate he entertained lavishly (he had an awesome appetite for food; sometimes three sittings a night) with boys brought out from the Barnardo homes in England to serve him. Young ladies who attended his dinner parties had their ears pierced to receive the gold ear-rings he liked to distribute as gifts, and they always wore white gloves, without which he did not consider a lady properly dressed.

Harry Bullock made many contributions to St. Mark's both in money and service, including the land and building for the first rectory. Outside the church, however, he considered his person and his property inviolate. Needless to say, the private driving shed with the padlock was his.

Rev. Edward F. Wilson retired from the ministry in 1909, but continued to live on the island until his death in 1915. Following him came a succession of rectors, all of whom played their part in the history of St. Mark's: Rev. J. A. Bastin, 1910-17; Rev. G. Aitkens, 1917-22; Rev. A. W. Collins, 1922-26; Rev. J. W. Flinton, 1927-31, and Rev. C. H. Popham, 1932-41.

Times were changing. Even in Mr. Wilson's day the need for another island church had been recognized. While St. Mary's served well the Fulford Harbour district, the growing population had been shifting in other parts of the island. To fill the gap, so to speak, a new church was built on the Ganges Hill, outside Ganges village on the Fulford road. It was called St. Paul's.

When this church was gutted by fire there was no question about it being replaced. And because the village of Ganges, recalled by the old-timers as being "nothing" in the early days, had become a thriving little center (it had replaced Vesuvius Bay as the steamship port-of-call) the choice of a site was an obvious one. Near the village construction was started on what is now St. George's, largest of the island's Anglican churches.

This shifting of population through the years had its effect on little St. Mark's. It had always occupied a rather isolated spot, but now the isolation was of a different kind. True, the church had its loyal adherents. But it was no longer the only church. It seemed a little



REV. J. A. BASTIN



REV. G. AITKENS



REV. A. W. COLLINS



REV. J. W. FLINTON



REV. C. H. POPHAM



REV. S. J. LERCH

ST. MARK'S ON THE HILL



Church as it is to-day.

lost out among the trees, and the island traffic, increasingly in a hurry to get some place, even on a Sunday morning, was inclined to sweep by without noticing that there was a church there at all.

It was perhaps more convenient, and more comfortable, for many worshippers to attend services in a newer church.

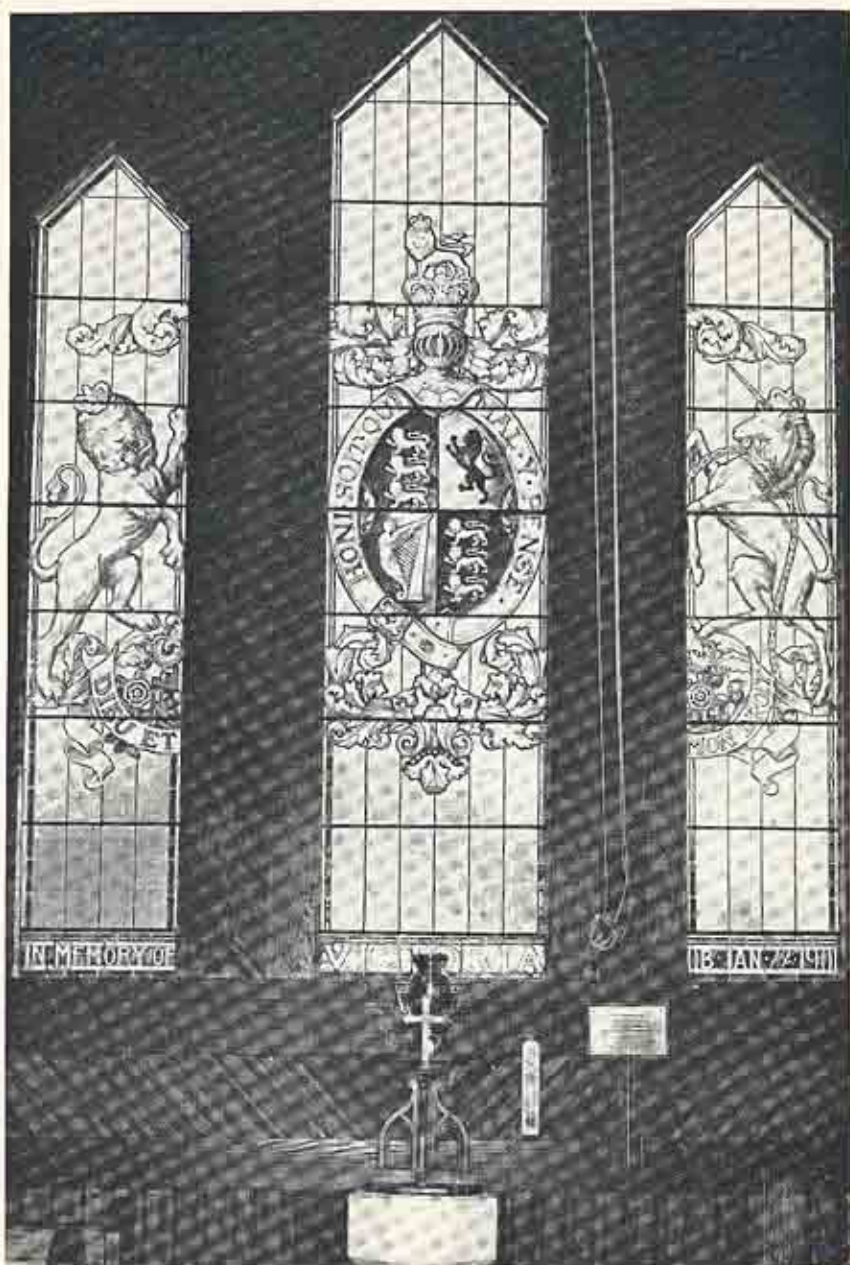
The truth was, too, that St. Mark's had become a little threadbare. The good things that had gone into it were just as fine as ever, but in the gathering dust of age they had become obscured. There was no real neglect; probably nearer to the truth was the attitude: "This is the little old church. It's always been this way. We can't see it any other way."

St. Mark's Guild, a band of women, had been first organized in November, 1897. They held their meetings in Mrs. Stevens' boarding-house or in private homes. In that first year they managed to raise \$10 in cash, but they worked hard with their hands.

Some fifty years later the Guild held another meeting. It was an important one, because it changed the whole course of St. Mark's. The ladies present at this meeting had, it seemed, taken a long, hard look at their church, particularly the interior. What they now proceeded to undertake and accomplish was a major transformation. It turned out to be a kind of miracle.

They started, as the original Guild members had, by working with their hands. Funds were almost non-existent, but there were needle-workers among them who could produce such things as fine altar cloths. Old floors could be scrubbed, windows cleaned so that the sun once again gave out the beauty of stained glass, and fresh flowers brought into the chancel. And the Guild could raise money.

While they organized fund-raising projects of their own, the Guild ladies did not stop there. They were persuasive women. They preached the need of St. Mark's wherever they went, with an enthusiasm that was bound to catch fire. The attitude, "This is the little old church. It's always been this way" was forgotten. People began to listen, and to think—and became benefactors.



QUEEN VICTORIA WINDOW

The interior of St. Mark's took on new life, and a quiet and lovely glow. New carpets set off the aisle and the chancel, new lights illuminated them; new carved pews replaced the old plain ones, and with new frontals. And gradually there was a new vestry (where little more than a cubby-hole had been the rector's lot), a roomy Sunday School and a new organ.

The approach to the rehabilitation of St. Mark's was also realistic. In the early days horses had received almost as much attention as humans. An elderly member of St. Mark's has recalled that in winter it was debatable which was colder—inside the driving shed or inside the church. In the 1950's, with a population grown more accustomed to comfort, the conclusion may have been drawn that nothing keeps a person away from church (with the exception, perhaps, of a dull sermon) more certainly than freezing feet and a cold shiver up the spine. At any rate a new heating unit was installed in St. Mark's, and soon there came the addition of a covered porch and fine new oak doors.

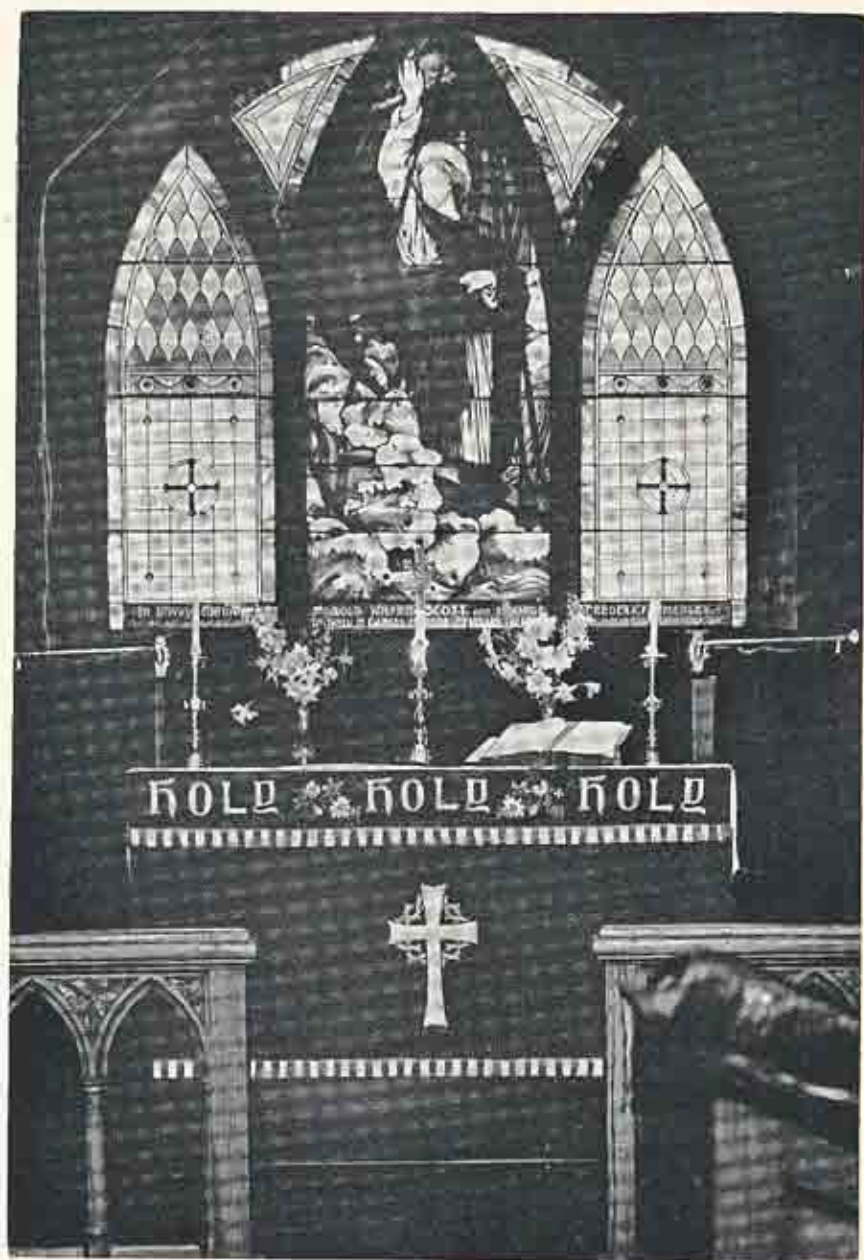
(With all these changes, the ladies of the Guild, with their supporters, were adamant in their resistance to one proposal—that the church itself be enlarged to accommodate a sudden increase in congregation; people who had re-discovered St. Marks and on occasions overfilled it. The decision made was a wise one; an alteration in the basic structure of the church might well have destroyed it.)

The appeal for St. Mark's exceeded expectations. Support the ladies received was not confined to the congregation, or even the Anglican faith. They sparked an interest that crossed parochial and religious lines, and became the concern of a great number of Salt Spring Islanders, because it was realized, if somewhat belatedly, that the little church was also an irreplaceable part of island history.

The rector of a parish, having several churches under his charge, treats all as one, and rightly so. But there must be great satisfaction for a man of the cloth to watch the kind of support that went into St. Mark's.

Archdeacon George Hedley Holmes came to Salt Spring Island in 1941. If the Rev. Edward F. Wilson had travelled long distances back in the horse-and-buggy days, the new rector took on a staggering load of parish work, for now St. Nicholas' at Vesuvius Bay had been added to his charge, and once a month he would travel beyond Fulford Harbour to conduct services in the old schoolhouse at Beaver Point. This was the day of the automobile, and therefore a comparison with the mileage reported by the Rev. Mr. Wilson in 1896 would not give a true picture. But the number of services conducted by Archdeacon Holmes, particularly in the Christmas and Easter seasons, might well have broken a younger man. The Archdeacon had passed seventy when he retired. He still makes his home on the island.

In twenty-two years of ministry—the longest in the history of the parish—the Archdeacon saw many changes come to Salt Spring Island. And not the least, St. Mark's Church. When he first arrived on the island in the early days of World War II he found that his congregation consisted almost entirely of elderly men and women. Practically all the younger ones had left to join the armed forces. It was with both



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sorrow and pride that he stood on the hill some years later to hear the marching feet of returned veterans approach St. Mark's, knowing that, from all parts of the island, and from all denominations, they had come to the original church to install a plaque in memory of their fallen comrades, as many of their fathers had done after 1914-1918.

Archdeacon Holmes was rector until the end of 1963, when he was succeeded by the Rev. S. J. Leech. Then late in 1964, Archdeacon Ray Horsefield, D.D., took over as rector.

It is unlikely that Dr. Horsefield realized that, in one way, he was following in the footsteps of Rev. Edward F. Wilson and others by immediately publishing the first modest issue of a parish newsletter; a sort of latter-day "Parish and Home," although without Mr. Wilson's advertising pages. Many years from now a future historian of St. Mark's may be grateful to the present rector for setting down the record in this way.

So the years have stretched from 1889 to the present time. Nothing of great import is recorded in the files of St. Mark's Church. Only the ordinary events of human life, from birth and christening to death and interment. But these are the foundations of an island story.

The island and the church walk hand-in-hand into the future. Thanks to something that happened, the church approaches it with grace. In the rehabilitation of St. Mark's, the women of the Guild, the carpenters, the wood-carvers and painters—many of whom were volunteers—along with those who gave gifts, probably did not know that they were participating in the "kind of miracle" mentioned earlier in the story. Only one who has watched from the outside can fully understand this. And if what has taken place is not miraculous, then surely it is most remarkable.

Half the interior of St. Mark's is old, and half is very new. And yet there appears to be no division. The new has become part of the old; in some quiet way the middle 20th century has melded with the late 19th century, so that a visitor, entering the church today, has the impression that everything has been there since the beginning. This is the "kind of miracle."

The little church still stands on its rocky hill among the trees; on the site cleared in the days of the horse-and-buggy and the ox-team. Purposeful men built it, and devoted hands have sustained it.

Sometimes, in the quiet hours, I go there.



VEN. G. H. HOLMES



VEN. R. B. HORSEFIELD

APPENDIX

QUEEN VICTORIA MEMORIAL WINDOW

This unique and striking window, bearing the Royal Coat of Arms in stained glass, was commissioned from the firm of Robert McCausland, Toronto. It was paid for entirely by public subscription on Salt Spring Island. The window was in place for Sunday morning service at St. Mark's on May 25th, 1902, the nearest Sunday (by one day) to Queen Victoria's birthday, and less than two years after her death.

SCOTT-SMEDLEY MEMORIAL WINDOW

This, the largest stained glass window in the church, is behind the altar. As mentioned in the narrative it is in memory of Harold Scott and George Smedley, drowned in Ganges Harbour in 1898. The window was made in England and brought by ship around Cape Horn to Victoria, for the rather astonishing freight charge of \$2.50. A gift of the Scott family it was raised in position in April, 1899. The window it replaced was then sent to St. Mary's Church, Fulford Harbour.

OTHER MEMORIALS

IN MEMORY OF

Wrought iron gates	H. W. Bullock
Oak entrance doors	Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Clark
Oak font top	Florence Hele
Oak pew	Pioneers who built the church
Oak pew	Major F. Cecil Turner, D.S.O.
Oak pew	Elizabeth Turner
Oak pew	Cecil Springford
Oak pulpit	John Canon Scovell
Stained glass window	Arthur and Margaret Walter
Brass lectern	N. E. Heaton
Oak reading desk	Mr. and Mrs. Fred Crofton
Reading desk Book of Common Prayer	Gerald Bland Young
Altar rail	Cecil Walter Abbott
Altar rail	William and Ella Scott
Bishop's chair and stool	Sqdr.-Leader F. W. S. Turner, D.F.C., R.A.F.
Credence table	Mary S. Crofton
Silver cruet	J. Charles and Edith E. Lang
Pictures (3)	Mary Palmer
Oak doors to annex	Rev. Edward F. Wilson
Cloisonne flower bowl	Edward Cartwright
Sunday School room	Helen Louise Leigh-Spencer
Oak alms dishes	Ernest Streeton
Wardens' staves	R. B. Young
Gate lights	Walter Stevens

The bronze plaque in memory of the Island dead of World War II was placed in the Church by The Royal Canadian Legion, Salt Spring Island Branch, and the World War I tablet by members of the parish.

ADDITIONAL GIFTS

Donor

Bell recording machine.....	Parish
Two manual organ.....	Parish
Red rug.....	St. Mark's Chancel Guild
Oak pews (8).....	St. Mark's Chancel Guild
Lighting fixtures.....	Mr. and Mrs. O. Leigh-Spencer
Carved pew front.....	Mr. and Mrs. O. Leigh-Spencer
Outside altar light.....	Dr. W. J. McAllister
Oak altar book rest.....	Lt.-Col. and Mrs. J. H. Carvosso
Oak pew front.....	Lt.-Col. and Mrs. J. H. Carvosso
Bronze plaque of Queen Elizabeth II.....	Lt.-Col. and Mrs. J. H. Carvosso
Festival frontal and hangings (Design and embroidery, Mrs. J. H. Carvosso, Miss F. M. Aitkens, assisted by Mrs. V. Case Morris).....	St. Mark's Chancel Guild
Architectural plans (porch and Sunday school).....	Patrick Birley, M.A., M.R.A.A.I.C.
Choir books.....	Mrs. F. J. Nicholson
Hymn board.....	Peter Cartwright
Book of Holy Communion.....	St. Mark's Chancel Guild

Note: It would be impossible to name the many men and women who have given time and money to the little church on the hill through the years, but their assistance is deeply acknowledged.

—St. Mark's Chancel Guild.

WARDENS OF ST. MARK'S

A. Walter (1894, 1901, 1910)	Mrs. Baker (1922)
B. A. R. Purdy (1894)	W. E. Scott (1923-28)
E. Walter (1896, 1898-99, 1917-20)	T. F. Speed (1923-29, 1931-34)
W. E. Scott (1895)	K. Butterfield (1930)
H. Stevens (1896-97, 1901-08)	Major F. C. Turner (1935)
H. W. Bullock (1896-97, 1900)	P. Beech (1935)
F. Scott (1898)	W. M. Palmer (1936-50)
J. P. Booth (1900)	Lt.-Col. J. H. Carvosso (1945-50)
J. T. Collins (1902-03)	A. P. L. Cartwright (1951-60)
E. G. Borradaile (1904)	R. Taylor (1955-60)
R. B. Young (1905)	G. Shove (1961—)
W. S. Ritchie (1906-08)	A. Millner (1963—)
Dr. R. Brooks (1909)	
Dr. I. Beech (1909)	
T. A. Le Page (1909)	
E. Crofton (1911-12)	
N. W. Wilson (1911-16, 1929-44)	
N. E. Heaton (1913-14)	
F. H. Streeton (1915-21)	
P. J. James (1921-22)	

ORGANISTS

Mrs. Percy Brown (———1901)
Miss Florence Wilson (Mrs. E. G. Borradaile) 1902-04)
Miss Alice Collins (1905-30)
Mrs. J. B. Young (1930-63)

COWICHAN LEADER 