

St. James' Rectory,
Pictou, N. S.,
May, 1929

Dear Family and Friends of St. James',—

One hundred years ago this summer the hour of destiny struck for Anglican faith and practise here, and the English rose budded amid the well-established Scotch thistle. The shamrock of course was already there. For ten years, or more, the invincible energy and desire of a little knot of Churchmen had carefully tended the plant in hope of this. Circuit-riding parsons and Kings College professors came occasionally to cheer and sustain. Then the inspiring personality of Bishop John Inglis arose like a dawn. A building site was given by Col. Cochrane. The little knot went into conference. Friends clustered. Money trickled. By the zeal of Henry Hatton a Church arose and beckoned with its spiral finger for a resident priest. For two long years it beckoned in vain.

Then one sunny day there dropped, unannounced, as from the skies, a ruddy, blue-eyed, brown-haired young English deacon, into the midst of this faithful, patient band. The man of destiny had come! Charles Elliott walked into this little fort of God and received the salute of its garrison, and from that hour until his heart ceased to beat, their hearts were one, their voice was one, and with one accord they went on conquest for their Lord. "Early Victorian" is but a sneering epithet to this smart age. But let it think again. The language of that day exhibits its purpose. Propagation of its faith was its password. Extension of the Kingdom of God its passion. Well and truly did they plant and build. Their labors were herculean. The faith of these forest-rangers of the Cross burned like a beacon. They had an imperishable hope. Their great natures glowed with a flame of Charity. They towered among men, and people sought them as strongholds. There was an Abrahamic majesty about them that makes modern activities seem almost trifling by comparison. "There were giants in the land in those days."

Charles Elliott measured up nobly to the standards of his day. He lived the patriarchal life, absorbed in his work. He answered all calls upon him in a truly Catholic spirit. No bearer of a fiery cross sped with a greater zeal than he upon the benign mission. Elsewhere the story of his deeds is told, all the little that is known. The rest is with God.

It seems so strange that he who left behind him so rich a spiritual legacy should lack a memorial to bear the record of this pioneer for Christ. To be sure the old parish registers are filled with the names of thousands whom he baptized, married and laid to rest in glen and hill top of three counties. To be sure, the Churches at Stellarton, River John, New Glasgow, Westville and Trenton are the fruit of his labors. These are no slight memorial in themselves. But in the place where he lived and toiled there is nothing that bears his name.

It is for us who have enjoyed the harvest of his planting, faithful and dutiful, to repair that omission. The time is ripe and the form it should take is clearly indicated. In the old records, the loom in which the web of his ministry is woven, there runs like a thread of gold his oft repeated appeal for a Parish Hall. He saw the need, but the way was not found. The need is even greater now, and the way is opening. "Let us arise and build." Let us realize the vision of our prophet, that he may "see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied."

Let all who honour his name—all who would continue his work—all who would carry forward the traditions of the past—all who would reinforce the fighting troops in this little outpost for God—all who believe in ever-new beginnings and progressive enterprizes, lend their generous aid, that Charles Elliott's life of inspiring service, and his fulfilled desire, may bring the spirit of Victory into the new century's Campaign.

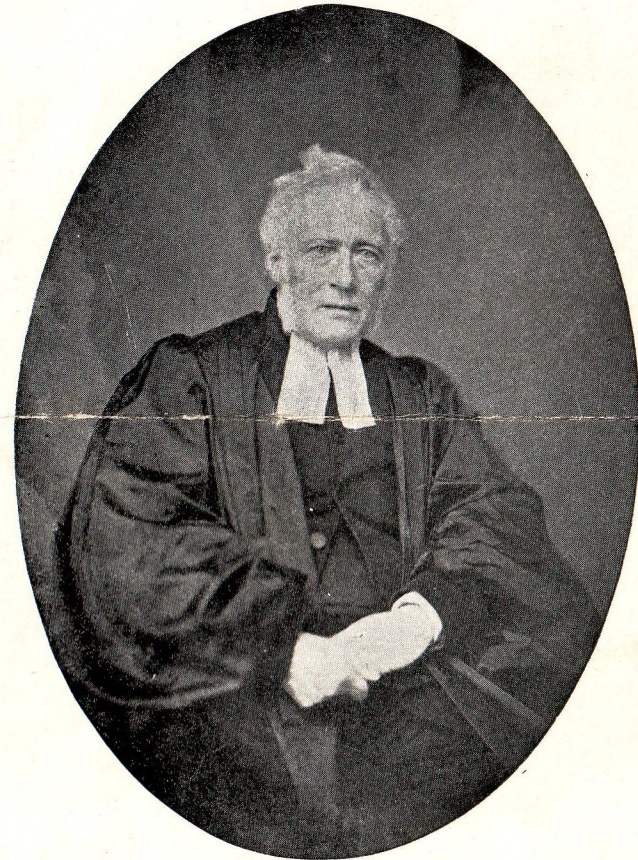
Faithfully yours,

A. E. Andrew.

The Elliott Centenary Memorial

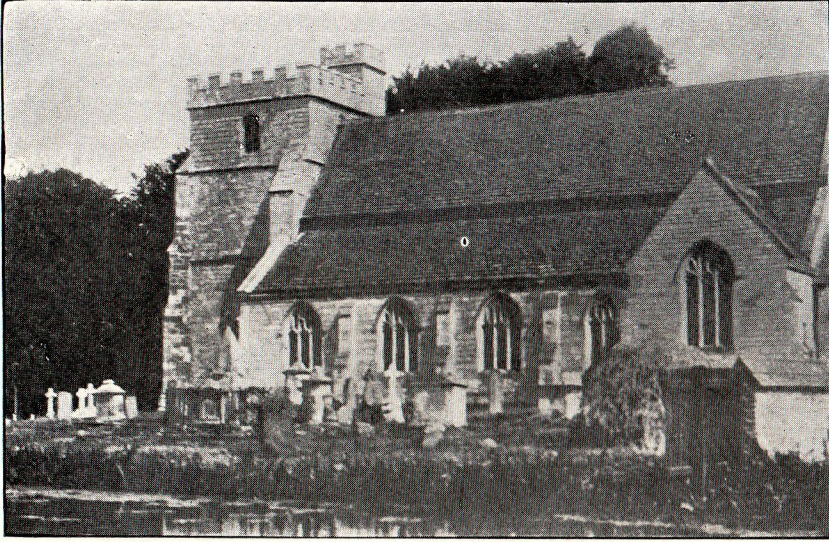
1829-1929

St. James' Church, Pictou, N. S.

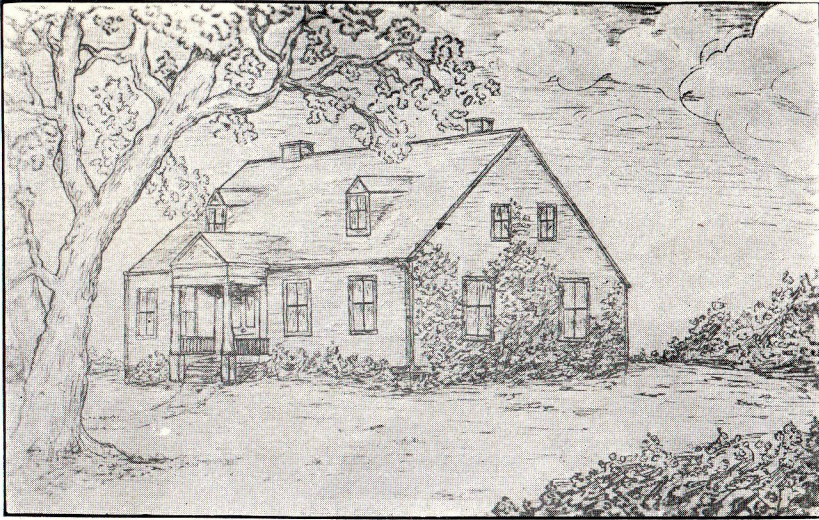


THE REVEREND CHARLES ELLIOTT

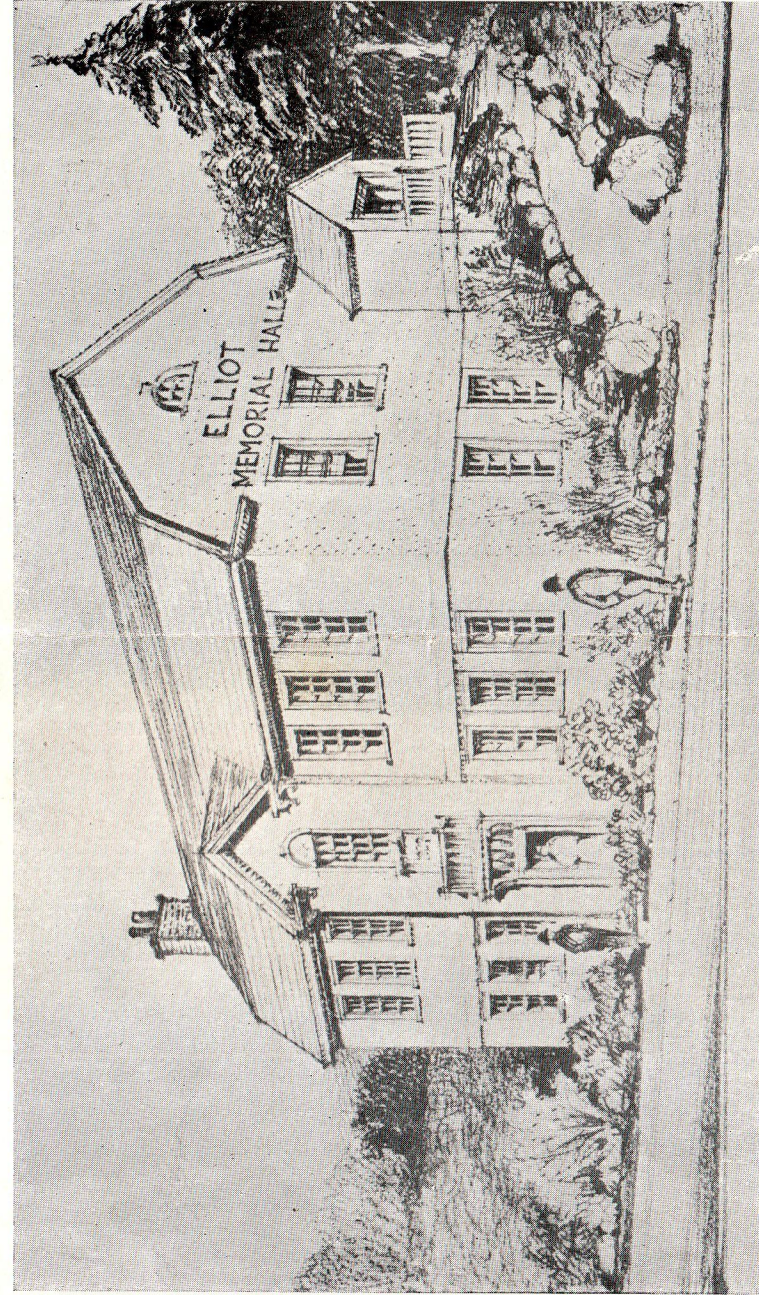
Born at Stonehouse, Gloucestershire, England, and baptized in the Church of St. Cyr there, July 7th, 1805. He was ordained to the diaconate at the Chapel Royal of St. James' in London in June, 1829, came to Nova Scotia and paid a visit to Pictou the same year. He was ordained priest in the summer of 1830, and remained here exercising his ministry, with Pictou as his headquarters, in this and adjacent counties until 1865, when he returned to England, and in his native place, passed to his reward in 1871.



CHURCH OF ST. CYR, STONEHOUSE, GLOUCESTERSHIRE,
in which Charles Elliott was baptized by the Rev. John Pettat, which he attended
as a youth, and within whose walls the thought was born which developed in him
a zealous missionary and true man of God.



THE HOUSE, STILL STANDING, WHICH WAS BUILT AS A
RESIDENCE FOR MR. ELLIOTT,
situated on a street named for him in the West End of Pictou town. It was in the
centre of a large Glebe owned and farmed by him; only five acres of it still remain
with the house. Mr. Elliott occupied it for 36 years.



THE HALL WHICH IT IS PROPOSED TO ERRECT AS A MEMORIAL TO REV. CHARLES ELLIOTT,
THE FIRST RECTOR OF PICTOU PARISH.

This attractive and convenient building will be 74 feet in length by 35 feet in width. It will contain on the ground floor an indoor games room, 35'x60' and 14' in height, with private rooms, dressing room and a visitor's gallery. The floor above will provide a concert hall of the same size as that below, with stage. Behind the stage will be the kitchen, pantries and dressing room. The total cost will be \$9000.