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Heritage

WHEN THE RETURNS ARE IN, it may be discovered that, for its size, no country has given to the world such a galaxy of spiritual giants as has Scotland. Whatever the reason, the fact is there for all to see. Out of Scotland have come preachers, missionaries, Bible expositors and Christian educators in numbers far out of proportion to its total population. Wherever its people have ranged over the earth, they have usually carried with them Scotland's plain Protestant faith and severe religious code. While there have been many individual exceptions, I think it will be found that they have stayed, for the most part, on the side of the angels, and the blessing of God has followed them down to the third and fourth generations.

It is no wonder, then, that one of the greatest missionaries of modern times should have been a Scot just one generation removed. He still had all his Highland courage and all his inherited love for hardships. Lust for action was strong upon him.

His grandfather, William Jaffray, was born in Thomasland, Scotland, in 1790 and was married

only after he was well on in middle life. He and his wife, Margaret Heugh, had been married just a year when the first baby arrived at the Skeoch Farm home. Every two years thereafter came another, until there were nine in all—two daughters and seven sons. Some were given good, approved and solid names such as Janet and William and Margaret. Others had plainer ones—John and James and Alexander. George and Thomas were thrown in to finish out the nine. They were all baptized, the records say, by Mr. Raeburn or Mr. Logan or Mr. Robert Frew, and their names were duly entered in the Sessions Book of the kirk.

Those were the days when large families were born and small families were reared, the infant mortality rate being what it was. But the nine Jaffrays survived and lived, at least some of them, to a very advanced age. They were farmers, mostly, as native to the soil as the heather that grew beneath their feet. With one exception, they stayed close to the familiar old places with musical names: Thomasland near Airth, Skeoch near Bannockburn, Throsk, and Stirling on the River Forth that flows from Loch Lomond to the sea.

The exception was Robert, the father of the missionary R.A. Jaffray. A strain of adventure led him while still quite a lad to break home ties and cross the ocean to Canada. He was, to stay by the figures, 20 years old when he arrived in Toronto in 1852. The Canada of that day was still young and relatively undeveloped, but to young Jaffray this was all in its favor. It did not offer too much ready-

made comfort, but it did present a challenge—it afforded a young fellow a chance to begin at the bottom and grow up with the country. Jaffray decided to stay and spent the next years getting used to the new world, measuring the task and learning the ways of business and finance. That he learned these things well many Canadians know even today.

Jaffray married late, as his father had done before him, but the marriage, when it finally came, was a success from a social standpoint. His bride was Sarah Bugg, daughter of Alderman Bugg of the city of Toronto. This afforded a bit of a social boost, but it did not aid in the struggle for financial independence. So Jaffray entered the business world, becoming junior partner in a grocery concern with a Mr. Smith, the house being known as Smith and Jaffray.

Five children were born to the Jaffrays over the next years, three girls and two boys, and the sturdy family names appeared again—William, Robert and Margaret as well as Annie and Elizabeth. Things looked bright for the Jaffray family. The children were growing and so was the business. Then one day Jaffray woke to find out that he still had the family, but the business had disappeared. A fire had swept away everything, leaving him not just destitute but \$10,000 in debt.

Here for the first time the true mettle of the man was proved. Of Mr. Smith we hear nothing more, but of Mr. Jaffray we hear much more indeed. It took disaster to wake the Scot in him and bring

out his fighting spirit. A few years of sharp struggle followed, but he soon got on his feet again and gained an interest in a number of business enterprises. Before long he was able to pay off his debts, and from there he went on to make a fortune in real estate.

When past middle life, Mr. Jaffray became interested in the *Toronto Globe*, one of the great dailies in the Dominion, bought a controlling interest and proceeded to take over the paper—lock, stock and barrel. At a time in life when many men are planning to retire, he was entering the most influential phase of his career. Soon he was one of the best-known figures in Canada. The *Globe*, a liberal newspaper, prospered under the vigorous leadership of its new owner. Jaffray was its animating spirit. It is not too much to say that for a great many years Jaffray *was* the *Globe*.

Shortly after he had taken over the *Globe*, his lumber interests—through which he had made his fortune—were caught in a business slump. For the second time Jaffray had everything swept from under him. Nothing remained but the *Globe* and a heavy, insistent debt.

His reputation was such that he managed to survive without relinquishing his hold upon the newspaper. Though no longer young, he fought like a man in his twenties. The *Globe* paid out. His debts were paid off and when he died at 82 he was able to leave behind a sizable amount to be divided among his heirs.

During the last years of his life he became so

well and favorably known throughout the business and political world that he was, at the age of 74, appointed to the Senate by order of the Council of the Canadian Government. He was still Senator Jaffray at the time of his death.

It may help in some measure to explain R.A. Jaffray—as far as any merely human factors can explain him—to see how the elder Jaffray met one after another of the difficult situations that confronted him during his long and active life. He could make and lose a fortune as if it were merely one more item in the month's work. Inexperience, lack of education, age, debt—nothing seemed to stop him as long as his health remained. The casual manner of dealing with impossibilities reveals a trait that appears to have descended from father to son without losing anything in the process. In another field of action the son showed the same courage, the same dogged cheerfulness under opposition, the same inability to know when he was beaten.