

REMINISCENCES OF TWENTY YEARS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

By Rev. J. A. Logan, M.A.

Twenty years! Swift years! Busy years! Does anyone ever pass a like probation here and not be busy? It was in '91 that I first crossed the Rockies. I have been in different parts of the Province during those years. In the agricultural and mining settlements particularly, the people consisted of three sexes—men, women and old-timers. The last were in a class by themselves. For them I have a profound respect. They came from the Old Land, Eastern Canada and the United States. That was before the era of steam transportation, and they arrived, of course, on horseback or afoot. The old-timer took possession of the land, or as much of it as he wanted, and lived a natural, free, and at times a strenuous life. His opportunities were few, his struggles many. His was the unseen task of blazing the trail from the virgin soil into a brighter civilization, and in the doing of it he evinced courage, endurance, humor and patience. Primitive in method, often low in finance, resourceful in extremities, optimistic always, and with a fountain of perseverance which never ran dry.

To the tenderfoot then old-timers appeared cold, severe, unpromising. Among themselves they were genial, kind, hospitable. They practiced a kind of Free Masonry that refused to admit all-comers, and in this way assumed an air of dignity and independence which declined to be jostled.

One Presbytery covered the Provinces of British Columbia and Alberta, the Presbytery of Columbia. I had the pleasure of being a corresponding member in '91 at Victoria. Strong, fearless, faithful men were they who composed this court. Some of them had parishes where are now eight or ten congregations. For those who came from afar three or four weeks would be consumed while attending this meeting. One would like to speak of the men. Very few of them are now in the active work of the ministry; many have passed to their reward. Dr. Robertson was there and in his prime.