

the pastors and churches of New York, and the venerable Dr. Nathan Bangs—perhaps the only then living link connecting Canadian and American Methodism—commended the missionaries, their families, and work to the care and blessing of God. After a few words of grateful appreciation spoken by the Canadians and the benediction pronounced by Dr. Floy, a large number of those present came forward to shake hands with the guests of the evening. All the American brethren named, as well as five of the Canadian contingent

bor of Victoria was reached at 8 a.m. on Thursday, the 10th. The firing of our signal gun was answered promptly by the arrival alongside of a waterman named Williams, bringing Mr. J. T. Pidwell, who had some months before written to Dr. Evans, urging the appointment of missionaries to the British Pacific, and had been advised of our coming. After a few words of consultation, it was arranged that the younger members of the party, Mr. Browning, Miss Evans and her brother, Miss Woodman, sister of Mrs. White, and myself should go ashore in Mr. Williams's skiff, the remainder, Dr. and Mrs. Evans, Mr. and Mrs. White and their two children remaining until the steam lighter should bring passengers and mail matter to the city landing.

The whole party, once landed, found shelter in a new building belonging to Mr. Pidwell, on the corner of Yates and Douglas streets, still occupying the same location, and all heartily thanked God that throughout the journey of over 6,000 miles, they had been kept safe from harm and had now, at last, reached the desired haven.

Victoria city was not at that time what it is to-day, save that its beautiful situation and charming surroundings remain the same. The population was estimated at 3,000, the great bulk of those who had been attracted by the gold mines during the previous year having already returned to California, Oregon, and the settlements on Puget Sound. The old stockade "fort" of the Hudson's Bay Company still stood intact with its frowning bastions, revealing the muzzles of rusty cannon, once the main defence of the fur-traders against the hordes of savage Indians with whom their traffic in peltry was carried on. Of churches there were but two—Christ Church (Episcopalian), of which Rev. Edward Cridge had been incumbent, as colonial chaplain, since April 1st, 1871, and St. Andrew's (Roman Catholic), in charge of Bishop Demers.

Permission having been obtained from His Excellency, James Douglas, to use an unfinished and unfurnished room, 20x32 feet, in the newly-erected court house as a place of worship until further provision could be made, the missionaries spent Saturday in seating and otherwise preparing the place for occupancy. In this room on Sunday, Feb. 12th, 1859, was held our initial service.

But this was not the first Methodist service in Victoria. In September of the previous year, Rev. John F. Devore, senior presiding elder of the Puget Sound district, and Rev. Martin Rhodes ascended Fraser River as far as Fort Langley. Returning to Victoria the following day, Friday, Sept. 17th, Mr. Rhodes preached in a tent to about twenty persons, from I. Jno., 4:17. The next evening Rev. J. J. Moore (colored) preached in the shed of Mr. Pidwell's building, then in course of erection. On Sunday, 19th, they held a Methodist lovefeast at 9:30 a.m., Mr. Devore preaching at 11 a.m., and again in the afternoon to a multitude on the street, in front of the old stockade. Mr. Rhodes preached in the new building in the evening. Mr. Devore had intended to organize a society and send them a preacher; but the Victoria brethren informed him that they expected the Can-

adian conference to supply them with missionaries that fall, or winter, so he yielded up everything to their judgment and returned with his associate to the Sound.

Old Time Reminiscences

(By Sheriff McMillan.)

It is not an easy task for one who has crossed the septuagenarian line of life to look backward over a period of forty years and gather up, in anything like chronological order, the incidents of his life. Memory cannot always be depended upon, and therefore many of his personal reminiscences which go to make up life's history have passed away, and others grown too dim for use. However, having been asked for such reminiscences of the past as are still available for use in the columns of the Methodist Recorder, I heroby undertake the task imposed upon me by the editor of that journal.

On the 9th day of August, 1850, I arrived in the city of Victoria after a tedious journey, by land and water, covering a period of seven weeks. I was one of a company of six adventurers, all from the town of Bowmanville, in the County of Durham, Province of Ontario, and all save one member of the Methodist Church, drawn hither by the rosy-tinted account of the rich deposits of gold in the rivers of British Columbia, and of men becoming wealthy in a day by simply rocking a cradle on the banks of the Fraser River.

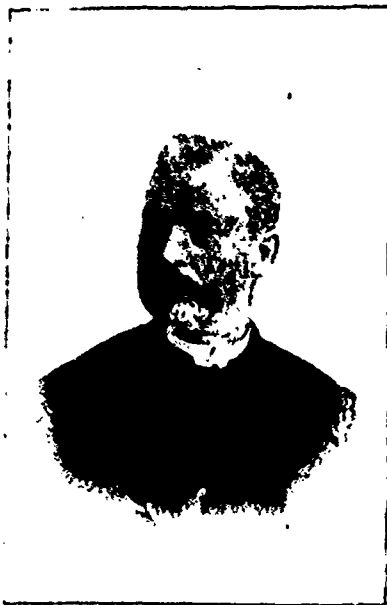
As a boy I used to abominate cradle-rocking, but if by so doing I could now reap a harvest of the precious metal in a day, I was not unwilling to try my hand at that kind of work. Of the com-



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pany above referred to, I believe I am the only one left to tell the tale of subsequent adventures, the others all having crossed that bourne whence no traveller returns.

My first arrival in Victoria was on a Saturday, and the next being the Sabbath, I made inquiries on the street as to the whereabouts of the Methodist Church, and was directed to the city prison—a queer location, I thought, for Methodist missionaries to drop anchor in a new country. That, however, was the



REV. E. ROBSON.

have passed on to their heavenly reward. "These all died in the Faith."

On the afternoon of January 6th, the missionaries and their families went on board the steamship Illinois, and soon after, with many hearty farewells spoken and waved from friends on the wharf, sailed for Aspinwall, as second cabin passengers, the full price of a ticket to San Francisco being \$100, with a reduction in case of ministers and their families.

Space will not permit a description of the trip through the West India Islands to Aspinwall, the short but interesting run across the isthmus to Panama, amid tropical scenery and wonderful vegetation, and the passage on board the John L. Stephen to San Francisco. Religious services were held on Sundays, and some missionary work done among the passengers in cabin and steerage during the voyage upon the two oceans.

Arriving at the city of the "Golden Gate," on Saturday evening, January 29th, the missionaries were assigned work on the following day in Methodist churches. It was a day of duty and privilege. Four days of enforced detention in "Frisco," enabled us to "do" that city of phenomenal growth, and to assist in revival services in one of the churches.

Passage was secured on the ill-fated steamship Pacific, which sailed Feb. 3rd, and reached Portland, Oregon, at 9 p.m., Sunday, 6th. Here two days were spent, the missionaries again taking a hand in revival work. Leaving Portland at 11 p.m., Feb. 8th, the outer har-