

for our larder, such as fresh chicken, canned meat, pie and dough nuts, placed there in the stillness of the early morning by friendly hands as a pleasant surprise for the pioneer "sky-pilot" of Fraser River and his gentle "pauldner."

Parenthetically I may remark that those who thus stole a silent march upon

met for worship in the "board and batten" court house, the seats for the congregation having been made from rough lumber with my own hands. I have known two of these benches (twice backs to them) to constitute the only available bedstead for the late Chief Justice Begbie, and if my memory serves me for

few weeks before. Here, again, the Master was graciously present to comfort and uplift the worshippers.

Christmas in Nanaimo at that time was a hearty English festival; roast beef and plum pudding held sway, and good-fellowship abounded. Of those with whom I was associated with that day the great majority have gone over the "Great Divide," including the hostess at the dinner table, who passed away only a few months ago, the Captain and three of their children having long preceded her, the good doctor and his excellent wife. Among those who remain are Rev. Cornelius Bryant, of Mount Tolmie, and Mrs. S. Gough, of the Black Diamond City. God bless them both, and our associates of those early days.

The following Christmas (1861) was also spent in Nanaimo, and the programme was somewhat similar to that just recorded. Anglican service at 11 a.m. (Rev. J. B. Good preaching), laying the corner stone of St. Paul's church edifice in the afternoon, dinner party at the Captain's and service in the Methodist church at night.

These Christmas reunions were seasons of grateful fellowship and cheer to the many exiles from home and friends and native land then in the country; reminding them of the blessed lessons and hallowed scenes of former days, and causing at least a homeward glance in many a prodigal son.

The Indians called Christmas "Hias Sunday" and through it learned not a little of the truth concerning the all Father and His only son, the world's Redeemer. They soon began to observe the day and meditate upon its significance till now it is the red letter day of the year among them.

With each recurring Xmas tide let us give thanks to God, give alms to the needy, and brighten the lives of ourselves and others by loving imitations of Him at whose birth the angels sang songs of peace and love and glory.

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REV. E. ROBSON, VERNON.

us seemed so to enjoy our discomfiture that they renewed the attack a few days later, backed up by reinforcements, bringing with them some sixty dollars worth of groceries, dry goods, etc., as well as ample refreshments for the occasion. The company consisted of some six or eight ladies and a much larger number of gentlemen, European, American, African and Canadian; Catholic, Protestant, Jews and Gentiles. Mr. S. T. Tilley had his accordion, and the Misses Gray had sweet voices, and we all had a most delightful time. The opening piece of the extemporized programme was an instrumental solo by the pastor's wife, who no doubt was thinking of the replenished larder, as she rendered "Hard times come again no more." Wife and I have experienced many a donation party since 1859, but never one of such rare interest as that now referred to.

Returning, we had service on the the doubly sacred day, Christmas-Sunday, at 11 a.m., the text being, "Fear not little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom," and the Lord's Supper followed, there being five communicants, one American Presbyterian, two West Indian (colored) Baptists, and two Canadian Methodists, all "broad gauge" Christians. The evening service was well attended and interesting. The Master was with us according to His promises and was made known to us in the breaking of bread. The collections in those days consisted of silver (nothing less than 25 cents), gold dust, chips of gold amalgam or nuggets, with an occasional gold coin. We

His Excellency the Governor also.

My next Christmas (1860) was spent in Nanaimo, where I attended the Anglican service at 11 a.m., dined in com-



Mission Steamer "Glad Tidings" in a storm.

Lowe and Dr. and Mrs. Benson at the hospitable residence of Captain Franklyn the stipendiary magistrate, and preached at 7 p.m. in our own pretty church, which had been dedicated a pany with my wife, Rev. Mr. and Mrs.

The church's four great needs are apostolic preaching, apostolic praying, apostolic living, and apostolic giving. Will you be one to supply at least a part of this great requirement?—J. McD. Kerr.