## SUPPLEMENT TO THE COLONIST, JANUARY, 1895.

## "BE STRONG."

From Womankind. Be strong to bear, O heart of mine ! Faint not when sorrows come. The summits of these hills of earth The summits to takies of home: So many burdened ones there are, Close journeying by thy side; Assist, encourage, comfort them. Thine own deep sorrow hide. What though thy trials may seem great. Thy strength is known to God; And nathways steep and rogged lead And pathways steep and rogged lead To pastures green and broad.

Be strong to live, O heart of mine ! Live not for self alone, But find in blessing other lives, Completeness for thise own. Seek every hungrying heart to feed; Seeh sedonaed burnt to thear. Each saddened heart to cheer ; And where stern justice stands aloof in pity draw thou near Kind, loving words and helping hands Than all the dogmas and the creed 3 By priests and sages given.

Be strong to hope. O heart of mine ! Look not on life's dark side; For just beyond these gloomy hours Rich, radiant days abide. Rich, radiant days abide. Let hope, like summer's rainbow bright, Scatter thy falling tears; And let God's precious promises Dispel thy anxious fears. For every grief a Lethe comes; For every toil a rest ; So hope, so love, so patient bear, God doeth all things best.

PHIL ATKINSON'S PHILANTHROPY.

asked Phil.

short time before.

benefactor.

- 24

It was certainly most unseasonable weather for Christmas eve-not at all the cheery, brisk, frosty sort of day that is popularly supposed to be the proper accompaniment of that holiday season. Cold it certainly was, but no spotless, white mantle of snow adorned the streets, giving a pleasant roadway for swift gliding sleighs, with jingling bells and cosy robes of fur. The snowstorm of the night before had been succeeded by a raw east wind. Above were gloomy, leaden skies through which the sun had during the forenoon managed to send an occasional gleam of chill, wintry sunshine, but finally in disgust had retired behind the lowering grey mass of clouds, and a miserable, cold sleety rain falling fitfully had soon, aided by the trampling feet of passing pedestrians, converted the snow on the New York streets into a sea of slush.

It was an afternoon that few people would care to be out of doors and those who were unfortunate enough to be abroad scurried along as if unwilling to spend any more time than absolutely necessary in the damp, raw weather. Even the hardy, disreputable little English sparrows, that manage somehow to pick up a living in the streets and parks, apparently shared the general discomfort, and grew more quarrelsome and noisy as they fluttered down in little groups, shovthey fluttered down in little groups, shov-ing each other about in their search for food any single suggestive of the strue than New York." gles for wealth or livelihood among the human species, who elbowed their way along the sidewalks. Probably the only his \$100 bill in the bank on the day after ones who really did not mind the weather. Christmas, he was politely informed by were the children, who, brought up with the teller that it was a clever counterfeit. joyful anticipations of Christmas trees or e mysterious visits of Santa Claus, trotted along from one shop to another with a view to investing to the best advantage their stores of pocket money, saved up

landlord out west, he'd never put another ABOARD THE PANAMA IN '59. family out. What do you owe him ?" he asked the woman, when he had worked his way through the circle and stood be-Under a clear blue Californian sky, in the latter part of September, 1859, the steamer Panama left her wharf at San' side her, as she sat on a chair forlorn and helpless. A girl sometwelve years old Francisco bound for the North. There was on one side and a small boy of five on the other, clinging with one hand to his mother and with the other arm Sound ; only two of us in the steerage, hugging to him an old tomato can in Judson Youog and myself, were booked which had been planted one poor little for Victoria, British Columbia.

branch of evergreen adorned with a It was truly down a golden road that solitary Christmas taper and a few bits the old steamer Panama that September of old ribbon-the pitiful Christmas tree afternoon plowed her way out of San that the mother, before she had been Francisco bay and through the Golden ordered out of her home, had arranged Gate towards the setting sun. I leaned on which to hang the two apples that upon the rail and watched the shores were to show the children Christmas had slipping by till the sun went down and the stars came out and the Faralone not passed them by altogether.

Under Phil's questining the woman lights began to twinkle behind us. I soon told her story and on his inquiring wondered as I handled the ten dollar where her landlord could be found, point- gold piece in my pocket (all my wealth), ed down the street a little way, where on if fortune would ever favor me as she had the corner stood a big grocery store bear- some I knew, and as I listened to the ing the name in gilt letters-"MAX thump, thump of the engines and watched SCHUTZ.' the phosphorescent light in our wake, I "That's his store." she said.

soberly speculated on the truth of the "All right, you wait here till I get many reports I had heard, so unfavorable back," said Phil, stepping off briskly towards the corner, all trace of laziness hoped that this new move of mine would gone from his bearing. Arrived at the not be out of the frying-pan into the fire. shop he was soon shown into the presence The great rush of the year beforeof the proprietor in the private office. 1858-from California and other parts of

"You are the landlord of the woman the Pacific coast to the newly-discovered who has just been turned out, are you?" Fraser river diggings was over, and out of the tens of thousands who had "Yes. but what's that to you!" on the first news of the new El Dorado

"I'm going to settle that bill. Here, struck out-many of whom had sacrificed give me a receipt for \$20; that covers the good paying claims for a song, or had three months' back rent due, I believe." given up good situations, or forsaken The receipt made out, Phil, pull- farms and homes-thousands had returning out a bulky pocket-book, selected a ed sadder, wiser and poorer. The faint \$100 bill, which he handed over in pay- hearts and light purses only saw Victoria: ment. Receiving his change he was others got over to the Mainland ; some about to leave, when he suddenly paused even reached Langley, on the Fraser, and announced that he would pay an- but only the stout hearts went through, other month in advance. This so soft- and the great bulk of the rush never saw ened the heart of the landlord that he the mines, but came back more than dissent two men round to replace the fur- appointed, cursing and abusing the counniture of his evicted tenant in the rooms try they had hard y got a glimpse of, and from which it had been taken such a declaring that there was no gold in the river they had neither seen nor pros-

the house again, and mind you hang on tight to these receipts," advised Phil, as shoved the papers, together with a weather soft, warm and pleasant. Steamten-dollar bill into the woman's hands, ers as a rule keep inshore and so are out

and then marched off as if to avoid the of the track of sailing vessels, but somethanks that she began to pour out on her times we would catch the glint of a passing sail in the distance, or see a whale Turning down a side street the benespouting near, and we were glad of even factor in question travelled away at a these little breaks as they helped to rerapid pace. Suddenly a broad grin il-

lieve the monotony of the hour. luminated his face as he chuckled to Early on the third morning our steamer himself.," What a benevolent old Santa crossed the Columbia bar, and when we Claus you are, to be sure, Phil Atkinsón, came on deck she was lying opposite , the little town of Astoria. Although honored my boy. By the way, I wonder what by being named after the millionaire John Jacob Astor, it did not seem to be time a train leaves for the South to-night?

Reckon New Orleans would be a health-When Mr. Max Shutz went to deposit a place with a historical record. Back in the days of fur and fur-hunters, when the

great Northwest and Hudson's Bay companies were deadly rivals, it was a busy LAWRENCE MACRAE. Whilst we were watching the little village and talking over its history, a boat

THE THIRD SISTER. pulled out from the shore and the cus-

toms house officer and river pilot came on

A woman sobbing bitterly at the foot

"He was dead, doctor, when I came

J. F. BLEDSOE.

walk towards the house, through beds of came on board again we did not brag old-fashioned flowers mignonette, wall-flowers, stock and sweet peas. The air was sweet with a scent that brought back to me the fragrant garden of my home in far away Aberdeen, and the words of the old song came into my mind :

bag.

"It's hame and its hame; Hame fain wi'd I be; Hame, hame, hame, To my ain countrie."

But here we met the farmer among the flowers, who bade us good-day. Young said we had come over from the

man gave us a good look before he answered. Then he said : "You can go in there, my lads," pointing to the peach orchard, "and eat as the wind; great cances—they called many peaches as you like, and fill your them Chinook cances—with high carved sack if you want to; I won't charge you a and painted bows and sterns, full of In-Young replied, " Oh, but we could not little steamboats with houses on deck all do that, we would rather buy some." "If you want to buy," he said, 'I will sell you some apples, but," pointing with his finger to the orchard, where a drove

tion, evidently having had their fill, and peaches scattered all round them. "You see I have to turn my swine in there, for I can't sell a peach, and they won't keep lay newly chopped and cleared on the to ship. So you are welcome to take as rather steep slope up from the water, many as you like."

We thanked him, bought some apples, and filled our sack half full of peaches. As we turned to go, he called us back, and made us come into the house and nice and refreshing, fresh from the cows site finished the picture of Seattle as it the womenfolk had just been milking. Was in the year 1859. think he was glad to see us, for, as he

told us, few strangers came that way. We bade the kindly old man good bye, sengers left us at Fort Vancouver. we were soon afloat again

for this river mouth is dreaded, and seas until it was bed time.

led coming up the coast, lazily watching the steamer's long white wake stretching out for miles behind her; and the gulls that dip and rise, now sailing above us, now far behind, then with a swoop and a cry coming up on us again; listening a quiet Old Country village, and yet it is the engines, until the swash of the waves on the steamer's bow sings us to sleeptoo lazy to read and almost too lazy

it away.

to talk. Breakfast, dinner, supper and bed divide up the time and help to while in the morning air. Closer and closer we "We are to pass down the Straits of surge on the shore and the bays and in-

Another day and we were steaming away up the Sound towards our destination. What a lovely sight it was as the panorama opened up, wooded headland after headland enclosing still bays with grassy steamer to buy some peaches. The old slopes running down to the water, and here and there an embryo farm or a blazing camp fire. Little sloops and sail boats tacking in and out or running before dians watching us as we passed. Funny painted white, puffing and blowing as of pigs were lying grunting with satisfac- are sailing amongst islands, now out in

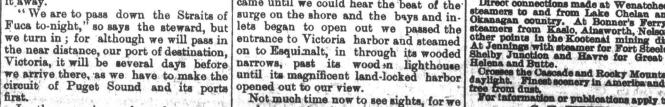
in them burntstumps cropped up hereand there, and a baker's dozen of houses big have a bowlful of milk each. It was and little scattered about the new town-

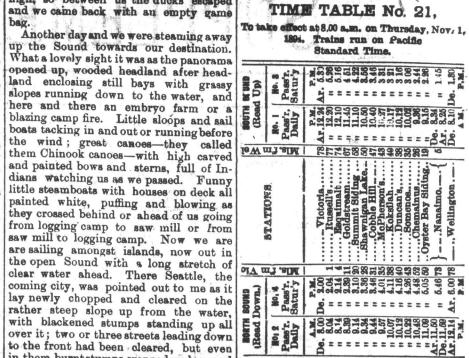
We had only another night to pass of board the Panama that had been our home for nine pleasant days, and as and rowed back to the steamer. There Young and I paced the deck to keep ourwe divided our peaches and apples with selves warm-for this our last evening on the steward, who had taken us under his the water though clear and calm was ving, Young and I now being his only somewhat chilly-we talked over our care, for all the rest of the steerage pas- hopes and fears, our prospects and are, for all the rest of the steerage pas-engers left us at Fort Vancouver. The flood tide was coming up, and re were soon afloat again to be a gov-ernment office; I was bent upon seeing the mines where it was said great fortunes

Another night and we are once more were being made. And so as we walked across the bar of the Columbia, this time we talked about the present and then out in the Pacific. We were favored, about the past and our homes over the

looked upon by seamen as one of the worst on the Pacific coast—the grave of The steamer seemed to be feeling her mamy a staunch vessel that has come to way through a dense fog. So dense was grief in trying to cross, always more or it that her lights were hardly to be seen less dangerous, but most so when the from the deck; the air was cold and wind is blowing in from the ocean, bring- chilly ; not a breath of wind was stirring ing with it great rollers that beat and and the only thing to be heard was the break with fury on the bar. Again we are steady beat of the engines and the soft back to the old monotonous life we had lapping of the water on her bow. Time seemed to hang heavy with us as we took refuge behind the smoke stack for warmth, and we thought the morning would never come. But at last in the dim grey gloaming just before the dawn the fog began to lift, and as it lifted we could see to the north the faint outline of the Vancouver Island shore. As we closed in the shores became more distinct, rocky to the east.

wooded to the west, whilst away inland we could see the smoke of Victoria rising came until we could hear the beat of the





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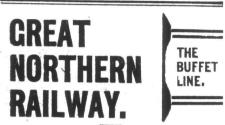
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not so fortunate, gazed enviously after

for weeks beforehand to buy Christmas

Amid all the busy scene on one of the streets there was one man who appeared time to be lost. And there were other and then we turned in. not to mind the weather nor indeed to patients to be attended to-the doctor have any particular object in view as he would call again in an hour or so. sauntered leisurely along, his hands thrust Patient? Yes, he must be patient. deep into the pockets of his fur-lined overcoat, a silk hat tilted rakishly on one side of his head, and a cigar stuck in wasted years now counted the hours with one corner of his mouth. His general anxiety. Would there still be time? He appearance was that of a fairly goodhad sent for her the moment the doctor the appearance of a gentleman. Phil Atkinson was not exactly a desirable ac-quaintance—the Havana cigar, the silk not serry. If it was all to do over again he is a seried to be mostly composed. For six and others, atout-looking fellows, were the appearance of a gentleman. Phil out of the pockets of young gentlemen of more money than brains, who were indis-creet enough to seat themselves opposite to the wearer at the card table. In fact Phil was a gambler by profession, and, as the serious part of life never began with hime till evening he was out this particu-lar afternoon getting an appetite for din-ner and to see a little of New York, as he bis soul like the thought of the fine scorn out of the pockets of young gentlemen of lar afternoon getting an appetite for din-ner and to see a little of New York, as he had only a few days before arrived from Kansas City—from which town Phil

house It happened to be on the same life with ease-no wish, however selfish, side of the street as he was, or probably but brought its quick gratification-only house. It happened to be on the same side of the street as he was, or probably Phil would have been too lazy to cross over to satisfy the mild curiosity he felt as he exclaimed aloud, "Hello! what's up here?" It was a sight unfortunately not greatly out of the common in New York of late.

out of the common in New York of late. Only a family turned out because they could not pay the rent. Only a sobbing woman and a couple of children cast upon the street with the wretched remains of fall sick and was in the hospital for months unable to earn a living, that was no reason why the landlord should not have his rent 1 If all his tenants were to fail in their rents, he would soon be a meant to press that last bitter drop into poor man himself and if allowance was made for one, others would soon find the knob. With one last effort the lovely spot." wasted frame is lifted. "Thank Godexcuses for evading payments too. You---

Probably that was the way the land lord argued to himself, but the few sympathetic people gathered around the of the bed. neless family did not seem to agree with him. Even in New York, with its struggle and fight for existence, the public are not heartless. In the daily rush for bread people become forgetful enough, until some case of distress is

brought directly to their notice. "It's a bitter shame, turning them out doors in this weather," exclaimed one shabbily clad woman with the quick

Plainly the man was dying—in fact the doctor had just told him so. How long? Well, that would depend. It might be that he would last for another it was, as we puffed and thumped and the near distance, our port of destination, Victoria, it will be several days before we arrive there, as we have to make the circuit of Puget Sound and its ports the warmly clad and more favored young-sters or took what pleasure they might in his mind easy, and not run into those as to avoid the sandbars and shallows; his mind easy, and not run into those as to avoid the sandbars and 'shallows ; trying to make up their small minds as to disturbing channels. Every time he gave but our pilot took us safely through it which of innumerable wonders displayed in the big shop windows they would he only shortened the time. Not longer? little town called St. Helens. For more select if by some magic chance they were No, not longer. If there was anything than an hour after dark Young and I sat in the way of business he had better have on deck and watched the twinkling lights

it attended to at once, as there was no on shore and the twinkling lights above; Wooden houses crowded together, some-

at the wharf at Fort Vancouver, the fur- not see. Dilapidated looking wharves, thermost point we were going on the although the wharf we were lying at many a long year has gone since then, and There was so much to do. He who had Columbia river. Although called Fort appeared to be new and solid, all, how-Vancouver, I saw no fort, but a large, clean-looking army barracks was pointed wandered away from this dingy picture "to that country from whose bourne" out to me, and United States soldiers and caught the deep green of the woods appearance was that of a fairly good humored looking fellow, with a good humored the first time they had left the room, but who could tell? seemed to make up the greater part of the greater part of the population. But what I admired the peaceful Sound, we thought that if parted, that she would see him again until they atood before the Judgment patches of gardene and laws, and well kept the picture was not much, the setting and that lovable comrade of long ago. until they stood before the Judgment patches of gardens and lawns, and the was grand. Seat. God, if she should refuse now! cheerful-looking whitewashed or white It was a

duaintance the Havana cigar, the silk not sorry. If it was all to do over again he or seven hours the Panama's deck was trying to lift a heavy bar of iron that was would only do the same thing. He knew alive with men, discharging cargo, and lying on the deck. They all failed, the that. It was too late for that lie. Re- here all our passengers bound for points mate coming nearest to lifting it. Just

As he strolled along, gently whistling to himself, his eye was caught by a little knot of people in front of a big tenement would not—die. Had fate filled his to mith come and fate filled his and log-fenced enclosures sur-the strolled her. That was all. He could not—die. Had fate filled his to mith come and the strolled her. That was all her could not—die. Had fate filled his to mith come and the strolled her. That was all her could not—die. Had fate filled his to mith come and the strolled her. That was all her could not—die. Had fate filled his to mith come and the strolled her could not—for a big tenement would not—die. Had fate filled his to mith come and the strolled her could not—for a big tenement would not—die. Had fate filled her could not a big tenement would not—die. Had fate filled her could not a big tenement would not—die. Had fate filled her could not a big tenement would not a big tenement w

hard and fast on a sandbar, and were its way through the great logs. Now told by our friend, the steward, that we we ran up close to a wharf with only a would have to wait some time for the few houses near, and where hardly a soul what had once been the furnishings of a checked a second curse. One wild effort home. Well if the woman's husband did of the will called back the fast ebbing would have to wait some time for the few houses near, and where hardly a soul flood tide to lift her off again. The air was to be seen, the nucleus no doubt of was bracing, and the mountains to the some future town or city. Now we were east stood out calm and tranquil this putting off freight at a sawmill, where all October morning ; their distance from us was bustle and business, and where ships seemed to be less than it was the after- and barks and brigs were loading up with noon before, so clear was the atmosphere. lumber and spars. Once we were caught Just then Judson Young called to me, by a squall that came tearing down upon "Come here, Murray, and look at this us from the north, whistling through the

rigging and making us hold on with both I turned from the grand mountains to hands, yet our big ship steamed on see on the west side of the river, on the almost as steady as before. Down the high bank, a more homely scene-a cot- Sound we sailed until one morning tage, almost hid amongst trees with "Olympia" was on every tongue. Yet

tage, almost hid amongst trees with boughs fruit-ladened, bearing what we supposed to be apples—and our mouths watered for a taste of a good, juicy Gravenstein or snow-apple. Just then, as luck would have it, a boat was going off from the steamer to the shore, and the steamer to the shore, and the steamer bing loaded on boats that had come up from the Capital of Wash-The oldest and largest willow tree in Eog-land is standing in Haverholm Park, Lin-colnshire. At 1 foot from the ground it measures 27 feet and 4 inches in orronmfersteward suggested that we should go over ington territory, lying away beyond in it and bring back some apples. No the mudflats out of our sight. ense; at 4 feet from the ground, 20 feet 5 inches, and at 7 feet (measured around the

shabbily clad woman with the quick sympathy that the poor feel for their fel-lows; while some one else promptly suggested that a subscription should be taken up on the spot. "Reckon we'll straighten out this thing pretty quick," remarked Phil as he took in the situation. "If we had that sooner said than done, so taking a pillow- Part of another day had to be spent protuberances at the base of the first set of

we arrive there, as we have to make the until its magnificent land-locked harbor opened out to our view. Not much time now to see sights, for we In the morning, when the steward are busy getting our traps ready to go or

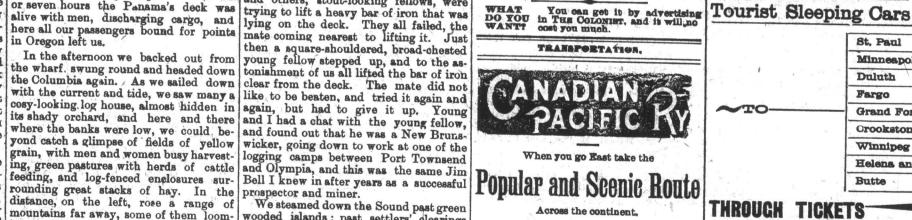
shore, and bidding goodbye ; goodbye to the old ship that had carried us through, called us, we knew by the absence of motion and the silence of our engines, that we were again in port. We hurried goodbye to the steward and all his kindon deck to see Port Townsend. It was nesses to us, goodbye to others who had helped us to while the time away, goodnot much of a place in those days, with bye for awhile to Judson Young. shall I say of him .- Kind and courteous,

what dirty and dismal looking narrow a gentleman every inch of him was he Early morning saw our steamer lying streets running back-to where? I could my companion of those ten days on board the old Panama, and although

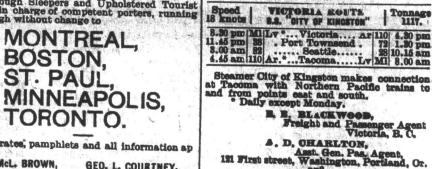
Spences Bridge.



he the fair haired lad who was so full of R T N Pullman Sleeping Cars JOHN MURRAY Elegant Dining Cars Dec. 11, 1894.



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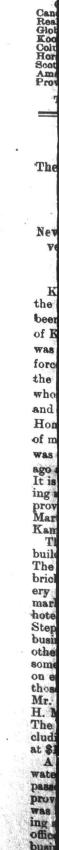
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