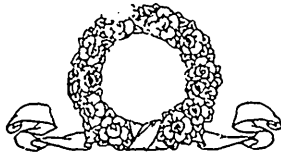


Experiences in Langley
and
Memoirs of Prominent
Pioneers



By
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1 Owing to a misunderstanding on the part of the printer the latter part of this pamphlet is placed at the end, whereas it should be at the beginning and should be read first.

2 The larger portion of my account of foundation work in connection with the Presbyterian Church in B.C. will (D.V.) appear later.

Alv. Dunn

New Westminster B.C.

17th - January 1914.

Experiences in Langley

After the formation of the Presbytery of British Columbia in Victoria on 1st September, 1875, a few days were spent by us in taking in the sights of Victoria and immediate neighborhood. The weather, very warm, yet tempered by gentle sea breezes, favoured out-door life and sight-seeing, so that nearly a whole week was spent in the most pleasing manner in the company of friendly, hospitable fellow countrymen. But the time was passing, and we began to feel that it was time for us to make arrangements for going to our respective posts of duty. First, Rev. Mr. Clyde was introduced to the Presbyterians of Nanaimo. The doors of their church had been closed for six years and the customary services suspended. To them, therefore, the very sight of a Scotch minister and the prospect of stated Sunday services were most welcome. They vied with each other in showing him kindness and in arranging for his accommodation and entertainment. The first Sunday, when Mr. Clyde rose and gave out the 122nd Psalm to be sung, "I joyed when to the house of God" some shed tears.

The Nanaimo introduction over, the members of Presbytery went to Langley to arrange for my settlement there. On the way thither a day was spent in the company of Rev. Robert Jamieson, New Westminster. We found him in a poor state of health. Indeed he was and continued to be more or less an invalid till his death in 1903, though he remained in harness till the last, and continued to do more efficient work than many do who enjoy robust health. Mr. Jamieson was able to accompany us in a walk through the city, pointing out public buildings and the private residences of prominent citizens.

Among others he introduced us to a somewhat eccentric character, who lived alone in a small house near the manse. This man laid claim to superior knowledge and penetration in regard to ministers and all matters ecclesiastical. When the various members of Presbytery had passed in review before this ministerial critic, and had answered satisfactorily the questions which he put to them, he expressed, with old-fashioned dignity, his pleasure in meeting them, and wished them God-speed in their different fields of labour. Afterwards he privately stated to Mr. Jamieson that he considered the new ministers all well fitted for the places which they were to fill except one. "That minister, Dunn," he said, "is too tender and too gentle for this rough new country. Mark my words, Mr. Jamieson, that fighting, brawling Langley crowd will have him out of there and out of the country in three months. I just give him three months." Now, however wise and far-seeing that man may

have been generally, in that particular prediction he was quite astray. It is more than thirty-seven years since it was uttered and I am still here at work.

In those days it must be admitted that Langley had a bad name, but of that matter I will have something to say further on. On our way to Langley from New Westminster by steamer, Rev. Mr. McGregor introduced me to several Langleyites who were on board. With two of them I at once felt at ease, and from them I obtained my first authentic information about Langley and its people.

The first matter which engaged the attention of Presbytery at Langley was the very mundane one of obtaining board and lodging for the Missionary. The houses of the settlers appeared to be not merely scantily furnished, but also barely sufficient for the necessities of their own families. At first it was thought that the Missionary would be obliged to live in New Westminster, and from it, as a centre, supply the various settlements on the south side of the Fraser. To that proposal I was decidedly opposed. When I came to know approximately the distances between the settlements which were to be served by me, I felt it to be a matter of supreme importance for the successful carrying on of the work, that the Missionary should reside as near the centre of the work as possible. If he were to live in New Westminster he would be at one side of the field, with the Fraser River rolling its muddy current between him and his work—the Fraser so flooded at times in summer as to be unapproachable at certain points, and again, at times in winter, so filled with ice as to be unsafe to cross. While we were wandering around Fort Langley discussing the subject, we came upon a man engaged in building a dwelling house—a house larger than those of his neighbors. That man was James Mackie. When the matter under consideration was referred to him he readily offered two rooms and board at \$30 a month, the Missionary agreeing to supply the rooms with furniture. Thus that business was at once satisfactorily settled.

On coming to live in the Mackie house, what struck me very forcibly was the overwhelming stillness and solitude of the situation. Immense fir trees stood within a short distance of the dwelling. The underbrush was densely thick. Pestilential mosquitoes were there in myriads. Seldom was a breath of wind felt. A whole week might come and go without seeing a traveller pass. When the short dark days of November came, with long continued rains, the picture of desolation and isolation was complete.

I had just come from Glasgow, the second city of the Empire, as it was called, or rather as it proudly called itself—from Glasgow, where the hum of industry and the roar of commerce, in some quarters, were deafening, to Langley, where all was still as the grave—from Glasgow with its 600,000 inhabitants to Langley with a popu-

lation of less than one hundred—from Glasgow with its magnificent public buildings, its ancient Cathedral and new University buildings on Gilmore Hill, and the palatial residences of its merchant princes, to Langley with its log cabins and shacks of split cedar—from Glasgow where crowds jostled each other in the public thoroughfares, where even in the most out-of-the-way street pedestrians could be seen here and there, to the Lower Fraser where in my longest journeys of 40 to 50 miles it was a rare thing to meet a traveller.

Every third Saturday, for several years, I went on horseback from Langley to Upper Sumas—a distance of 33 miles—to be ready for service on Sunday morning, and only twice during these years did I meet a traveller! The contrast, therefore, between my surroundings for three years before leaving the old land, and my surroundings in Langley and vicinity in 1873, was as great as could well be imagined. Yet, singularly enough, I never felt homesick; and though many of the settlers around me would have given much to be in a position to leave the country, I was quite contented to remain and to do the work which fell to my hand. Having once seen Langley Prairie with its three thousand acres of rich, black soil; having seen Pitt Meadows, Lulu and Sea Islands, Sumas and Matsqui Prairies, together with the great stretches of splendid bush land, extending from Chilliwack westwards to the upper end of Delta, I felt and often said that the Lower Fraser was destined to become, sooner or later, great and populous, and that those who possessed houses or lands there would one day deem themselves fortunate.

About three years previous to my settlement at Langley, mainly through the efforts of Rev. Mr. Jamieson, who from time to time gave supply at Langley, a small church building had been erected, and in that building the Fort Langley people under my ministry worshipped for about 10 years, or until the new church was built in 1885. The old church was situated on the Mackie property, a few hundred yards south of the old Fort of the Hudson's Bay Company, and right in the midst of tall second-growth firs, which cast their deep black shadows upon the building. It was plain to a degree, though in keeping, it must be admitted, with the architecture of the district at the date of its erection. Though slowly sinking, and parts of it falling to pieces, it still stands on the old site affording a domicile for cattle.

I recollect, as it were yesterday, my first meeting there—the men and women—their appearance and even the apparel of some, as they gathered round the church door—all talking loud. At the desk inside I could hear almost all that was being said outside. Their conversation, I need hardly say, had little or no reference to the service about to begin.

When all were seated (nobody came late) they presented a

very respectable appearance, though the garments of some were hardly fashionable or up to date. As I looked around, the upturned countenances bore an expression of seriousness and intelligence. Subsequent acquaintance with these men, through many years, abundantly confirmed my first impressions. Lacking it may be in outward polish, blunt and outspoken, as most old-timers were, they were warm-hearted, sterling characters. They most regularly attended Sunday services, were loyal to their church and to their minister, and, in the eye of Him who searcheth the heart, may have stood higher than many of greater refinement and louder professions. To me, they, together with leading Presbyterians on the Prairie, remained true and steadfast through times of strain and perplexity in Langley. They never changed. And wherever, at any time in after years, while I was labouring in other settlements, they might come to hear that my motives were being misunderstood by newcomers or my actions misrepresented by the unprincipled, they, who had known me intimately from the beginning, came loyally and fearlessly to my defence. To the unchanging fidelity of these men, and many like them in other districts, I owe not a little of any success which may have attended my labours in the Lower Fraser.

But to return to my first Sunday service at Fort Langley. To me at first everything seemed strange, and early impressions remain while impressions of more recent date may soon be effaced. The assembling of the people, for example, at the church door, was unlike the gathering of a country congregation in the land which I had just left. In Scotland, in country places, the people gathered round the church in a quiet and solemn manner. If they spoke it was in subdued tones. When the services were over, they retired in like manner. Not till they had gone a considerable distance from the church was conversation upon ordinary topics resumed in customary tones. How it may be in Scotland at the present day I cannot tell. But in my youth, specially among the older generation, a certain grave tone in conversation around the church or at funerals, or in reading the Bible or offering up prayer, was generally observed. Who has not heard of that Scotch mother, who when her son was reading aloud from a newspaper, sternly interrupted him saying: "How daur you read the newspaper with the Bible twang!"

The loud talking spoken of as taking place at Fort Langley church door came out at other times and occasions when it appeared to be equally incongruous, if not unseemly. Waiting on the road one day for a funeral, I could not believe that the small company approaching me could be the funeral party till I saw the coffin borne by a number of men—all talking as loudly as if they had been on the way to market. In church I drew attention to the practice, and, while not commending affectation either in speech or behaviour, I urged a quiet and serious manner on solemn occasions. The practice soon disappeared.

During my first service at Fort Langley the singing struck me very forcibly—appeared almost ludicrous. I gave out a Psalm, and then asked if there was anyone present who could lead the singing. An elderly man arose and started a tune. At first no one joined, but after singing a line or two, another struck in, then another and another joined, until there were five singing out of a congregation of about 30 men and women. There were no children. No attempt was made to keep time with the leader. They just followed according to their respective ideas of keeping time. One sang fast, another slow, but neither yielded to the other. One with a very strong, rough voice merely spoke the words in a loud tone with occasional variations. Another drawled along at a slow pace, and kept on singing after the others had quit. I do not know that these people, with one or two exceptions, regarded their singing as remarkable in any way. The man with the rough, strong voice, who had no ear at all for music, was wont to complain that the individual who was the greatest drawler put him out of the tune, implying that he had considered himself in tune till he was shunted off the line by the other. The first natural impulse was to laugh; it was hard to restrain laughter. It sounded so droll. But as Sunday after Sunday passed one got used to it, though the harsh, inharmonious sounds always grated painfully on the nerves.

There were other stations where there was great dearth of musical talent. At one place, for example, where the congregation usually numbered about 50, I myself was occasionally the only one that sang. A man of reputed ability in psalmody, and who, it was said, led the singing in Mr. Jamieson's time, was by no means an expert in music. He came in late one Sunday as I was singing French. Somehow I got out of that tune into another, and wandered back and forth among two or three different tunes. The person alluded to followed me through all my wanderings quite composedly, evidently regarding the tune as one throughout.

At another place, where a good many of the people could sing, the leader was regarded as a really good singer both of sacred and secular music. And yet even this man knew only two tunes, a long metre and a common metre. One Sunday I gave out a few verses of the 25th Psalm (first version) to be sung—being at the time unaware of the precentor's limited knowledge of Psalm tunes. He declined, however, to tackle it, saying that "those words winna suit ony of my tunes." Even in regard to the common metre tune which he knew, he was obliged to have recourse to the humiliating expedient of starting always with the same words. "I'm not ashamed to own my Lord" and then cautiously gliding into the words of the Psalm given out to be sung.

Mere justice, at this point, however, demands that the fact be recorded that there were meeting places where the quality of the singing was excellent, and up to date—fitted to attract and to

inspire. There were at least two stations where a number of the people, during the week, met and practised tunes set to the Psalms and hymns to be sung at the next service. Apart from the benefit to the people themselves it was to me, sometimes almost staggering from the violent exertion of riding 17 or 18 miles on horseback at full speed over a rough road, an immense relief to have all responsibility of the musical part of the service assumed by others. Besides, though myself deficient in musical training, I knew enough and could appreciate enough to feel uplifted when "Kilmarnock" or "French" or "Rock of Ages" or "My Faith Looks Up to Thee" were sung in unison, in good taste, and with understanding.

Just think of the changes and improvements which characterize the music in churches and meeting houses in 1913 as compared with that of the period between 1875 and 1880. In those years, so far as I remember, there were only two organs (and those in private houses) and three organists in my whole circuit. To-day in every church within the Presbytery of Westminster, in every school house where religious services are held, there is an organ. Nay, more, in almost every private house, even in houses where one would think the luxury could ill be afforded, there is either an organ or a piano. The music teacher has been abroad, as well as the schoolmaster, and now-a-days there is no lack of persons competent to play. The singing at church services is more general and confident, gives evidence of improved methods and efficient training.

It cannot be denied that good music has wondrous power in it, moves and melts, when sound, logical reasoning, or eloquent discourse may produce but little impression. A Scotchman of the early days was wont to tell how, when destitute of a decent suit of clothes in which to appear at public worship with others, he was in the way of wandering towards New Westminster Presbyterian Church, when evening service was in progress, and there, leaning on the fence which surrounded the church, he listened to the old tunes sung by his parents at home, and there and then led by Mrs. Jamieson, whose expressive, whole-souled rendering of sacred pieces few could hear unmoved. And as he listened he wept, and as he wept he repented, and repenting he reformed, and reforming he at last died the death of the righteous.

I have said that Langley had the reputation of being a place where unseemly brawls and lawsuits were ever occurring. It must be granted that it deserved to a great extent, the name it got. Most of the people were inclined to be peaceable and law-abiding, but some were of the opposite mind, and it was the some that gave the bad name to the district.

Once, in crossing from New Westminster to Granville, the stage driver asked me where I lived. He said: "I know most of the preachers in the Province, but I don't think I ever met you."

I told him that I had lately come from Scotland, was living in Langley, and was on my way to Granville to visit a sick man. "Langley," he said, "why that is a bad place to live in. When the boys at Maxie's saloon get to wrangling with each other over their drinks, instead of saying 'Go to the bad place,' they say 'go to Langley, they will fix you there!'"

The much to be deplored state of things which gave to Langley its unenviable notoriety was mainly due, by universal consent, to one individual. This individual was pre-eminently a disturber of the peace in the small community—never seemed happier than when he was in the midst of strife, or when he had some unsavoury lawsuit on hand, though to me personally he was at all times polite, and, so far as I know, did not attempt to break up the small congregation then existing. His friends could not deny or explain away his misdeeds when he himself unblushingly and in detail confessed and rehearsed them; but, while admitting his faults they at the same time maintained that he was a "smart little man," and more than a match for the united intellectual strength of his opponents.

In large communities such men find their level, and as a rule, are kept in their proper place. But in Langley that same person was a sort of prodigy, at least in the estimation of his supporters. I do not state the case any too strongly when I assert that for at least three years he kept the Municipality in a state of turmoil and strife; and if he did not actually block, he seriously retarded the social and religious progress of the district during that period. Physically he was of small stature; intellectually he was weak but cunning; morally he was avowedly bad. How men of such principles and conduct can beget and retain the support of people who lay claim to respectability is a mystery. That they sometimes do, at least for a season, is matter of fact, matter of history.

The whole population of the Municipality was divided into two parties. On the one side were the followers of the person just spoken of, and on the other the advocates of fair, clean, municipal government. Party feeling ran high, the leaders on both sides passing and repassing on the public road without a word or sign of recognition.

But notwithstanding this there were times when these settlers depended upon each other for assistance, as in spring time, when cattle, not housed but fed outside, were thin and weak, and mired in the sloughs on St. Andrew's flats. A man with an animal in a mudhole was compelled to call to his aid neighbors belonging to both parties. No one dared to refuse, not knowing how soon he himself might have one in a like predicament.

It would have been amusing, had it not been wrong, to watch these men as they struggled together to rescue an animal, without speaking a word, and parting as they had met, in silence. The

story is told that one day when two men belonging to the respective parties, one an Englishman and the other a Scotchman, were both pulling on the same rope, and so intent upon their work that the Englishman, in an unthinking moment, made some remark to the Scotchman. But no sooner had the words passed his lips than he hastened to correct himself, saying, "I beg your pardon, sir." Scotchmen are said to be slow in perceiving the humorous point in a situation. On this occasion at all events he saw the point at once, and even smiled, no doubt reluctantly.

In the Old Country I had observed that promotion, as a rule, went by merit, that the men who occupied prominent positions were men of ability and good standing in the community. One can therefore understand the surprise I got, the indignation and heart sorrow which I felt, when the person repeatedly referred to above, a man who openly gloried in his shame, was elected Warden of Langley by a small majority, and a respectable, God-fearing man, and practical farmer, defeated. At the same election a majority of councillors, favouring the policy of the new Warden (as the Reeve was then called) were found elected.

Farmer councils claimed they had done their best to deal fairly and honourably in the matter of appropriations with all parts of the municipality. Those who voted the new Warden to the chair did so, it was alleged, in the hope of receiving favours, in the hope of receiving more than they were entitled to.

Upon the Warden attaining the height of his ambition his vanity became very conspicuous. Dressed in a black suit and white shirt (the latter a rare article of dress in those days) he might be seen with cane in hand parading Langley spit on steamer mornings. One of the memories of those days is a certain morning, just as the steamer was landing, a little young half-breed, whose sister he had insulted and terrified a few evenings before, approached the newly elected Reeve, and hit him repeatedly on the face, and knocked him down. On regaining his feet the Reeve made a boastful threat. Whereupon his assailant gave him a second pounding, knocked him down again, leaving him sprawling on the ground, to the evident amusement and satisfaction of many on board the steamer, as well as of some Langley people who were witnesses of the scene. The half-breed was summoned before James Cunningham, J. P., New Westminster, for assault, but the Magistrate, taking into consideration the great provocation, imposed a merely nominal fine.

The inglorious and unprincipled Reeveship of the new Warden was of short duration. Before many months had passed he and his followers began to quarrel over finances. On a certain forenoon a large number of both parties gathered round his cabin, and demanded that the minute books of the Municipality should be produced for their inspection. He saw they were enraged and determined, and he dared not refuse. On examination it was found that

whole leaves here and there had been cut out, and a system of fraud and embezzlement carried on. Pale and trembling he pleaded for leniency. They let him alone, but from that day his quondam friends forsook him with two exceptions. Soon afterwards he left Langley.

Passing over the next few years we find Langley's Reeve of 1877 again on Langley spit. He had been leading a dissolute life in the upper country, had become sick, and was then making for the New Westminster Hospital. The odour from his person was such that the steamboat crew determined to land him at Chilliwack, but, at his own earnest entreaty, they took him on to Langley, where, he said, he had friends. Alas! his supposed friends failed him in the day of his bitter distress, refused to receive him into their houses, or take him to the Hospital to die. By a strange irony of fate his most uncompromising opponent of former years was Reeve of Langley, when he, poor and diseased, helpless and hungry, was placed on a pile of cordwood at Langley Landing. Some humane person, seeing his wretched condition, had pity upon him, took him to the hotel in a wheelbarrow, and paid his supper, which he ravenously devoured.

His former friends refusing, the Reeve hired two Indians to take him to the Hospital where he died soon afterwards.

Here ends a sad tale, a tale which it is painful even to relate, a tale suggesting many lessons which young and old would do well to lay to heart. We have seen how this poor fellow-mortal sinned, and how, for a short time, he succeeded; how he sinned, and how at length he suffered; how he boasted and triumphed over the defeat of his opponents, and how, years afterwards he was humbled to the dust in their presence, and indebted to them, and not the friends of his prosperous days, for the last offices of mercy. That man was born and bred in a land of churches and Bibles. Yielding to temptation he fell into disgrace. Instead of repenting, and setting out upon the straight and narrow way, he continued upon the evil course on which he had entered, going from bad to worse, till in middle life he reached the end of it.

During these fierce contentions in the Langley Municipality in the early years of its history, (contentions, by the way which existed in other municipalities, though in a less aggravated and acute form, while roads and bridges and schools were being located and constructed), I pursued a course of non-intervention or non-interference, declined not merely to take a side but sometimes declined even to listen to a narration of the subjects of dispute. By the aggressors, who in my opinion, taking a common sense view of things, were almost always in the wrong, to whom, in some instances at least, the success or failure of the cause of the church was evidently a matter of secondary importance, attempts were made to draw me into the conflict, thinking thereby to strengthen

their party, at least temporarily, and cause vexation to their opponents. But all efforts in that direction were unavailing. I had come to preach the Gospel of Christ publicly and from house to house, not to act as a judge or legal adviser in things temporal, even had I possessed the necessary qualifications, which I did not. I well knew that once in the conflict I would endeavour to stand my ground, and take my share in the warfare, though the result to me might have been exclusion from Langley. But as I viewed the situation I did not consider myself called upon to enter the battlefield at all. I was persuaded I could do more good, in an indirect manner, by keeping out of it.

There were times—so strained were the relations between the two parties and so bitter the hostility—when the utterance of a word or criticism by me would have left me without a congregation. The congregations were in course of formation, lacked cohesion and the dominating spirit of the Lord Jesus Christ. I repeat, therefore, there were times when an expression of opinion by me, however sound or sensible, would have scattered the small congregations to the winds.

To prosecute Christian work with enthusiasm under such conditions, to retain a healthy Christian spirit in such an atmosphere, was difficult indeed. Still there were those who offered up prayers to God continually for the dawn of a better and brighter day. And yet when days passed into weeks and weeks into months and months into years and no relief came, no relief was in sight, it is to be feared that faith at times wavered and hopes grew dim.

At length the long looked for change came. That whole fabric of iniquity began to totter to its foundations and soon it utterly collapsed. Indeed so complete and thorough was the revolution, in an incredibly short space of time, that one could hardly believe that it had actually taken place. It seemed too good to be true. When the noise of battle had died away, and victory unmistakably declared in favour of righteousness, the combatants on both sides seemed pleased to see the end of it, to have peace and order and right in the ascendancy.

Then things were done which could not have been attempted before. Why! in the following winter a social was proposed and carried to a successful issue. There had never been a social in the place before. The people at the Fort and on the Prairie united. Contingents came from Mud Bay, Matsqui, and New Westminster. The people were in their happiest mood, laughed when, to a stranger, the cause of their merriment might not be very apparent.

At the close of the social, when one of the settlers, the father of a family, rose to propose a vote of thanks to the chairman, looking round upon the sea of happy faces, his own family included, he was so overcome by emotion, that for a time he could not speak.

When he was able to control his feelings, he said he could not tell how pleased he was to see such a gathering in Langley under such happy auspices. Onwards for several years the cause of true religion flourished.

Men and women took a fresh interest in divine things, and many were added to the Church. During no period in my ministry of 30 years in the Province did so many persons profess to have received spiritual benefit.

For a few weeks after my settlement at Langley in September, the work was highly pleasurable and interesting. The rides on horseback to Langley Prairie or further, when the roads were good, was no task to a young man, but an agreeable recreation. When the fall rains came and the roads began to get worked up, so that the horse, instead of cantering along easily, had to wade and tug and pull, the charm of the thing had departed. Travelling then became a matter of duty.

Where there are bridges now there were fords then; and when the streams were swollen by heavy rains, to a rider who had not been accustomed to fording them, there was difficulty and even danger. It was necessary to draw up one's legs on ~~the~~ the saddle, Lc so as to prevent even long boots from getting filled. The first time I crossed the ford at the Hudson's Bay Company's farm, when the Salmon River was in flood, I was afraid to do that—afraid that I might fall off—the result being that my legs below the knees were in the water. When I got to the further side I dismounted, poured out the water, wrung my socks, and replacing both I proceeded on my journey to Sumas, 30 miles from that point.

MY FIRST CANOE RIDE.

At first many things seemed strange, some undertakings formidable, which now appear mere trifles. Rev. Mr. Jamieson had heard me express a determination not to travel by canoe. A canoe appeared to me to be an unsteady, unsafe thing to travel in. I had said "I am ready to walk or ride any reasonable distance, but into one of those canoes I do not mean to enter." Mr. Jamieson knew that it was of little use trying to drive or force a Scotchman. He therefore had recourse to stratagem for the purpose of introducing me to canoe riding—a mode of travel which he knew I would have to adopt occasionally sooner or later. One day when I was in town he asked me to go for a walk with him, Mrs. Jamieson and one of their little girls. Of course I consented, not thinking that he had any ulterior object in view. After wandering around town for a while we arrived at the river side where Indians and canoes were. Mrs. Jamieson, I now believe, was privy to the plot. At all events, before I was aware, she and her daughter were seated in a big canoe—said they were going to have a canoe ride—and asked

Mr. Jamieson and me to accompany them. Mr. Jamieson at once stepped in. Under the circumstances I felt ashamed to refuse. If this lady and little girl, I thought, were brave enough to ride in a canoe, I, a man, ought not to be less so. So I stepped in also, somewhat awkwardly. I was told to sit right in the bottom, and not lean on the sides of the canoe. The afternoon was perfectly calm, but for all that, I did not by any means feel at ease, though I tried to conceal it, feeling that the girl was watching, and ready on small provocation to burst into laughter. But so well did we get along that I insisted on Mr. Jamieson hiring the Indian to take me to Langley (17 miles) that same afternoon. This was arranged, and soon the Indian and I were on our way thither. Before we reached Sapperton it began to rain and continued to do so without intermission till Langley was reached about midnight. In case of rain I had received no instructions. I was merely told to sit right in the bottom of the canoe and not lean on the sides. This I tried to do, though I soon found myself sitting in a pock. It was dark, and, not yet knowing a word of Chinook, I could not make the Indian understand me. At length I gave up all hope of betterment, thought this was one of the hardships which a Missionary in a new country must endure. Of course, a board to sit on, placed in the bottom of the canoe, would have prevented the discomfort complained of.

SPREAD THE LIGHT.

Dedication of New Churches at Langley and Mud Bay.

27th September, 1885.—The new Presbyterian Church at Fort Langley was opened for divine worship yesterday forenoon. The weather was favorable. The early morning was cloudy and threatening, but as the day advanced it became clear, and at 11, the hour the services commenced, the sun shone forth with brilliancy and gave a pleasant and cheering aspect to the surroundings. As the hour of opening approached, the people came pouring in from the surrounding districts, and by 11 the house was filled. The church, which occupies a beautiful situation about three-quarters of a mile from the landing and alongside the public cemetery is built on ground donated by J. Mackie, Esq., for that purpose. The design of the building was executed by Mr. H. Hoy, New Westminster, and was much admired. The builder is Mr. Thomas Turnbull, lately come to this country from Scotland. By parties competent to judge, the workmanship is pronounced superior in all its details, and reflects credit upon the young builder. The church is 22x40 feet, is hard finished, will comfortably accommodate 150 people, and will thus in all probability meet the requirements of the district for many years to come. A tower and turret, not in the original plan, have been added, which greatly increase the beauty of the building, and give it a finished, church-like appearance. The expense of these additions, together with a bell, has been defrayed by Henry Wark,

Esq., who took a great interest in the work as it advanced, and was always ready to help it forward in every way in his power. The Rev. A. Dunn offered up the dedicatory prayer, and the rest of the services were conducted by the Rev. Mr. Jamieson, who in the early years of its history gave occasional supply at Langley. Mr. Jamieson opened the old church at Fort Langley some thirteen and a half years ago, and upon him, therefore, naturally and appropriately devolved the duty of opening the new one. His services, both forenoon and afternoon, were impressive and appropriate, and were attentively listened to by the large congregations. The collections amounted to \$57.00. When all outstanding subscriptions have been paid it is believed there will be money enough to meet all liabilities. The total cost is about \$1,000.

Mud Bay, October 6th, 1886.—The new Mud Bay Presbyterian Church (the other of the two for which the Rev. A. Dunn was soliciting subscriptions in Victoria and New Westminster some time since, and which is within the field in which he has been labouring during the past ten years) was dedicated to the worship of God on the 4th inst. Mr. Dunn conducted the opening devotional exercises, and afterwards made a few remarks of an introductory character relative to the successful completion of their church building, the indebtedness of the congregation to their brethren in Victoria and New Westminster for cordial and liberal aid, and to the changes which had taken place in the neighborhood since the day he first conducted service there in the house of Mr. Alexander McDougall.

With the view of better accommodating all parties desirous of attending, the congregation afterwards met for several years in the house of Mr. Wm. Woodward, whose courteous and obliging manner made all that came feel as comfortable as it is possible to feel in a private house. When a church building scheme was proposed by Mr. Dunn, in the beginning of the present year, it was heartily taken up, and some \$475 was at once subscribed in the immediate vicinity. A church building committee consisting of Messrs. John Armstrong, John Stewart and D. Brown were appointed. They threw themselves into the work with great enthusiasm, and have spared no pains and begrudged no labor in the discharge of the numerous duties which have devolved upon them. It was therefore very gratifying to such a people to see their new church completed, and its doors, like the heaven to which it leads, thrown open to all that seek or value its blessings.

Here, as at Langley, the weather favoured us, and not a few travelled many miles to be present at the opening services. The Rev. J. S. Mackay, New Westminster, preached at both diets of worship. His discourses were much appreciated and earnestly listened to throughout. To him the congregation feel much indebted for assistance in more ways than one. The Sunday collections amounted to \$64.00.

The Mud Bay Church is of the same dimensions as the Langley one, and similar to it also in all its leading features. The builders were Messrs. Nelson & Son, Langley, and their thorough and substantial workmanship has, I understand, given entire satisfaction to all parties concerned. The site was kindly offered by the Rev. J. Chantreli, who owns property in this locality.

FAREWELL GREETINGS.

Rev. A. Dunn Takes Leave of His Flock.

15th March, 1886.—For some time it has been known that the Rev. Alex. Dunn, the respected Pastor of the Presbyterian Church, in connection with the Church of Scotland, Langley, intended to resign his charge. The reverend gentleman having put his resolve into execution, and his many friends learning that he was about to leave the Province in a few days, gathered at the house on the evening of Monday, 15th instant, and presented Mr. and Mrs. Dunn with a number of handsome gifts, amongst the number a handsome gold-headed walking cane to the pastor and a beautiful album to Mrs. Dunn, accompanied by the following address :

To Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Dunn:—It is with feelings of sincere regret that we realize the loss we are about to sustain in losing you from amongst us, and that soon our relations as pastor and flock will be severed. But, however strong that regret may be, it must ever be mingled with the deepest gratitude for the untiring patience and Christian zeal with which you have borne up under the sorest difficulties, braving without a murmur the storms and hardships of pioneer mission work during the past ten years; and though our outward relations may be changed, yet we earnestly hope that you will continue to be in thought and feeling, in the future, as in the past, our Pastor still; that we may still be, in the future as in the past, objects of your kind solicitude and prayerful supplications. As a faint expression of the regard in which we shall ever hold you, will you accept these small mementoes of our affection and esteem, and when you look on them please think of the loyal and true hearts in Langley. Trusting that wherever the Master in His Providence may call you His smile will ever brighten your path and His arm uphold and strengthen you, and that deep as our loss is it may be your gain, we bid you a sad and sorrowing good-bye.

Mr. Dunn, in briefly returning thanks to the friends for their kind wishes and valued gifts, said: "Always a man of few words, I feel that on an occasion like this, and in circumstances like these, all words and thoughts have forsaken me. But although my feelings will not allow me to utter many words I know you will not on that account think that your great kindness is not appreciated. We never can forget you or cease to take an interest in your welfare. While I have at times felt obliged to oppose certain schemes, and

to condemn certain actions, which I considered hurtful to the best interests of the community, I have always done so from a sense of duty, and not from the mere love of opposition. The desire for peace in me is very strong, but the desire to see justice and sobriety prevail is stronger still. I am glad to think that in every district where I have ministered, there are men in whose loyalty to the Church of Christ, and sterling honesty, I have the most entire confidence. Into your hands I now commit the affairs of the Church, and I have no doubt that by the grace of God you will prove worthy of the confidence I repose in you. In my own name, and in that of my wife, I again thank you for your very great kindness and for your well being will ever pray."

16th March, 1886.—On the evening of the 16th representatives from Mud Bay, Langley Prairie, Fort Langley, and Maple Ridge, again met at the manse of Langley and presented Mr. Dunn with a well-filled purse (\$104.00) and the following address:

Rev. and Dear Sir:—Now that the time is drawing near when you are to sever your connection with us as our Pastor, after a sojourn amongst us of ten and a half years, planting the Church of our fathers in this far-off land, we beg to assure you that it is with feelings of sorrow and regret that we contemplate the prospect of parting with you. As a friend you have rejoiced with us when our hearts were glad, and mingled your tears with ours as you performed the last sad rites at the graves of those dear to us. You have taught our children in the Sabbath School, pointed them and us heavenward, and have yourself always led the way. To you, and to you alone, we are indebted for the churches that we worship in, never flagging nor wearying in any department of that cause so manifestly dear to you. In parting with you and Mrs. Dunn, who has so nobly helped you in your arduous work although we may never see your face, or hear your voice, our prayer for you both is that Heaven's richest blessings may be yours; and although it grieves us to part from you, yet we can look forward to the time when we shall be re-united in our Father's House, where partings are unknown and where sorrow never enters. And now, Reverend Sir, accept this purse as a token of the esteem in which you are held by us. The hardest task of all is for us to bid you farewell.

Thomas Black
Hector Ferguson
Henry Wark
John Boyce
John Stevenson
John Armstrong

Mr. Dunn replied in the following terms:

"My friends:—I feel very much moved by the touching words you have addressed to me, as also by this substantial expression

of your good-will and kindly feeling. I can assure you that the prospect of parting cannot be more painful to you than it is to us. Still the field is widening and extending on all sides, and I feel, and have felt for some time, that I cannot do justice to it. These long walks and long fatiguing journeys must be undertaken by a stronger man. I am very thankful that after 'roughing it' for ten and a half years, I leave you so strong as I am. On coming amongst you at first my chief desire was your salvation, and now, on leaving you, my whole being seems to gather itself up into this one wish, namely, that you may be saved, saved from sin and sorrow here, and from eternal banishment from God afterwards."



MEMOIRS
OF
PROMINENT
PIONEERS

NOTE—The following brief accounts of men and women, residents of the Lower Fraser Valley, with whom, for many years, I had been intimately acquainted, were almost always hurriedly written, either on the funeral days or on the previous evenings. In revising the same, while subtractions here and there have been made, they are nevertheless the *ipsissima verba* used at the time of their delivery. To make a full analysis of the character and work of the individuals dealt with was not my purpose, and was not therefore attempted. At same time these sketches will, I humbly think, possess an interest for those who come after us, and will go to prove that old-timers were not all of them the immoral, godless persons whom some have insinuated, if not broadly asserted, they were. In every settlement there were those “who feared the Lord and called upon His name.”

MEMOIRS OF PIONEERS

BRIEF SKETCHES

Of the following persons at whose funerals I conducted services, brief sketches of which are given here, only three belonged to my congregation at the time of their death. With reference to the others I was asked either by the individuals themselves, when on their death-beds, or by surviving relatives, to officiate. In regard to two, the Hon. John Robson and the Rev. T. Scouler, prominent men in their respective spheres, with whom I had long been intimately acquainted, I alluded of my own accord to the former in the Haney Presbyterian Church, 7th July, 1892, and to the latter in the East Haney School House, May 22nd, 1904. Whenever at any time I was asked to officiate at the funerals of persons not connected with my congregation at the date of their death, I almost always consented, on the understanding that the minister or missionary in charge should be present and take part; and this consent I gave for the following reasons: First, it gave me an opportunity, while smarting under a sense of sorrow and of loss myself, to direct the bereaved to the true sources of comfort and consolation unfolded in the gospel of Jesus Christ. Second, it afforded me an occasion of bringing into prominence good features in the lives of the departed which, in some instances, seemed to be overlooked, in great measure, by those living alongside of them. Perhaps most men during their lives are apt to be unfairly criticised by their fellow men. It is the bad things which they ~~do~~ do, the weaknesses which they betray in life, which are spoken of. Often not till death removes them from the stage of time are the living disposed to speak of the dead with candor and impartiality. Third, it was easier for me, on such occasions, when relatives and old acquaintances were assembled, to ascertain facts and particulars relating to the deceased than it would have been at any other time—data by the way, of which for many years past, it was my intention to make use at some future time. Moreover, in giving these accounts, I give, oftentimes, not so much an account of the persons as an account of their times and environments. In other words, in outlining the lives of well-known residents of the Fraser Valley, I, at the same time, give a glimpse of the state of things in different settlements during certain periods.



Tributes to Prominent Persons

No. I.

THE HONOURABLE JOHN ROBSON.

7th July, 1892.—In the Port Haney Presbyterian Church on Sunday last, Rev. A. Dunn, in concluding a sermon from the text, "There remaineth a rest for the people of God," spoke as follows:

"I cannot conclude without making special reference to the death of the Premier of this Province, the Hon. John Robson. The melancholy event took place in London, England, on the 29th of last month (June, 1892). On the 27th of May he passed your station here on his way East in apparently good health. In little more than a month tidings reached us of his death. The sad news came as a shock to the Province. He had reached, as it would appear, the end of his journey, and alas! also the end of his life. His business in England concerned the affairs of this Province. Had he been permitted to complete his business and to return, he would in all probability have come back as the Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia. He was thus, at the time of his death, within a single step of reaching the highest position in the Province, in which on his first arrival over 30 years ago, he earned his bread as an ordinary working man.

"How often it happens in real life that the sailor, after weathering many storms on the high seas, is wrecked at last at the harbor mouth; that the traveller, after performing many perilous journeys, at last breathes out his spirit almost in sight of home and friends; that the commercial adventurer, after amassing a fortune and building a magnificent mansion in which he expects to enjoy himself, dies and never enters it; that the politician, after a brilliant and successful career in the service of his fellow men, and when within a step of attaining the highest pinnacle, is called upon to put off his armour and render to God an account of his stewardship. Death, when it comes, does not consult our wishes or wait till we think we have brought our life-work to a satisfactory conclusion. Just in such an hour and often in such a place as men had not expected the last summons comes.

"If the Hon. John Robson had merely attained to earthly distinction; if in his service self had been the mainspring; if God, the living God, had not been in all his thoughts and plans; then indeed his life in the highest sense would have been a failure. For what does it profit a man suppose he gains wealth and power and renown,

if with sins unrepented of he goes down to the grave and is lost eternally? But we hope better things of him and things that accompany salvation though we thus speak.

Amidst the manifold labors and cares of his position he rested on the Sabbath Day according to the Commandment. The Sabbath Day always found him in his pew in church, whether the preacher was popular or unpopular, whether he was eloquent or the reverse. He was an able and fearless advocate of Sabbath observance, of temperance and social purity, though in his advocacy of these measures some of his followers did not support him. Whatever faults may have detracted from the excellence of his character, I believe that John Robson, rather than appear to turn his back upon the due observance of the Holy Sabbath, rather than appear to favour by word or act of his intemperance and impurity—evils which undermine the very foundations of social life—would have come down from his high position, and gone out of office without a pang of regret, and faced the jeers of his opponents with composure. Let us ever seek to be imitators of good men in so far as they were imitators of Christ."

No. II.

DEATH OF REV. R. JAMIESON.

The Pioneer Minister of the Canada Presbyterian Church Passes
Away After a Short Illness.

1893.—The Rev. R. Jamieson, who has been seriously ill for about ten days, died this morning, at half-past eight, at the residence of his son-in-law, Mr. J. D. Rae, Fourth Avenue, New Westminster.

Mr. Jamieson, who was in his 64th year, was licensed to preach in 1853, and shortly afterward entered upon his first charge at Belturbet, Ireland, of which country he was a native. In 1856, he came to Canada, and was inducted into the pastoral charge of the Presbyterian congregation at Dunville, where he suffered a good deal from illness, so much so that he removed to another field in Ontario, and in 1861 decided to come to British Columbia, thus becoming the pioneer of the Canada Presbyterian Church here. He arrived in New Westminster on the 12th of March, 1862, and speedily organized the congregation of St. Andrew's, to which he ministered until 1865, when he left it in charge of Rev. D. Duff, and removed to Nanaimo, establishing the Presbyterian congregation there. Mr. Duff's resignation having left the congregation here without a pastor, another minister was sent out from Ontario, who elected to take charge of Nanaimo, and Mr. Jamieson returned to New Westminster early in 1869, and continued pastor of St.

Andrews until the breaking down of his health in 1884 compelled him to resign. He continued to hold the position of Chaplain to the penitentiary, to which he had been appointed some time before the failure of his health, and that office becomes vacant by his death.

Coming in the early days, a great deal of pioneer work fell to Mr. Jamieson's share. At North Arm, Langley and Maple Ridge he established Presbyterian congregations, and for a number of years had to keep up the services of these places, in addition to his work in this city. Travelling up and down the river by canoe in all weathers, he endured an amount of hard work and exposure which broke his health and shortened his life.

Taking a wide view of the obligations of a minister of the gospel, and possessed of a keen and active intelligence, Mr. Jamieson was for many years prominent amongst those who were noted for their interest in the advancement of the Province. In educational work, especially, he was deeply interested, never losing an opportunity to show his interest in schools, scholars and teachers. Since 1884, he has been too much of an invalid to undertake anything beyond his official duties at the penitentiary, except when called upon to render occasional help to some of his ministerial brethren, or some vacant congregation; but for twenty years previous to that date, he had been an active and powerful helper in all work for the moral elevation of the community. Almost his last word in public was an expression of his thanks for a gift of a Bible and Hymn Book made to him by the ladies of West Side Presbyterian Church, in which he had occupied the position of pastor during the interval between the resignation of Rev. W. G. Mills and the happy settlement of Rev. G. B. Greig.

Mr. Jamieson leaves two sons and five daughters: Robert Jamieson, Victoria; William S. Jamieson, this city; Mrs. J. D. Rae, this city; Mrs. A. Posthill, Mission Valley, Yale District; Mrs. T. H. Prossor, Victoria, and Misses A. and S. Jamieson, this city.

The funeral will take place on Friday, from Mr. Rae's residence, Fourth Avenue, to the Masonic Cemetery, at Sapperton.

LAIID TO REST

The remains of the late Rev. R. Jamieson were laid to rest in the Masonic Cemetery at Sapperton, this afternoon. Despite the wet weather, the attendance was exceedingly large, among those present being many Presbyterian clergymen from Vancouver, and various parts of Westminster District. Rev. A. Dunn, of Whonnock, the oldest ministerial friend of the deceased in the country, conducted the funeral services, assisted by Rev. E. D. McLaren, of Vancouver, Moderator of the Westminster Presbytery, and Rev. Mr. Greig, of the West Presbyterian Church. The funeral took place from the residence of Mr. J. D. Rae, Fourth Avenue, leaving

the house at 2 o'clock. The following gentlemen acted as pallbearers: Ald. McKenzie, F. Stewart, J. S. Clute, C. G. Major, J. C. Brown and F. McClerry.

No. III.

Nov. 3rd, 1896.—The funeral of John Boyes of Langley, took place on Friday last at Murray's Corners, Langley Prairie, and, though the day was tempestuous, it was largely attended. Mr. Boyes died in the house of Mr. D. McKenzie, Cloverdale, after a lingering illness. Rev. Mr. Jamieson, Missionary, Cloverdale, conducted the service at the house, assisted by Rev. A. Dunn, of Whonock, who conducted services at the grave, and preached a funeral sermon in the Presbyterian Church, Langley Prairie, in the course of which he referred, in feeling terms, to the lovable disposition and excellent character of the deceased.

No. IV.

MR. SAMUEL ROBERTSON, MAPLE RIDGE, B. C.

Dec. 31st, 1897.—The remains of the late Samuel Robertson were interred in Fort Langley. He was a native of Orkney, Scotland. Rev. A. Dunn, a pioneer Presbyterian clergyman of the Province officiated. Mr. Dunn, in the course of his remarks, paid a graceful tribute to Mr. Robertson as follows: "The venerable and beloved Samuel Robertson, whose somewhat unexpected death we all this day mourn, and whose remains we are about to consign to their kindred dust, was at the time of his death the oldest white settler of the Province. Of all the white men from Victoria to the Rocky Mountains, living in the country at the time of his arrival, not one survives. In other words, the whole population of the Province at the present date has come in since 1843.

Some years after Mr. Robertson came to Langley in the employment of the Hudson's Bay Company, he took up land on the north side of the Fraser River, and there, with uncommon industry and intelligence, he proceeded to clear that farm and to plant that orchard which to-day are the pride and admiration of the neighborhood. The stranger might not think that a man so humble in his manner, so plain in his apparel, so diffident in the expression of his opinions as Mr. Robertson was, would be likely to accomplish much. Great deeds speak louder than great words, or mere outward appearances. The fields, the fences, the barns, the orchard, the residences of the Robertson estate furnish unmistakable proof not merely of the practical ability of the late owner but also of his rare prudence and foresight. Even at this day some people keep wondering whether

it be wise on their part to take up land in British Columbia, clear it, and raise crops upon it. They still wonder, in the face of what most of us regard as overwhelming evidence, whether it would pay, and whether this country will ever come to much. Well, away back in 1860, when Mr. Robertson erected his cabin and began to clear his land, on-lookers of that time, I have no doubt, would consider him beside himself. At that time the cultivation of land was the last thing most men would have thought of. But such men as Mr. Robertson, men of courage and foresight, are raised up by God from amongst the hesitating and faint-hearted to set the machinery in the reclamation of the new country in motion, and to keep it going. He was enabled, when it was much more difficult to do so than now, to take a comprehensive view of the manifold excellencies of the country, and to foresee its sure and certain prosperity in years to come. In 1860 he made his home on the north side of the Fraser, and there he toiled, with great diligence and success, during 37 years; and there he died in peace on Sabbath morning last at the age of 78, loved and esteemed in an uncommon degree.

He was a diligent reader, had a deal of useful information upon general subjects, as well as much sound common sense. Still his modesty prevented him from taking that part in public affairs for which he was well qualified. But for this defect, his merits would undoubtedly have raised him again and again to the highest position in the Municipality by the unanimous vote of his fellow-citizens.

As it happened, Mr. Robertson was the first man to whom Rev. Mr. McGregor introduced me when I landed at Langley, over 22 years ago. His kindly, honest, Scotch face at once made a favourable impression—an impression which subsequent acquaintance served to deepen. During the last six years, in my journeys on foot between Whonnock and Haney, I have seen more of Mr. Robertson in private life than I did during the sixteen years which preceded. I saw how good and kind and Christ-like his life was. His house was situated about half-way between these two places. There I often rested, and there I was always hospitably entertained. In that house was no backbiting, no slandering of others. Refreshed in body and mind I took the road again with a more vigorous step. If Mr. Robertson could not do the bright and conspicuous things which others do to advance the social and religious welfare of those around him, he did what he could. It seemed to be one of the chief pleasures of his life to dispense hospitality and diffuse gladness. Who here has not shared his hospitality, or been cheered by his hopeful, happy manner? Possessed of firmness he allowed no man to impose upon him. At the same time those who had little as well as those who had much, the uninteresting as well as the interesting, were all alike invited to a seat at his table. Men of such kindly, friendly disposition, men who are ready to do good to all men as they have opportunity, are not too numerous, and are apt to be over-

looked. Oftentimes, not till they are gone, do we realise what a comfort and a blessing to us they were in this world of selfishness and strife. He has left behind him a son and daughter, grandsons and granddaughters, who appear to inherit many of his sterling and estimable qualities. To the God of all comfort we commend them, as also his sorrowing widow, whose tender ministrations and ever watchful care tended to prolong his days.

No. V.

JAMES McADAM, LOWER LANGLEY.

17th Jan., 1899.—All that was mortal of the late James McAdam of Langley was consigned to its last resting place in the Langley Cemetery on Wednesday the 11th inst., the Rev. A. Dunn of Whonnock, and Mr. Gold, Missionary at Langley, officiating. Owing to the broken state of the ice in the river, the numerous friends of the deceased in Maple Ridge were prevented from attending the funeral. Still, the day being fair and mild, and the river road being in good condition, the funeral cortege was large, many having come from distant parts of the Municipality. In the Fort Langley Church, Mr. Dunn spoke of the deceased as an advanced and successful agriculturist, a respected and trusted Reeve and Councillor of the Municipality, during his terms of office, a fearless and straightforward man, a wise and faithful elder of the Presbyterian Church, and a sincere and humble Christian. The bereaved family have the sincere sympathy, in their great loss, of a wide circle of friends.

No. VI.

IN MEMORIAM

14th March, 1900.—Rev. A. Dunn, of Whonnock, preached in the Presbyterian Church, Ladner, on Sunday, the 4th inst., from the text, "Your joy no man taketh from you," John 16-24. At the end of his sermon, Mr. Dunn referred to the work done in South Arm by the late John McKee, and this portion of his discourse, which was as follows, he was asked to send to "The Columbian" and "World" for publication. In the early days I have heard people declare, who knew about Mr. McKee and his big undertaking, and who considered themselves authorities upon such matters, that he might work his fingers to the bone, and spend a fortune in that swamp, but eventually he would be a ruined man. It was therefore a source of great satisfaction to those who had watched with friendly interest the slow but steady progress of South Arm enterprises—the hard fought battles with opposing forces—to witness at length the watery element confined within the desired limits; large

tracts of land brought under cultivation; roads built; churches and schools erected, in a district which, when John McKee first beheld it in 1874, was a dismal, dreary waste. In this connection I am not forgetting that the deceased and his family were aided, in the course of time, by similarly brave and active men, whose enterprise and industry have brought this municipality to the high state of prosperity in which it is found at the present time.

I am not here, on this occasion, to speak of the faults of the deceased, even if I had the heart to do so; nor to enlarge upon what might be claimed to be the outstanding, good features of his private life. My object is rather to give prominence to the fact that, while striving to advance the interests of his family, he, at the same time, rendered an important and valuable service to this municipality—I might say to this Province. Many who have come and settled in the Province during these years, have done little for themselves or for the country. Some, instead of boldly contending with high tides and high water, have stood shivering upon the bank, doing nothing. Many more, instead of reclaiming their land, removing stumps and stones, have wasted time in unreasonable, unavailing lamentations. In the case of Mr. McKee, we have the example of a man, who, when in the neighborhood of 60 years of age, and while located in what was called a swamp, threw himself with ardor into the work God gave him to do, and who persevered therein until, by the help and blessing of God, he attained success—thereby benefitting himself, his family, and his adopted country. Let no man, with the Bible in his hand, say that it is wrong to do with our might what our hand findeth to do; say that it is unchristian to be diligent in business. If, in whatever we do, we strive to glorify God, may we not, with hearts rightly attuned, glorify Him as truly in cultivating land, in providing for a family, as in preaching the Word? There is an eloquence in the busy fingers of the one which is not always found in the grandest outbursts of oratory of the other. Of course if the spirit of the farmer be worldly, out and out, it will be ill with him at last. But, if the spirit of the preacher be earthly, and not heavenly, it will be ten times worse with him. My friends, the Christian religion demands, in the first place, loyalty of heart to the Lord Jesus Christ; but it also demands a vigorous and faithful discharge of the various duties devolving upon us as members of families, as members of the community, and as citizens of the Empire.

The deceased realised his dependence upon the God of sea and land, of heaven and earth; and, in the midst of his toils, he did not overlook the claims of God. In 1881, mainly through his exertions, the first church of any denomination in the South Arm, costing over \$900, was raised free of debt. This first Presbyterian Church in the South Arm was the third Presbyterian Church erected on the mainland of British Columbia.

No. VII.

THE LATE ALEXANDER McDOUGAL.

June 5th, 1900.—Rev. A. Dunn was unable, owing to sickness, to be present at Mr. McDougal's funeral on Friday afternoon; and for the same reason, was unable to be in the church at Haney on Sunday the 3rd inst., when he intended to have made the following remarks respecting the late Mr. McDougal:

“Of the three men who were ordained elders in Langley nearly a quarter of a century ago, only one is left, namely, Paul Murray, who is now nearing 90 years of age. James McAdam died in 1899, aged 76 years. Alexander McDougal died on the 30th ult., aged 80 years. These three—all good men and true—differed greatly in manner, in temperament, and intellectual complexion. One was brusque and outspoken, generally the first to express an opinion upon any subject. Another, while tenacious of his opinion, was at the same time cautious and sensitive, and careful to say nothing which might unnecessarily hurt. The third was calm, cool, and reticent, whose opinion, sometimes, could be learned better by his looks and the movements of his body than by his words. They all came from Scotland when young unmarried men. One came from Sutherlandshire, another from Perthshire, and the third from Dumfriesshire. All were mighty in the Scriptures, and strong, intelligent Calvinists. All belong to the Free Church party, and knew the history of the Scottish Kirk with its principal leaders and divines from the Reformation till the Disruption in 1843. Meetings of Session were held at Langley twice a year, generally at the Minister's house, to which all came on foot early in the forenoon. For nearly 11 years, at these meetings of Session, all matters relating to church work were frankly and fully discussed, yet unbroken harmony and good feeling always prevailed. Opposite views were sometimes stoutly maintained, but nothing in the form of bitterness or passion ever manifested itself. All these three men had spent from 20 to 30 years in Ontario before coming to British Columbia. There they had gained much useful experience, so that when they came here they were prepared to renounce things (good and even necessary in Scotland) which were found to be impracticable in this country. To have uniformly followed Scotch modes of procedure, to have adhered resolutely to Kirk of Scotland books of discipline, would have broken in fragments the small congregations in Langley and surrounding settlements. No essential point was given up; no form of immorality was countenanced. Still we all felt the propriety, indeed necessity, of prosecuting the work in British Columbia in a manner suited to the conditions of the new country, so as not to antagonise such as were but imperfectly acquainted with Presbyterian modes of procedure. From September, 1875, to September, 1876, the amount of money raised in the districts over which these three men presided, for support of ordi-

nances, was under \$100. From September, 1883, to September, 1884, the amount reached was \$553; and the additions to the population during the 10 previous years were few and far between. In 1885 the two churches at Fort Langley and Mud Bay were built, costing \$2,000, about one-half of which was raised in the field. I do not think that any of these men was ever absent from a diet of public worship, rain or shine. Their homes and their farms were conducted in an orderly, methodical manner. They knew the day and the hour of service (others might forget, specially when the service was not held every Sunday) and governed themselves accordingly. Nothing (no visitor) was allowed to come in the way of church attendance. In the course of my missionary journeys I often spent days and nights in the home of Mr. McDougal, Mud Bay. It was a happy home, the abode of peace and piety, a house in which, in the early days, many a tired traveller and many a lonely settler found refreshment and encouragement. The late Mr. McDougall was a tender and considerate husband and father; and as might be expected in such a home as his was, his authority was honoured and his wishes respected. While his son and daughters this day mourn the death of a beloved father, they have cause for thankfulness in the fact that they are the children of parents who have passed into the skies. Mrs. McDougal died in 1894. Alexander McDougal was an "Israelite indeed in whom was no guile." "In simplicity and in godly sincerity he had his conversation in the world."

No. VIII.

OBITUARY.

19th October, 1900.—There died of apoplexy at Port Hammond on the 8th inst., at the advanced age of 81 years, a much respected pioneer of the Lower Fraser, namely, Mrs. J. Matthews, mother of Mrs. W. J. Harris. Born at Brigstock, England, in 1819, Martha Rasson came with her parents in 1839 to Ingersoll, Ont., where she was married to the late John Matthews of that place. Her husband being dead, Mrs. Matthews accompanied her daughter and son-in-law with their family to British Columbia in 1873, and settled at Ketsy, where she died. During her 27 years' residence at Ketsy, in the house of Mr. and Mrs. Harris, she seldom went abroad except to Church, and, in later years, only to summer communion services. But as Mr. Harris has all along been a prominent public man, Mrs. Matthews frequently came into contact with people from all parts of the Municipality and beyond it. In this way she was well known to a large circle, and beloved and esteemed to a degree to which few attain. From Pitt Meadows to Haney almost every house was represented at her funeral on Wednesday last. Appropriate and impressive services were conducted at the residence of Mr. Harris

by Rev. L. Hall, and in the Methodist Church and at the grave by Rev. Alex. Dunn of Whonnock. In the course of his sermon in the church Mr. Dunn said: "In the station in which she was, there she abode with God. She was ever so industrious, so unrepining, so courteous to man, and so devout towards God, that one could not but feel that she was living that life of which alas! too many merely talk. She was indeed a living epistle of Christ."

 IX.

THE LATE JOHN MACLURE.

1907.—The Rev. Alex. Dunn, who since his retirement from the active work of the ministry has been living at Sapperton, was called to the death-bed of his old friend, and made a eulogistic address at the funeral. This is Mr. Dunn's eloquent tribute:

"It is thirty-two years in December next since I paid my first visit, on a fair winter afternoon, to the home of the Maclures of Matsqui. I well remember the hearty welcome I received from the different members of the family that day, and their evident concern regarding my comfort and entertainment. Indeed, so frank and cordial was the welcome, that I at once felt at home, or, at least, as much as it was possible for a man of my temperament to feel. To a traveller exposed all day to drenching rains, contending with the obstructions and difficulties of pioneer travel on horseback, the delight in beholding a friendly light in the distance, and in reaching a comfortable, well-appointed home, was very real. And when to this were added congenial company, entertaining conversation, mingled with mirth and harmless repartee, the delight was greatly intensified, and this delight I always experienced in this happy home now, alas! bereft of its head.

"The late John Maclure was a man of striking individuality, adapting himself with rare ease to the changed conditions and customs of new country life; yet true to the best instincts of the race and country to which he belonged, he retained his marked individuality to the end. His stalwart, manly bearing, his intelligence, the width and accuracy of his information, his genial, peace-loving disposition, combined to assign to him a conspicuous place among men.

"Whatever troubles he had (and what public or professional man is without them, what father of a family, however promising or successful the members of his family may be, is free from all forms of anxiety?) were kept in the background or suppressed in his intercourse with others, and even in his own home. Nowadays we often hear the terms 'optimist' and 'pessimist' made use of. If I were to classify the late John Maclure, I would place him in the optimist class. He had the happy faculty, more frequently com-

mended than practiced, of looking at the bright side of the picture, of seeing the good rather than the evil, or at all events of seeing things as they really were, and not as the pessimist is in the way of representing them. Knowing that many false prophets have come into the world, who occupy precious time in speculating upon uncertainties, time which would be much more profitable employed in dealing with the facts and verities of life, he did not lend himself to prophesying good or evil. He took the world as it came with its pleasures and its woes, and tried to make his own life and the lives of others brighter and better by cherishing a hopeful, contented outlook. If there was a humorous side to any subject, he was sure to see it and emphasize it. By relating an amusing anecdote, or even by a witty turn in the conversation, he would scatter gloom and restraint, and make a company at once feel merry and at ease. Moreover, his humorous sayings always appeared to be seasonable, and could never hurt the feelings of the sensitive. Being a man of cheerful, sanguine temperament, a constant reader of much of the best literature of the day, he was, as might be inferred, a welcome guest in the homes of those who required his professional services, whether they were gentle or simple. The Indians looked up to him, trusted him, loved him.

"Everything that bore the mark of sham and hypocrisy he sincerely detested. All things sacred, or what others might deem sacred, he never sneered at. To Christian men and women, doing what they could for the good of others, whether Protestant or Catholic, Presbyterian or Episcopalian, or Methodist, he readily extended his hand and his hospitality. In frequent conversations with him upon sacred topics, during these many years, I was sometimes surprised at the depth of his religious knowledge and convictions. The last time we met, while he was in health, he recalled an expression in a discourse delivered by me more than thirty years ago. I remarked, 'And you s^till remember that.' 'Yes,' he replied, 'and many things besides that,' indicating that he had always been an interested and attentive hearer. Whatever weaknesses he possessed he never justified but deplored. On his deathbed, while imploring the blessing of Him with whom we all have to do, he expressed his deep sense of shortcoming and demerit.

"Few knew my imperfections better than he, but when my motives might be misunderstood by the newcomer, or my actions misrepresented by the unprincipled, none came more readily or fearlessly to my defence—and to him and men like him in other settlements I owe much of any good I may have been able to do on the Lower Fraser. You, the members of this family, can therefore understand that the grief, which this day burdens your spirits, is shared by me and many besides, who feel that by his death we have lost a true, a tried, and unselfish friend. I could not trust myself to speak of his home life, even if I desired, further than to say that he

was a most devoted husband and a tenderly affectionate father. And now it is my duty and privilege to exhort you to draw closer to the Compassionate Redeemer in your sorrow, who, as we have read, wept by the grave of Lazarus. Ask His strength and His consolations. He will not fail you. He is a present help in every time of trouble.

No. X.

FORT LANGLEY

Fort Langley, B. C., Jan. 28, 1908.—The funeral of the late Mrs. Eliza Towle, widow of Wilson Towle, Langley, took place yesterday afternoon from the Towle residence to the Fort Langley cemetery. Weather and roads were good, and there was a large attendance, noticeably of old-timers, including also all the members of the family of the deceased. The pall-bearers were: William Murray, P. Spence, James Hossack, Harry Coghlan, M. McIvor and J. McDonald. She leaves four sons, George, Stanley and Reid, who reside at Langley; David, of Mount Pleasant, Vancouver, and one daughter, Mrs. James M. Drummond, Robson Street, Vancouver. In the house and in the Presbyterian Church, Fort Langley, services were conducted by Revs. T. Oswald and A. Dunn. After reading the 90th Psalm, Mr. Dunn spoke in part as follows: "I stand before you to-day in a somewhat peculiar position, as a comparative stranger where for nearly 11 years I was at home. Within a few weeks of my arrival in Langley, over 33 years ago, I had visited all the families living in the Municipality at that time. Of those who were here then (I mean of families) only 3 or 4 are left. So gradually, one by one, did they drop off that we in the busy, hurrying world, scarcely missed them. Not until an occasion like the present arises, when we look back 33 years, do we truly realize how many have gone, or rather how few are left. We are here to-day to attend the funeral of one of the last of Langley's earliest pioneers.

During the first five years of my residence in Langley I was never called upon, in my official capacity, to visit a sick person in any of the settlements. The people in those days fortunately enjoyed a remarkable immunity from sickness—I say fortunately, for the services of a physician could hardly be obtained. When anyone met with an accident, or when mothers required nursing, Mrs. Towle was sent for. By day and night, summer or winter, over all kinds of roads, she cheerfully responded to the call. Her firmness, decision, and self-command stood her in good stead. Her knowledge of common ailments and suitable remedies, was generally successful in bringing relief and in effecting a cure.

Perhaps the outstanding features of her character were shrewdness, common sense, and a cheery, hopeful manner. Her very manner and voice, her happy sayings, were calculated to dispel fretfulness, and induce confidence in the country, contentment and perseverance. And who will deny that individuals of such traits of character are a valuable acquisition, apart from other considerations, to any community? Others might be complaining of bad roads, bad neighbors, bad everything, and wondering how they could sell out and get away. She with her husband and family came to Langley to make a home, and succeeded, and never thought or spoke of leaving it. In Langley she lived 38 years; here she died on the 25th inst., and here to-day she is buried, missed and mourned by a wide circle. Though her long life was one of unintermitting toil she had reached and passed man's allotted span—three score years and ten. Looking forward, 70 years seems a long, long period. Looking back, it appears a span, as a tale that is told. Long though 70 years may appear to those setting out in the journey of life, the last year, the last day, the last hour, comes at last; and as men live they generally die.

No. XI.

OBITUARY.

MRS. JOHN McDONALD.

12th February, 1908.—There passed away at her residence, 837 Richard Street, Vancouver, at the advanced age of 90 years, Mrs. John McDonald, formerly of Agassiz. Mr. and Mrs. McDonald with their sons, James and Royal, with their families, came from Prince Albert, Hastings Co., Ontario, 23 years ago, when Mr. McDonald bought a considerable tract of land at Agassiz. On his death, 15 years ago, Mrs. McDonald moved to Vancouver, where she has since been living. The late Mrs. McDonald possessed a wonderfully vigorous and healthy constitution. With the exception of slightly impaired hearing she had none of the usual infirmities incident to extreme old age. She took pleasure in assisting in household duties, received and entertained numerous visitors, was able to attend to her own business affairs to the last, and never seemed happier than in the company of her grandchildren and great-grandchildren. No less remarkable was her mental vigour, her cheerful, contented disposition, her self-control and evenness of temper. Above all, from early life down to its close, she led a humble, consistent Christian life. She leaves to mourn her death two sons, numerous grandsons and granddaughters, amongst whom are, Mrs. McKenzie and Mrs. Whelpton, and five great-grandchildren.

Rev. A. Dunn, Sapperton, and Rev. R. J. Wilson, Minister of St. Andrew's, conducted the funeral services at her house and at the grave in the I. O. O. F. Cemetery, Sapperton.

XII.

Touching Tribute Is Paid Late Mr. T. Shannon, J. P., First Reeve of Surrey, by Clergyman, Who Long Knew Him.

Rev. A. Dunn, who has been a friend of the late Thomas Shannon, Cloverdale, for many years, delivered a beautiful and touching funeral oration. His words were:

"The late Mr. Shannon, some two weeks previous to his death, requested that I should take part in the religious services in connection with his burial. With that request I at once resolved to comply, if health permitted. I specially respect the request of one on his death-bed, when that one, for many long years, had treated me with uniform civility and kindness.

"It was in the summer of '76 that I first met the deceased, Thomas Shannon and his brother William. At that time they were ranchers in Upper Sumas. Owing to the unusually high water of '76, on two consecutive occasions, three weeks apart, I could not, on horseback, get to the school house, where our meetings were held. The greater part of Sumas Prairie was flooded; only ~~at~~ the high ridges, where dwellings and barns were built, stood out of water. On Saturday I went up by steamer to Miller's Landing, and thence proceeded by canoe with an Indian, who carried the mail, to Upper Sumas, a distance of some 13 or 14 miles. The canoe passed almost by the door of the Shannon dwelling, and as we were passing we halted, and I remember entering into conversation with the two brothers regarding points of difference in the creeds of the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches. On the day following, after service, I had dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Shannon, and baptized their first born, Samuel. In 1877, the Shannon brothers removed from Upper Sumas to this locality where they have since resided, and been known as prominent, progressive farmers.

"The feeling which exists amongst old-timers is similar, it seems to me, to that existing between old soldiers, who have stood side by side on the battlefield, exposed to shot and shell, and who, though they may have come off victors, nevertheless retain to the day of their death, the prints of wounds which they received in battle. They have a pleasure all their own, in meeting and in fighting their battles over again. Old-timers in British Columbia have passed through in common, many and varied trying ordeals, and bear in their bodies marks of exposure and rough usage. The memory of their struggles and trials binds them to each other by strong and tender ties. When one of their number passes off the stage of time, the other old-timers, for miles around, turn out to his funeral, and this, not because he had been distinguished in any way, but just because he was an old-timer, and had passed through experiences common to all of them.

2320 Meredith 1909.

"Who that lived in the Province previous to the construction of the C. P. R. can ever forget the gloom which hung like a pall over the country? The great majority of the people were in a state bordering on despair. Only a few maintained a brave and hopeful spirit. (I am speaking of those with whom my official duties brought me into contact.) I remember asking a New Westminster merchant if he had heard that a beginning in railway construction had been made at Emory, near Yale. 'Yes,' he said, 'I have heard, but there is nothing in that. It is a mere ruse to serve political purposes. That railway will never, and can never be built. The engineering difficulties are too great.' When railway construction was found to be, not a political ruse but a deliberately planned undertaking to be carried to completion, when the first passenger train in 1886 actually came through the Rocky Mountains, and down the Fraser River Valley without mishap or misadventure, predictions similar to the one alluded to were undeniably refuted.

"The following five or six years were years of prosperity and plenty. New settlers came pouring in; and in 1891 there was not a single claim of 160 acres in the Fraser Valley to be taken up. By that time the most despondent were obliged to admit that British Columbia might yet become a great country and a populous one.

"With a notable revival in all branches of trade and commerce, when bush land and city lots, previously regarded as all but valueless, were in demand, when extravagant prices were asked and obtained for them, many became intoxicated with success, madly plunged into speculations in town and country, and were tempted to exclaim, 'My mountain shall never be moved.'

"But in the early nineties came the second great depression, a depression, by the way, of world-wide extent, and struck with special severity our young Province, which had hardly got on its feet. Men were met everywhere in financial difficulties, wanting to borrow *but* money, and few could be found willing or able to lend. The result to many was disappointed hopes, ruined fortunes, and broken hearts.

"Forty years ago little was known, or could be known, in the Old Country, or even in the Eastern Provinces, regarding British Columbia, beyond the fact that it possessed a healthy and temperate climate. Consequently the first comers did not really know what they were coming to; and first impressions were almost invariably disappointing. There was the forest on every hand, there were long continued rains, the want of roads, the want of almost everything to which they had been accustomed in the homes which they had left. All these things, no doubt, presented a dark and dismal outlook. Whatever trials or difficulties they had left behind them, they were now, at all events, face to face with real hardships and privations—with a state of existence which to many seemed next door to banishment. Well, through these trying experiences of the early

days, during all the vicissitudes through which the country has passed during the last 35 years, there were here and there some who never fainted or faltered, who kept plodding along, clearing and cultivating land. These men were the salt of the earth, so to speak, and exerted a powerful and beneficial influence on the fearful and the pessimistic. Possessing patience and perseverance, taking deep and intelligent views, they were firmly persuaded that the day would come, sooner or later, when the enormous and varied wealth of the Province, apart from its gold mines, would attract thousands upon thousands to it; and that the more diligent they were the better would they be prepared to take advantage of and profit by the ever increasing demands for the products of their farms. Among the sanguine and courageous, our departed brother was a conspicuous example. He was too energetic and too active minded a man to waste time in unavailing and unreasonable lamentations. He cheerfully addressed himself to the work which fell to his hand, and inspired his family, as it appears, with a similar spirit. His sons have already won for themselves an honorable name throughout the Province as advanced and successful agriculturists.

“I am not here to-day to defend the character or conduct of old-timers. God forbid that I should attempt to justify or make light of what was amiss or wrong in their lives. Their faults were, oftentimes, strongly in evidence. But they were naked and open. There was seldom any attempt at concealment. They were what they appeared to be. In outward polish they were often deficient, but in intelligence, in responsiveness to what was good and noble, in neighborliness and in hospitality, in readiness to help those overtaken by misfortune, they, generally speaking, excelled. If they did not possess the graces of what is considered good society, they were innocent of many of its vices. Low cunning and scheming, malice and bitterness, back-biting and duplicity could not be said to be characteristic of them. My friends, things are done in what is called good society, and even in the church to-day, which old-timers would have scorned to do or countenance.

“It is our duty to condemn and shun whatever is vile and ignoble. It is also our duty to express approval of whatever is just and pure and of good report. But let us never forget that while man looketh on the outward appearance, God looketh on the heart. And if we, in God’s great mercy, shall find an entrance to mansions not made with hands, we shall miss some whom we expected to see there, and shall find many whom we had not thought would be there. Therefore, ‘let us judge nothing before the time until the Lord come, who will both bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and will make manifest the counsels of the heart, and then shall every man have praise of God.’”

XIII.

February 6th, 1903.—A correspondent at Langley writes: The funeral of James Mackie, J. P., of Langley, took place on Saturday last. A large concourse of people, many of them old-timers from the surrounding country, together with a few from New Westminster and Vancouver, assembled at his late residence, and from thence proceeded to the Presbyterian Church where impressive services were conducted by the pastor, Rev. Wm. Burton and Rev. A. Dunn, an old and intimate friend of the deceased. Mr. Burton made brief reference to the late Mr. Mackie's genial manner, his kind and obliging disposition, and to the loss the death of a man of such characteristics always causes. Mr. Dunn, in the course of a well considered and appropriate address, referred to the early history of Langley, its formation into a municipality in 1874, to the fact that Mr. Mackie was elected Warden for 1874, as also for 1875, to the difficulty experienced by Warden and Councillors, during these years, in laying the foundations of municipal government—the revenue being small and the needs of the scattered settlers being varied and urgent—and to the wise, just and impartial manner in which Warden and Councillors discharged the duties of their office. In speaking of old-timers in general, and of Mr. Mackie in particular, the reverend gentleman affirmed that both on the mainland and island he had found old-timers, with few exceptions, men of superior intelligence, and honourable in their dealings, fearless and unbending in opposing dishonesty in the management of public and private affairs, yet liberal minded and charitable in all matters in regard to which intelligent men may honestly differ. He further stated that towards ministers of religion old-timers were, as a rule, considerate and respectful, welcoming them to their homes, and scorning to persecute or misrepresent men the weapons of whose warfare were not carnal but spiritual. Mr. Dunn spoke of Mr. Mackie as a man above the average in point of intelligence and information, of transparent character, friendly and obliging beyond most men, not without faults, but singularly free from the bitterness and ill will which sometimes disfigure and disgrace the lives of men who make themselves prominent in Christian profession. Robert Mackie, the father, died in 1882 at the age of 75, and was the first to be buried in the Fort Langley cemetery; and now, 20 years later, James Mackie, the son, died at the age of 73, and was buried in the same spot. Mrs. Mackie has the sympathy of a wide circle of friends in her bereavement.

No. XIV.

REV. MR. DUNN'S TRIBUTE TO A GOOD MAN.

May 13th, 1904. At East Haney on Sunday last, May 22nd, Rev. A. Dunn alluded to the death of the late Rev. Thomas Scouler. He said:

"Since we met here two weeks ago, a much respected member of the Presbytery of Westminster has died and been buried; I refer, of course, to the Rev. T. Scouler, New Westminster. Some of you were acquainted with him as minister of St. Andrew's Church. Others have had the pleasure of being present when he, on different occasions, conducted worship in the Haney Church. His brethren in the ministry, and his friends throughout the country, were warmly attached to him, and keenly felt his premature departure.

"Though Mr. Scouler lived to be 61 years of age he did not remember ever being sick, much less being confined to bed with sickness, until his last illness, which began in February last, and ended on the 9th inst.

"Mr. Scouler exerted a great and beneficial influence, and was greatly esteemed, not only in New Westminster and throughout the Presbytery, but also throughout the country and throughout the Church. He laid no claim to eminent scholarship nor to superior ability. He was never spoken of as an eloquent or popular preacher. The question therefore naturally arises at this time, the question which I intend to try briefly to answer to-day, what was the secret of his influence and of the high regard in which he was generally held? In the first place, I answer, in a general way, he was a good man and a just, true and honourable in all the relations of life, as the head of a Christian home, as a friend, as a citizen, and as a minister of Jesus Christ. About him there were unaffected goodness and reality. He carried out into every day life the faith which he professed and proclaimed. And "it is a good divine which follows his own instructions." But more particularly, while Mr. Scouler in his intercourse with people, and specially as a minister of Christ, was ever ready to give reverence to whom reverence was due, honor to whom honor, and to claim very little for himself, he at the same time treated all men as men, not as wealthy men, prominent men, gifted men, or poor and obscure men. He met and treated all men in the same gracious, frank, and manly way. Now, notwithstanding the pointed and forcible manner in which the Apostle James discusses the tendency to partiality and favoritism in the Church, it is to be feared that many Christian Churches, including ministers, are grievous transgressors in this very matter. "They are partial in themselves and are become judges of evil thoughts. They have respect to persons and despise the poor." The man with the gold ring in goodly apparel may be treated with marked attention, a chief seat given to him, just on account of his rings and his attire, and quite irrespective of his character, while the man in "vile raiment" may be ignored or a back seat assigned to him, though known to be rich in faith and good works. In small religious meetings in school houses, in country places, I have observed rising symptoms of this very evil. While the more prominent members of the community, at the close of the service, were standing in groups, enjoy-

ing friendly conversation, poor, diffident individuals came and went unnoticed, no one having a word or smile for them. My friends, I believe most strongly that if the meek and lowly spirit of the Lord Jesus Christ more generally pervaded our sacred assemblies, if the atmosphere of the church were warmer, if men in humble stations were made to feel that in the House of God at least, the rich and poor, the high and the low stood upon a footing of equality ; if this were so, I believe that many of the noblest and best characters, now outside the pale of the Church, would come in, and become loyal adherents. It may here be said, of course, that such retiring individuals should be bold and assert themselves. Perhaps they should, but it is certainly true that those who are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please themselves. Now, it was contrary to the nature and principles of the late Mr. Scouler to make much of any man because he occupied a high position, or to belittle another merely because he was a working man ; to be deferential to a leading man in the Church, and haughty and distant towards a student missionary. No, I believe he would have gone out of his way to manifest a kindly interest in the humblest labourer in the vineyard of Christ, remembering Christ's own word, "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Again, the Rev. Mr. Scouler was most faithful in the performance of any work assigned to him, and most conscientious in paying every debt he owed ; generous, also, according to his means, in giving where it was not craved, where he saw it was needed, and would do good. Here again the Church of Christ often suffers injury at the hands of its professing friends. It is said with truth that in these days some church people are not more to be depended upon in paying their debts than others. They may have to be urged again and again before they will pay, even when it may be within their power to do so, thereby inflicting a wrong upon, and causing inconvenience to not only their immediate creditors, but indirectly many besides. Further, church members may live in luxuriously furnished houses, may wear costly apparel, and yet be most niggardly in their contributions to the Church of Christ. Extravagant in their expenditures upon themselves, they seem to think that the hard working and thrifty, whose prudence has enabled them to lay by in store something for a day of sickness or infirmity, should meet the payment of Church accounts, allowing them to continue in their extravagant habits ! Some give a set sum to the Church from year to year, say \$10. If the merchant has had a prosperous business year, if the fields of the farmer have yielded sixty or a hundredfold, they may add to their personal comforts in many ways, but the amount of their subscription to the Church remains the same—\$10. It is asserted, and I believe with truth, that the most reliable supporters, the most liberal givers, according to their means, to the cause of Christ, are the men with small incomes and low wages. Now, any man who is not only just but generous, who is kind and considerate, fair and honourable at home and abroad, in

the church and out of it, must ever stand high in the estimation of right thinking people, and be a power for good in any community. And such, I claim, was the late Rev. Mr. Scouler, a man of good deeds as well as a man of good words.

No. XV.

THE LATE PAUL MURRAY.

Langley, 25th August, 1903.—The funeral of the late Paul Murray, of Langley Prairie, took place yesterday. The immense concourse of people from the surrounding country met in the Presbyterian Church and outside of it, while services appropriate to the occasion were conducted by Rev. A. Dunn and Rev. A. Calder, minister of Langley. Referring in his sermon to the deceased Mr. Dunn said. "We have met to-day to consign to their last resting place the remains of the oldest man in this Municipality, and one of the oldest men in the Province. It is given to few to reach the great age of 92. Mr. Murray was a remarkable man in more ways than one—remarkable on account of his great age and singular immunity from sickness during his long life—remarkable for his happy, thankful, uncomplaining disposition—remarkable also for the great amount of work which he undertook in his time and carried to a successful and praiseworthy issue. He was born in 1811 in the north of Scotland, where he remembered to have herded cows on his native hills. When his parents leaving the bleak and barren part of the country in which they were born, came to Ontario and settled in Oxford County, he accompanied them; and, being the eldest son, he took a chief part in making a comfortable home for his parents there. At the age of 28 he married Lucy Bruce, who survives him, and who has the sympathy of all to-day in her bereavement. When they started out in life together they possessed merely the barest necessities of life. Still he bought one hundred acres of bush land, to be paid by instalments, and by means of hard work, plain living, and numerous profitable contracts in barn-building, he was able to pay the last dollar of the price of his land on the appointed day. With the view of advancing the interests of his family he disposed of the valuable and attractive home which he had built up in Ontario, and came with three sons and two daughters to Langley in 1874. At the date of his arrival he was over 60 years of age—an age at which most men desire to rest and take life easy—an age at which most men by reason of failing strength are obliged to rest. But his eye was not dim nor his natural force abated. With the spirit and enthusiasm of youth he tackled the heavy timber in his vicinity, built his log house, cleared land, planted an orchard, and went on clearing and cultivating land with a vigor and a skill as remarkable as they are rare.

"During the 30 years of his residence here he witnessed many changes and many gratifying improvements. In 1874 the nearest settler to the east of him was 22 miles distant, and between his home and New Westminster, along the Yale-Westminster road, a distance of 16 miles, there was only one settler. Langley Prairie was lying untilled, and unsettled. There was no church building and no school house. During recent years Mr. Murray could see from his cottage on the hill three church buildings, almost the whole of Langley Prairie brought under cultivation, and on every farm a fine residence of modern design. For many years there have been settlers to the east of him, settlers to the west of him, settlers all around him, industrious and prosperous.

"Mr. Murray was preëminently a God-fearing, hard-working, peace-loving man. While others might be wrangling and disputing about this or that (often about nothing) he quietly, humbly, and piously pursued his course, attending to his own business, and not curiously intermeddling with the affairs of other people. Mr. Murray is the last of the three elders ordained in the old school-house at Innes' Corners in December, 1876,—the first elders ordained on the mainland of British Columbia. James McAdam died in 1899, aged 76 years; Alexander McDougal died in 1900, aged 80 years; and, last of the three, Paul Murray died in 1903, aged 92 years."

No. XVI.

THE LATE MRS. ADAM IRVING.

11th Sept., 1903.—On Sunday, the 6th inst., in the Haney Church, Rev. A. Dunn in a memorial sermon referred to the late Mrs. A. Irving in the following terms: "I am not here in this house of God to speak the praises of the departed, but as the late Mrs. Irving was one of the oldest members of this congregation, it is right and becoming, and I trust it may be profitable, that reference be made to some of the leading points in her life since she came to this neighborhood in 1874. She was one of the congregation present at my first meeting in the house of John McIvor in the fall of 1875. So gradually, one by one, have the old people dropped off that we can hardly realize how many have gone until, nearly 30 years afterwards, we begin to count who have left and who are still with us. Among the dead are William Edge, Alfred Freeman, Edward Meunch, James McAdam and wife, William Jenkins and wife, R. W. Burton, Capt. McLean and wife, John Brough, John Bell, William Hammond, William McKinney, Mrs. Matthews, Mrs. A. Irving, Harry Dawson and wife, William Nelson, William Howieson, Eustice Howieson, George Apnet, Samuel Robertson, Peter Baker and James Thorne. These were all settlers in this district

in 1875. The few still remaining are Wellington Harris and wife, John McIvor, Adam Irving, and John Hammond. Thus one generation passeth away and another cometh. It is hardly to be wondered at if, on us who are left, on an occasion like the present, there should come a strange sad feeling when we recall the old familiar faces of the departed, and think of our diminished and ever diminishing numbers.

“For nearly 11 years I conducted Presbyterian services in the Methodist Church, which then stood on the brow of the hill overlooking the river, and which had been built several years before my arrival in the Province. The trustees of the Methodist Church of that time not only readily placed their church building at our disposal, but they themselves were regular in attending our services, the most prominent among them, William Howieson, always ringing the bell with his own hand. The late Mrs. Irving, with her husband and children around her, was always present. Brought up to attend public worship they would have felt that they were neglecting a Christian duty if they had absented themselves. Whether the preacher was eloquent or not, they were always there. And now their children, trained up to reverence God’s house, God’s day, and God’s word, follow in this respect, so far as known to me, the footsteps of their parents. We have heard men boastingly say ‘We are just as good as your Church goers.’ But to assert this proves nothing. Taking the words as they stand we should certainly be entitled to infer, that the non-church goer would be a better man if he attended, and the church goer a worse man if he did not attend. Most men allow that the frequenting of theatres, dancing halls and drinking saloons has a downward, degrading tendency. But few, even in these days, are so bold as to maintain that church going of itself tends to lower the moral and spiritual tone of any man. At all events this much must be admitted that the non-church going are guilty of a manifest disregard of the Apostolic injunction ‘forsaking not the assembling of yourselves together as the manner of some is.’ Coming in 1874 with a young family to Mople Ridge, with its huge, towering forest trees growing right down to the river’s edge, with only here and there a small patch cleared, was enough to daunt a brave mother. But looking into the faces of the children whom God had given her, she with her husband, equally prepared to toil and to endure, addressed themselves to the heavy task of carving out a home in the forest, and of providing for their family. Impelled by maternal affection, Mrs. Irving, I suspect, undertook tasks beyond a woman’s strength, tasks which probably undermined her constitution and shortened her days. Long before the battle had been won, her eldest son, Robert, dutiful and pious, left home in 1880 to earn money to help his parents in their struggle. But alas! one sad and memorable day he unexpectedly returned, stricken with fever, and death written on his young countenance. Coming up the hill he met his mother, who knew nothing of his

condition till she saw him. The death of this son proved to be the great affliction of her life. From that day she was never the same. But God blessed her labours and blessed her family. On Saturday week she died in peace, amidst comfortable surroundings, cheered by the consolations of religion, surrounded by her faithful husband and devoted family, who allowed her to want nothing which they could give her.

No. XVII.

May 9th, 1905.—The funeral of the late Mrs. Murray, wife of Mr. Paul Murray, teacher, Maple Ridge, took place on Wednesday last, and was very largely attended. An old settler remarked that the funeral cortege was the largest he had ever seen approaching the Maple Ridge cemetery, an indication of the high esteem in which the deceased lady was held. Impressive services were conducted at Mr. Murray's residence and also at the grave by Rev. A. Dunn and Rev. E. Watson. On Sunday afternoon a memorial service was held in the Hammond Hall, which was crowded in every part, the Methodist Minister and his congregation attending in a body. Rev. Mr. Tanner, Methodist, and Rev. Mr. Watson, Presbyterian, led the devotional exercises. Rev. A. Dunn of Whonnock preached an appropriate sermon from the text "To die is gain." In concluding his discourse Mr. Dunn spoke of the late Mrs. Murray as an intelligent and enthusiastic Christian worker; as organist of the Haney Church for several years; as president of the Ladies' Aid for over ten years; as being faithful and exact in small as well as in great matters; as fearless and outspoken, ever ready to stand up for what she believed to be right even though she might stand alone; as a devoted wife and an affectionate mother. Mr. Murray, who for some 25 years has been the eminently successful and popular teacher of the Maple Ridge School, has the sincere sympathy of the people throughout the district in his irreparable loss.

No. XVIII.

21st July, 1905.

Port Hammond, 17th July.—The settlements around have been greatly shocked by the sudden death at New Westminster on the 14th inst. of Mrs. Blaney, wife of John Blaney, Reeve of the Municipality. Mrs. Blaney had experienced several severe attacks of sickness during the last three years—so severe, indeed, that once or twice her life was despaired of. But, for some months past, her former good health, judging by her improved appearance, seemed to have returned. On Sunday, the 9th inst., she was present at the church service at Lillooet. Early last week she went to town to

consult her doctor, feeling somewhat indisposed, though nothing serious was apprehended. On Friday, while in the hospital, after a cheerful conversation with her attendant, death came suddenly and unexpectedly. Her funeral, largely attended, took place yesterday when services were conducted in Hammond Hall and at the grave by Rev. A. Dunn. Much sympathy with the afflicted family was manifested by the large assembly. Mrs. Blaney will be much missed not only by her own family but in the district in which she had lived for 14 years, and in which she was esteemed and loved.

No. XIX.

Abbotsford, B. C., 18th Oct., 1905.—The funeral of Finlay Shortreed, who was accidentally killed at Rock Bay, on the 13th inst., took place at Aldergrove yesterday afternoon. The body was brought by the morning train to Abbotsford, whence it was taken to the Shortreed residence about 10 miles westward. Although tidings of the sad event had reached Aldergrove only 20 hours prior to the arrival of the body, and though the day was unseasonably cold and stormy, a very large number of people of all ages had gathered round the house of mourning by 3 o'clock. Suitable services were conducted at the house by Rev. A. Dunn of Whonnock, and at the grave by Rev. Wm. Mackey. For the Shortreed family in their painful bereavement, especially for the venerable parents, who are greatly esteemed and revered, the keenest sympathy was manifested. The late Finlay Shortreed was a young man of bright and noble character, most agreeable and obliging, yet firm and resolute in the performance of every duty both sacred and secular. In the neighbourhood with old and young he was deservedly a favourite, and his untimely death is universally regretted.

No. XX.

MRS. JOHN MAXWELL.

Fort Langley, 9th Sept., 1906.—The cause of our meeting here to-day is a painful one. It is always painful to part with a friend—doubly so if that friend was an old and loyal one. The deceased Mrs. Maxwell was a singularly modest and unassuming woman; only those who had known her long and well could tell how wise and true and good she was. In these days the complaint is often made that wives and mothers devote too much of their time to duties outside their homes—to social functions, and even to works of Christian benevolence. So much is this the case, in some instances, that children of tender age, who ought to be their first care, are left to take care of themselves, or given over to the care of

heedless and incompetent persons. It may at once be admitted that some neglect their homes—are busybodies, wandering around from house to house, speaking things which they ought not to speak, even under pretext of doing good. That could never be said of our departed sister. If one wished to find her she could be found at home—superintending her household, directing and counselling her children, while, at the same time, indirectly, almost imperceptibly wielding a powerful influence for good throughout the Municipality. She had a tender and true heart, a wise and prudent mind, and a well-controlled disposition. As yet her husband and children cannot realize the greatness of the loss they have sustained. But as days and weeks pass, as mornings and evenings come and go, as they behold the vacant chair, and hear no more the well remembered, happy voice, their bereavement will come home to them with sad and painful vividness. My dear afflicted friends, you this day have our heartfelt sympathy and fervent prayers. May God give you grace to say from the heart “It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth good in His sight.” As is your case so will ours be soon. Soon we must all part, husband from wife, wife from husband, parent from child, friend from friend. If there were no hereafter, no heaven, no hope of a blessed re-union after death, how could we bear the parting? But hear this day the words of the blessed Saviour (from His lips we can believe anything), “Let not your hearts be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me,” etc., “I go to prepare a place for you,” etc.

 XXI.

THE LIFE OF A PIONEER.

An Appreciation of the Late Mr. Jolly, J. P.—Was One of Langley’s Early Settlers.

In the death of John Jolly, at the age of 73, one of the earliest of Langley’s pioneers and an ex-reeve of the municipality, has passed away. Until a few weeks ago, Mr. Jolly had enjoyed uninterrupted good health. Indeed so vigorous and active was he, both physically and mentally, that one could hardly think of him as an old man, so that his death, except to his immediate relatives, same *come* as a painful surprise.

At the funeral services held on the 6th March, 1912, at his former residence, 10th Avenue, Vancouver, Rev. Alex. Dunn referred to the life and work of the late pioneer and at the request of certain friends of the deceased, Mr. Dunn has handed in his address on this occasion to the British Columbian for publication. Mr. Dunn spoke as follows:

“Mr. and Mrs. Jolly, with Mrs. Jolly’s parents, came from

Australia to Langley in 1869, Mrs. Jolly being the first white woman in that municipality. Mr. Jolly and Mr. James took up land on the south side of the Salmon River, some two or three miles from the Fraser. At first they resided in the old parsonage at Derby. By the date of my arrival in 1875 they had by persistent industry, succeeded in erecting comfortable frame dwellings, suitable barns, and cleared and fenced some ten acres, had orchards planted, beginning to bear fruit, and were thus in the enjoyment of modest comfort. In point of fact, few, if any, at that date were so well off as they were. In 1883 Mr. Jolly sold his farm to Chipman Carter, and in the same year bought a section of the estate of the Hudson's Bay Company at Langley, which he farmed successfully and profitably until two years ago, when he disposed of it and removed to Vancouver where, after a brief illness, he died on the 6th inst.

By the year 1875 considerable additions had been made to the Langley population. The additions were of different nationalities and of widely different principles and experiences. They did not by any means readily unite. So far from it they were divided in at least two hostile parties. One party appeared to be more concerned about advancing their own personal interests than about laying deep and broad and enduring the foundations of the newly created municipality. Well, it was during the formative period of Langley's history that I became well acquainted with the late Mr. Jolly and those associated with him in municipal affairs. No doubt flaws and imperfections adhere to the most disinterested citizens, but I feel safe to say that I never knew a band of men labor more zealously and unselfishly than they did for the best interests of the district to which they had come to reside. And in pondering over the past and present, the early days and the present times, I feel persuaded that the strenuous labors and self-denial of these worthy public-spirited men, are, if not over-looked, certainly not appreciated as they ought to be. But for them, their opposition to and their detestation of the misapplication of public money, the municipality of Langley might well have been in a much less satisfactory condition than it is to-day. With respect to our departed friend, I can say in strictest truth that I never knew him, during those early years of strife and contest, to do a dishonourable deed, or to give expression to sentiments unbecoming a gentleman. He remembered the Sabbath Day and kept it. He countenanced and encouraged the services of religion, and presented a steady uncompromising front to immorality in every shape and form. His home was the abode of peace. There husband and wife lived together as husband and wife should. They were careful to entertain strangers. Many lonely ones in the new land met with a hearty welcome and a generous hospitality at the hand of Mr. and Mrs. Jolly. All this is at an end now. And while it is a source of comfort to the widow to remember these things, it makes, in one respect, the parting all the more trying.

XXII.

THE LATE QUINTON MCGILL.

An Appreciation of a Sapperton Resident Who Stood High in the Esteem of All.

The funeral of the late Quinton McGill, sr., took place on the 25th of March, 1912, from his residence, 471 Columbia Street, Sapperton, to the Oddfellows Cemetery. Both at the McGill residence and at the grave, appropriate religious services were conducted.

The late Mr. McGill was a native of the town of Ayr, Scotland, and at his death had reached the advanced age of 90 years. He left Scotland in early manhood and spent the active period of his life in the Province of Quebec. In 1904 he, with his family, came westward to New Westminster, and purchased the valuable property known as the McGill property at the terminus of the Sapperton car line. His age, together with a rheumatic affection, which interfered with his power of walking, prevented him from appearing in public, or indeed from going much beyond the limits of the McGill premises. Consequently he was all but unknown in the life of the city and but little known beyond the circle of the friends and acquaintances of the family. How high he stood, however, in the affectionate regard of those who were privileged with his acquaintance it were hard to express. In point of fact, wherever he was known, he was revered and beloved beyond most men. And the secret of the high respect in which he was held was his simple goodness—habitual, unaffected goodness. He was a beautiful type of the best and noblest features of Scottish character, and, though a resident of the Dominion for over 60 years, and meeting in business and social life, people, good and bad, of many nationalities, he retained in wonderful perfection those characteristics to the end of his life. He was a man of keen intellect and of much general information, yet withal modest and unassuming to a degree, one of the last men to lay claim to greatness or excellence or superior intelligence. His mind remained clear and vigorous till within a few hours of the end, when he lapsed into unconsciousness and passed without a groan or sigh into the Presence of Him whom he had long loved and served.

He had no sympathy with those modern unscriptural theories which favor laxity or remissness in the performance of daily duty—theories which make excuses for the neglect of what is called worldly duties in order to attend to philanthropic and so-called religious duties. He knew well that religion, when genuine, dominated the whole life, and that every common duty faithfully performed as unto God, was as much a part of true religion as attending a religious meeting or singing a psalm.

In early manhood he had been brought under the power of true religion, but, at the same time, during his long life, he had been an industrious, laborious and careful man. Whether on the farm, or in the home, in the market or in the meeting, he was pre-eminently a man of God, and a true follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. His kind heart led him to befriend and assist many poor persons whose condition might escape the notice of others, but of which he was aware. His attachment to his own, specially to those of his own house, was very real and very touching, though few words were spoken. And, as might be expected in such a home, everything that willing hands and kind hearts could do for a beloved parent was done for him. That he saw, and fully appreciated. To minister to one so good, so loving and so grateful was a great privilege.

 XXIII.

THE PASSING OF A PIONEER.

The Life and Work of the Late David W. Brown, Resident of Hall's Prairie.

Hall's Prairie, B. C., March 26th, 1912.—This was a day of mourning in Hall's Prairie, being the funeral day of the late David W. Brown, J. P., one of the earliest and one of the most valued and esteemed of its residents. The attendance at the funeral was very large—men and women, young and old.

Mr. Brown, who was in his eightieth year, had begun to fail some two months ago, but a fatal termination was not looked for till last Sunday, when his illness assumed a decidedly serious aspect, resulting in death that same afternoon. The married daughters: Mrs. Shields, Washington; Mrs. Hyde, wife of Rev. Hyde, Kamloops; Mrs. Steward of Central Park, with their husbands, as well as all the other members of the family, were present at the funeral. Impressive services were conducted at the residence of the late Mr. Brown, by Rev. A. Dunn, assisted by Rev. Mr. McRae, Cloverdale, and Rev. Mr. Carpenter, Methodist, Langley Prairie, all or whom paid eloquent and touching testimony to the noble life of the deceased.

The address of Mr. Dunn, who held the first religious service in Hall's Prairie, in the year 1879, and was intimately acquainted with the deceased, is in part as follows:

"The numerous calls which I have lately been receiving to conduct services on the occasion of the funerals of old friends are, I must confess, very trying, especially to one of my temperament. This is the third time in less than three weeks, on which I have been called upon to conduct such services. Looking up and down the

Fraser Valley, as friend after friend departs, I am feeling more and more like one who has been left alone. In some settlements only one or two are left of those who were heads of families between 1875 and 1885. Very many new settlers have come in; the sons in many instances have taken the places of their fathers; great stretches of land here and there have been cleared and settlements planted where the forest once stood. So that in these days, when I return to what was once familiar ground, I not only miss the well-remembered faces of the pioneers, but also old landmarks; and the very physical features of some districts have been so changed and improved that I am in a manner bewildered and brought to a standstill where at one time I could have threaded my way in the dark. These changes and improvements are very gratifying. It is pleasing to see the country progressing and prospering, but the absence of loved faces is not joyous, but grievous, though we all know well that these losses must come, and that we ourselves, having served our day and generation according to the will of God, must also pass off the stage of time and make room for others.

“My first visit to Hall’s Prairie was made in the summer of 1879. The Prairie was then very much in the condition in which nature had left it. There were few indications of settlement. It was too much to one side of my extensive field to receive regular Sunday services, though I visited now and again on week-days the Presbyterian settlers. In the end of the summer of 1882, I remember to have experienced no little difficulty in making my way to the settlement, through numerous bush fires, which raged on either side of the road, sometimes crossing it. On coming up to the house (log house) of Mr. Brown, situated in a small field, I felt safer and free to breathe. Mr. Brown himself was not at home, but was hourly expected from Blaine, whither he had gone with his ox-team to procure provisions for his family. On his arrival, he, his family and I were excited spectators of an immense forest fire, fanned by a strong southerly wind, and coming at a terrific speed nearer and nearer to us, standing a short distance from the house. I do not know that we were in actual danger, even if the fire had continued in its course, till it had reached the outside timber, but suddenly, as we stood gazing, the wind veered round, and blew strongly from the south, turning the wind in a different direction, when, of course, all danger to us was past. *fire*

“A subsequent visit, on a Sunday, to the Prairie, I also remember well. I remember the text from which I preached that day, namely: ‘Whom having not seen we love,’ etc. The number of Presbyterian families on Hall’s Prairie in those days was small, only two or three, and the attendance on that occasion was small, but singularly attentive and sympathetic. In addressing them, I felt that good impressions were being made; that the impressions were enduring, the result proved.

"The nearest place of meeting to the Browns was the school house at Innis' Corners, Langley Prairie. Incredible as it may seem, in these days when many decline to walk two miles to a service, or even to attend one at their own door, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, when the weather and state of the roads were favorable, walked all the way to service to Langley Prairie (taking their lunch with them), a distance, going and coming, of 20 miles. So high an opinion had I formed of Mr. Brown's moral character and Christian principles, that I urged him to become, along with Thomas Black, of Fort Langley, an elder of the Church. Both were ordained accordingly. Both these men were regarded as men of outstanding excellence of character. Whether their Christian character has always been acknowledged and appreciated as it should, I am not sure. That they have been eminent examples of upright, straightforward, Christian men, I am certain.

"The home life of the Browns was exceptionally attractive and beautiful. No jarring notes were heard there. No disputes or bitter arguments took place. Peace, forbearance, and Christian kindness bore sway, not only between father and mother, but also between parents and children.

"The late Mr. Brown was a native of Kilmarnock, Ayrshire, Scotland, and came to British Columbia in 1878. He is survived by Mrs. Brown and eight sons and daughters, also his brother Archie, who came to British Columbia at the same time. They have the good will and sympathy of the whole municipality in their bereavement."

XXIV.

WAS A MAN OF TRUE WORTH.

An Appreciation of Late Robert Robertson, Former Hudson's Bay Company's Employee.

The funeral of the late Robert Robertson, a well known and trusted boatman of the Fraser River took place at Whonnock on Friday, the 3rd of May, 1912. There was a large attendance both of old-timers and new-comers, from some of whom he received, during his prolonged illness, many kindnesses.

The following appreciation of the late Mr. Robertson has, on the request of the "British Columbian," been contributed by Rev. Alexander Dunn, the pioneer Presbyterian minister of the Fraser Valley:

"The late Mr. Robertson, a native of the North of Scotland, came to British Columbia in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company. In 1860 he took up land at Whonnock, and from the date of

his arrival to the day of his death Whonnock has been his only home. It is 37 years since I became acquainted with him, that is, since he began to take me, in the discharge of ministerial duty, up and down the river in his row-boat, down in the early days as far as North Arm (Eburne) and later up as far as Matsqui and Nicomen Island. For at least 25 years I depended upon him to do work of that kind. I did not then know of, nor do I now believe that I could have found another who would have been able to do the work, the hard, heavy work of pulling a boat (as he sometimes did) for as many as 33 miles in one day, often against the tide, and, at times, against both wind and tide. I never knew one who could pull a boat so long as he without apparent fatigue. I always carried some food, but he could never be persuaded to rest a while or eat till our objective point was reached. And when our destination was reached he was just as bright and jocular as at the commencement.

“He not only had great powers of endurance—strength to pull a long distance without being exhausted—but also self-control to wait a long time without becoming impatient. When out with a school inspector, for example, or with myself, he sometimes had to wait on the banks of the river for hours while we made excursions inland. Once, I remember, he waited for me at the river while I crossed to the inlet, by what is now known as the Cemetery Road, baptised a child there, and returned, having meantime covered a distance of some 10 or 12 miles.

In making an appointment with Robbie one could depend upon him absolutely. He was never sick. On the first appearance of la grippe in the country in the winter of 1890, when almost every one suffered from it more or less, Robbie told me one day, with much merriment, that he had a headache and wondered whether that was the grippe. Towards the end of my residence at Whonnock he began to show signs of failing strength, and though he never refused to accompany me I could see that the long trips were too much for him and ceased to ask him. So that at the time of my life when I most needed him with his boat, Robbie, by reason of advancing years, was not in a fit condition physically, to help me. Hence, in late years, came my long Sunday walks of 12 or 15 or 20 miles, as the case might be, when neither steamboat nor train could be found to suit.

“In appearance and manner Robbie was rather rough, awkward, and brusque, but appearances notwithstanding, he was kindness personified. There were few that he disliked, and one or two of these I knew he disliked without a cause. But once an idea got possession of him it were next to impossible to dislodge it. On a journey he was always in the mood to talk. He loved to talk upon religious subjects, in a reverent, manly way, upon early-day persons and events, and also of the scenes of his youth in the North of Scotland. He had his own ideas of respectability to which he firmly clung.

Whiskey was no treat to him and he almost invariably refused it. If at any time he did consent to take a mouthful it was at the hand of some one of known respectability. Well, everything comes to an end. The longest life ends at last. Robbie has passed from the Fraser River forever, and landed, we trust, on a happier shore."

 XXV.

EARLY PIONEERING CONDITIONS.

Rev. A. Dunn Speaks of the Life and Work of Some of the First Settlers of Fraser Valley.

On the occasion of the funeral of the late Henry Frederick Harris, of East Langley, which was held at Sperling Methodist Church on Saturday, October 12th, 1912, Rev. A. Dunn, who had been acquainted with the deceased for thirty years, in referring to Mr. Harris, gave a brief account of the early pioneering conditions in the valley, which, by request, he has handed to the "British Columbian" for publication, and which reads as follows:

"My acquaintance with the deceased, Henry Frederick Harris, is of about 30 years' standing. I had been in Langley some seven or eight years previous to his arrival. On the 29th day of last month I met him for the last time in New Westminster, but only for a short time. He then looked as bright and well as ever. During the last twenty-six years our paths have led in different directions, crossing each other at long distances apart. But when we met, the same friendly feeling which had originated thirty years ago was found to be still in existence.

It could hardly be expected that I could perform the journey in an electric car from New Westminster to this part of Langley Municipality with the greatest ease, comfort and dispatch, without contrasting it with the drawn-out, laborious journeys of the early days, through mud and water, around stumps and fallen timber.

"Of course parts of the roads are still bad enough, owing chiefly, however, to heavy traffic; but then during seven or eight months in the year the whole way was bad, seldom relieved by a few yards of good road. Then the solitude of the situation, compared with the increased and ever increasing population, the multitudinous and varying sounds which now fall upon our ears from all sides—even in places most remote—the contrast, I say, between then and now is very striking. The late Mr. Titmouse, living a short distance from here, was wont to tell that he looked forward with pleasure to the steamboat days—Wednesdays and Saturdays—when he could hear, right at his own door, in the heart of the forest, the tooting of the Irving steamers on the river all the way from Ketsy

to St. Mary's Mission. On those days at least, he felt he was within sound, if not within sight, of civilization of some kind.

Then, singularly enough, it was a rare thing to meet a person, though living in the bush, and out of sight of any neighbor's house, who complained of homesickness. (There were complaints enough about the rain and the roads, etc.) And if anyone, who had the means, went back to the home he had left, the result was that he soon returned a wiser, if poorer, man, and contentedly settled down on the spot which he had formerly spoken disparagingly of. So that there must have been, even then, when nature appeared in its roughest and most primitive state, a certain charm or fascination which few, having once felt, could resist.

"For eight or ten years the state of the country remained, in certain respects, almost at a standstill. Few new settlers came in, and the stay of others who had come in to view the land, expecting to find it a veritable paradise, was so fleeting that their very names and complaints, at this distant date, are all but forgotten. Old-timers, of whom, alas, few remain, may be heard saying that the new-comers of the present day can never know the meaning of "roughing it" in all its depth and comprehensiveness. Just think, for example, of this Harris family, building their log house, slowly, laboriously, clearing a small patch in which to grow potatoes, the absence of a reliable market, the state of the road to Fort Langley, Langley Prairie and New Westminster; the lack of many conveniences and small luxuries to which they had been accustomed in their former home; and the experience of this family was that of other families. Of course, the earliest years were the most disheartening. And no brighter or more cheering day in the history of the Province ever dawned than the day on which it became known that the C. P. R. had actually commenced railway construction at Emory's Bar near Yale. When the people of Langley could see the right-of-way being cleared on the north side of the Fraser River, the last vestige of doubt in the minds of reasoning men as to the future greatness and prosperity of the country utterly vanished.

Our departed friend patiently pursued his calling in the place where God in His providence had planted him. He was ever cheerful and hoped to see better days, and he lived to see them and enjoy them with a thankful heart. He was a true and faithful husband, an affectionate parent, a diligent provider, while at the same time he was a public spirited man, always ready to take his share of public duty, and was for several years councillor of the ward in which he lived. He was President of the Farmers' Institute for many years. By his cheerful, hopeful manner, by his industry and unblemished moral character he contributed his share to the orderliness and prosperity of the municipality in which for almost 30 years he had been a respected and useful citizen.

XXVI.

PAID LAST TRIBUTE.

Rev. Alex. Dunn Delivered Eloquent Sermon at Funeral of
Old-Timer.

Thursday, February 27th, 1913.—The old-timers who were at the funeral of Mr. Ferguson on Wednesday, in St. Stephen's Church, requested the pastor, Rev. Mr. Gordon Melvin, to have the address of Rev. Alex. Dunn on this occasion published in the "British Columbian," and Mr. Dunn kindly consented to furnish a copy of his remarks, as follows:

The death of our dear friend, John Ferguson, a native of Kircudbrightshire, Scotland, and formerly a farmer on Sea Island, Richmond, suggests to some here to-day old and happy memories. These memories date from 1875 and even earlier, when the Richmond and Delta of to-day had not received their new names, given upon their formation into municipalities, but were known and spoken of as the North Arm and South Arm respectively.

It was in the year 1878 that I first met the late Mr. Ferguson. At that date I began to give services, every third Sunday, in the North Arm settlement. For three years the minister stationed at Langley journeyed in a rowboat, occasionally in a canoe, a distance of thirty-three miles, more or less, preaching in the Methodist Church there. It stood on the mainland bank of the Fraser River, a short distance (about a hundred yards) to the east of the bridge which now connects the mainland with the island. There were no roads leading to the church. The whole congregation, between fifty and sixty persons, came in rowboats and canoes.

Many of the North Arm settlers of that time were located in pairs, as Miller and Ferguson, Mole and Betts, the McCleary brothers (Fitzgerald and Samuel), Boyd and Kilgour, Smith and Robson. There were other prominent settlers, as Errington, Ferris and Cochrane, but these first named I remember better, they being the ones with whom my boatman and I stayed over night and to whom we went, as a rule, in rotation.

It must be admitted, I suppose, that we are all more or less inclined to speak of people as we favor (not as we find or know them), but after making allowance for that tendency in our weak human nature, I think it can be most truthfully affirmed regarding the individuals whom I have mentioned that they were, without exception, a body of superior men, sober, honest, industrious and God-fearing—men of sterling worth and of nobility of character.

Twenty-seven years ago, at a public entertainment at Surrey Centre, I remember having heard Rev. Ebeneser Robson speak of

the North Arm settlement as a model one—a settlement which other settlements might look to as a pattern of diligence, enterprise, sobriety and respectability.

After the long journeys from Langley to North Arm we sometimes arrived at the homes of these men wet and cold and tired. The genuine kindness and consideration displayed by them, their cheerful readiness to minister to our needs, must ever remain indelibly imprinted upon the tablets of my memory, and will flash up and burn with an intense glow whenever an occasion arises to call it forth.

When all of these men possessed so many noble characteristics and so few defects, it were as invidious as unnecessary to make comparisons. Suffice it to say that he whose remains we are about to consign to their last resting place, was a fit specimen of the whole. Free from any semblance of arrogance or ostentation, shy and retiring, a man of clean and honorable life rather than a man of words and professions, he had to be known to be appreciated. During the last two years I have had more frequent opportunities of meeting him than I had during the whole preceding period of our acquaintance. And sometimes I have wondered whether I had forgot, or whether indeed I had ever known, until recently, how good and lovable and Christianlike John Ferguson was. To his sister and kindred generally he was devotedly attached, and they specially will miss his wise counsels and his calm, kindly face. We all wished we could have retained him longer, for few in this cold and self-seeking world are so true, so reliable, so steadfast as he. But it could not be; we must go to him but he can no more return to us. His race was run. His warfare was accomplished at the end of the allotted span, three score years and ten. Patiently he endured his dying sufferings. Calmly, bravely yet humbly by God's grace he met and overcame the last enemy. "He rests from his labors and his works do follow him."

No. XXVII.

WARM TRIBUTE.

Pioneer Pastor Spoke Feelingly of the Late Mr. John McIvor, of Port Hammond.

May, 1913.—A memorial service was conducted in the Port Hammond Presbyterian Church by Rev. A. Dunn on Sunday last, who referred to the late John McIvor in the following terms:

Tidings of the death of my old friend, John McIvor, came upon me in New Westminster, with startling suddenness. I was not even aware that he had been sick. A few months ago I met him at the funeral of his sister, Mrs. Gilbert McKay, of Glen Valley, and at that time, while there were the usual indications of advancing years,

there was nothing else, mental or physical, to indicate the near approach of death. How true it is that while we may feel well and to others look well, death, quite unperceived by us, may be near at hand, even at the door.

The circumstances under which we have met here to-day very naturally recall the past, my first meeting with the late Mr. McIvor, as also a long series of events connected with his history and that of his family from 1875 until the present time. My first service in this municipality was conducted in his house, near the spot where we are now assembled. And now, with Mr. McIvor's death, only one couple (Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Harris) of those who were heads of families, are living now who were living then in this municipality. At that date Mr. McIvor was unmarried and appeared to be a very powerful, vigorous man with heavy dark hair. In the end of the year 1875 he went back to Lewis, Scotland, the place of his nativity, and married Catherine Morrison, who survives him, together with four daughters and four sons, the youngest of whom is eighteen years of age. And thus the worn and wasted body of the strong man of 1875, the man of unremitting labors, the man of untiring industry and perseve. ance, was consigned to its kindred dust in the Fort Langley Cemetery on Monday last.

"Thou prevailest for ever against man and he passeth. Thou changeth his countenance and sendest him away. His sons came to honor him and he knoweth it not. They are brought low but he perceiveth it not of them."

The late John McIvor was a man of strong and striking individuality. He made no attempt to imitate or conform to the fashions and frivolities of the age, either in his apparel or in his manners and modes of thought. He had ways of his own which he resolutely followed, opinions of his own to which he tenaciously adhered. In conversation with him, and apart from moral and religious subjects, one could hardly foretell what opinion he might entertain upon any subject of public interest. He thought for himself and drew his own conclusions. But while firmly standing his own ground, and maintaining his own views, he was pre-eminently a man of peace, a man of tender and gentle heart. In his youth he had not enjoyed the advantages of a liberal education, a loss he often deplored. He was nevertheless possessed of considerable intellectual power and of many natural gifts. Of the sacrifices he made, the self denial he exercised, that his sons and daughters might obtain a better education than he had, and lead a less hard and laborious life than he had led; of this, I say, you are all aware. And their good conduct and success were a source of comfort and legitimate pleasure to him in his declining years.

In 1875 there was only a small clearing or opening in the forest around his dwelling, but he kept at it, calmly, continuously, year in

and year out, until now there are some seventy acres of land cleared, fenced and under cultivation. And the greater part of this work he accomplished single-handed. In his work there was no feverish haste or rush, and no Sunday labor. His moderation and temperance were known to you all.

In 1875 Rev. Mr. Jamieson advised me to take an early opportunity of meeting Mr. McIvor of Maple Ridge. He had found him, he said, to be a true Presbyterian, and what was better, a man who read his Bible and reduced its teachings to practice.

Young men and young women, I do not speak of your honored father as a perfect man or a sinless being. He was not; there are none such. They are lifeless that are faultless. This I say, however, that no one can ever cast up to you a blot or blemish in his character calculated to bring a blush to your face. Be ye therefore followers of him, in so far as he was a follower of Christ. Stand together as one, kindly affectioned one toward another, bearing one another's burdens, and so fulfilling the law of Christ. Endeavor to make the path of your aged mother smooth and pleasant. Make allowance for the infirmities of age. The things which are trifles to the young are burdens to the old. May the peace of God which passeth all understanding keep your heart and mind in Christ Jesus.

No. XXIII.

FUNERAL OF JAMES ROLLEY.

Whonnock, May 28th.—The burial of the late James Rolley, of Whonnock, took place at the Maple Ridge Cemetery at noon, Tuesday, May 27th, 1913. The morning was showery and threatening, but as the day advanced it cleared and became pleasant. In and around the Rolley residence there was a large attendance, almost every family in the community being represented. The great majority—some in boats and some in wagons—accompanied the remains to the cemetery, eleven miles distant. Appropriate services were held at the home and also at the grave by Rev. A. Dunn.

The late Mr. Rolley was born in Manchester, England, sixty-five years ago. By trade he was a machinist, and for a number of years was in the employ of the C. P. R. on the Pacific Coast division. With advancing years he gave up his trade, and lived on his property near Whonnock Station.

When Mr. Rolley first came to the district, twenty-three years ago, he took up land away back in the forest, beside a beautiful lake (now known as Rolley's lake), eight miles north of the Fraser River; and while living there he experienced the trials and hardships common to early settlers. He had to pack provisions, etc., over a

trail merely blazed, to his home, which was out of sight and out of sound of any neighbor. When, however, he left the employment of the C. P. R., he lived on a property which he had previously purchased near Whonnock Station. The late Mr. Rolley was a genial, friendly, obliging man, took an active interest in all matters which had for their object the advancement of the settlement. He was for several years councillor of his ward in the Maple Ridge Municipality. Mrs. Rolley, her daughter Mrs. H. Ferguson, and her son Fred, have the sympathy of all in their bereavement.

No. XXIX.

PIONEER'S PART IN LANGLEY'S PROGRESS.

Old Time Missionary Refers to Its Advance and Some of Those Back of It.

August 20th, 1913.—An appreciation of the progress of Langley Prairie during recent years and of the work of the pioneers of the district in laying the foundations for that advancement, and especially of a resident, whose death and funeral recently took place there, is presented to the readers of the "British Columbian" in a report of the address of Rev. Alexander Dunn, the pioneer missionary of the Fraser Valley, at the funeral services of the late Mrs. Murcheson, of Langley Prairie, on August 20th. Mr. Dunn prefaces his remarks with this letter to the editor which speaks for itself:

To the Editor:—I am always willing, when desired to do so on appropriate occasions, to give some account of prominent pioneers of the Fraser Valley. It affords me an opportunity of bringing into prominence sterling qualities which, while the pioneers lived, were apt to be overlooked or misunderstood by partial observers. Moreover, I am thus able to briefly describe existing conditions in their respective localities, the trials settlers endured and the difficulties they encountered in making homes for themselves and families in the primeval forest.

A. DUNN.

Mr. Dunn's words at the funeral read as follows:

"The changes which the construction of new roads, tram lines and railroads makes upon the face of a country are really wonderful. I refer, of course, not merely to the change which the actual construction makes, but also to the alterations, improvements, and additions which come in its wake. In a special manner has this been the case with reference to the Langley Prairie district.

"When I first knew Langley the traveller going eastward from Fort Langley towards Sumas and Matsqui, must of necessity go by

Innis' Corner, at the junction of the Langley and the Yale-New Westminster roads. The townline road had not then been opened. Anyone going westwards toward Mud Bay and South Arm must go by New Westminster, the Mud Bay or McLellan road, though begun, had not been completed. During the first few months of my residence in the place, that part of the Langley road between Mr. S. Towle's house to a point opposite Mr. Wark's house, had not then been made. Two gentlemen, also strangers in the place, accompanied me on my first journey to the Prairie. We had received lengthy directions from Mr. H. Wark before leaving Fort Langley, but notwithstanding these, amidst hardhack, tall ferns and numerous cattle trails, we got quite bewildered; and after wandering back and forth for an hour or more, we found ourselves in the neighborhood of the dairy barn of the Hudson's Bay Company, instead of at the Innis farm house, the point for which we were making.

"Now-a-days when I pass through Langley Prairie, and see the fine, modern residences, in the place of the old log houses, standing in the midst of healthy-looking orchards, large barns filled, or about to be filled, with hundreds of tons of hay and grain gathered from extensive fields, fenced, not with the old fashioned snake fence of the early days, but in modern, up-to-date style, I am filled with wonder.

"A few weeks ago on coming down Pickard's hill, on my way to Aldergrove, riding in an automobile, and viewing Langley Prairie from that vantage point, I felt like one in a dream. 'Can the Prairie which I now behold be the Prairie of long ago?' In '75 I could not have believed that I should live to see such a marvellous transformation of the familiar scene of that time.

"From ancient times, it has been said with truth, that old people, of which number I must now confess to be one, are prone in their conversation, to dwell at undue length upon the past, the things which they have seen and done in their day generally concluding by disparaging the present times, even with all their conveniences and advantages, affirming that people were better, happier, and more contented long ago than they are now. Granting that old men and old women have this weakness, incident in great measure to age, it is nevertheless true that there are times and occasions when the past will force itself upon our consideration, and demand to be heard. The present occasion is one of these. There has passed from amongst us at a good old age (76) one of the earliest settlers of this municipality, less known, perhaps, to those who have more recently come in, but well known and much loved by the early settlers.

"When Mr. and Mrs. Murcheson came here (in 1873) with their family, there were no roads in Langley Prairie, and only one or two settlers. In '75 only one settler possessed a wagon and a

team; others had to fall back upon sleighs drawn by oxen, as their means of transportation, certainly superior in a roadless district to horses and wagons.

My first meeting with the late Mrs. Murcheson took place in the school house at Innis' Corner, on a Sunday afternoon, in the early part of September, 1875. I had reached the school house ahead of time, and so also had she. We at once entered into conversation. Her open countenance, her affable, friendly manner, favorably impressed me and begot in me confidence and good-will towards her. That first impression has been strengthened, not weakened, by the lapse of years. During long rides on horseback, over heavy roads in winter, from South Arm to Fort Langley by New Westminster, I sometimes felt quite fatigued by the time I reached the Murcheson home. There I always felt welcome. After some light refreshment, and a short conversation into which gossip or slander never entered, I resumed my journey to Fort Langley, brightened and cheered. My friends, those who have injured me I forgive, and the injuries I try to forget, but the kindness shown to me and mine, the sympathy and encouragement extended to me in my labors by many, I have laid up in my heart, and there they will remain till that heart ceases to beat.

When in Langley attending the funeral of Mrs. Paul Murray, over a year ago, I spent an hour with Mr. and Mrs. Murcheson. In the course of our conversation, that afternoon, the deceased expressed the hope that I might be able to attend her funeral. It gives me a melancholy satisfaction to be here to-day, to fulfil that hope, and to speak a word or two to the few remaining friends of early days. Much longer we cannot expect to meet. To us it ought to be a ground of deep thankfulness that we have been spared to do some good here and there so long. Unprofitable servants we must acknowledge ourselves to have been, and to be, yet united to the Lord Jesus Christ by a living faith, upheld by His gracious arm, and cheered by His Presence, we will continue our march onward until He comes to call us hence.

"The wise words, the warm sympathy and the tender offices of our departed sister were a benediction to many in this district who have passed on before her. Her reward will not be withheld. 'Inasmuch as she did it to one of the least of His disciples she did unto Him.' To her faithful, devoted husband of sixty years, to her beloved sons and daughters, her death brings a painful pang. Parting with loved ones, even for a short season, is always painful. Seek, I beseech you, comfort and consolation where true comfort can alone be found. None can enter into your sorrow as Christ can. None can help and soothe as He can.

PRESBYTERIANISM

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Preface



For a number of years I had intended to write some account of the work of laying the foundations of Presbyterianism in British Columbia, and had been collecting and preserving material for that purpose. Before I could carry my purpose into effect, however, circumstances occurred which somewhat disarranged my plan, and altered the form, and to some extent the substance, of the account which I had intended to write.

The first of the three following articles was prepared for the jubilee of Rev. J. M. McLeod, 9th November, 1903, I having been asked to speak on that occasion upon the work of the Church of Scotland previous to the formation of the Presbytery of Columbia in August, 1886. It appeared, somewhat enlarged, in the Presbyterian Record of March, 1904.

The second article was written soon afterwards at the suggestion of a friend, who advised that, in consideration of the loss of the records of the Presbytery of British Columbia, I should give a fuller account of the different fields and congregations than that given in my first article, and also a few salient characteristics of the early Missionaries.

The third article was written at the instigation of Rev. Dr. Herdman, Superintendent of Missions for the Synod of British Columbia.

Whether well written or not, from a literary point of view, I believe I am the only person living ~~who is~~ in a position to give all the different items of information herein related, having been a considerable actor in many and a deeply interested spectator of most of the scenes described.

Dr. Procter, Kamloops, and Mr. John C. Mollet, Salt Spring Island, who were residents of Alberni while I was there, attest the accuracy of my account of the Alberni Mission field, so far as facts and dates are concerned.

Messrs. Alexander Munro, Victoria, and John C. Brown, New Westminster, both living, were well acquainted with the early missionaries and their respective spheres of labour. The former commends the first article as being clear and correct, brief yet complete so far as it goes. The latter speaks approvingly of the second article, which had been submitted to him for revision and correction. Mr. Brown inserted one word which had been omitted but made no corrections. To Mr. John Maxwell, for many years a councillor, and for several years Reeve, of the municipality of Langley, I am

indebted for confirmation of certain particulars connected with that municipality.

I am not so vain as to suppose that these sketches will possess much interest for those of the present day and generation, but I am certainly of the opinion that they will be of some value and interest to those living thirty years hence, when the changes of that distant date shall have obliterated many of the old landmarks, rendering an account of the early order of things difficult of belief or realization.

ALEX. DUNN.

Whonnock, B. C., 1st September, 1905.



Presbyterianism in British Columbia

CHAPTER I.

EPOCH-MAKING DAYS OF THE PRESBYTERY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The Rev. Simon McGregor, St. Andrew's Church, Victoria, was mainly instrumental in bringing into existence the Presbytery of British Columbia in connection with the Church of Scotland.

To his suggestion to visit Scotland for the purpose of inducing other ministers to come to British Columbia the office-bearers and members of St. Andrew's Church generously responded. And, upon his able presentation of the case at Edinburgh, in the Spring of 1875, the Old Kirk, with extraordinary liberality, agreed to send four additional laborers into the field. By the 31st day of August all the ministers from Scotland had reached Victoria.

On the following day, 1st September, 1875, and within St. Andrew's Church, Victoria, B. C., the Presbytery of British Columbia in connection with the Church of Scotland, was formed, consisting of Rev. Simon McGregor (Moderator); William Clyde (Clerk); George Murray, Alexander Dunn and Alexander B. Nicholson, the last two being ordained at said meeting and their names added to the roll.

Mr. McGregor was minister of St. Andrew's Church, Victoria; Mr. Nicholson had charge of the rural districts in the vicinity of Victoria; Mr. Clyde ministered in St. Andrew's Church, Nanaimo, to the coal-mining population there, where a manse was soon added to the church property; Mr. Murray, locating in Nicola Valley in which a church was built in 1875, had the spiritual oversight of the whole country east of the Cascades; and to me was assigned the district along the Fraser River now covered by the Presbytery of Westminster.

A short time after his ordination Mr. Nicholson was offered and accepted a teaching situation in Victoria, thus leaving his field vacant. But Mr. McGregor, until he left Victoria in 1881, gave afternoon service to at least two of the principal points in the field, and also, assisted by the members of his own congregation, built a neat church at Craigflower.

Early in the history of the new Presbytery: (1) Rev. B. K. McElmon, encouraged by a number of families in Comox who had been acquainted with him in Nova Scotia, came to the province, was ordained by our Presbytery and settled in Comox, where, for several years, he did much self-denying work, and was the chief instrument

in the erection of a substantial church and manse. Also (2) Rev. Robert Jamieson, and his congregation of St. Andrew's, New Westminster, in connection with the Presbyterian Church in Canada, applied for admission and were cordially received, the H. M. Committee, Toronto, however, continuing to pay the necessary supplement to Mr. Jamieson's salary.

Mr. Jamieson came from Ontario to New Westminster in the Spring of 1862, and there and then proceeded to organize a congregation and build a church. In 1884 he resigned, handing over a full church to his successor, the Rev. John Sutherland MacKay.

While Mr. Jamieson was in Nanaimo, Rev. D. Duff had charge of St. Andrew's, New Westminster. Mr. Jamieson returned to New Westminster in 1869, and was succeeded at Nanaimo by the Rev. W. Aitken, who labored there and at other points with much ability for a short period and then returned to Scotland. Mr. Duff went back to Ontario.

In addition to the duties of his charge at New Westminster, Mr. Jamieson did a good deal of pioneer work along the Fraser River, travelling by canoe, and enduring much hardship and exposure in the discharge of his duties.

As years passed on and as changes in the personnel of the Presbytery of British Columbia took place, Mr. Jamieson did not find his connection with it congenial, and at length both he and his congregation dissolved their relation with the Presbytery, and were received into the Presbyterian Church in Canada in 1884. Until his death in 1893, at the age of sixty-four, Mr. Jamieson continued to hold the position of Chaplain in the Penitentiary near New Westminster.

Within six years of its formation all the first members of the Presbytery of British Columbia had left the province except myself. For nearly eleven years I remained at Langley. During those years three church buildings were erected, one at Fort Langley, another at Mud Bay and a third at South Arm or Delta by the contributions of the Presbyterian population in the respective districts, liberally assisted by Presbyterians in Victoria and New Westminster.

The late John McKee was the moving spirit in the erection of the South Arm or Delta Church. The people to whom I ministered at Langley and adjoining districts, almost to a man, treated me from first to last with much kindness and consideration, and, at our departure in 1886, they presented us with handsome gifts, together with a purse containing \$104.

I hope I may now be excused when in all humility I try to rescue from oblivion and to give prominence to a few facts, which, in justice to the Church of Scotland and its early representatives in the ministry in British Columbia, ought to be known and recorded.

For nine years previous to 1875 the Church of Scotland had a minister stationed at Victoria; first, Rev. T. Somerville, M. A., now of Blackfriars Church, Glasgow; second, Rev. Simon McGregor,

M. A., lately of Appin, Scotland. For ten years subsequent to 1875 the Presbytery of British Columbia, in connection with the Church of Scotland, occupied almost all the chief centres of population throughout the province.

During these years seven church edifices and two manses were erected, all free of debt except one. These main positions were held, and these churches and manses were built during the darkest and most depressing period known in the history of the country.

Speaking for myself I can testify that during these years the people generally were greatly discouraged, many doubting whether the country would ever come to anything and whether it were possible to build a railway across the Rocky Mountains. Many were ready to leave if only they could sell out for as much as would take them back to the homes which they had left. But buyers did not appear, and thus many against their will were from necessity obliged to remain. When better times arrived, of course, they did not wish to leave.

The transition from Scotland to British Columbia in 1875 was very great, much greater than from Ontario or Nova Scotia at the same time. Granted, therefore, that the ministers of the Church of Scotland did not adapt themselves so readily and so easily to new country life as colonial men would have done, granted that they learned some things slowly and painfully, still they did as well, to say the least, as could have been expected under conditions so discouraging. And every one of them, on leaving, left with the esteem of all fair-minded, right-thinking people.

I have been led into this line of remark from the knowledge that in some quarters there exists an opinion that the Church of Scotland was in a manner a failure in British Columbia, that Presbyterian Church work was at a standstill for a whole decade, and that not till the Canadian Church assumed the reins was any real progress effected. So dissimilar, however, were the conditions before and after the advent of the Canadian Pacific Railroad that, apart from explanations, no fair or reasonable comparison can be made.

From 1875 to 1885 the population of the province remained all but stationary. The Cariboo gold-fever had almost spent itself. Money was so scarce in some quarters that difficulty was experienced in obtaining the necessaries of life.

But the building of the Canadian Pacific Railroad revolutionized matters generally. Men then could readily find remunerative employment. Money began to circulate more freely. Farmers could dispose of their produce at fair prices. From 1885 the tide of immigration began to rise, and it continued to increase in volume, until in 1891 the population was double, and treble in some districts, what it was five years before. The Canadian Church came in with the tide, and reaped the many advantages accruing from that favoring circumstance.

But, if ministers and congregations under the regime of the Church of Scotland did as well as could have been expected under

conditions so depressing as those narrated above, why, it may be asked, did it come to pass that, within a few years, the Church of Scotland was superseded in British Columbia and its various congregations absorbed by the Presbyterian Church in Canada?

In this way: Soon after the stream of immigration began to flow toward the Pacific Coast, it was seen that the majority of new-comers were from the different provinces of the Dominion and not from the old country. The presumption, therefore, was that, in the event of a vote being taken in any congregation with reference to Church connection, a majority of votes would be cast in favor of connection with the Presbyterian Church in Canada. And, in any case in which a vote was taken, the result was just what might have been anticipated.

Again, while here and there, at first, a murmur might be heard at the manner in which certain advances with a view to union were made by indiscreet supporters of the Canadian Church, old-timers, most of whom came direct from the old country, were not averse to union in itself. They were unwilling even to appear ungrateful to the Church of Scotland for generous aid in the day of sore need. They remained unchanged in their attachment to the Church of their fathers with all its tender and sacred associations. At the same time they realized that, so far as mere Presbyterianism was concerned, and apart from feeling and sentiment, it was quite immaterial, there being no State Church in British Columbia, to which connection they belonged. Moreover, it was considered that, as Edinburgh, the seat of Government of the Old Kirk, was far away, in the event of a resignation by a minister of his charge, the result might be in the future, as it had been sometimes in the past, a long vacancy and perhaps an unhappy settlement. Toronto, on the other hand, was near by, relatively speaking. The Home Mission Committee were naturally more in touch with the sister province, and, from their position, they were better acquainted with its special needs than the Colonial Committee.

Again, the Church of Scotland, while it did nothing to induce union did nothing to discourage it. It left the matter of union entirely in the hands of the congregations and ministers concerned. They were on the ground, and supposedly were better qualified to decide what was right and expedient in the circumstances.

The Canadian Church, on its part, was ready to welcome, and, when necessary, to help any congregation or mission field seeking admission.

Taking then a conjunct view of these facts and considerations, it ought not to be matter of surprise that one congregation after another noiselessly dropped into the Canadian Church until all had come in, beginning with Langley in 1886 and ending with Wellington in 1889.

The Presbytery of British Columbia met once a year, generally in St. Andrew's Church, Victoria, on the first Wednesday in May. When the brethren met in May, 1876, after nine months' labor in

their respective localities, they had much to tell regarding their new experiences, the strange sights which they had witnessed and the strange characters they had met. Each one had a somewhat different tale to give, but each in his own way told of the low moral and spiritual tone which everywhere prevailed as compared with Scotland, and the great need of "the preaching of the Cross, which is the power of God."

On looking back to these early years of ministerial life in British Columbia, while I remember some things fraught with pain, I also recall many times and occasions of happiness of the purest kind. The preaching of the Gospel at the places of meeting, and from house to house was one of these pleasures. I was always glad when the Sabbath came, was always able to keep appointments, and rain or shine, good road or bad, I always found the people waiting. Almost all attended. Many felt lonesome. Some felt homesick, especially when Sunday came. Most appeared eager to hear the Gospel preached, to gain something to cheer and strengthen them in their struggles. To preach to people in such frames of mind was a great pleasure, involving at the same time deep responsibilities.

Previous to the union of the congregations with the Presbyterian Church in Canada the ministers of the Church of Scotland in British Columbia were as follows:

On Vancouver Island—

St. Andrew's Church, Victoria—

REV. T. SOMERVILLE, REV. S. MCGREGOR, REV. R. STEPHEN.

St. Andrew's, Nanaimo—

REV. WM. CLYDE, REV. A. H. ANDERSON, REV. J. MILLER.

Comox—

REV. B. K. McELMON.

Wellington—

REV. JAMES CHRISTIE.

On the Mainland, Langley, Maple Ridge, etc.—

REV. ALEX. DUNN.

Nicola Valley, Cache Creek, Clinton, etc.—

REV. GEORGE MURRAY.

Neither Mr. Somerville nor Mr. Miller belonged at any time to the Presbytery of British Columbia. The former had left the Province several years before the Presbytery was constituted, and the latter came to it after the Presbytery had become defunct.

CHAPTER II

EARLIEST MISSION FIELDS AND THEIR MISSIONARIES.

I.—Nicola Valley Mission Field.

The different charges or Mission fields differed greatly in size, in physical features, as well as in the general character of the population. The Mission field east of the Cascades, where Rev. George

Murray labored for five years, was an immense bunch-grass district. The Missionary travelled on horseback hundreds of miles in order to overtake the visitation of the widely scattered stock ranchers and to give occasional Sunday services at all the chief points between Clinton and Nicola Valley. These ranchers had long been accustomed to live without services. Some of them had lapsed into a state of indifference, and cared little whether services were supplied or not. It could hardly be expected, then, that these men would attend public worship unless they were regularly visited. To do this, the Missionary was obliged to be in the saddle almost every day; and as the dwellings of the ranchers, in those non-railroad times (when rough lumber cost \$22 per thousand and dressed lumber \$40 per thousand) were limited to the bare necessities of the family, there was neither time nor space for anything like sustained, systematic study. To a young man who had just left the Divinity Hall, the lack of opportunities for continuing his studies, and for making satisfactory preparation for the pulpit, was a great loss and misfortune. Still, notwithstanding these disadvantages and hardships, Mr. Murray, on his part, prosecuted the work assigned to him by the Church with the utmost energy, and, on the part of the people, with much appreciation. The influence he exerted throughout the Interior was very beneficial.

In the summer of 1877 Mr. Murray changed pastoral duties with the Rev. R. Jamieson, New Westminster, for six weeks. Mr. Jamieson afterwards, in giving some account to Presbytery of his trip to the Interior, said that people, when speaking of their minister, were wont to say, "he is a very good man," or, "he is a very good preacher, if," but that amongst Mr. Murray's parishioners there were no "ifs" and no "buts." An old timer, in Nicola Valley, writing to Presbytery, commending Mr. Murray and his work, said: "We had almost forgotten what Christianity was or what a true Christian was like till Mr. Murray came and dwelt among us." Mr. Murray's laborious, unselfish life and his high Christian character won the respect of old and young, good and bad, and most truly paved the way for those who succeeded him. But so unremitting and exhausting was the physical labor entailed by the extent of the field, that Mr. Murray at the end of five years accepted a call from a congregation in New Glasgow.

II.—The Langley Mission Field.

The Langley Mission field, or New Westminster district, whose boundaries are co-extensive with the bounds of Westminster Presbytery, except the Yukon Territory, which was added subsequently, some 100 miles long and from 10 to 30 miles wide, was heavily timbered almost throughout its entire extent. The settlers fought for every inch of their ground as they hewed out homes for themselves in the primeval forest. The prairie lands along the banks of the Fraser, being subject to overflow in summer, when the snows on the Cascade and Rocky Mountains melted, were not at first, nor

for many years afterwards, when dykes began to be built, settled upon and cultivated. What the roads in the Langley Mission field lacked in length (as compared with Nicola Valley, etc.), though they also were long enough, they made up in depth—depth of mud, floating corduroy, fallen trees, and, in summer, bush fires, occasionally of alarming proportions. It were difficult—if not impossible—to give in words an adequate idea to the inexperienced of the drawback and even hardship to the Missionary, arising from the condition of the roads alone; and this inconvenience lasted, not for a month or two, but for seven or eight months every year, and not for a year or two, but for a whole decade. The country actually stood still for ten or twelve years. Few or none came in, and none seemed to have the means to go out. The first gravel put on the Langley road by the Innes brothers was in the winter of 1884-85, when the raised-up portion across St. Andrew's flats, about half a mile, was gravelled. Years elapsed before the Municipality was in a position, financially, to complete the work which the Provincial Government began in the years above named. The Westminster-Yale road was not gravelled and put into good passable condition until 1897-98. No one travelled these roads unless urgent business or duty called him. Few and far between were the occasions on which any one, during winter, accompanied the Missionary on his journeys.

Once, about Christmas, a young man of exceedingly polite manners, went with him from Langley to Upper Sumas, a distance of upwards of 30 miles, where he intended to spend a few days in duck-shooting. At the outset he talked incessantly, and was greatly amused at the splashing and plunging of the horses as they crossed fords or struggled through specially bad portions of the road, and was most profuse in his thanks for any suggestions given in regard to the management of his horse. As they proceeded on the journey he talked less, became sober-looking, and merely muttered thanks for any hints. During the last stages of the journey he followed in gloomy silence. On their arrival at their destination he went superfluous to bed. When at other times he had seen the Missionary starting out from Fort Langley, all brushed and bright and clean, he had thought and had said that the life of the Missionary in British Columbia was the easy life of a gentleman. But after his one experience on the road from Fort Langley to Sumas, he changed his opinion, and expressed it, too, in language which will not bear repetition here.

In each of the settlements visited by the Missionary there was a nucleus of Presbyterians, and a few of the best and noblest characters. So genuinely kind and hospitable were they, so gratifying was the attendance at the different preaching stations, that even after the hardest and most trying journey, he does not remember a day on which he was unwilling to renew it. Work among such people in their isolated homes, even with its many drawbacks, had a fascination peculiarly its own.

The reference made above to the small dwellings of the Interior applies with equal cogency to the dwellings of the settlers throughout the Langley Mission field. The material for building, it is true, was there in abundance on all sides, but the labor in getting it made ready was so great, and the time generally so limited, that houses of very modest dimensions, and furnished in the plainest, rudest style, had to serve the purpose at the outset. Outside of New Westminster (1875), there was only one house within 20 miles of Fort Langley, where an unfurnished room could be rented by the Missionary. In that house, which belonged to James Mackie, J. P., he secured two rooms, which he himself was glad to supply with the necessary furniture.

Revs. A. Dunn and George Murray were the only Ministers of the Church of Scotland, who labored at Langley and Nicola Valley respectively.

CHAPTER III.

COMOX MISSION FIELD.

Compared with Nicola and Langley, the Comox Mission field, some 140 miles north of Victoria, and on the east coast of Vancouver Island, was an ideal one. It was compact and of manageable dimensions. In one large block there were many hundred acres of land almost free from heavy timber; and, on the outskirts of that stretch of land, there was a considerable amount of alder bottom. The Church and Manse, about five miles from public landing at Mr. Robb's, were beautifully and centrally situated on an eminence on the north side, commanding a good view of the wide fertile plain lying to the south. The main roads were surprisingly good, so good in 1880 that most of the people could with comfort ride to church in buggies, both winter and summer. The farmers, for the most part, had come direct to Comox from Christian surroundings, and had been either members or strong adherents of the Church in Scotland, Ireland, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. To them and to their families the stated services of the sanctuary were a necessity; and for the support of ordinances they were ready to contribute, as they had been accustomed to do elsewhere.

In the young community there were few, if any, of the low disreputable class. If any such there were they were overborne and silenced by the great majority, and were made to realize that, having come to live among decent folk, they must behave themselves.

Between Comox and the coal mining town of Nanaimo, which is some 70 miles southwards, there was no road or trail fit for travel, the old one being blocked by fallen timber, and therefore impassable. But a steamer came in with mail and supplies from Victoria and Nanaimo every alternate Wednesday, and returning the following day took away the surplus produce of the settlement. Around Nanaimo there was no farming carried on. Indeed the land was

not considered suitable for agriculture. Hence the large non-producing population of Nanaimo was indebted mainly to Comox for hay, fruits and vegetables, butter and eggs. Both at Nanaimo and Victoria, cash, when desired, was paid for every article the farmer offered for sale. In that respect they held a great advantage over the Fraser Valley settlers, who, as a rule, were obliged to barter the products of the farm and dairy for staple commodities in New Westminster, and not infrequently were they compelled to accept whatever prices the storekeepers there were disposed to give. Such being the case, the Comox people had advanced a considerable distance on the road to prosperity and independence 25 years ago. To-day the more energetic and prudent are in easy affluent circumstances.

The Comox field, however, had one outstanding disagreeable feature. Once a month the Missionary journeyed in a canoe with an Indian from Comox to Denman Island, a distance of 12 miles, to conduct service in the school-house there. On the island were 13 families, some of them related to families in Comox by marriage. The Denman Island preaching day came only once in four or five weeks (always the last Sunday in the month) and was eagerly looked forward to by the people. To ensure attendance on the appointed day, the Missionary thought it prudent, during winter, to leave Comox on Friday morning, and even then he could not be sure of being at the appointed place at the appointed hour. Violent windstorms (south-easters), lasting for two or three days sometimes occurred. Even during a profound calm a fierce squall might suddenly arise, endangering a small craft with its occupants. One Friday morning, in November, 1880, the writer, who had exchanged work with Rev. Mr. McElmon for three months, set out from Comox in a canoe with an Indian while a stiff breeze prevailed. The wind did not abate but increased in force as we proceeded southwards. Hugging the mainland shore, we moved along cautiously from one sheltered bay to another till we reached a point nearly opposite to Denman Island landing. There we remained, prepared to cross the moment a lull came. Leaving myself in the hands of the Indian, I told him I was ready to cross whenever he thought it safe. But the storm raged with unabated fury till it was too late, and thus the service, on that occasion, had to be given up. While waiting there we found a deserted building, without door or window, where we passed the two days and two nights in considerable discomfort. In retracing our course we appeared to be in danger twice or thrice; and when, at last, we arrived at a point opposite to the Comox rancherie, another disappointment awaited me. The tide was out, so that the Indian was obliged, against his will, to pack me for a considerable distance over the slimy, muddy beach to dry land. He did it successfully, but not good-humoredly. On another occasion I had an exciting experience in the same quarter. On a Sunday afternoon, after service in the Denman Island school-house, three men of the congregation accompanied me to the

landing, near Mr. Swan's, and saw me off in the canoe with the Indian, with sail spread and a favoring breeze. The wind in our sail we made good speed, and had got along about half-way to Comox, and were about equi-distant from Mainland and Island, when the Indian, staring at me, said, "Hyu wind chako." In a very brief space of time the wind changed and blew furiously from the opposite quarter. Before I could quite take in the situation, the canoe had veered round, and was scudding before the gale, over the rolling, hissing waves, back in the direction whence we had come. Our situation was observed by the three men whom we had lately parted with at the landing. They thought we were in danger, and feared we might not reach the Mainland shore for which the Indian was steering. But the Indian, with characteristic skill and self-possession, guided his canoe into a sheltering creek, avoiding, as he approached the shore, large boulders over which the waves were breaking. In a few minutes the storm was over and we reached Comox without further adventure. In the meantime, however, we had gone back more than six miles from the point where the squall first struck us.

If the Comox Mission field was an ideal one, the Rev. B. K. McElmon, in certain respects, was an ideal pioneer missionary. He came to Comox from Nova Scotia prepared to "rough it." He accepted the situation as he found it, and addressed himself with zeal and determination to the discharge of duty. On his arrival the leading Presbyterians of the district rallied round him. A site was secured and a commodious church building was at once erected free of debt. Mr. McElmon with his own hands did no inconsiderable portion of the work of building. His life was pure and his preaching Evangelical. Not always considerate or discreet (who is?), he sometimes gave offence to his people when, in all probability, no offence was intended. In 1882 Mr. McElmon left Comox for Washington Territory.

CHAPTER IV.

THE NANAIMO MINISTRY

The Nanaimo and Victoria Ministers, whose spheres of labor lacked perhaps something of the romance of the rural Mission fields, nevertheless occupied positions more or less advantageous in certain respects than their fellow-Presbyters. They were the ministers of city congregations. The adherents of their churches were within easy reach of Church and Manse. Of them no more physical labor was required than was conducive to health. From the beginning they lived in comfortable, well-furnished houses, and enjoyed leisure and convenience for the pursuit of congenial studies. The roads which they travelled, when they went beyond the city limits, were comparatively short, and good as they were short. Indeed, everywhere on Vancouver Island, where there was settlement, and

even, it was alleged by Mainland opponents of the Government, where there was no settlement, roads were found in good repair. The nearer Victoria the better the road, and vice versa, the further from Victoria the worse the road. The explanation was obvious, if not creditable to those who were responsible for the condition of things referred to, namely, on the Island were the capital of the Province and the seat of Government; and for many a long year the Island held the balance of political power. The Island members of Parliament could foresee that the balance of power could not be retained by them indefinitely, and, as was natural, therefore, if not commendable, they made the best use of their opportunities while they lasted.

The congregation of St. Andrew's, Nanaimo, was composed of families either directly or indirectly connected with the coal mines located in the immediate neighborhood. Of the Presbyterian families, ten or twelve were solid and reliable, disposed by early training and by the Spirit of God to embrace every opportunity presented to them of attending public worship. Moreover, these families could be depended on to take the right and honorable course and to stand up for the right in any movement or agitation going on in the place. They were a leavening power in the community, a source of strength and encouragement to the Minister. By their example and influence they did much to confirm the wavering, and to draw the wanderer in the right direction.

The mining industry of Nanaimo, as might have been expected, was subject to fluctuations, in obedience to the well known law of supply and demand, with recurring good times and hard times, affecting by their reflex action the general trade, the general tone and temper of the community. In Nanaimo, as in other mining towns, there was a considerable migratory population; here to-day in receipt of good wages, hard-working and cheerful, and off to-morrow in a body to some other mining centre, upon some apparently frivolous pretext, or upon receiving some provocation, real or imaginary, from an overseer or inspector. For a Minister to influence for good men whose stay in the place was very brief, or even to get well acquainted with them, was difficult. Many of these miners, though born and bred in Scotland, had resided for longer or shorter periods, following their occupation, in different parts of the United States. From the States they brought with them certain advanced impractical theories, as also some of the undesirable traits of American character.

Men were often met with who were indisposed to consider the claims of Christianity or to treat with respect and civility the Ministers of religion. But the pure, simple life, and godly conversation of the Rev. Mr. Clyde did much to disarm opposition and to commend the Gospel. By patient continuance in well-doing, by visiting the miners in their homes, by reasoning with them and advising them, Mr. Clyde no doubt accomplished an amount of good amongst the miners generally which only the great day will declare. At all

events through his earnest and eloquent preaching on Sundays, and by means of the assiduous labors of himself and wife throughout the week, the Church, which in 1875 contained merely a handful, was in the course of eighteen months full to overflowing. Sad to say, however, as time passed an element of weakness was introduced into the church by the injudicious election of men to offices for which, as it turned out, they were not qualified either by religious principle or by a knowledge of the rules and usages of the Presbyterian Church. Into their hands, to a dangerous extent, the reins of church management were committed. The best supporters of the church—those who had its best and highest interests at heart—were sometimes found in a minority, when a vote was taken, and were quite powerless to prevent irregularities which sought an entrance. To some things a prominence was given out of all proportion to their importance, while the weightier matters of Law and Gospel were driven into the background. The action of the Minister was hampered, his good work hindered, or even opposed, and his life rendered uncomfortable by the unreasoning tactics of misguided men.

Such was pioneer work at Nanaimo—the discouraging foundation work begun at Nanaimo by Rev. R. Jamieson, and continued for about six years by Rev. Mr. Clyde. They often sowed in tears, while to those who followed the honor and privilege were given of bringing in the sheaves rejoicing. Happy thought! The day is at hand when sower and reaper shall rejoice together. Mr. Clyde was succeeded by the Rev. A. Anderson, a talented and popular minister, who in turn was succeeded by the Rev. James Millar, who for the space of two years threw himself into the work with intense earnestness and zeal, and did much to revive the spiritual life and promote the welfare of the congregation in every way. Mr. Millar was the last minister of the Church of Scotland stationed at Nanaimo.

At Comox Mr. McElmon was succeeded by the Rev. James Christie, a scholarly man and an able preacher, but a man who, on account of age and habit of body, was unfitted for the active life demanded of the Missionary of Comox and Denman Island. When, at Comox, Mr. Christie gave place to a missionary of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, he found a field suited to his age and strength at Wellington, near Nanaimo, where for a number of years he ministered to the miners. There he met with much encouragement at the hands of Robert Dunsmuir and John Bryden, who, in addition to generous subscriptions, placed a free house and coal at his service, together with other favors. When Wellington cast in its lot with the Canadian Church in 1889, Mr. Christie retained his connection with the Church of Scotland. From 1889 till his death in Victoria in 1902 he was the sole representative of the Ministry of the Church of Scotland in the Province.

CHAPTER V.

VICTORIA.

At first sight, at least, Victoria appeared to be an ideal spot in which to live and labor. It clearly possessed many advantages and many attractions. Its striking beauty and situation appealed to us very strongly as we entered the harbor on board the City of Panama on the 31st day of August, 1875. It had, we considered, a British, home-like appearance, comparing favorably, in our judgment, with American towns and cities which we had seen on our way across the Continent from New York to San Francisco. To us Victoria had peculiar attractions. The charm grew upon us when we came into closer quarters with it, when we walked its main streets, or made short excursions to its suburbs. Its residences were not showy or flimsy, such as we had often seen since we landed at New York, but graceful, substantial structures, with an unmistakable air of solid comfort and genuine refinement. The beautiful gardens, and grounds surrounding the villas, studded with shrubbery and ornamental trees, partook of the same characteristics, were, indeed, models of good taste and good sense. On different days, and in different directions, we were conducted to many enchanting, romantic suburban scenes, two of which, at the distance of thirty years, still remain vividly imprinted upon the tablet of memory, the one along Victoria Arm and the Gorge, and the other Beacon Hill, from which we gazed with delight upon the Olympian snow-clad mountains, with the Straits of Juan de Fuca in the foreground.

Victoria, at first a trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company, and known by a different name, came prominently into notice upon the discovery of gold at Cariboo in 1858 and 1859 on the Fraser River, and large wholesale houses were established. From that time Victoria became the centre of commerce on the British Pacific coast, and also the headquarters of supply for the whole country. Its merchants became rapidly wealthy, and spent a considerable portion of their wealth in erecting comfortable dwellings, and in embellishing and beautifying their environments.

Some might have said that it would have been better for us Missionaries who had just arrived, if we had seen Victoria later on, for having seen it, had we not seen the gem of the Province and were we not likely to be dissatisfied and discontented, as we proceeded inland, northwards to Nanaimo and Comox and eastwards to New Westminster, Langley and Nicola Valley? Nanaimo, though enjoying a high, healthy situation on the seaboard, looked bleak and barren, possessed few attractive residences or interesting sights. It had the appearance of being what it really was, a coal mining town, the home nevertheless, of many true, kind-hearted Christian people. The situation of New Westminster, also, was exceedingly good, on the declivity of a hill, overlooking the Fraser River. It enjoyed a purer, clearer atmosphere than its coal mining sister, Nanaimo. Still in 1875, and for years afterwards, it was called, with manifest

appropriateness, the Stump City, black, ungainly stumps of trees being conspicuou. objects all over the townsite to those approaching the city from the south by the road, or from the east or west by the river. Outside the city, moreover, the forest held possession in all directions. As for the journey along the Fraser River towards Langley, it was enough to take one's breath away, so wild, so forbidding, and so forsaken-looking was the scene. Twice or thrice on the voyage the steamer landed, and a settler (to a stranger) of rather unprepossessing appearance, and singularly clad, emerged from the bush, and carried away a parcel or sack of flour which the steamer left for him. With this exception there was no sign of settlement anywhere, but trees innumerable of gigantic size and height. Where are we? To what have we come? ~~here~~ ^{Were} questions which rose unbidden to our lips. Even when Langley was reached the scene was only slightly varied. At Langley there was rather more open space than anywhere else along the river. Two or three buildings were in sight and some six or eight men awaiting the arrival of the steamer. But there was no one to receive us or bid us welcome. The day of Church receptions, and the presentation of addresses of welcome had not yet come.

Here I must digress a little and interpose an explanatory paragraph. We, in common with old country people in 1875, possessed but a hazy, indistinct knowledge of the character and resources of the country to which we were going to labor. The only item of definite information which we had was that the country enjoyed a mild and equable climate. In fact, full accurate accounts did not and could not then exist. But out of the meagre amount of information obtainable we very naturally, on our way thither, spun theories, drew pictures, and dreamed dreams of the appearance which Nanaimo, New Westminster, Langley and Nicola Valley would present when we, *in propria persona*, came to look upon them. It is unnecessary to state that the pictures which we drew bore only a faint resemblance to the reality and the dreams to the facts and conditions of the country. In other words, and in plain terms, our first actual views of the places named were disappointing. But we had not set out to discover a pleasant land in which to reside, nor a rich, fertile land in which to build up a fortune. We had come in quest neither of ease nor enjoyment. We had come in the Providence of God to do the Lord's work in the places assigned to us. And, perhaps, when the first rude awakening from our dreams was past, the new country life, with its new experiences and discomforts rather attracted than repelled us. Believing that we had been led by a Divine Hand we neither regretted that we had come, nor desired for a moment to return, until we had "accomplished, as a hireling, our day." In the discharge of our duties we came upon unexpected pleasures which far more than compensated for any small losses or sacrifices we had made.

But to return. When the first ride was taken, on the back of a gray, nimble cayuse, from Fort Langley to A. Murcheson's farm,

about seven miles to the south-west, a very different impression was produced. On either side of the road the scene was most interesting—though the road itself, in September, gave no warning or indication of the terrible condition in which it would be when the rainy season came. For four miles of its distance it passed through a magnificent prairie, one thousand or more acres of which had been cultivated by the Hudson's Bay Company. The scenery was grand. Than at different points on Langley Prairie, nowhere can the contour of Mount Baker and the Golden Ears be seen to greater advantage. To me at least whose destination was Langley, comparisons were in order. That Victoria and vicinity were fair and lovely, and that its air, if somewhat chilly, was pure and bracing, could not be denied. But that its soil was light and stony, with immense ledges of rock protruding here and there, marring the beauty of the landscape, and diminishing the value of the land itself, could not be gainsaid; whereas along the Langley road not a stone could anywhere be seen, much less a ledge of solid rock. The soil there was obviously of the richest quality—deep and black—and the vegetation luxuriant to a degree. When time was given to inspect the district fully, and to form an intelligent comprehensive opinion of its soil, its mild climate, its splendid timber and its scenic grandeur the judgment of the impartial observer, comparing Victoria and vicinity with Langley district, could only be that while Victoria and vicinity were beautiful and attractive, Langley Municipality was rich, rich by nature, and beautiful and grand as well. In short, comparing the Island as a whole with the Lower Mainland as a whole, it might truly be said that a mile of the Lower Mainland was worth ten of the Island, so far as quality and productiveness of soil were concerned.

The congregation of St. Andrew's, Victoria, was a truly Scotch one. It might have been transported, Minister and all, from a city in Scotland, were such a thing possible. Moreover, any Minister, facing the congregation, could see at once the unmistakable indications of persons of high respectability. In appearance, in manners, in general intelligence and true piety they constituted a body of superior men and women. Not demonstrative or talkative, they were loyal and patriotic, courteous and kind. They were "doers of the Word and not hearers only." By different avenues, and in the pursuit of different avocations, at earlier and later dates, they had found their way to the Pacific Coast. They appeared, as one got acquainted with them, to have come pure and uncontaminated to their destination. Or, perhaps, it would be more correct to say that they remained pure and uncontaminated, amidst the temptations and dissipations of Victoria during the prevalence of the gold fever, when fortunes were made at Cariboo in a day, and squandered in Victoria in a winter.

The congregation of St. Andrew's, established in 1866 under the ministry of the Rev. T. Somerville, was found fully equipped in 1875 under the ministry of the Rev. S. McGregor. The elders

then were Alexander Munro, John Robson, P. Wallace, John Finlayson and J. Sinclair. Among these people originated the desire to see other ministers stationed in the chief centres of population in the country. Themselves in the enjoyment of the means of grace, they desired to see their fellow-countrymen in possession of the same privileges. Their Christian efforts in that direction resulted in the arrival of four additional laborers in the field, and in the formation of the Presbytery of British Columbia.

Here, then, the fire of Christian Endeavor was kindled, which, though at times checked, and even to the eye of flesh, threatened once or twice with extinction, gathering strength slowly as it advanced, and uniting with other fires originating in the same vicinity, has practically over-spread the country, bringing warmth to many cold, lonely hearts, and cleansing, sanctifying influences to thousands of struggling lives. Oh! may that fire burn evermore brightly, evermore vehemently, giving light and good cheer and blessing to those who shall come after us. The Minister of St. Andrew's adorned in every way the position which he occupied. He was a man of uncommon gifts and attainments, of friendly disposition, genial spirit, gentlemanly bearing, and of considerate, unselfish nature. He took a kindly interest in the welfare and success of all with whom he was acquainted, and could adapt himself with rare ease and versatility to all sorts and conditions of men. Throughout the Province, during his eleven years' residence, he was known, esteemed and trusted, as few men are, and consulted upon matters of widely different character, both sacred and secular. When in 1881 he tendered his resignation to Presbytery, on the score of health, it was accepted with deep regret by Presbytery and congregation alike. His departure appeared to be an irreparable loss. We all wondered how we could get along without him. His successor, the Rev. Robert Stephen, received a very cordial welcome on his arrival in the summer of 1881. Mr. Stephen was staunch and loyal to his principles and to his church, most faithful and painstaking in the discharge of duty, and beneath a somewhat cold exterior there beat a kindly and sympathetic heart. His ability was recognized, his faithfulness appreciated, but towards the end of his five years' ministry the Canadian element was becoming stronger, more aggressive and self-assertive. Rather than divide the congregation Mr. Stephen resigned, and returned to Scotland in the fall of 1886.

First Elders at Comox—Matthew Piercy and F. S. Crawford.

First Elders at Nanaimo—Robert Dunsmuir, John Bryden, Richard Gibson, William Gibson, William Earl and John Christie, Departure Bay.

First Elders at Langley—Alexander McDougall (Mud Bay), Paul Murray (Langley Prairie), and James McAdam (Lower Langley).

Through courtesy of the Rev. Dr. Campbell, Victoria, the following particulars are supplied in reference to First Presbyterian

Church there: Rev. John Reid came to Victoria in March, 1876. The object of a congregational meeting, held 13th March, 1876, was to fix some night to meet Rev. John Reid, who was hourly expected. There is spread on the minutes of a meeting held 15th March, 1876, an address of welcome to Rev. John Reid and also his reply. Thus under the ministry of Rev. Mr. Reid, First Presbyterian Church was re-opened in March, 1876, the year after the formation of Presbytery of British Columbia in connection with the Church of Scotland.

CHAPTER VI.

ALBERNI MISSION FIELD.

Passing from the Mainland to the Island, from the Church of Scotland to the Presbyterian Church in Canada, it will be necessary to describe in detail certain connecting links.

When Rev. Dr. Cochrane in 1882 and the Rev. D. M. Gordon in 1886 visited the Province in the interests of their Church, they at the same time interviewed ministers and, to some extent, congregations, connected with the Church of Scotland, with reference to the subject of union. In various Scotch congregations there were those who favored union, and those also who preferred that things should remain as they were. Myself excepted, the ministers were opposed to union upon any terms. To none did I yield in attachment to the Church of Scotland. In her service I would gladly have continued. Under her shadow I would gladly have preferred to die. But, as it appeared to me, it was not a matter of feeling. Principle and consideration for the best interests of Presbyterianism and religion, were involved. Much penetration was not required to foresee that union was inevitable at no distant date. And if union must come and come soon, it were better in every way to enter the Canadian Church at a time when no pressure was being brought to bear from any quarter, and when the step could be taken with honor and dignity. My counsel was that ministers and congregations, as a body, should enter the Canadian Church voluntarily—ministers leading the way—instead of being drawn into it, one by one, through the force of circumstances.

Towards the end of the period of my service at Langley, in connection with the Church of Scotland, the work of the field became intolerably heavy. I felt that in justice to myself and to the people I ought to give place to a stronger man. Having given due intimation of my determination in the proper quarter, I proposed to leave the field in the end of April, 1886. But on the eve of our departure, when certain gifts and farewell addresses were presented to us, the question was put to me by two men present whether I would be willing to return to that part of the district along the Fraser River, if the Church of Scotland would send out a minister

to the southern and heavier portion of the field, along the Yale road. I replied in the affirmative. At once a communication to that effect was sent to Edinburgh. The result, in due course of time, was that the Rev. T. Somerville, Glasgow, was appointed by the Colonial Committee to visit the Province and look into the affairs of the Church of Scotland congregations generally, Langley included. He came, examined and reported. Before leaving Glasgow on his mission, Mr. Somerville wrote to me, arranging a meeting between us in Montreal on a certain date. The letter miscarried, and before it overtook me, I had made application to and had been received into the Presbyterian Church in Canada at their General Assembly at Hamilton (June, 1886).

About the same time the Langley group of congregations also had expressed their willingness to join the Canadian Church.

The Colonial Committee, so far from disapproving of my action, of their own accord wrote, through the convener, the Rev. A. Williamson, to Rev. Dr. Cochrane, recommending that, agreeably to my expressed wishes, I should be returned, if possible, to a portion of my former field along the Fraser River. To that request the H. M. C. readily acceded. After several months' rest and change in Ontario, I returned in improved health to British Columbia in November, expecting to take up the new settlements situated on the Fraser River.

In April I left British Columbia a Minister of the Church of Scotland. In November I returned a Minister of the Presbyterian Church in Canada.

During my brief absence, notable ecclesiastical changes had taken place. The Presbytery of British Columbia in connection with the Church of Scotland was expiring, if not already dead, and the Presbytery of Columbia had come into being on the 3rd day of August. Within the new Presbytery, which embraced the Province, there were four vacant fields, calling for ordained missionaries, namely, Langley, Chilliwack, Clinton and Alberni, the last named being on Vancouver Island.

I delivered to Rev. Mr. Fraser, convener, Dr. Cochrane's letter in regard to my location. Mr. Fraser stated that at the meeting of Presbytery it had been decided, in view of the large number of vacant fields, not to divide Langley field until the main portion of it should become self-sustaining. (The main portion is not self-supporting yet, 1905—was placed on the Augmented list only eighteen months ago). Mr. Fraser further stated that it rested with me whether I would go back to Langley, or take up Clinton, or Chilliwack, or Alberni.

With regard to Langley my mind was soon made up. In addition to the original settlements of the old Langley field, which were Upper Sumas (York Settlement), Matsqui (Maclure Settlement), Mud Bay (McDougall Settlement), South Arm (Ladner), North Arm (Richmond), Maple Ridge, Fort Langley and Langley Prairie,

there were new settlements in course of formation at Aldergrove, seven miles east of Langley Prairie on the Yale Road; also on the Fraser River, at Jones' Landing, Mount Lehman, St. Mary's Mission, and Johnson's Landing, all eastwards from Fort Langley, 9, 12, 15 and 20 miles respectively. To most of the new arrivals at these points, I had paid visits during the summer and fall of 1885. For me, bruised and broken by the hard usage of the past 11 years, to return to the large and growing Langley field was out of the question. "To Langley undivided," I said, "I will never return."

For Presbytery to instruct the Missionary to do no more work than he is well able may be all very well in theory, but in practice the Missionary will discover that he cannot carry it out. When called, for example, to visit a sick person, the sick one being far away, he will feel, so long as he can sit in the saddle, that he must respond.

Comparing the remaining three, Chilliwack, Clinton and Alberni, I concluded that, as Alberni would probably involve less physical toil than either of the other two I should go to it. There the work required of me would be more nearly equal to my reduced strength and powers of endurance.

I have been at pains to give those numerous particulars, which, it may be thought, might as well have been omitted, for the purpose of indirectly correcting misapprehensions, and misstatements made in ignorance, which are to met with here and there to this day.

My first journey from Victoria to Alberni by steam-tug Hope I shall always have good cause to remember. Every stage of it was quite different from any of my former experiences.

On the afternoon of the date of the journey, as I stood at the door of the house of Mr. John C. McLagan, Blanchard Street, my attention was directed to the threatening aspect of the sky. That a tempest was brewing was indicated by that strange calm and darkness which usually presage a hurricane. But I don't think that fear ever crossed my mind. The absence of fear was due, in great measure, to ignorance. I did not know that the Hope was considered unsafe in a storm, unsafe, in fact, to perform the journey at that season of the year along the west coast opposite to Cape Flattery and around Cape Beale into Barclay Sound. Besides, my thoughts were ever getting away ahead of my body, traversing Alberni from north to south and from east to west. It is true a favorable account of the district and its population had been given me by Rev. D. Fraser, who had been holidaying there for a week or two during the previous summer. Still, I no longer young, was about to enter upon an entirely new field of considerable size, to begin work among an entirely new people, to whom, so far as I was aware, I was unknown even by name. All this was supplying me with material for many absorbing thoughts.

Those who have travelled by the Hope know that she had not suitable accommodation for passengers. For passenger travel she

was never intended. She was used by Mr. Sayward to haul booms of logs to his sawmill, or to take merchandise to his store at Alberni, and a passenger or two if they offered, they taking all risk.

In the evening the Hope left Victoria with six male passengers on board, five of whom had not been in Alberni before. One, a resident of the place, was returning from the city where he had been doing business. I was on my way thither to labor among the settlers as a Missionary of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. The remaining four were going to "look for land," and had evidently made preparations to have a good time, as they would have expressed it, on the journey.

There being only one small apartment which passengers could occupy, into it those who were drinking and those who were not, must enter, and sit side by side. No article of my dress revealed my profession, and I thought it better, under existing circumstances, not to proclaim it.

Against the door lumber had been piled up so high that entrance and egress could be obtained only by climbing over the lumber on hands and knees. When sea-sickness attacked the passengers the small outlet soon became unpleasant for travel on hands and knees. To be shut up in that confined room with four men who were all more or less under the influence of liquor at the start, and who kept on adding fuel to the flame, was a grim outlook. To frown sternly upon them, or to check them only made matters worse. Refusing to partake of their liquor, or to smile at their ribald jests, the abstainers became the butt of their sneers, and ardently wished that their journey was at an end. Relief came by and by from an undesirable if not altogether unlooked for quarter. The storm which had been threatening in the afternoon swept down upon us early in the evening, throwing the sea into violent commotion, making the Hope rock and roll and stagger as cross waves struck her. Soon the liquor men became sea-sick, which ended their merriment, and served also to divert their attention from us to themselves. But our troubles, though turned into a different channel, were not ended. The fumes of tobacco and whiskey, and the usual effects of sea-sickness caused us no little discomfort. Fearing lest, in the impure air of the small room, with its increasing nastiness, we also might become sick we crawled outside, and remained out in the shelter of the pilot house until the captain ordered us, for safety, down below again. Curiously enough we did not become sick, though our condition from a physical point of view was far from being an enviable one, and it was aggravated by mental uneasiness. Where we sat we could see the engineer's face, which paled and expressed intense anxiety from time to time, as the boat went down shivering into the trough of the sea. He knew, as we supposed, his ship and its unseaworthiness, and he was evidently afraid. His fear affected us. Still amidst the howling of the gale and the rolling of the boat we remembered and were strengthened by, the words of Him Who spoke to

His disciples in a storm on the Sea of Galilee, saying, "Be of good cheer, it is I, be not afraid." The long anxious night ended at last. When nearing Barclay Sound, we overheard the engineer remark, "Thank God in ten minutes we shall be out of danger." His words were soothing, but the ten minutes seemed long in passing.

We had paid our full fare to Alberni and expected to be taken straight there. On reaching Ekool, however, the captain told us that he was going further north with freight, as soon as the wind fell, but that he would be back next day; that we could either go along with him or remain where we were till he returned. We preferred the latter alternative, having had enough Hope, even to satiety.

But before the day had far advanced it became calm and pleasant. Someone suggested that we should hire two Indians to take us up the "Canal" to Alberni in a canoe. It was so arranged. In a short time the same six passengers of the Hope, all grave and sober men now, were seated in a canoe on our way to our final destination.

Notwithstanding our auspicious start from Ekool we were still destined to disappointments. In the afternoon rain began to fall, the wind rose, and the Indians began to fag. We offered them a share of such provisions as we had, biscuits and cheese, but when they saw others take whiskey they wanted whiskey too. The liquor men had somewhere replenished their flasks, had been again imbibing, and were just in the mood and at the point of sharing with the Indians, when a decided and vigorous protest was entered by the abstainers, who felt themselves none too safe as it was, exposed to surly, jerky gusts, with four men on board whose restless movements were a constant menace. If the Indians also should take liquor the canoe might be upset at any moment, and, if upset, death by drowning was inevitable. The waters of the Canal are deep—so deep as to permit the largest battleship to go right up to Alberni townsite. The sides of the Canal are precipitous cliffs; all hope, therefore, of effecting a landing was cut off. We told these men that if they should give the Indians a single drop of liquor we should lodge information against them as soon as we reached Alberni. The threat had the desired effect; they abstained from giving liquor, but not from taking it, and otherwise they behaved in an offensive manner.

Latterly, the Indians often rested, paddle in hand, became sulky, and consumed more time in covering the last ten miles than they had taken to come the previous twenty.

At length, in a pouring rain and dense darkness, the first dwelling in Alberni was reached. We knew nothing, but the Indians knew all, got out, and led the way to the house. As might be conjectured, there was much stumbling and tumbling over logs and other obstacles, also much emphatic grumbling, before all in the darkness reached the door. The owner and his family were awakened from their sleep by the noise, the sound of men's voices, and unceremon-

used
ious knocking. From within a man demanded with an oath, who were there. Singular to say, the person who spoke, the owner of the house, had been at one time an engineer on one of the Irving steamers on the Fraser River. He knew me by name and by appearance. When he recognized me and had time to take in the whole situation, the grim, stern Scotch face and gruff voice underwent an instantaneous transformation. He almost embraced me, and in the kindest and most respectful manner enquired after my welfare and that of my family. He said it would be necessary for me to go to the next house, a farm house, where decent accommodation could be got.

After the unpleasant experiences of the day and the night previous, his kindly words and Scotch accent brought a lump to my throat. I regarded the reception as a good omen, hoped the worst was past, and that the second and subsequent acts of the drama might be brighter and more cheering.

Supplied by my friend with a lantern, I set out along the trail for the farm house. Here also the farmer and his family had gone to bed. After much knocking at a wrong door, and, when at last heard, many explanations, the old man, an old settler, and a Roman Catholic, got dressed, opened his door, and received me courteously. He said: "I have no right place for such as you are, but I will take you to the Ferry. The store keepers, Mr. Saunders, across the river, has accommodation for travellers." The store keeper, we found, had also gone to bed, but after blowing the horn loud and long he heard and came and ferried me over. At the storehouse there was a good fire, and while the young cook was getting coffee ready and frying venison, I was getting thawed out. Perhaps I never slept more soundly than I did during this, my first night in Alberni, lying on a primitive bedstead, very plainly furnished.

On the day following I went to Mr. Mollet's house, River Bend, where for over six months I boarded, my wife having remained in Ontario with her parents for the winter. At Mr. Mollet's, as I had been led to anticipate, I met with a warm reception; and, while I remained in his house, I was treated with unaffected kindness by him and by every member of his family. During the following winter months I traversed on foot the whole district, visiting someone every day, the more distant when the weather was favorable, and those nearby when the weather was less so. Every day, at every house and cabin, the same cordial welcome was extended to me, for my work's sake, for personally I was unknown to all except two. From the cordial manner in which I had been welcomed to the settlement, it was very natural for me to form from the beginning a good opinion of the people as a whole—an opinion which I have never had cause to change, and also to cherish for almost every individual an affectionate regard which the lapse of sixteen years has not cooled. By comparison a large proportion of the people were persons who had received a superior education—persons who had read much and seen much of the world,

and who entered into conversation intelligently upon many widely different subjects.

There was no church building or school house in the settlement, and no missionary of any other denomination, at the date of my arrival. But Catholics and Episcopalians, Methodists, Quakers and Baptists appeared to find no insuperable difficulty in attending along with Presbyterians, Sunday services, conducted by a Presbyterian minister. The settlers in general, the Presbyterians in particular, attended public worship with commendable regularity.

The number that did not attend at all was very small, and became gradually smaller as the months passed. In 1887 a priest was sent in, ostensibly to attend to the Indian population, but also, no doubt, to win back those of his flock who had begun to stray in the direction of the Presbyterian fold. When the priest came, the Catholics attended chapel, but continued to the last to attend Presbyterian service also. The priest, it was said, granted liberty to the young men of his flock to go out shooting and fishing after Sunday service, instead of attending Presbyterian worship, but the liberty was not appreciated or taken advantage of. Upon that point the priest and the parents came into sharp collision, fought it out, and the parents prevailed.

What became of the four men who came in to look for land? I don't know. The probability is that when they came to themselves next morning and realized that a preacher had been one of their number all the way from Victoria, and that said preacher had come to Alberni to stay, they "cleared out" over the trail to Nanaimo, without waiting to look for land. At all events, they were never afterwards seen or heard of in the place.

The labor of the Alberni Mission field, though much lighter than that of the old Langley field, was by no means light—all things considered. The settled portion of the district was about fifteen miles long and from ten to twelve miles wide. It was divided into two parts by the Somas River, which had not then, as now, been spanned by the Government bridge at River Bend. Horses were not in use in the district. Ox-teams in every instance were the sole means of transportation. The roads, though better from the nature of the ground than the Lower Mainland roads, were heavy—especially the Beaver Creek road, over which there was the largest amount of traffic. The Somas being unbridged, the Missionary could not use a horse to advantage, and therefore performed his journeys on foot.

The Alberni valley, at the head of Alberni Canal, lies in the very heart of Vancouver Island, and is 140 miles from Victoria by steamer and 53 miles from Nanaimo by the Cameron lake trail, which is now the Alberni-Nanaimo stage road. The Canal, from Alberni to Barclay Sound, on the West Coast, is 30 miles long and navigable throughout its entire length for deep sea steamers. In a direct line Alberni is about 18 miles from the West Coast and a like distance from the East Coast at Qualicum. Viewed from the

townsite, where its contour and extent can be seen to best advantage, the valley presents a most attractive and picturesque appearance. From that vantage ground, looking northwards, there are few more pleasing or inspiring views in British Columbia. There is a series of mountain summits, rising one above the other in gradual progression, the most distant appearing to reach the sky. Nestling in the shadow of encircling hills, the valley enjoys a mild, equable and healthy climate. From the surrounding hills numerous creeks, at desirable distances apart, find their way to the main stream, some warbling softly as they go, others rushing frettingly and turbulently over their rocky channels. In 1888 there were 115 actual settlers in Alberni.

Regarding the unsettled parts of the valley, I may say that in a large block between Sproat Lake and Great Central Lake, there is supposed to be accommodation for 60 or 70 more settlers. To the south of the Scotch settlement and east of the Alberni Canal, there is a wide valley suitable for settlement. Also between the northern limit of Alberni settlement, and the southern limit of Comox settlement, judging from the reports of Alberni men, who had made tours of inspection northwards, there is an extensive tract of country of great beauty and fertility, and highly desirable for settlement. There can be no doubt that the unoccupied land in these valleys is just as good for agricultural purposes as the land already taken up and settled upon, except that it is further removed from the present centre.

Alberni possesses, as above indicated, many and varied natural advantages. It is well situated at the head of a splendid waterway, a natural canal, or arm of the sea, running up into the interior of the Island. The valley is well-watered by pure perennial streams. Its soil is kindly and productive, and well adapted for agriculture and all kinds of fruit. It enjoys also a delightful and healthy climate. To turn to good account these natural advantages, nearly all the first settlers were eminently qualified. Some, it is true, knew nothing about land or farming, and did nothing with their land. But these were few. The great majority were intelligent, enterprising men, who were not afraid to work, and who from previous knowledge and experience of clearing land, could work to good advantage. Besides most of them, when they came, possessed sufficient capital to make a good start. I, who had seen the beginnings of new settlements elsewhere, marvelled at the large extent of clearing and reclaiming which those men accomplished—many of them single handed—during the early years. Visitors who came into the valley from time to time, who could appreciate its excellence, and who could judge also of the adaptation of the settlers to their environment, unhesitatingly predicted a bright and prosperous future for Alberni. The raw material, so to speak, was there. And the men were there who could (a fair field being given and no insurmountable obstacle presenting itself) make the valley hum and

bustle—men who were well fitted to subdue its primitive wildness and make it bloom like a garden.

Anyone would have felt safe to predict, judging from the paternal interest taken in the valley, during its formative period, by the Government, that settlement would proceed apace until not an acre, even in the more remote valleys, would remain unclaimed. But the advancement of the district was checked, the fond hopes of the settlers dashed, and all their hard labor stultified through lack of transportation facilities. In the absence of a town or village or any industry besides farming, there was no home market. And between Alberni and Victoria there was no steamboat communication that could be relied upon. How, it may be asked, could so many sensible men be so heedless as to settle in a remote locality, clear land, and raise crops without any reasonable prospect of being able to dispose of them? The settlers were not altogether, or even mainly, to blame for the plight in which they found themselves. The Government of the day strongly encouraged the settlement of the district. In fact, many, if not most of the settlers, were conducted to the claims upon which they eventually settled by a Government guide—a man paid by the Government for that purpose. At the same time they were assured that when circumstances created the necessity, a steamer would come in, at stated times, to take out their surplus produce. Now why the Government failed to fulfil that promise is a matter which I cannot explain. Only those in the inner circle—those versed in the political secrets of that day—can explain. Certain facts I know, and can testify to. When the real state of affairs at Alberni got noised abroad, settlement ceased forthwith. During the years 1887, 1888 and 1889 only two—so far as I can remember—came in and settled, while more than double that number went out and never returned. Those who stayed, however, did not remain torpid or silent. Pressed by stern necessity, they, by means of petitions and letters, expressed in the most clear and unmistakable terms, plied the Government. They reminded them of the assurances given on their arrival, upon which they had implicitly relied, as the assurances of honorable men, and prayed that those promises be made good. But the Government, beyond acknowledging receipt of same, and promising to take their case into consideration, did nothing or next to nothing. They remained immovable and obdurate until the day came when it suited them to take action.

The agricultural industry lies at the foundation of the prosperity of any province or country. If it languishes, other industries will languish, and, *vice versa*, if it flourishes other industries will, *pari passu*, flourish. Now competent and impartial observers have repeatedly declared that in British Columbia the agricultural industry, until within more recent years, did not receive at the hands of the Government that attention and fostering care which it rightly merited; that the Government policy, in respect to agriculture, was a policy of inaction. When it did move, its movements or measures were neither enlightened nor statesmanlike, and were but ill-adapted

to the conditions and requirements of a new country. Lavishly liberal to some favored spots, they were often found niggardly in their appropriations to districts in special need, when "the stitch in time would have saved nine," when timely assistance would have set a large number of settlers on their feet, and kept them in the country, thereby, in course of time, swelling the public revenue; while the needed assistance being withheld led to stagnation and death. The treatment accorded to Alberni was sufficient to kill any community. The people there were in the position of mariners stranded upon a desert shore. Unaided they were powerless. Apart from Government aid there was no way out. They themselves could not, at the beginning, subsidize a steamer nor build a road to Nanaimo.

It would seem, then, that for once the Government of British Columbia roused itself from the sleep of many years, and determined to actually *do* something to encourage immigration to the vacant lands of the Province. Those immigrants from Ontario who settled in Alberni they received with open arms, hired a competent person to accompany them to the place to assist them in locating claims, and, at the same time, gave them clearly to understand that when the necessity arose, ways and means would be devised whereby the produce of the district would be taken to market. But the effort was merely spasmodic. They soon relapsed into their former lethargic state. They extended a helping hand only until the initial difficulties were overcome, and then dropped them—dropped them before they had reached the state when they could stand or walk alone.

As serving to corroborate the above statement regarding Government neglect of and indifference for the struggling settlers of Alberni during the early years of its history, the following quotations from newspaper editorials, and also from petitions and letters of settlers to Government officials of those days will be in place:

Columbian, New Westminster: "It has seemed to us questionable whether it is good policy to encourage the opening of settlements in places so remote from the market as Alberni. Mr. Halpenny, the Government guide, must have spent a good deal of public money making numerous trips to Alberni with prospectors and settlers."

The Times, Victoria: "The people ask and with truth what is the use of toiling on year after year if this state of things is going to continue? The Government does not care what becomes of us. Our representatives in the Legislature ignore our petitions, and decline to visit us for the purpose of becoming acquainted with our real situation. The situation of the Albernians is truly a public misfortune, for the treatment accorded to them will restrain others from coming in, and the settlement of the province will thus be retarded."

Petition to Hon. R. Dunsmuir and G. F. Vernon. Meeting took place at Alberni Landing on the 17th of March, 1888, R. Pinkerton, chairman, and G. A. Huff, secretary. . . . "On different occasions

we have drawn the attention of the Government to our remote and isolated situation, and to the fact that the products of the place are practically land-locked from want of reliable communication with existing markets. So far we have appealed in vain for the establishment of stated steam-boat service. . . . As we came and settled here, encouraged by the representations of Government officials, and as we were led to believe that a way to market for our produce would be provided when the occasion demanded, to the Government, therefore, we naturally and properly look to provide an outlet for the products of the district. . . . The 115 settlers already here are in the meantime without a market." Then follow the signatures of over 80 settlers.

Copy of letter which appeared in a Victoria newspaper on 17th March, 1888:

"Tidings of the wreck of the 'Woodside' have fallen upon the inhabitants of Alberni with crushing weight, for there is scarcely an individual, intending to remain in his place during the summer months, but has sustained loss to a greater or less extent. You are well aware that repeated attempts have been made to induce the Government to grant a subsidy to some safe, seaworthy boat, so as to secure regularity in its arrival and departure. Without regularity any steamboat service would be quite unsatisfactory, and in many cases which might arise it would be worse than useless. Petitions have been got up . . . letters have been written to the members of the district, imploring them to use their best endeavors to obtain a subsidy. . . . Still up to date the utmost these strong and repeated appeals have effected is expressions of sympathy and promises to keep our case in mind. But promises and good wishes, however strongly and frequently tendered, are a very unsatisfactory substitute for regular steamboat communication, without which this settlement, which originated under happy auspices and with glowing prospects, must surely, although slowly fall to pieces." After enumerating a number of cases of serious loss by the foundering of the Woodside, the writer of the letter concludes thus: "The most painful case is that of the Waring family. The mother, with a babe and boy of seven years, left here in December, and expected to be able to return in January with provisions for the family. She had been waiting in Victoria for a steamer ever since. Having become very impatient, remembering how her husband and four boys at home must be suffering, this woman actually thought of hiring a canoe and trying to reach home in that way. When, however, Mrs. Waring heard that the Woodside was advertised to sail for Alberni on the 10th, although she knew that the Woodside was unsafe, and though she was dissuaded by her friends in Victoria, and even by the captain of the steamer, from going aboard, yet in a state of desperation she ordered her goods, to the value of upwards of \$100, to be put on board, and she herself resolved to run all risks rather than remain longer in anxiety in Victoria.

Now, think of this woman, with her babe and little boy, being obliged, along with the crew, to leave the sinking steamer, and get into a small boat in a wild and angry sea; of their boat being cap-sized, and their marvellous escape; all her provisions and articles of clothing for her family lost; of her return to Victoria in a canoe; and of her arrival here last evening in the "Maude" (which came as usual without previous notice) to find that her husband, almost distracted, had left the day before for Victoria to enquire into their condition. Think of this case, think of these other cases, think of the different particulars above enumerated, and say whether you do not consider that such a state of affairs is not sufficient to overthrow any settlement? What community could be expected to exist—not to say prosper—thus disowned, or at all events neglected, by those who, without injury to themselves or injustice to others, have it in their power to apply the desired remedy."

And now after the full account given of the financial conditions of Alberni during the years 1886, 1887, 1888 and 1889 (I might say the almost bankrupt condition of the settlement) it will cause no surprise when I state that those settlers, though regarding the establishment of religious services as essential to their spiritual well-being, and though ready to give for the support of the same to the utmost limit of their power they were nevertheless able to pay only a small part of the salary of a missionary. When I wrote to Dr. Cochrane in the beginning of 1887, giving him some account of the field, as also my opinion as to the amount that might be raised, namely, \$200 (the amount named to Mr. Fraser by a few Alberni Presbyterians in the summer of 1886), Dr. Cochrane replied at once, as he was wont to do, to the effect that the Presbytery of Columbia must find some other field for me; that the H. M. C. could never undertake to make up the amount of an ordained missionary's salary, if the people of the field could only raise \$200. I could see that there was a grave misunderstanding between Dr. Cochrane and Mr. Fraser in the matter. Accordingly, at the March meeting, 1887, Presbytery appointed me to Nicola Valley, the old field of Rev. George Murray, in the hope that as there was friction there between the Old Kirk party and the Canadian Church party, I might be able to remove the trouble and induce harmony. But as soon as the Albernians knew what action the Presbytery had taken regarding my removal from them, a petition was at once prepared—and, within six or eight hours, signed by all the people—opposing my translation to Nicola. The petition, sent out by steamer, to Mr. Fraser, emphasized the fact that the settlers would raise somehow or other the \$200 which had been promised to Mr. Fraser the previous summer. While correspondence was being carried on between Mr. Fraser and Dr. Cochrane, I agreed, if Presbytery should approve, to remain for a year rather than leave the field without a missionary.

A year afterwards, however, the financial ability of the Albernians had not improved. No market for their produce was yet in

sight. Still they had paid the missionary \$30 more than they had undertaken—that was \$230 within 12 months. In 1888 at the March meeting, Presbytery appointed me to Mt. Lehman, etc., on the Lower Fraser. Again the Albernians petitioned the Presbytery so strongly against my removal that, having no other plea to urge than that in the other field I would obtain a larger salary, I consented, with approval of Presbytery, to remain for another year. The inevitable, however, had to come at last. In 1889, at March meeting, Presbytery appointed me for the second time, to Mt. Lehman, Whonnock, etc. And as at that time there was sickness in my family, rendering it necessary to be accessible to a doctor, I felt it my duty to remove to the Whonnock-Mt. Lehman field.

“Alberni Correspondence.—Presentation to Rev. Mr. Dunn, Address and reply:

“To Rev. Mr. Dunn: Dear Sir,—Being about to leave us we take this opportunity of presenting you with a small token of our respect, as a means of showing our appreciation of your incessant labors both for our spiritual and temporal welfare. During the two years and four months that you have been laboring among us, your counsel and assistance have been invaluable in the management of the school and the church, as well as in other affairs concerning the prosperity of the settlement, and will be sadly missed when you leave us. We deeply regret that arrangement cannot be made to settle you permanently among us. But since all efforts in that direction have failed to bring about a satisfactory result, we join in wishing you and your estimable wife health and prosperity, and the rich blessings of God’s wisdom and favor in the field to which you are going. The above was signed by the following committee on behalf of the people: Edward Grandy, William Thompson and John S. Jolly. Beaver Creek Schoolhouse, 22nd February, 1889.”

Mr. Dunn in replying said: “You have taken me so much by surprise that I scarcely know what to say, except to thank you, which I now do most heartily.” He then briefly sketched the two and a half years which had passed, recalling his first visits to the homes of families as well as those of young men, and the warm welcome he received from all, of whom he said “I felt indeed that I had come to my own and they received me.”

Albernian, Alberni, B. C.—“Soiree at Alberni. Presentation to Rev. and Mrs. Dunn. A largely attended evening party was held at the lower schoolhouse, Alberni, on Friday evening, March 1st, by the members of the Presbyterian Church, assisted by the residents in general, for the purpose of presenting an address to the Rev. A. Dunn, and a purse to Mrs. Dunn, containing \$50. Refreshments having been partaken of which reflected great credit on the

ladies, who were given very short notice to prepare for the party, a hymn was sung and prayer offered. G. A. Huff, J. P., was called to the chair, who, having made a few appropriate remarks, called upon J. C. Mollett, J. P., Government Agent, to read and present the following address: "Reverend and Dear Sir,—We, the undersigned members of the Presbyterian Church, and other settlers of Albern, understanding that the Presbytery at its last meeting had decided to remove you from this settlement to another field of labor, deem it our duty, as it is also a privilege, to express our high appreciation of your services amongst us as our Minister since your arrival in November, 1886. Since that date (November, 1886), the Presbytery appointed you first to Nicola Valley in March, 1887, and again to Mount Lehman in March, 1888. On both occasions, at the unanimous and earnest request of the settlers of all denominations, you consented, with approval of Presbytery, to remain, though in doing so you have been a loser financially. Since you began your work in our midst, you have always been most zealous and untiring in your efforts to promote our spiritual welfare, and you were ever ready as well to do all in your power to further the temporal interests of the community as a whole. It is, therefore, with feelings of the deepest sorrow and regret that we look forward to the time of your departure from our midst, believing that as a community the loss we are about to sustain is irreparable. We can assure you and Mrs. Dunn that you can carry away with you our best wishes for your health and happiness, and we hope that in your next sphere of action a kind Providence shall bestow His choicest blessings upon you, and shall attend your future labors with abundant success." Mrs. G. A. Huff having presented the purse to Mrs. Dunn, the Rev. A. Dunn made the following able and touching reply:

"Mr. Mollet, Mrs. Huff, ladies and gentlemen,—Allow me in my own name and in that of my wife to thank you very heartily for the most kind but too flattering address just read, and for the purse which Mrs. Huff has just handed to Mrs. Dunn. Your great kindness, the kindness of the people of Albern generally, towards my wife and myself from first to last, manifested in many different ways, according to individual character, we have not failed to see and appreciate. And now when about to leave you, your increasing kindness is actually becoming burdensome. The day of our departure, I am sorry to say, has been kept before us almost from the day of our arrival. More particularly has this been the case during the past six or eight months. Owing to the happy relations which have existed between us, I have been feeling for some time that the day of our departure from this lovely valley, and from the kind and hospitable people here, would be a trying one to us, but I had not realized till now that the ordeal of parting would be so painful as it is. Here we have met and taken sweet counsel with some of the kindest and truest hearts that even cheered and strengthened their fellow mortals in the journey of life. . . . The privilege of preaching to you the

Gospel of the grace of God without let or hindrance, without even the shadow of trouble in the three congregations for the past two and one-half years, the privilege of setting before you, according to the measure of the ability which God has given me, Jesus Christ and Him crucified, I look back upon with the most profound thankfulness. I have preached because I believed, and not because I was paid for doing so, not as a means of earning a livelihood. Perhaps I have read in my day as much infidel literature, both ancient and modern, as most ministers have; and yet, with a knowledge of much that has been said and written against the Christian religion, I give it as the testimony of my inmost soul concerning God's Son, the Lord Jesus Christ. . . . My friends, it can never be that we can forget Alberni, and the faithful, warm-hearted friends we have met here. It can never be that we can cease to take an interest in the place and in the people. My last, my most fervent wish for you all is that you may be saved, and that we may all meet in our Father's House above, when our work is done, where sorrow and partings are excluded. May God bless you, my dear, dear friends, and may God bless your children.' When Mr. Dunn had concluded his remarks, Mr. F. P. Saunders, storekeeper, asked the chairman if he might be allowed to say a few words. Leave was readily granted, when Mr. Saunders spoke as follows: "I cannot claim to be a member of any church, nor have I attended Mr. Dunn's services here as often as I should—but as Mr. Dunn and his lady are about to leave us I would like to ask this large company whether any couple could have behaved themselves better than they have done, or been more abundant in good works than they have been. And actions speak louder than words. Mr. and Mrs. Dunn, you have my very best wishes for your future happiness." A concluding hymn and prayer brought the proceedings to a close."

Leaving Alberni about the middle of March, Mr. Dunn arrived at Whonnock at the end of that month to take up, by appointment of Presbytery, the settlements of Aldergrove, Mt. Lehman, Yale, Agassiz, Harrison River, Nicomen Island, Johnson's Landing (Dewdney), St. Mary's Mission and Whonnock. Mr. Dunn was succeeded at Alberni by Mr. Lockhart, student, who again was succeeded by Mr. Pillar, Catechist. Then came Mr. R. Frew, student, and after him came Rev. Wm. Stables Smith. With none of these gentlemen was I personally acquainted. Two of them I never saw. Between Alberni and Whonnock there was no inter-communication except by letter. The distance is less than 150 miles, but the trip by train, steamer and stage required time and money for its performance. Not everyone could afford to take it. The separation, therefore, was complete. We might as well have been living in Toronto as in Whonnock, so far as meeting with Alberni people was concerned. In letters, however, which I received from residents from time to time, there was generally some favourable reference made to the missionary in charge at the time of writing; and

from these references I received and still hold a clear and distinct impression of each of the four men just named. Still as these letters have long been destroyed, I would not venture at this late date to say more than that all of them, according to their respective gifts and aptitudes, worked zealously and faithfully. All had their friends and admirers—some more and some fewer.

“May 15th, 1892, Alberni Church. Opening services and sermon by the Pioneer Missionary of Presbyterianism.

“On Sunday, 1st May, the Presbyterian Church on Alberni Townsite, was formally opened and dedicated to the public worship of God. The services were conducted by the Rev. A. Dunn, of Whonnock, who was the pioneer missionary to Alberni, having come from the Mainland in 1886, and leaving the district in 1889. The weather was all that could be desired, as being the brightest and warmest of the current year. The seating accommodation, consisting of chairs and benches, was fully occupied. The old residents were well represented, many of whom had come from distant parts of the valley. There were also present numerous strangers who have come in during this year, and who are engaged in work in connection with the paper and saw mills. A few Indians, and some of the members of the Roman Catholic Church were also present. Three or four infants formed a part of the congregation, one of whom was baptised by Mr. Dunn at the conclusion of the service. The musical part of the service was ably led by the eight members of the choir, under the direction of Mr. Howitt, the organist. The two readings from the Old and New Testament were performed by the resident minister, the Rev. Stables Smith.

Mr. Dunn preached a very instructive and suggestive sermon from the text, “Thou believest there is one God; thou doest well; the devils also believe and tremble; but well thou know, O vain man, that faith without works is dead?” (James, Ch. II., verses 19 and 20). Mr. Dunn spoke for forty-five minutes, and kept up the attention of the audience to the close. The last few minutes were confined to remarks having special reference to the past, the present and the future of the Presbyterian Church Mission at Alberni. He spoke, as might be expected from the occasion and circumstances, with considerable display of feeling, and was listened to with uncommon attention.

“He said: ‘It is always pleasing to note signs of progress and prosperity in any community or in any Christian congregation, and I think all must admit that progress has been made here—I mean all who are in a position to compare and contrast our first meeting in Alberni for public worship on the 13th of November, 1886, with our meeting on this, the 1st day of May, 1892. Then the service was

conducted in the building used as a school room during the day and as a bedroom during the night, near Mr. Saunders' store, on the other side of the river. The building referred to was one of the most humble in which I ever preached, and I have preached in some very modest places. But, comfortless and cheerless as the building itself was, there was a warm-hearted, happy company of worshippers gathered there that day. I cannot forget the gladness manifested in each countenance as I stood up to give out the psalm; as also, when the service was over, the cordial manner in which I was received as one after another was introduced to me. Well, within six months we were able to move to better quarters when the new log schoolhouses were completed by Mr. Huff. We then felt that the days of roughing it were past, and that days of comfort had come. To-day it is my pleasing duty to rejoice with you and to congratulate you on entering upon what may be called the third stage of your history as a church, seated as you now are in this comfortable, commodious church building. Before a building of these proportions and such finish could have been planted here sacrifices must have been made by many if not by all present. In a community struggling with many adverse circumstances the very purpose to build a house for the worship of God was a bold one. By men of less zeal and determination the undertaking would have been deemed impossible. But to men of strong faith, the difficulties which to ordinary mortals seem insurmountable vanish. To-day this house of God stands complete, in all its parts, comfortable and substantial, a monument to your Christian zeal and liberality. Yet I feel sure you are ready to acknowledge that you have been able to accomplish little for Christ's sake. How feebly does this church building, reared through your exertions, express your gratitude to that Being who gives us all things—the very air we breathe—the very food that sustains us. When we give our best, and do our utmost, what a poor return we make for the countless favors our gracious Father is daily showering around our path. The blessed Redeemer gave His life for us. His precious blood He shed that we might be ransomed and quickened from the dead. His atoning death deprives disappointments of their sting, gives gladness to lives which would otherwise be unendurable, and enables us all to meet death, the King of Terrors, with calmness and courage. My Christian friends, may it please Almighty God to remember your gifts, and to accept your sacrifices for Jesus' sake—to make this house His home—that this may be in years to come a precious spot which you and your children may call blessed. May it be as a resting place to the wayworn—a place of refreshment to those hungering and thirsting after righteousness—a place of which it may be said of many that they were born here.

My dear friends, your invitation, expressed in touching terms, to be present at the opening of your new church, moved me deeply. You had rightly interpreted my feelings towards you, and my con-

tinued interest in your welfare. It has been my privilege, as a pioneer missionary, here and in other places in the western portions of this Province, to gather together the scattered portions of Christ's Church, but in no district have I met with more kindness and true friendliness. And though it is now more than three years since we parted, I am safe to say that no day has passed in which I have not remembered the people of Alberni. Yet I hesitated for two weeks to comply with your invitation to be here to-day. True, I had pleasure in the prospect of meeting with you all, but I recoiled from the ordeal of a second parting, remembering the anguish of the first. However, you were then in a very different position, as a church, from what you are now. Then there was no certain prospect of your obtaining a missionary. Now you have stationed amongst you an able and zealous minister, who will carry on the work of Christ begun by his predecessors; and also an excellent church which will be as a centre from which, we trust, good and holy influences will flow over the whole community. My friends, many changes—some sad ones—have taken place since we last met. Some who no doubt would have been here to-day have gone to their last resting place. Soon we must follow them. May death find each of us ready, trusting, simply trusting in Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world."

The building of the church in Alberni was begun six months ago, but owing to the prevailing wetness of the weather, it could not be completed and made fit for services. Viewed from the public road the newly finished church presents a bold and substantial appearance, and is a standing monument to the energy, zeal and Christian liberality of the inhabitants of Alberni. Members of all denominations contributed, either in money or labor, towards its erection; and members and adherents of the church are much indebted to the kindness of friends in Victoria and elsewhere, who have given or promised handsome contributions towards defraying the expenses connected with the building. A general financial statement of the expenses, prepared by Mr. Huff, the secretary of the Building Committee, shows that the whole cost of the building, including voluntary labor, amounts to a little over \$1,000, leaving a deficit not yet paid or promised of not less than \$150. The collection at the Sunday service amounted to the handsome sum of \$47.50."

