

Rev. A. G. Bell	1897-1903
Rev. J. C. Madill	1903-1905
Rev. Robert Boyle	1906-1910
Rev. James Whillans	1910-1915
Rev. C. D. Campbell	1916-1917
Victoria United Church — Balmoral Pastoral Charge	
Rev. J. B. McLaren	1925-1927
Rev. Gilbert S. Curtis	1927-1928
Rev. T. W. Bailey	1928-1929
Rev. N. R. Wright	1929-1931
Rev. J. Edgar Clarke	1931-1934
Rev. G. A. Austin	1934-1935
Rev. Dr. Scott	1935
Rev. Donald MacTavish	1935-1937
Rev. L. L. Meech	1937-1940
Rev. J. F. H. Barber	1940-1941
Rev. C. D. Rupp	1941-1947
Stonewall Pastoral Charge:	
Rev. I. Kemlo	1947-1948
Rev. Joseph Wiznuk	1948-1957
Rev. R. F. McPherson	1957-1959

Memories of Victoria Presbyterian Church by Mrs. Julia Lund

Since Balmoral has just officially observed its centennial birthday, it seems an appropriate time to read a story submitted by a former citizen of that community — Mrs. Julia Lund — who resided in Winnipeg and passed away in 1976 at ninety-six years of age.

In sending this to the Argus, Mrs. Lund very modestly said, "I am, of course, not satisfied with the results — trying to write a few words about the early days of the Victoria Presbyterian Church — and I have some misgivings sending it. After all, how many or few folk find "olden days" interesting?"

I'll let you, the reader, answer Mrs. Lund's question — "How many find it interesting?" I certainly did.

This is an age when things of the long past are being revived in interest and importance. Many homes noteworthy contents, many churches and schools are being investigated for possibilities of future use or present care.

Victoria Presbyterian Church is one of these and for its own reason and in its own way, bringing itself back into today's world.

For the last four years the members have held a heartwarming service on a Sunday afternoon in June, followed by a delicious picnic lunch. And what a lovely and lovable little church it still is, crowded with history and memories of devotion and accomplishments of work done to last through well on to a century, and this chiefly through the skill and supervision of Mr. Neil McLeod. I was fortunate, indeed, to have a few months' attendance at the Sunday School held there when we moved from Newfoundland to Manitoba. In 1888 (July) after an exact calendar month of travel, we reached our destination — the

farm of John Ferguson, one of the bachelor farmers of the district. There was a one-room log house with thatched roof!

And there were new neighbours — the Montgomerys, the McLeods, the Campbells and the William's.

However, the neighbor to the south, a half mile away, on the same side of the road, was the Rev. Mr. McFarlane with his family. He was pastor of the Victoria Presbyterian Church, a mile to the west. I think they had a kind of "mini" farm, and we were really next door to the church manse.

During part of that year, my brother John and I were taken to Sunday School through their helpfulness. We would walk to the McFarlane home Sunday morning, then we sat "flat-wise" in the back of the versatile "buckboard", with its low rail to hold on to. The three girls, Annie, Bella and Ethel, sat on the seat and drove the horse. It was a kindly thing to do for a couple of youngsters (eight and six) in a new country and we enjoyed it, even if we crowded them.

A few of the family Sunday School names were Mitchell, McClure and Hunter. The superintendent was Mr. J. McClure and one Sunday he got us to sign some Band of Hope Pledge cards — even writing some of our names for us! I think I still have the little card. The organist was Mary Hunter and I was amazed to see so young a girl to play for our hymn singing.

There was a special program, perhaps a cantata, prepared for the Christmas Tree time. On some Saturday afternoons we gathered at the manse to practise — a great time for us all. The leading character was Bobby McFlinn, the boy of the street, with "no Christmas" in his life. We were going to help him — and the songs we sang with their melody are still in mind.

The McFarlane girls that year still drove to the Greenwood School, three miles north. So for part of the summer — just think of it — they brought some milk on their way for us, leaving it near the roadside. Then on the way back, they picked up the container — a tin teapot — and took it home for the next day's supply. How about this for a milk delivery?

During the very few years the McFarlane family were near us, they had both sad and glad happenings in their home. They lost a baby girl, Violet, so dear to them. Then Mrs. McFarlane's sister, Miss McPherson a real member of their busy, happy home life for some years, was married and left for a home of her own. Also, a new baby boy arrived — a brother for Melville — and was named "Austin McPherson McFarlane". I think mother, in pioneer style, helped care for him during his first week.

In due time, of course, came a "call" or "invita-