

Days of My Pilgrimage

By A.F. Willis

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Early Childhood

Chapter 1

I was born in what was then called Upper Canada, now Ontario, in the year 1859, on the 19th day of January. My father William Somerville Boulton was a civil engineer, which profession in those days was united with surveying and railway engineering, and so it came to pass that at the time of my birth he was engaged in building a portion of the Grand Trunk Railway and for this cause had left his comfortable home in Toronto, and with my mother and an older sister and brother, was living in a house built in the woods of Ontario. I have been told that the trees were cut down to make the boards of which that house was built. The town of Ailsa Craig now stands where at that time

all was wilderness. I have heard my mother say that it was a beautiful spot, sloping down to a river, and she spent a happy year there, but as we left it when I was only a few months old I cannot speak of it from personal experience.

My father left Canada for England shortly after, and my mother spent a few weeks on a farm, but it was not a suitable place for her to remain and early in the year 1860 she went to Port Hope, a small town on Lake Ontario, where she had a married sister. While staying with this sister the terrible news came to her that the "Hungarian", the vessel on which my father was returning to Canada, had gone down off Cape Sable, with every living soul. Five hundred people were lost that stormy night, not one escaping to tell the awful tale. Some years later the lighthouse keeper confessed on his deathbed that he had neglected to light the light. My father was only twenty-nine and I have been told he was doing well in his profession. If he had lived our lives would no doubt have been very different, but of that we can only say, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

It was a hard task my mother had to face, a widow at twenty-seven with three young children and very small means. But she was not one who ever gave way or was baffled by any difficulty. After spending a year in the little town of Exeter, with my father's mother, until her affairs could be arranged, she moved to Port Hope and settled down in a little five roomed cottage.

All my earliest memories are bound up with Port Hope and even now I can recall the appearance of the cottage and the lovely pine woods where we three children spent so many happy hours. Opposite to the cottage were the large grounds belonging to Mrs. Williams' house, a name

well known in Port Hope, her son being the Colonel Williams who in 1885 distinguished himself during the Riel Rebellion. We often played in this park and gathered baskets of apples from under the trees. The winter too brought its pleasures. Warmly wrapped up in coats and fur caps, we delighted in the snow, which it seems to me was more abundant in those days.

On a stormy Saturday morning my mother would set off to market, old woolen socks drawn over her boots, her skirts well pinned up and a hood on her head. Food was cheap in those days. Many a pair of chickens she purchased for 25 cents, butter was a "york shilling" a pound, the york shilling being 121/2 cents of our present money. Our great joy in her absence was to dress up our pillows in our own clothes and play "house" under the table. My sister Dora always figured as "Lady Somerville" in those games and I bore the less pretentious name of "Mrs. Morton".

Our education was not neglected and for about two years our teacher was one whose name has come before the attention of the public in late years, Joseph Scriven, author of the well known hymn "What a Friend we have in Jesus". He taught us in our own home, two or three other children coming in to share his instruction. A graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, he was nevertheless a humble Christian man, his one desire to spread the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, and few then living in Port Hope and its vicinity did not have the question of their soul's salvation put to them by him. His home while he was teaching us was with an old woman, Mrs. Gibson by name, who lived nearby and eked out her scanty living by keeping cows. He often delivered the milk for her when she was crippled with rheumatism. One of my earliest memories is trotting over to her cottage

with a big broom to sweep up her kitchen because she was not able to do it. Two lessons I learned from my mother, perhaps more by her example than precept. The first was to trust God, Who was the Father of the fatherless. The second was to care for the poor and sick around us. I never remember these truths being taught us, but they seemed to grow up with us. Not that my mother did not teach us; evening and morning she read the Bible and prayed with us, and Sunday afternoons were always spent looking at the pictures in the old family Bible and hearing over and over again the wonderful Bible stories. In the evening she sang hymns with us. Two of those hymns have always been favorites of mine: "I have a Father in the promised land" and "There is a land of pure delight, where saints immortal reign, Eternal day excludes the night, and pleasures banish pain". While we were leading such a placid life in Port Hope, the awful Civil War was raging in the U.S.A. '63 to '65, but I barely remember it beyond the fact of war being constantly spoken of.

My aunt, who was also a Mrs. Boulton, having married a cousin of my father, was a great comfort to my mother. They always spent an evening together every week, and being the two eldest of a large family and always companions, had naturally a great deal in common, especially as they were the only ones in Canada. But sad to say, about two years after we moved to Port Hope, my aunt took typhoid fever and died after a short illness, her little girl of three years passing away the next day. My mother brought the baby boy home to her house and cared for him for many months, until his father placed him with his own sisters.

It must have been after my aunt's death, I think, that my mother became exercised as to leaving the Church of

England, in which she had been brought up. She had been an earnest Christian for a long time, but she now began to feel that she could not go on with many things taught in the Church of England. For a time she went to the Presbyterian Church, but was no more satisfied with it. Her old friends Sir James and Lady Robinson had begun to meet with those now known as "Brethren" some time before, and while visiting in Toronto she attended the meetings and felt she had found the truth she was seeking. On her return she was visited by Mr. Frederick Grant and later by Mr. Darby, who was then in Canada, and eventually she began to meet with a few others to remember the Lord. I can never forget Mr. Darby's visit and how I, being the youngest, sat on his knee and he told me stories of his little niece.

The following Christmas (1864) there was a conference in Toronto, and Mr. Darby was anxious for my mother to attend it. "But," she asked, "what shall I do with my children?" "Oh bring them with you," he replied, "Graham can travel in my overcoat pocket." Eventually we did all go to this meeting and stayed with the Robinsons in the dear old home on Sherbourne Street. It was the first of many happy Christmas days spent in that house, and looked back upon as some of the happiest days in my life. During this visit was begun the lifelong friendship between the children of the two families. Lady Robinson's family consisted of a son Harry, then in his teens, and three younger children, Fred, Marian and Julia, of about our own age. That the conference was profitable I doubt not, but my memory only goes back to games in the nursery, a wonderful "toffee pull", and Christmas Day with its presents and other joys.

But our happy life in Port Hope was drawing to a close. My brother Graham was now in his ninth year and my mother felt that his education must now begin in earnest. She did not care to send him to the Port Hope school and no doubt had a yearning after England and her own relations. Still, there seemed many difficulties in the way. The necessary funds were not lacking, as my mother had saved every penny she could ever since my father's death, with my brother's education in view, but she felt she must have some place where she could go on her arrival in England, until she could look about her and decide on a suitable house and a school. Her mother had died some years before and my grandfather, Colonel Graham, had married again, and she did not relish the idea of imposing herself and three young children on a stepmother. While debating matters with herself and doubtless making them a matter of earnest prayer, the thought came to her to go to Toronto and consult with her ever kind friend Mr. Darby, who happened to be there at that time. Leaving us children with a friend, she went up to the city for the day. Mr. Darby counselled her to go and he said, "Do not trouble as to where you will stay on your arrival. I will arrange that for you, and if you go to the Post Office on getting into Liverpool, you will find a letter telling you where to go." She took him at his word and at once decided to start without delay. How well I remember her return and the news she brought us: "We are all to start for England in a month".

Life in England

Chapter 2

On the 2nd of September, 1865, my mother, my sister Dora, my brother Graham and I sailed for England. We duly arrived in Liverpool on September 13th and were met by a friend of my grandfather, Major Greig, who took us to his house, where we dined. I remember his children's surprise that we were white and could speak English. The Colonies were not so well known then as now. My mother went to the Post Office as directed, and there found a letter from Mr. Darby telling her to go to Mr. G. V. Wigram's house in London. We took the next train and arrived that evening. I have always felt that it was a special privilege to spend three weeks in the home of such a godly—I may

say holy—couple as Mr. and Mrs. Wigram. Their house was a large one but the best rooms were given up to the entertainment of the Lord's people, and they kept the rooms at the top of the house for their own use. Of their gentleness and kindness how can I speak enough? Mr. Wigram said of his wife when some three years afterwards she passed away: "She was a woman of a meek and quiet spirit, better known to heaven than on earth." There was one daughter, but she was away from home at the time we stayed there. However, we spent happy hours playing in her old nursery. I can picture the dear old gentleman now, sitting at the breakfast table wrapped in a red eiderdown, for he was very thin and frail and the days were cold.

The day after our arrival we went to visit our grandfather (the rest of the family were away) and amused and astonished him by the amount of bread and jam we could consume. He was a tall, good looking man, grave and silent, though very kind to us, and I was always afraid of him. He used to keep bright sixpences for us and I remember his taking us all to the zoo.

After our visit with Mrs. Wigram, we went to Sheerness and spent a little while with my father's sister, Mrs. Wilgress, and then we returned to London and my brother was sent to a lady's school for little boys, in Croydon. I believe Croydon is now a part of London, but in those days it was a separate city and we went by train to London. We were soon settled in a small house in the outskirts of the city. In fact it was just opposite to a large cemetery, nearly empty when we first came to "Rose Villa" but much fuller before we left the following year.

It was an unusually wet winter; I do not think there was a day without rain. Accustomed to the clear cold and bright

sunshine of Canada, we felt we had made a poor exchange. Before Christmas my brother was down with typhoid, of which there was quite an epidemic in the city that season. Weeks and weeks of anxiety and nursing followed. My poor mother did it all herself; trained nurses had not come to be a necessity in those long ago days. It may be imagined that the rest of the family saw little of her. Dora and I spent our days over our books and dolls. I am afraid my "lessons" did not weigh heavily upon my mind at that time, but my sister, who was a born student, faithfully brought out her books day by day and struggled with arithmetic and history and I wot not what else. It was during one of those long, sad days that a kind friend, to us almost a fairy godmother, dropped in. She was the wife of a Mr. Taylor, partner with one of my great uncles in a law firm. Mr. Taylor was a very old man by now and I do not think often went to the office in London. They had a beautiful home with large grounds, and to us it represented everything delightful and attractive. Mrs. Taylor was a very stout, kindly looking lady with white hair. I can see her before me now as she stepped out of her carriage and entered our little sitting room. My sister was busy as usual with her books. I was engaged in carrying my dolls and their belongings from one corner of the room to the other. Mrs. Taylor often laughed afterwards over my greeting. After shaking hands I said gravely, "I hope you will excuse me, but we are moving." She brought much cheer into our home, and when my brother was better, we spent the day many times at her house, and visited every corner of her beautiful garden. When we went home in the evening Mr. Taylor always presented us each with a "magic parcel", as he called it. It contained a few candies, a picture

or a little toy and a bright threepenny piece. I for one much appreciated them.

Before that winter was over we had more sickness. My brother was still weak and white, looking as my Aunt Helen said, like "a white rabbit", when I took ill with gastric fever, the results of which clung to me for many a day, and then my mother, worn out with nursing and anxiety, fell ill herself. She remained weak and poorly for a long time, though she never really took to her bed, and she did not recover her strength until the spring of 1867 when, accompanied by my sister and myself, she took lodgings in Margate, in the county of Kent, for six weeks or longer.

Margate is a seaside town and a great summer resort. The broad sands and fine park on the cliffs were crowded in the summer, but in the early spring days all was quiet, and the walks by the sea and into the country were very beautiful. On my brother's recovery from his long illness he had been sent to a school in Broadstairs, also a seaside place. This school was kept by a brother in the Lord, Mr. Burbidge. The day after our arrival in Margate, one of the boys from the school came to the house where we were staying and announced in my mother's hearing that one of the younger boys had been run over by a coal cart and nearly killed. She soon found it was my brother. The cart, fortunately empty, had gone over his head, and for years afterwards the mark of the wheel could be plainly seen on his forehead. As soon as he was able to be moved he was brought over to our lodgings, and certainly made a wonderful recovery.

We were all benefitted in health by this stay in the fresh sea air, and it was decided finally that we should leave Croydon and come to live in Margate. There was a good

school there, kept by a widow and her six daughters, and to this my sister, who was now twelve years old, could go. As to my education, I do not think it troubled anyone as long as I wrote the inevitable and much hated copy each day and now and then read a little history aloud. I read everything I was allowed, and read my books over and over again, as children never do now. I think my favorite books were Mrs. Gatty's "Parables from Nature" and the Swiss Family Robinson. We had some other books on the same line as the Swiss family: "The American Crusoes" and John Chinaman's "The Island Home". These my brother and I read together with great joy and many plans for future adventure. I recall my great desire in those days to be a "barbarian", and I liked taking a chicken bone out to the hall, where I sat on the stairs and picked it, not being allowed to do so at the table. I believe Mrs. Gatty's book, of which I never wearied, turned my mind in a direction which was of lifelong effect. Ministering Children too and the Pilgrim's Progress I think had their part in forming my character. I never remember the time when I did not long to write. My first attempt, when I was seven was a short "treatise" on our Lord's Resurrection. I bound it when finished in a brown paper cover and felt very proud of it. My next attempt was less ambitious, being "The Story of a Cat". I think I must have been quick at an answer, though considered the stupid one of the family. I remember mother asking me one Sunday evening what I was doing drawing pictures on Sunday. "They are pictures of Jewish children," was my reply. But as a rule I was quiet and kept my thoughts, of which I had many, to myself. I think this was mainly owing to being laughed at when I tried to express myself. A sensitive child feels this keenly and tries

to avoid it. I missed my brother sorely when he went to school, and had many a cry in my refuge under the table. My sister and I were very fond of each other, but she was between three and four years older than I was and always taken up with her books, and when she good naturedly “played dolls” with me I felt her heart was not in it. Still, we often went out together, and always spent the time telling imaginary stories. “You tell there and I tell back” was the usual plan, as we both preferred telling to listening.

Our Aunt Helen, who lived with us during the two years spent in Croydon, was a great joy to us. She entered into our games and told us stories, and she used to keep a little book in which good and bad marks were recorded. Ten good marks brought a treat or a present, and ten bad ones earned two hours sitting still on a chair with nothing to do, a very heavy punishment to us. But the bitter winds of Margate did not suit my dear little aunt, who was exceedingly delicate, so when the move to Margate was made, she had to be left behind, much to our sorrow. We passed the summer of 1867 in Croydon, but in the autumn our furniture was stored in the coach house of our good friend Mrs. Taylor, our smaller packages were arranged, and we left Croydon forever.

We Live by the Sea

Chapter 3

I well remember the journey from Croydon to Margate. Mother had gone on a few days before and Dora and I traveled alone, which was quite an event to begin with. Moreover, we had sixteen or eighteen trunks in our care, which, I for one felt quite a responsibility. On our arrival my first thought was to identify them, and I could not understand why my mother and the guard seemed so entertained as I counted them gravely over.

We spent the winter in the same lodgings where we had been in the spring. We had a cheerful sitting room with two windows looking into the grounds of an old church. My sister went to school at once. Her hours were from

nine to five, and with lessons to learn in the evening we did not have much of her company. I remember she learned a part of Longfellow's "Miles Standish" that winter and how interested and delighted I was in it. Her only holiday was Saturday afternoon, and then my brother sometimes came over from his school in Broadstairs. He generally was accompanied by Fred Robinson, the son of our old friends Sir James and Lady Robinson of Toronto, who had been sent to the same school. He also spent his holidays with us quite often, and then I had a lively time, being the devoted slave of both boys. But usually I was a pretty lonely little girl, often shut up for weeks together with bronchitis.

I think it was that Christmas my dear mother sold some of the small amount of jewelry she had reserved, and bought us some educational games and a desk for each of us. She never minded how much she denied herself for us and how little we appreciated it. Looking back I can see what a problem she had to deal with, increasing as we grew older and more difficult to handle, and also becoming so much more expensive to feed and clothe. I have heard her say that her one confidence was in God; that she committed us to Him, feeling that what she was unable to accomplish He would bring to pass through the discipline of circumstances.

In the spring of 1868 we left the lodgings and took a house at some distance from the sea—7 Addington Street I think was our new address. Our mother thought she might eke out her scanty income by renting some rooms during the summer, but I do not think it prospered very much. However, we had some "paying guests" from the Croydon meeting, who were very pleasant people and often took me out with them on their walks.

I do not know whether the Margate Beach has changed now, but in those days it was a wonderful place, to me at any rate, though my mother was inclined to speak of it as “noisy and vulgar”. To begin with the crowds of people were an interest in themselves, then the long rows of bathing machines, drawn farther and farther out, by the patient horses, as the tide receded. In one spot stood numbers of donkeys, with saddles for boys or girls, only 6d the hour, but how seldom was 6d available. Then near to the donkeys were fascinating goat carriages of every kind and description, but these we despised as only for babies. These things might be seen at any time during the summer months, but there were also occasional visitors in the shape of traveling shows of various kinds. Christie Minstrels, with their black faces and white hands, acrobats of different ages and ability, happy families, consisting of cats, rats, mice, birds and perhaps a monkey all living in one cage. Then the performing animals abounded; a pony who could repeat the multiplication table, dancing bears, monkeys with all kinds of tricks to show off, white mice who ran the Oxford and Cambridge races, canaries who told your fortune and so on and on. Crowds surrounded each show, and I do not wonder that our mother did not care for us to often visit the “sands” in summer time. But in the autumn and on fine days in winter it was delightful to walk by the sea and watch the great waves dashing and foaming as they rushed in from the ocean, or if the tide were down to search the pools for crabs or jelly fish.

In the autumn of 1868 a new interest came into my life; a little boy about four years old came to live with us. He was a delicate child and the doctor ordered sea air for him, so for about a year he made his home with us. Dear little

Frankie, what a pleasure he was to me; I never wearied of caring for him. I took him out to play in the square, I dressed him in the morning and often put him to bed at night, and when I had succeeded in teaching him all his letters I was indeed proud of my first pupil.

I do not think anything in particular happened that winter, but the following summer our kind old friend Mrs. Taylor came from Croydon to pay us a visit. She was always greatly interested in my sister's progress at school. She had done remarkably well at Mrs. Ray's and had learned about all she could there, so Mrs. Taylor was very anxious that she should go to a more advanced school. After some inquiries it was decided that she should go to a small boarding school in London, kept by a Miss Somerville. She was a highly educated lady and an excellent musician. To this school Dora went in September, 1869, and not long afterward it was arranged that my mother should join Miss Somerville in London and keep house for her. Also I believe she was to help a little in the school. The idea seemed a good one, as mother would be near Dora and also I would have the advantage of good instruction. So early in December we left Margate, storing our furniture in the house where we had been living.

To some it may seem that our mother thought very lightly of moving, but it must be remembered that she was an officer's daughter and had been used to going from one place to another from her earliest childhood. As a very young child the family traveled much in Europe, and I have often heard her say that she could speak English, French and German without mixing them, before she was five years old.

Before I say goodbye to Margate I must mention the great kindness of Mrs. Ray and her daughters, where Dora went to school. Though I did not attend the school, I was always invited to any little treat or picnic the girls enjoyed, and I had a standing invitation to tea on Monday evenings, when the old sergeant who drilled the girls came, and between times there was much fun and frolic. Indeed a regular game was begun and carried on Monday after Monday which ended in an impressive wedding ceremony, the girls all being dressed up and my mother lending her beautiful wedding veil to the bride. Often in those times schools were not very happy places, girls and boys being restricted in food and exercise, but no girl at Mrs. Ray's ever suffered a pang of hunger, and I believe they were well cared for in every way. To their care we handed over our little Frankie when we left for London, and he made a nice pet and plaything for the school girls.

I must not forget to give a word to my cat, the "patient Griselda" as Dora called her. To me she meant a great deal. I think I might say she was my dearest friend and companion. She never resented the liberties I took with her; she allowed herself to be dressed in doll's clothes and never put out a claw. I remember taking her out to walk one evening in front of the house, holding her forepaws. As I had to bend down to assist her in this way my eyes were near the pavement and to my great joy I spied a shilling. I spent it in replacing a much loved baby doll which I had lately broken and which rejoiced in the name of Archibald Montezuma Douglas.

Days of My Pilgrimage

A Winter in London

Chapter 4

We left Margate, that is my mother and I, early in December, 1869, and spent a few days at the house of my great-grandmother in London, before going on to our final destination. And before I proceed any further, I think I shall say something about my mother's relations, with whom we were to come now more in contact.

My mother was the eldest of a large family, of whom five sons and five daughters grew up. One little girl died as an infant and one was accidentally drowned in the

Mediterranean on the way to Malta, where my grandfather¹ was at one time stationed. Next to my mother came a sister Jane, who married, as I have mentioned before, a cousin of my father's, and died quite young, leaving one son, Claude, who was brought up by his father's relations, but eventually settled in England. He had two sons and a daughter; the younger son became a midshipman and went down in the *Monmouth* at the time of the Great War. My mother's oldest brother was Samuel James. He entered the Marines, became a general and distinguished himself in the Egyptian campaign and was knighted by Queen Victoria. He died in 1917, I think. The next two brothers Oliver and Fred also went into the army and were for a good many

- 1 The following newspaper cutting tells of the writer's (Fanny Boulton's) maternal grandfather, Colonel James John Graham:—"Colonel James John Graham, who died at Windsor on the 3rd instant, was eldest son of the late General Graham, formerly in command of Stirling Castle. Maternally, he was nephew of Miss Ferrier, the celebrated novelist. Born in 1808, he entered the Military College, Sandhurst, in 1822, served in the 75th and 70th Regiments respectively, and on the staff of General Maister in the West Indies, as Deputy Judge-Advocate: he was also employed as an Assistant Engineer. On his return he relinquished his military career for a few years, and was appointed Secretary and Treasurer to the South-Eastern Railway. Subsequently he accepted command of a body of enrolled Pensioners, who were sent out in 1851 to Canada with some idea of a military colonization. At the outbreak of the Crimean War, Lieutenant-Colonel Graham became military Secretary to General Sir Robert Vivian, then in command of the Turkish Contingent, and received the decoration of the Medjidie (third class) and the Turkish War Medal. Colonel Graham, a proficient in the theory and the art of war, published several highly-esteemed military works, and conferred in 1873 a lasting benefit on military students by his translation of Clausewitz from the German."

years in India. They both returned shortly before we went to London. They were still quite young men and were both very kind to us. My Aunt Helen, who came between these two brothers, was always very delicate. She did not go to Canada with the rest of the family, and never lived at home. She was a very earnest Christian and very High Church. She would like to have entered a sisterhood, but her great delicacy prevented it. Of the four younger members of the family, Gertrude and Alice had lately left school when we came to England. They were bright, pretty girls; Gertrude very fair, like her mother, and Alice dark. Later on Gertrude went to Australia, where she lived until her death, and Alice married a Mr. Knowles, and left a son and daughter. My two youngest uncles, Walter and Malcolm, were still studying that winter we were in London. They both went into the army. Walter is still living when I write, the only surviving member of that large family. Malcolm died in 1912. He married a very sweet and beautiful girl, but a Roman Catholic, and left four daughters and one son Kenneth. In addition to all these uncles and aunts we had a great aunt, Mrs. Hamilton Tennant, my grandfather's only sister, who was quite a character. She lived in London, her husband having died some time before.

My grandfather had married for his second wife a Miss Walker. She was the aunt of General Sir Forrester Walker, of whom we read at one time in the papers. Her sister Miss Walker always lived with her and gave me many happy hours when I stayed at my grandfather's house. When however my grandfather's house was full, we stayed with my great-grandmother, Mrs. Mason. She had had what is termed a "stroke" and always lived in the two drawing rooms of her large house in Westbourne Terrace. The only

other occupant of the house, besides several servants, was my great-uncle Henry, the youngest and only unmarried one of her five sons. When we stayed with my great-grandmother we always had our meals in the big desolate dining room with him, but generally sat upstairs with my great-grandmother. I can picture the room now, with its six stiff, high-backed chairs, each one worked in a different pattern of wool-work, as the manner of chairs was in those days. I used to get very weary of sitting quite still on one of those chairs, though I was never idle; my mother was a great believer in industry and I always had some piece of work in hand, either a pincushion to make or garters to knit, or tatting for my clothes. I am afraid I never excelled in needlework as my sister did, who did beautiful crochet and even point lace, when very young. Knitting I always liked, and felt there was profit in it, as Miss Walker bought the garters from me for 6d a pair.

And now, after this long digression, let us go back again to the day we arrived in London and spent the night with my great-grandmother. I have no special remembrance of that special night, but I suppose I spent the evening in my great-grandmother's room listening to the conversation between my mother and the two old ladies, Mrs. Mason and her sister Mrs. Battersbee. The latter was a cheerful, stout old lady, who used to tell us she was "a very great lady because she was a very great aunt". She was also a special benefactor of mine, as she gave 4 pounds every year towards my education. I was never sorry when bedtime came and I was tucked up in the big four post bed in the upper room, with its heavy brocade curtains, shutting out every bit of light and air. One wonders how people lived then, in these days of open windows winter and summer.

The next day we walked over to see my grandfather, at 3 Devonshire Terrace, only a short distance away, and then took the bus for Highbury and Shepherd's Bush. Miss Somerville's school was a decidedly small one. In addition to my sister Dora, she had only two pupils in the house, orphan girls of the name of Harrel, the older Edith of seventeen was deformed and spent most of her time on a reclining board. She had been educated abroad and used to teach French. I do not know whether she studied at all. Her sister Florence was eleven, a slight, rather pretty and very nervous child, who was most of her time in disgrace with Miss Somerville. In addition to these girls, the four little daughters of a General Macpherson came daily to school.

We arrived shortly before Christmas and had hardly settled down to lessons when the holidays began and my brother and Fred Robinson arrived. The Christmas holidays in Canada are usually short, but in England at that time they were as long as the summer holidays, so we had the pleasure of the boys' company for five or six weeks, and very lively weeks they were. My mother had brought her own servant Susan to London with us, and she was a prime favorite with the boys, and many were the tricks they played on her. The house we lived in was one of a long row and very few of them were rented. Strangely enough they were open, so we often went into one of them to amuse ourselves. Fred had a little locomotive, which ran by steam, and we used to run it up and down the long bare rooms. One never-to-be-forgotten day our mother took us to the Tower, and the boys and Dora had some other expeditions in which I was not included. However the great day was Christmas Day, the first one I have any remembrance of,

as it was not kept in our home. My grandfather usually sent us each a sovereign, and I well remember that mine was always spent on a pair of boots, which lasted until the following Christmas. There was generally something over, which I spent as I wished. However, this Christmas of 1869 we spent at my grandfather's, where there was a real family party. I do not think my Uncle Sam was there (he was at that time married and had three sons), but my other four uncles were present and my two younger aunts and my mother. Everything passed off well. I think what impressed me most was the flaming plum pudding.

The holidays came to an end at last and the boys went back to school and lessons began for us. Miss Somerville was, I believe, a good teacher, especially of music, and I enjoyed every minute of my lessons with her. But they soon began to be very irregular; she was continually taking cold and then would be for days in bed, while my poor mother, in addition to her other duties, tried to manage the school, with a little help from Edith Harrel. Of course this was very unsatisfactory, and I think my mother heartily wished herself back in Margate.

We spent a week, in March I think, with my mother's aunt, Mrs. Tennant, at a pretty little place called Teddington, not far from Hampton Court Palace. My Uncle Fred took is there one afternoon, and we thoroughly explored the palace and gardens, including the well known labyrinth. I can see before me as in a picture now, the long flower beds, bordered with crocuses, all in flower, yellow and white alternately. I think they call it ribbon gardening.

On our return to Shepherd's Bush, things got worse and worse, and at the end of March or the beginning of April, we parted company. My sister was placed at a

good school in Blackheath, and after staying for awhile at my grandfather's, mother and I returned to Margate. Of course we had no house to go to, but we spent a short time with Mrs. Ray and then took rooms in the house of a sister in fellowship, whose name I cannot now recall. She was a tailoress, and as mother always took advantage of opportunities, she got her to teach me to make buttonholes and to stitch, which has been of use to me all my life. After looking round in Margate for nearly six weeks and no house appearing, my mother decided to go to Broadstairs, which is four miles away and also on the sea-coast. It was a much smaller and much quieter place than Margate and there was a good-sized meeting there at that time. I do not think she had any difficulty in getting a house, and leaving me at Mrs. Ray's school for a few weeks, mother went over to settle once more in a house of her own. I long looked back with pleasure to those weeks in a real boarding school, the only experience of the kind I ever had I suppose it would be thought very old fashioned now, but I believe it was a good school and the girls very happy and well taught. It was a large square brick house, facing a square. On the first floor came the dining room and drawing room, and opposite a music room, where Miss Sophie instructed the little ones in "Rousseau's Dream" and "A Maiden's Prayer". Upstairs was the one big school room, with its long table down the middle, at which Miss Margaret taught the older girls, and two little tables in the windows, round which the little ones sat and were instructed by Miss Lucy, who also taught French. Upstairs again were the girls' bedrooms; I only remember two—there may have been more. I slept in the room with five or six girls about my own age. There were two double beds in the room and several single ones.

Every morning after breakfast we went for a long walk, or if the weather was warm spent an hour on the sands. Then came three hours of school, with a few minutes intermission, when we gladly devoured large squares of dry bread. At two we dined, and afterwards there was needlework, reading aloud and so on. We had a good plain tea at 5:30, and afterwards a hymn and Bible reading. I believe many of the girls were Christians and we sometime had little prayer meetings among ourselves.

On one occasion while I was there we were all taken to a missionary meeting. I had never been at anything of the kind before, and it made the most profound impression upon me. I was entranced, and the conviction came then into my mind and has been steadily growing in intensity ever since, that no career upon earth can be equal to the life of a missionary. Not that I ever expected such a privilege to be mine, but I felt the greatest admiration for and interest in those who had given up all to take the Water of Life to perishing souls. There were very few missionaries fifty years ago, and one did not hear much about them. I do not remember our having any books on the subject either, and it was many years after this before I came personally in touch with any who had been on the mission field, but the seed had been sown and it sprouted after many days.

Pleasant Days in Broadstairs

Chapter 5

It was with some regret that I left Mrs. Ray's school and the kind Misses Ray. I remember they gave me some little presents and many kind words, both of which I treasured for a long time. But childlike I was happy in the thought of fresh scenes, and too I was anxious to return to my mother. It was not long before this time that she had told me what made a very great impression on me and became one of the deepest desires of my mind. She said that when I was born she had no desire for another baby and wondered why God had taken her sister Jane's little one, a child much longed for, and left hers. "But," she added, "after your father's death I felt you had been given to comfort me, and you were the

one thing that took my thoughts from myself and my great sorrow." I pondered these words and felt that my work no doubt was to take care of my mother. It comforted me too, in what was to me a real trial, not going to school as my sister and brother did. I believed now that there was a reason for my having to remain at home, and on the whole felt more content.

I was now eleven years old. I think I was small for my age, though people had left off insulting me by saying I would be a dwarf. I daresay girls of eleven now would think I was a quaint little figure, in my straight dark frocks, always made the same, with a full skirt, well below my knees, and a waist with three box pleats in front. Over this I wore a straight pinafore of Holland in the mornings and diaper² in the afternoons. My hair was very thin and always kept short and brushed back with a black velvet ribbon to keep it in place. At this particular time I had a red and black flannel dress, made out of Dora's drilling dress, but not the less admired by me on that account, especially as it opened in front. If little girls looked quaint in those days, I think the boys were almost more peculiar, in their long trousers and tall stovepipe hats, but everything is in habit, and I can imagine a look of horror on my grandmother's face if she could see the girls and boys of today.

I have wandered a long way from Broadstairs. I think my sister would unite with me in saying that some of the happiest days of our lives were spent there. There was quite a large meeting in Broadstairs when we lived there, and a very happy and united one. Most of the people were of the upper class; I think of the seventy odd in fellowship

2 diaper = linen fabric with small diamond pattern (Concise Oxford Dictionary)

there was only one family of the working class. I suppose they were mostly elderly people who, with a small income, were glad to live in a quiet place where there was a happy meeting.

The meeting room was a particularly nice and suitable one, built by two sisters, Mrs. Curry and Mrs. Byfield, sisters of Dr. McKern, a well-known man in his time. Their house was next to the meeting room, the bedrooms extending over it. The town was so small that everyone lived close to the room, and there was a meeting every night except Saturday, at 7:30. On Saturday night a prayer meeting was held in the house of a brother, Mr. Taylor, for the Gospel.

One long straggling street led all through the town to the sea. On each side of the street there were banks, high enough to be well worth climbing I thought, and treasures in the shape of wallflowers and pink tipped daisies grew upon them. Some of these I transplanted with great pains to our back garden and planted them in what I called my flower-beds, but which Dora and Graham laughed at as "graves" when they returned from school later in the summer. The long street ended, as I have said, at the sea, and there was a walk all along the cliffs, with a fine view of the broad ocean. At one side a tall house towered above the rest, and there Charles Dickens was said to have written his well-known "Bleak House". Walking for a mile or so along the cliffs you reached a famous cave, known as the "Smuggler's Cave", and past this again was Kingate Castle, an ivy covered ruin. Far out to sea lay the treacherous Goodwin Sands, so fatal to our ships and where so much splendid lifeboat work has been done. Our house stood at a good distance from the sea, on a short street off the main one, but as it was the first house on the street we were not

far from the meeting, and going up the road away from the sea you speedily came to pretty country walks.

It must have been June when I first came to live in Broadstairs, and mother had our new home pretty well settled. It was not long before the holidays began and my sister and brother returned from school. My brother was at this time attending the school of a Mr. White in Reading. Fred Robinson had returned to his home in Canada, but his place was more than filled by two nephews of Dr. McKern's, lads of fifteen and seventeen, and our house seemed very full. However, its limit was not yet reached, as the holidays had hardly begun when there came a letter from my mother's aunt, Mrs. Tennant, announcing her intention of paying us a week's visit. She would not bring a maid, she said, but Fleury, her white poodle dog, would accompany her. Then there was a hurrying to and fro, and changing of beds, but mother with her usual ingenuity made them go round, by putting me to sleep in a trunk.

My aunt was rather a fussy old lady, though very kind and always making us presents, taking us for drives, and so on. All would have gone well if the original plan of a week's visit had been carried out, but before the week expired she received word that her maid was ill with typhoid fever and she refused to return until the woman had recovered, which was not for six weeks. The dog, I think, was the greatest trial in the eyes of my brother and me. He had to be taken out every day for exercise, and this fell to our lot. He was a large fat dog, with long white curly hair, very much attached to my aunt and not at all to us. We were forbidden to let him out of our sight, and the walk consisted in carrying him a certain distance by turns and then putting him down, when he raced home and we after him. He also would quarrel

with my cat, which was then expelled, and my mother felt it was the last straw when she was requested to wash him, not forgetting to rinse him well and then blue him. The last operation was hardly a success, as his feet came out bright blue, much to my aunt's chagrin. But the weeks passed by and our crowded house grew empty again, and I am sure my mother must have given many a sigh of relief when once more she and I and our faithful Susan were alone in our little home.

The winter following has much to make it remembered, not only in my small and insignificant life, but in the lives of hundreds and thousands in Germany and France, it was 1870/71, the years of the Franco-Prussian War. It seemed near to us, though our country did not participate, but excitement waxed high, the women made lint, and as I scraped an old linen sheet, I felt as if war was a very real thing. Books were written prophesying the invasion of England by the Germans. I do not remember how I got hold of them, but I know they made me shudder and feel as if the Germans were at our doors. One book I found not gruesome but amusing. It was called "Dame Europa's School" and humorously likened the countries of Europe to plots of garden in a school ground. Louis and Fritz would quarrel over the boundaries of theirs, but John who had an island in the creek was able to keep clear of the fight. I think times must have been hard in England too, for I remember seeing the working men marching along the street of our quiet town singing:

"We want to work and we like to work,
But we've got no work to do-o-o-o."

It was I think in the late autumn when we received word that my uncle Oliver was lying very ill, at a friend's

house near London. My mother was deeply distressed, as she feared he was not saved, and on hearing worse accounts she hastened to London, but was too late as he had already passed away. My grandfather was with him and told her that knowing he was dying he had asked what could he do to be saved, and my grandfather replied: "You have only to believe on Jesus".

It was during her absence that I first got assurance of my salvation. I never remember the time when I did not long to be saved and at times I lay awake at night pondering the question, although I never spoke of it to anyone. When I went to a Gospel meeting, which was not often, as mother did not approve of my going out in the evening, I used to say to myself: "Perhaps tonight I shall find out how to be saved". When in London, we all went to hear Mr. Darby one evening. His sermon was extremely simple but he did not clear away my difficulties at all. What always puzzled me was "What am I to believe?" There was a very stout, middle aged lady in the Broadstairs meeting named Miss Harrington. She was a kind, good soul, and always very kind to me. One afternoon while mother was away, she came to our house and was talking to a lady who happened to be there. This lady professed to be anxious about her soul, and their conversation turned on the way of salvation. I was sitting quietly in a corner, but listening intently to all that was said. Presently Mrs. Staunton asked the very question which I longed to ask: "But what am I to believe? You speak of believing in Jesus, but what does it mean?" "Why," said Miss Harrington, "you are to believe that He died on the cross for your sins." "Oh," I said to myself, "I have believed that for a long time; then I must be saved." But I said nothing about it at the time, though I thought about

it a great deal. A couple of months after this my mother was obliged to go to London again and Miss Harrington came over to stay with me and my brother, who was home for the Christmas holidays. It was Sunday morning, and I was sitting in my favorite place on the hearthrug in front of the fire. Miss Harrington asked me suddenly, "Have you decided for Christ?" "Yes," I said, "I have." She asked me when and to tell her more. "It was what you said," I replied, "when talking to Mrs. Staunton' I think it was a great joy to her and she told me later that she had marked in her hymnbook the verse of a hymn:

*"We'll lay our trophies at Thy feet,
We'll worship and adore Thee
Whose precious blood has made us meet
To live with Thee in glory."*

I never sing that hymn without remembering my kind old friend.

It was that same winter (1871) that I began to desire to remember the Lord in His death. I had but one reason for desiring this. I read in the Gospels the Lord's request to His disciples, "Do this in remembrance of Me". I greatly desired to do all He wished and felt that I was not carrying out His wishes while remaining away from His table. As to the question of where I should remember Him, I had no thought, but naturally went where my mother (in whose judgment I had implicit confidence) went. Some in the meeting, who believed in adult baptism, urged that I should be baptized although I had been christened in the Church of England, besides an emergency baptism performed when I was a few days old and thought to be dying. My sister and I and our servant Susan were all baptized in Margate, as

there was a baptistry in the meeting room there. I now believe that this baptism was quite unnecessary, as we are received into the outward kingdom of God by baptism and we cannot be received more than once.

Major McCarthy, Mr. Taylor and Mr. Burbidge all questioned me before I was received, and Mr. Burbidge remarked on my great ignorance, which I am sure was true, but we can only “speak the things we do know” and one does not as a rule make much spiritual progress by eleven years of age. As a matter of fact it was years before I understood in any measure *where* I was and *why*.

During this winter I went with my mother to my grandfathers for a long visit. Everyone was very kind to me and I enjoyed my stay very much. Every morning I had breakfast alone with my grandfather. He sometimes—not often—spoke to me. But I was far too shy to venture to talk to him. After the later breakfast and prayers were over, my step-grandmother and her sister Miss Walker always walked in Kensington Gardens, taking the little white dog Minnie for a walk, and I went also. Sometimes in the afternoon Mrs. Tennant came and took us for a drive. One afternoon she took us to a large bazaar. On walking through it we came to one room altogether filled with birds. Suddenly she turned to me and said, “Did I not promise you a bird?” It was true, she *had* promised me a bird when my kitten was dismissed the previous summer. I had often thought of her promise, but supposed she had forgotten it, but now my hopes were raised. There were canaries in large numbers, and one cage of bullfinches. My aunt had spoken of a canary but my heart went out to the bullfinches, but of course I did not say anything. After a few minutes my aunt said these birds were very poor and we left the bazaar. I

was bitterly disappointed, but on thinking it over, resolved to pray that the Lord would incline her heart to give me a bullfinch. On coming in from a walk a few days later, a large parcel was handed to me and on opening it I found a lovely little bullfinch in a handsome brass cage. I mention this as it was the first definite answer to prayer I ever had and made a great impression on me.

It was at the time of this visit that the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne were married, and the city was wonderfully decorated, though I remember seeing at the same time a yellow flag hung at the entrance of some streets to show that smallpox was raging there. It was indeed a terrible epidemic, and thousands I believe died. Everyone was vaccinated. A very sad thing happened in this connection. Our dear aged friend Mr. Wigram had one daughter, the great comfort of his life. She was one of those—and there were many in those days amongst us—who was full of good works. A young wife had died some months before of scarlet fever, and while she and two little boys were lying ill, Miss Wigram took the little girl, about two years old, to her home. Just after the child went back to her father's house she took scarlet fever and was very ill. Miss Wigram, hearing of it, hastened to the house to care for her, although she had just been vaccinated. She took the disease and both she and the child died and were buried on the same day. A week after the funeral, a very godly sister, who had long been an invalid, was buried in the same cemetery. My mother was at the funeral and told me how Mr. Wigram spoke beautifully at the grave. "We come here not unseldom," he said as he looked across at the grave of his daughter. What but the Spirit of God could

sustain a man and enable him to minister to the sorrow of others, with his own heart so lately torn and broken!

Mr. Darby was in London that winter and I went with my mother to various meetings held in private drawing rooms, in the mornings. They were very crowded. My place was on a footstool, and I am afraid the meetings were quite over my head. About this time we also paid a visit to Croydon, and stayed with our old friend Mrs. Taylor. Her daughter, Mrs. Schofield, with her three little girls, was there, and I greatly enjoyed my stay. I remember they said we will all make wreaths of flowers to wear in our hair for dinner, but I refused, saying it would not be right. Mrs. Schofield had two sons, as well as the girls. One of these was a very brilliant young doctor and went out to the China Inland Mission, where he soon after contracted some malignant disease and died. The other son is the Dr. Schofield whose books are now well known.

It was not long after these pleasant visits that my mother decided to give up the house and take lodgings in the country for the summer. She had made up her mind to return to Canada the following spring, as my sister and brother would by that time have finished their education. So we sold some of our furniture and packed various cases with household goods that we intended to take with us to Canada. These must have been stored somewhere, for we had a very small amount of "impedimenta" to take to the new dwelling, which only consisted of three small rooms in a laborer's cottage on a farm between Broadstairs and Margate. We went in June and the house was surrounded with acres of broad beans, all in flower, and very sweet to smell. Walking through the fields you came to the farmyard and the straw stacks, a pleasant place where I sometimes

took the baby of the house, who made a nice plaything for me. I remember sitting there and reading too, on sunny afternoons. I had made up my mind some months before to read everything in our bookcase. I have always believed in tackling the most difficult part of a task first, so I resolutely began at the largest books, which stood in a row in the bottom shelf. The first was the autobiography of Leigh Hunt. I found it extremely dull, but plodded through the two volumes. The next in order was a thick book "The Life of Admiral Coligne". This was more interesting, though a great deal of it was far beyond the comprehension of an ignorant child of twelve. On finishing this book a formidable task awaited me: "Russel's History of Modern Europe", in six volumes. This kept me busy for a long time, and I suppose I must have learned something from it. I was reading the sixth volume that summer we were on the farm, but I am ashamed to have to own it was never finished. I have often thought, in these days of interesting books, how I would have reveled in many that children think dull now. We had Miss Strickland's "Stories from History", which I nearly knew by heart, and a number of Mrs. Charles' books, "The Schonberg Cotta Family", etc., and from these I picked up most of the general history I know, which is not much. I had practically no schooling that first year in Broadstairs, but I learned a good many other things and developed a great deal. I had a few music lessons from a Mrs. Ottley, but we had no piano, so I did not make much progress.

Of the life on the farm I have little to say. We lived out of doors a good deal, walking to the seashore to bathe or out in the beautiful country which was all around us. We were close to a very quaint old church, St. Peter's, and

Days of My Pilgrimage

we found the old inscriptions on the monuments very interesting. My sister had had a severe attack of measles just at the close of the school year, and was far from well, and during the summer I had a bad abscess in one of my ears which left me pretty deaf. Otherwise nothing of interest happened during those three months.

Our Last Winter in England

Chapter 6

As the autumn came on, our mother began to plan arrangements for the ensuing winter, which would be our last in England. She decided to take lodgings in Broadstairs and allow Graham to go daily to Mr. Burbidge's School, while my sister would have lessons in French and German from masters who would come over from Ramsgate, only two miles from us. Just at this time she heard that our old friend Miss Barham, whom we had known so well in Port Hope, was coming to England. She was now about fifty years old, and had gone to Canada thirty years before as governess to Dr. Hayward's family. She afterwards taught the children of several well known persons; the Cartwrights

among others and the Cayleys, and when we knew her she was teaching the daughter of Colonel Williams and lived in the large house opposite to our cottage, of which I have spoken. Her last position had been with the Rev. John Cayley, who had a church in Whitby. She had taught his sisters years before. My mother wrote and asked her to come and spend the winter with us, teaching us and superintending my sister's studies. She was quite willing and it was soon arranged. We had no difficulty in getting lodgings in the town, as though Broadstairs was not a well known summer resort like Margate and Ramsgate, a few of the residents rented rooms during the summer and were glad to have a chance of making a little money during the long winter season.

The rooms mother engaged were in a large comfortable house, very near the meeting room and next door to our valued friends Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, and with them lived my special friend Miss Harrington. We had four bedrooms and a large front sitting room, with all attendance and cooking, for the modest sum of £1-0-0 a week. Our land-lady had a sick husband and two children and when we knew was a tidy, industrious woman. We moved in on October 1st 1871 and Miss Barham soon joined us. Then began a very busy cheerful winter. I greatly enjoyed my studies with my new teacher, and though her methods were undoubtedly old-fashioned, I learned a great deal that winter. I learned from such books as Magnall's Questions, Child's Guide, Mrs. Markham's History of England and Glendorf's French Method, books which I suppose are now not only out of date but forgotten.

When lessons were over at twelve o'clock I was always sent out to take a walk and made my way regularly to

the seafront. There was always wind off the ocean, and how I loved battling against it. Sometimes I met Major McCarthy's children, "Blackie", a fine handsome girl about my own age, and her little sister and brother, Dora and John Darby. When we met the walk was very pleasant for all concerned, and once in a great while we went onto the pier and played games, but this was frowned upon by some older brother who happened to see us and we were forbidden to repeat it.

I remember one day in particular Blackie had been sent a message to the town hall, and when we met there and had finished our little business, we discovered an auction sale of furniture going on in an opposite room. "Let us stay a little while and watch," said Blackie, and I was more than willing. We thought it a most delightful amusement and enjoyed ourselves immensely.

My sister spent several mornings a week at the house of Mrs. Bligh, a sister in the meeting. Her daughter or daughters were quite good artists, and helped Dora with her painting. In the afternoon we sewed and read aloud with Miss Barham. We read the History of the Reformation, by d'Aubigny, nearly all through. Then there were music lessons from Miss Barham for us both, and the French and German masters also took our time; not that I learned anything from them, but for the French at least I was supposed to be present. In the late afternoon I studied my lessons, but in a very dilatory manner. I always sat in the rocking chair by the window, and between each few sentences looked out to see if the Miss Marches or Miss Harrington or our old friends the Atchesons were passing. My training had not been such as to promote diligence.

On Saturday afternoons we often went for long walks, and one thing I always did was to blacken all the boots for Sunday. Mother and Miss Barham and Dora attended most of the evening meetings, and my brother and I had good times at home. I remember one day he produced a sparrow he had caught, and we plucked it and roasted it in front of the open fire, suspended by a string, which we took turns to hold. Often too we talked of Canada and the adventures we meant to have there; how we would go together to some wild part and build a house and hunt and fish. This we had planned from our early childhood. On Saturday evenings I often went to tea with Mrs. Taylor and stayed for the prayer meeting at their house for the Gospel.

My first efforts at Sunday school work began in that house. I found the little boys knew nothing of the Lord Jesus, and begged to be allowed to teach them on Sunday afternoons. Not long afterwards a Sunday school was begun in the meeting room and I was entrusted with a class of little ones, much to my joy. So began my work with children, which has continued almost steadily for about forty-five years. There were teas too at intervals in the meeting room, and we went over and cut bread and butter and seed cake, for tea meetings were simple affairs in those days and very happy.

And so the winter passed, bringing us each day nearer to the inevitable parting. I have moved from many towns during my life, and have felt the giving up of old associations to a greater or lesser extent, but I think leaving Broadstairs was perhaps the hardest wrench of all, not only to me but for all of us, except perhaps my brother. I felt that I never should see any of the dear friends again, and I never did. My bullfinch I gave to Miss Harrington, and the canary

Our Last Winter in England

I had also acquired went back to our faithful Susan, who came from her home in Canterbury to bid us goodbye.

We were laden with presents from all our kind friends and a great many came to the station to see us off that bright %/lay morning when we left our happy seaside home. We spent a week in Croydon with Mrs. Taylor, and I remember Mr. Wigram came down to say goodbye. Then we went up to London. My mother stayed at her father's house; she felt leaving him very deeply. Dora and I stayed at Aunt Tennant's and I think Graham must have been at my great-grandmother's. We all dined there one day and our Great-uncle Alfred took us to the zoo. Another day Uncle Fred took us to the Kensington Museum. But the days passed quickly and on May 22nd we left London for Liverpool and sailed on the ship France on May 23rd. It was a slow vessel though fairly large, and we were eleven or twelve days at sea. It did not affect me much, but poor Dora was very ill all the way; I think she was only present at the first and last meals. We arrived in Quebec on June 3rd and my mother sent us three children on at once by boat to Toronto, while she waited to see after her luggage.

Days of My Pilgrimage

Our First Summer in Toronto

Chapter 7

Our journey was uneventful and we reached Toronto on June 5th, early in the morning. Our good friends the Robinsons were expecting us but no one met us. Instead of taking a cab and being driven to the right address, we decided to try the streetcars and got on a Yonge Street car. Not an electric car; they did not come in for twenty years after this. No, it was a large clumsy car drawn by two horses and running from the St. Lawrence Market to Bloor Street. A second car ran, also from the market, along Queen Street to the Asylum, which was practically in the country. Another small car, drawn by one horse and managed by one man, ran along King Street. There were no double tracks,

and the horses got a chance for a good rest waiting on the side track for the down coming car. A good deal of Yonge Street was not built up, College Street was little more than a country road, and Bloor Street was considered the end of all things. There the car stopped and turned and we got out. We knew Lady Robinson's house was at the corner of Bloor and Sherbourne Street, but made the mistake of turning in the opposite direction. But as we only arrived at trees and fields, we retraced our steps and tried the other direction. It was not long before we saw our friend Fred coming to meet us, accompanied by his two sisters. Dear Mim and Jue; I can see them before me now in their pretty light print dresses, with their hair waving over their shoulders. Jue was but a child of twelve, Mim was older and beginning to grow into a dainty young girl. They gave us a warm greeting. Mim still maintains that, owing to a bet with Fred, she welcomed Graham with, "Hail King of the Caw Caws". This had been a favorite title at school and Fred was "King of the Abbas". How firmly some things are impressed on our minds! It all comes before me as if yesterday: the pleasant dining room, so cool and refreshing after our hot walk in our winter clothes; the table with its spotless cloth and pretty dishes, the bread and butter and the dish of clear honey; the kindly welcome from dear Sir James and Lady Robinson.

After an early dinner the girls took us over to Rosedale to visit our cousins the John Cayleys. Rosedale was still unadulterated country; hills and ravines untouched by man. Drum Snab, the Cayley's house, was one of the very few houses standing in large grounds. Our cousin Mrs. John Cayley had four children, the youngest Osmund, just the age of my brother, was already in the Dominion Bank,

Claude, a year or two older, was studying to be an engineer. At that time he was working with two other young men, his cousin Beverley Cayley and Gerald Scott, in a machine shop in Oshawa. They were all Christians, and Gerald and Claude at the Lord's Table and very bright. Lord Cecil, Mr. Dunlop and Mr. Hook, all well known, had been preaching in many places, and I fancy these young men had been with them a good deal. Mrs. Cayley's two older children were daughters; Addie, who married Dr. Christopher Wolston not long afterwards, and Louey, who eventually married Mr. Burton in England.

The day after our arrival was Sunday. Mother arrived early in the morning, and we all went to the meeting. It was held in a large building called the "Tabernacle", on Albert Street, long since pulled down to make way for warehouses and workrooms for Timothy Eaton's store, at that time not heard of. It was a long walk but no street cars ran on Sundays. Lady Robinson had a cab, but we young people walked. I always remember Jue pointing out a large teapot, which hung as a sign in front of a store. "When you see that teapot you know we are nearly there," Jue said. The meeting room was very full—I daresay three hundred people. It all seemed very strange and new to us. We rested in the afternoon, but walked down again to the Gospel preaching in the evening. Young people in the '70's did not think much of a two-mile walk; they had not been spoiled by motors and streetcars.

I must not linger over these weeks at Lady Robinson's, pleasant as they were. Mint, Jue and I had lessons every morning in the library from a daily governess, Miss Harvey, and played wild games in the afternoon, either in the large garden or on the open commons around the house.

Sherbourne Street was just beginning to build up, but all beyond lay fields where cows, always my bugbear, peacefully pastured. One game we delighted in we called "Navigation". We laid a long board across the swing and Mim and I stood one on each end, holding the swing rope, while we teetered and swung at the same time, the great art being to avoid the trees around us. Jue declined to play in this game, but Mim and I were kindred spirits. While we were enjoying ourselves in this tomboyish fashion, mother and Dora were going about visiting our various relations and seeking to find occupation for my brother. He was now nearly sixteen but his one idea was business. My mother did not wish to remain in Toronto; I think she rather dreaded the many worldly relatives of my father's who lived there. She also wished to find some place where she and Dora could open a school. I have often pitied my sister, barely seventeen but long dresses and hair done up and looked upon as quite grown up and able for the responsibilities of life.

After about two or three weeks, mother had an invitation to Brantford, to stay with our old friends the Joseph Robinsons. They were in no way related to Sir James but were also in the meeting and had recently purchased a large house, with about sixty acres of ground around it, some two miles from Brantford. Mother accepted the invitation and took Graham with her. I need not go into details, but the result of this visit was that my brother was settled in a hardware store, at \$1.00 a week, and there seeming to be an opening for a school at Brantford, we all moved there, sometime in July, Sir James Robinson and his family leaving almost immediately afterwards for England.

We all stayed for a week or two at Mr. Joseph Robinson's. He was a most extraordinary man, certainly 6 feet 2 or 3 inches, and broad in proportion. Perhaps erratic is the word that describes him best, and I should judge that, though a good man, he must have been a trial to his wife. Years afterwards, when she was nearing her end, someone asked after her, and his reply was characteristic: "Pluming her wings, pluming her wings, pluming her wings," each time higher than the last. This was his usual mode of talking. They had sons, Jim and Arthur, the same ages as my sister and myself, and a small girl Josie, reported to have insisted on walking home alone from the meeting as she "wished to meditate". As Mrs. Robinson was very delicate and could get no servant, it was not convenient for us to remain at Cedar Glen very long, and we went to a boarding-house for a short time until we could get a house. The only thing I really remember of the boarding house is finding "Little Men" on the table and the intense enjoyment I had out of it. I think as a rule a child lives a solitary life, paying little attention to the affairs of those around her. I certainly did at that time. We settled down at last in a tall red brick house, with a basement kitchen, and procured a servant, of whom I shall have more to say later. Mother and Dora had paid a number of visits to the well-to-do members of the community, and as a result they began the school the first week of September, with eleven pupils, one of whom, Lizzie Mercer, was to be a weekly boarder.

Days of My Pilgrimage

Four Years in Brantford

Chapter 8

Brantford is now a flourishing town—perhaps it calls itself a city. Streetcars run busily up and down the streets, it is a great Center for the electric railways, and the woods where we used to go to pick wild flowers are now cut down and a handsome park and numbers of gentlemen's residences stand in their place. The shops are large and no longer have "signs" over their doors. When I visited it again a year ago I looked in vain for my old friends "Watts", "Otts", "Potts", and "Apps", who used to have their business stands side by side. There were motors in abundance, and every house had its electric light and telephone and of course its furnace. But when we came to Brantford in

1872 there were none of these things. Motors were still unthought of; the bicycle was only just coming in, and in a very crude and clumsy form. People heated their houses with big stoves in which they burned hard wood, buying it in the summer, when green, for \$4.00 a cord. We lighted our houses with coal oil lamps and rolled up our blinds and tied them with strings. Mr. Bell, a native of Brantford, was even then experimenting with the telephone, but it did not come into general use for some time. Typewriters and gramophones were yet to appear. What a queer world; "I am glad I did not live then," the young people of today must feel, I am sure. But we *did* live, and contrived to be very happy and comfortable. And if we lacked some of the present day comforts we also lacked the responsibilities attached to them, and life was not the rush and turmoil it is now. I think people enjoyed their gardens, and perhaps a small croquet lawn, with an occasional picnic during the summer, as much as the present generation enjoy rushing round in motors and taking tea in tearooms.

It was July when we came first to Brandford, the end of the month I think, and we went first to the house of our brother Mr. Bennett, who lived at that time close to the station. That was my first introduction to a family who have been our friends for fifty years now. What a kind welcome they gave us. Mrs. Bennett was a very fragile looking lady even then, depending much upon her three daughters, Sarah, Annie and Maddie. Maddie was my age, the others older. In one sense they did not seem like total strangers, as we found they were cousins of the General Macpherson whose little girls had been at school at Miss Somerville's. Maddie and I were great friends afterwards, but that first afternoon I was drawn to the older daughter,

Sarah, and she tells me (what I have quite forgotten) that I said to her: "I hope you will try to like me, for I have left seventy friends in England".

Yes, we certainly were very homesick that first winter. Everything seemed so new and different; the house was cold and uncomfortable, and we looked back with great longing to dear little Broadstairs and our many kind friends. After our visit at Cedar Glen and our short stay in Miss Eddy's boarding house, we moved into our own house as soon as possible and were not long settling. The house had a basement kitchen and dining room, and on the first floor was a large room which made an excellent school room. I can picture it to myself now on that first morning. In the middle of the room was a fairly large table, round which the school children sat, I amongst them, while mother and Dora sat one at each end. Mother had a large Bible in front of her, which she opened and said: "We will read the first of Genesis". After reading and prayer, the classes were divided, mother taking three younger children to a small table, leaving poor Dora to struggle with her cluster of tall backward girls.

The eldest girl was Julia Reid, the banker's daughter. She was sixteen and taller and bigger than my sister, and stupid beyond expression. Her great friend Mary Griffin was only fifteen, also a tall, well grown girl, as dark as Julia was fair, and bright enough. I remember Dora asking: "Have you ever learned any dates?" Julia turned with an absolutely blank look to Mary, saying: "What does she mean?" It must have been a trying ordeal to my shy and sensitive sister, but she was a born teacher and the girls were forced to learn something. A few weeks later Lily and Nellie Cockshutt, two nice bright little girls, were added to our number. I

greatly enjoyed these lessons; it was certainly the best year's schooling I ever had and I studied diligently, finding no trouble in keeping ahead of the other girls.

The winter came in with plenty of snow and ice and after much persuasion mother allowed me to buy a sleigh. But unfortunately, hills were very scarce, though I got some fun out of it. We had various experiences that winter. Our house was insufficiently heated by a small wood stove in the hall and was so cold upstairs that my sister constantly broke the ice in her bath. But as to health, I was better than during all the years in England, when I constantly suffered from malaria.

Just after Christmas our servant, who had seemed a decent, quiet girl, went completely out of her mind, and we put in two or three days of great nervousness and uneasiness. At last she was taken away by the policeman on a charge of assault, as she had seized Dora by the shoulders and shaken her. On January 19th, my fourteenth birthday, I was studying my lessons quietly by the stove in the hall, when the door opened and in came our mad friend. I was terrified, but she went straight downstairs to the pantry and ate and destroyed twelve large raspberry jam turnovers. We had invited several to tea that evening, as a brother named Kingscote was in town and we purposed having a reading. It was pretty hard to go on with our preparations with this mad woman in the house, and poor mother went to and fro to the police office, Mr. Bennett very kindly assisting all he could. At last, just as we sat down to tea, a policeman came and carried her off in a cab.

When the spring came, we moved to a much pleasanter house, in a more suitable locality, where we actually lived for three years. A good many of the older girls left at the

end of the school year, and their places were filled by younger and more promising pupils, who remained with us for several years. Our new house was not far from Dr. and Mrs. Brendon's. They lived in a comfortable house on a pleasant street. He had a druggist shop in the town. They had only one daughter Mary, who was at school in Montreal when we first came to Brantford, but they also had a little girl living with them, the daughter of Dr. Christopher Wolston. She was two or three years younger than I, but we soon became fast friends, and many happy Saturday afternoons I spent there, playing croquet in the summer and sleigh riding in the winter, but after a time, when her father got married, she went to her own home again and I missed her very much.

There was another sister in the meeting, a Mrs. Watson, who had four tiny girls. They lived a long way from us, but my sister, being greatly urged by Mrs. Watson, used to go up three afternoons a week to teach the little girl "Pussy" to read. In addition to this Dora had several music pupils, so her time was more than occupied. If she had any recreation, it might not have hurt her so much, but she had no interests outside her work and little or no exercise beyond a dull walk occasionally. People talk much now of eight hour days and even six hour days. We knew nothing of such hours. Graham went to work at seven and worked until six, with an hour for his dinner. On Saturday he remained at the store until ten or eleven p.m. and all for \$50 a year. The second year I believe he got \$100. Boys were not overpaid in the seventies, nor underworked.

He too had no suitable companions, and perhaps that was the reason he and I went in so keenly for animal pets. We had dogs and chickens mainly, but at one time we

owned a large brown rabbit, "Artaxerxes Longimanus". He was perfectly tame and ran all round our large yard, but when spring came he found the delights of the neighbors' gardens and his life was in danger, so Graham got a small collar and chain and secured him to the chicken run. Alas, he jumped over the fence once too often and hanged himself. Our favorite dog was poisoned by a half witted boy next door. The little creature was a black and tan toy terrier, very, very small, and greatly loved by us. We also had a large hound named Don, and a third dog constantly made its home with us, whom we named "Timothy Bonepicker".

After the end of that first year I did not go on in the school. For one thing my eyes gave out, which was a great trial. I had to give up all my beloved books and often sit in a dark room at night. My mother suggested my taking some music lessons, which I eagerly consented to and went for three months to a Miss Dempster. These lessons were a great delight to me, and when at the end of this time mother said she could not afford for me to go on, I determined to earn the money for myself. I went round to several of the mothers of our pupils and suggested that I should teach some of the younger members of the family to read. My quest was not very successful, but kind Mrs. Cockshutt sent her little Harry, who was five years old, and a small girl friend accompanied him, and what I earned in this way paid for my having a lesson once a week. It is funny to look back on those days and remember that now "little Harry" is a lieutenant-governor and his name is in all the papers. In the course of the winter, two or three other boys came to my class, and I finally had six or seven. But I was a regular child and every morning played baseball with

the older girls. They called me "Peter". I hardly know how I got the nickname but it stuck to me for years.

Our first holidays were not very enjoyable. Mother had been persuaded by Mrs. Brendon to let her servant go, that we — Dora and I — might learn to do housework during the summer. That we needed the instruction I do not doubt, as neither of us had the faintest idea of how to care for a house. We had always had a servant, even in our poorest days, and if anything extra was needed mother much preferred doing it herself to bothering with our unskilled hands. She had taught herself all she knew of housekeeping, as I do not suppose she ever had occasion to enter a kitchen until she had a house of her own, and then her "two Katherines", of whom she often spoke, looked after both house and children. However, she was an excellent cook and a frugal one, and her house was always nicely kept. I had a great desire to cook. I remember making a cake on my thirteenth birthday, as a special treat. But to turn to and do all the work of a house, in the great heat of summer, we felt to be a real hardship. I remember Dora saying, when the matter was discussed, almost with tears: "...and then there's the jam". The "jam" was no small item in the home at that time. It all had to be made on a wood stove, pound for pound, and boiled and boiled until it became a stiff jam. People made a great deal too, as it was the chief provision for winter. Things came to a climax when mother went for a little visit to Galt and we were left to manage for ourselves.

I do not think our managing was a signal success and we were more than relieved when mother returned, bringing a little French girl with her, who at least could wash dishes and scrub floors. So the time went on and at

Christmas Lady Robinson wrote (they had lately returned from England) inviting mother to spend Christmas with them, and also to bring me. What preparations we made and how I looked forward to that visit, and what a happy one it was.

Lady Robinson had brought out a young lady with her as governess to the girls, Miss Matty Archer. She was perhaps a better companion than governess, and she and Mim were together a great deal, leaving due and me to our own devices. Our mornings were often spent playing chess, or we curled up in comfortable chairs with a book and a big lump of maple sugar. In the afternoon we often walked to town, doing Christmas shopping, but the evenings were perhaps the pleasantest. There was always a big fire in the grate both in dining room and drawing room. We young people had the drawing room to ourselves and our devices were various. Sometimes we played games or read or talked.

Fred never would sit with us. He said we were frivolous and spent his evenings with his parents reading good books. Poor Fred, he was really an earnest Christian and very anxious to please the Lord. He and I were still great friends, but he loved to argue, and would say: "Let us have an argument on baptism". But to go back to our evenings. At nine o'clock Sir James and Lady Robinson came in to the drawing room and we sat quietly while Sir James read us something profitable. On Christmas morning we went for a long walk on the Don River. The flats were not drained then and the river meandered round at its own sweet will. We skated all the way to the bay, which, counting all the turns and twists in the river, amounted to about 7 miles. Fred was with us and also Osmond Cayley, who shared in all our walks and was often at the house. Two other friends

also were often with us, Agatha and Kate Reid. Their father, Dr. Reid, was a very dear good man, a Presbyterian minister and a faithful devoted Christian. They lived just round the corner from the Robinsons and were, I think, their dearest friends. But the holidays soon passed and we returned to our duties at Brantford.

One very great interest I had while in Brantford was the Sunday School. I began to teach a small class soon after I went there and by degrees the little ones were given over to me, until I had about 19. I visited them in their homes and often begged clothes for them from my rich pupils. Mr. William Cook was the superintendent and Miss Sarah Bennett taught the big girls. Later she gave up the class to Mrs. Brendon. I was very fond of my little class and I think they were of me. One little girl confided to me that the reason she did not try to learn to read was because she did not wish to go out of my class.

So the winter passed and the summer of 1874 arrived. Dora was so played out and in such poor health that mother decided to send her to the sea for a change. She found that our cousin Sophie Cayley was going to Murray Bay, and they went together and spent a very pleasant summer. The sister, Mrs. Watson, whose children Dora had been teaching, had now moved to Barrie and she invited mother to visit her there. She was very pleased to do this, as many of the friends of her early life lived there—the O'Briens in particular. While she was away, Graham and I kept house and I was very proud of being mistress of the house. I decided that one of my duties should be to mend the stockings. I spent many weary hours over a big bag of "holey" white stockings; everyone wore white balbriggans then.

Dora came back, better and stronger for her trip, and we began our third school year. It passed uneventfully. I was teaching quite a class of younger children now and studying French with Dora, and also going on with my music. In the spring of 1875 Miss Dempster was married and I left off the music lessons but shortly afterwards I had the opportunity of learning from a master, Prof. Martens, who was teaching at a new Presbyterian college which had just begun in Brantford. He required me to practice three hours daily, which with what I was already doing kept me pretty busy. But I have always felt that the diligence which I was obligated to use in practicing, and the valuable lessons which I learned of economizing my time, were worth far more to me than any amount of music. It was about this time I think that I used to say "Speed is my motto".

In this same summer Lady Robinson suggested that mother should come and keep house for Fred while she and Sir James and the girls went to the sea. The proposal was very agreeable to me, and mother and I went to Toronto as soon as school closed. Dora had been invited to spend the summer with old Mrs. Keefer of Galt. It was not a very cheerful place for a young girl, but Mrs. Keefer had taken a great fancy to her and liked to have her with her, though sometimes for days she would hardly speak to her. My summer was a very cheerful one. Fred and Osmond—who also spent the summer at "Robinson Villa"—went yachting every afternoon when there was a wind, and I frequently accompanied them. I was a splendid sailor in those days and did not know what fear was. I learned to know a good deal about a boat, which I have forgotten since. The boating did me a great deal of good and I came back to Brantford with my eyes perfectly well.

On opening the school for this the fourth year, we found a good many of our most promising pupils had gone to the Presbyterian College. Of course this was not to be wondered at as they had many more advantages there, but it made a great difference to us. My sister was asked to go to Barrie and teach the children of Dr. Ardagh, a brother in fellowship. She was to live with them and teach a few other children with theirs. The arrangements seemed good and she went about Christmas time. Mother and I had now to manage the school. We had about 18 or 19 children, counting my class of little ones. Mother said she could not manage the arithmetic and grammar, so I used to teach the whole school arithmetic for an hour every morning. Then I taught the little ones and mother took the older ones and three times a week I taught the older ones grammar. Now I knew very little grammar, so it meant my studying up the lesson every time beforehand.

I was still taking music lessons and practicing three hours a day. I used to get up at six and come down and practice an hour before breakfast, my hands often so cold that I had to breathe upon them continually to enable me to play. I had taken over Dora's three music pupils, besides three of my own, and as two hours a week was then the custom for music lessons, it kept me very busy. Fortunately I had to walk to the houses of most of my pupils, so I got a little exercise. But it was a very strenuous winter for a girl barely seventeen. I remember I often fainted, one day especially three times, and I used to lie awake with nerve pains in my feet.

In the early spring, mother had a bad fall, coming from the market on Saturday. Her arm was sprained very severely and she could hardly do her teaching. At the same time I

had a large sty on my eye. It did not get better and had to be lanced. Someone coming in—I forget who—told us of a lady, a Miss Risk, who had been a governess in the family of some of our cousins. She had no employment and was very hard up and she was glad to come and spend a little time with us and help in the school. She was not much of a success and the children disliked her but she tided us over an emergency. We were better in a short time, but Miss Risk declined to move on. Mother was greatly upset and finally secured her a place in a boarding house and insisted that she should go next day. In the morning while her things were in process of packing, she fell down the back stairs and sprained her ankle. My brother declared she did it on purpose. Mother supplied her with arnica and of course she had to remain on. She put on so much arnica it produced erysipelas. Poor mother was in despair as the days went on and our unwelcome visitor still stayed on. I remember the day so well when she came in saying: “I have arranged it all. The baker has promised to drive you over”. This was really carried out, much to our relief. She must have been a long time with us, as it was warm weather when she left. That evening, as mother, Graham and I sat at our tea, Mrs. Brendon came to call. Graham mischievously exclaimed (he could see her coming in from where he sat). “Here she is again”. Mother sprang up and ran into the hall exclaiming to the astonished visitor: “Are you really back again?” It was now the summer of 1876, but that was a summer so full of interest in my life that I must give it a chapter to itself.

I have said very little about my brother, though as may be supposed he meant a great deal to us in those days. He was full of life and it seems to me wonderful the steady way

in which he went on year after year in that store. Gradually he worked his way up to be head clerk, though then he only earned \$400 a year. Charlie Rubidge, who afterwards married Mr. Brendon's daughter Mary, was also in the store, but he left before Graham. It was rather a dull life for a boy. He had one friend Goodwin by name and they used to go fishing and sometimes "coon shooting", but his amusements were very few. His tastes were all for a country life.

I remember his buying a new suit and when we asked what kind he was getting, he said it was a new style; its name was "Fence Climber and Woman Pleaser". He and I were great friends always and still made plans for going "somewhere" and having adventures. Each spring he declared he must go and farm, but he did not actually leave home until the spring of 1877.

Another thing I must mention was the visit of Mr. Pressland in the autumn of 1874. He brought from England a beautiful model of the tabernacle and lectured in a most interesting and acceptable manner. It was very helpful to me, making many things clear in the Scriptures. As he went from Brantford to Toronto, I heard all the lectures a second time, for I was spending Christmas again at Lady Robinson's.

It was the same year I first began to write for the Sunday School Magazine. I have forgotten its name. My article was accepted and I wrote several more. I thought out many things while in Brantford. I think the first decision I came to after deep thinking was that it was more difficult to master oneself and give up one's own wishes than to get what you wanted from others. "Of course," I said, "I will do the more difficult thing". I had early learned a measure of

self-control, but from then on I did it on principle. Another point I discussed with myself was hypocrisy. I decided that one should never pretend or attempt to be anything one was not. "I will never play a part, but just be myself," was the result of my cogitations. I remember also writing a long treatise on pride and arguing out that many traits which we gave more attractive names to were simply a form of pride — as shyness, for instance.

I also first made the acquaintance of my grandmother in Brantford — my father's mother. I had not seen her since I was four years old, when my mother left the Church of England. However, she came to Brantford and spent a week with us, and she and I became very good friends. She was a wonderful woman in her way, with great force of character and strong individuality. She was one who always went the way she considered right, irrespective of others, and yet with an immense amount of generosity and benevolence. As her sister told Dora years afterwards, she would as a child keep the fruit and wine they were given at Sunday dinner and take it to some poor woman. That was my grandmother. She was an earnest Christian but one in deeds rather than words. While spending Christmas at Lady Robinson's in 1874 she invited me to spend the day with her, accompanied by Agatha Reid. She was staying at old Colonel Denison's at "Dovercourt", his house. It is now the Center of the city, but then it seemed so far away that Lady Robinson was worried as to how we should get there and finally decided to take us herself in a cab. We had a pleasant day there. My grandmother set us to dress a doll. My sewing apparently pleased her, for she presented me with a pretty little ring which I am sorry to say was lost. In the evening she took us back by car. We had to walk to

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Queen Street and then change at Yonge, paying a second fare. The Yonge Street car went to Bloor and from there we walked to Sherbourne. There was only one track and no heat in the car. The bottom was covered with straw as a means of warmth.

Days of My Pilgrimage

The Summer of 1876

Chapter 9

It was, I think, in the beginning of June, 1876, that Mr. Wilson Smith came to Brantford, and a month later the well-known "Brantford Meeting" took place. Mr. Smith stayed at "Cedar Glen", the Robinson's large house, and it was there they prepared for the meeting. However, while seeing after all the manifold preparations for such a large gathering, he preached night after night in the Town Hall, which was always full. I do not remember that mother and I missed any meeting. To me they were most helpful; though I am sure I had been a Christian for years, I had never thoroughly understood the work of redemption and. Mr. Smith's preaching made it so clear that I was at

once helped and settled. One preaching in particular is vividly before me, on Luke 15. After speaking of the lost condition of the sheep, he said: "...and He laid it on His shoulders rejoicing, and then, did he weary of it and say 'you awkward, clumsy sheep, I cannot carry you farther'? No, He took it all the way home". I do not know why those words gave me so much comfort, but no doubt it was the Holy Spirit speaking peace to my soul.

The last of his meetings was for young believers. He spoke on Romans 12, "I beseech you therefore brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a *living sacrifice*, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service". He spoke of what the mercies were, of what the Father and Son had done for us and now, he said, it is for us to give up to Him our bodies for His service. This meeting made a profound impression on me. There was a definiteness about it which appealed to me. I went home and solemnly consecrated my body, my hands, my feet, my intellect, my will to God. I believe I was accepted, and that moment was the turning point in my life. From then on I felt I was a disciplined child, as if the Lord had said: "I have accepted what you have given me; now I must prepare it for use". I do not by any means maintain that this is what everyone should do; I am only relating the facts as they occurred. I was little more than a child and very ignorant in every way, but I never felt more clearly that I was heard and answered than I did that day, and I have never regretted it. I never spoke of it for many years to anyone. It is strange how material things mix themselves in our minds with spiritual. I never think of those deeply helpful meetings without "jumbles" coming to my mind, for mother used to buy them for our supper as we walked

home in the soft summer evenings. Another thing which perhaps affected me and made me more keenly sensitive at that time was the nervous condition I was in. At night I went over the music I had been playing in the day, note by note in my sleep, and during the day I was never free from headache, feeling as though water was rushing round my brain. I am convinced that I have never had as good control of my brain or as good a memory since.

I must now turn to an entirely different subject. When spending Christmas at Lady Robinson's the previous winter, we had met Mrs. Ord and her daughter Violet, or Birdie as everyone called her. They told us of their wonderful experiences in Muskoka, a part of Ontario just being opened up, all lakes and islands. They had gone up by boat to a place called Port Carling, and spent a most delightful summer there, bathing and boating and picnicking. It sounded ideal, the very place I had so long dreamed of and we were all keen to go. Finally it was arranged that we and the Ords, who were a large family, should go and spend the summer on a big island belonging to a Mr. and Mrs. Lilly. They had once thought of farming it, I believe, and had built a small log house, and this the three families were to occupy. The prospect was entrancing and helped me through some weary weeks that summer. But at last school was closed, the music lessons were finished and the next important event was the great Brantford meeting.

The house at "Cedar Glen" was very large. Downstairs was a broad hall, with two immense rooms opening off each side, and they could be thrown into one, making a huge dancing hall. These rooms were to be used for the meals. Upstairs were ten bedrooms, all of which were to be used for guests. The house, which was approached by a

broad drive, stood on a level piece of ground, possibly two or three acres, with the garden and out buildings. On each side it sloped down into a most picturesque ravine. Behind the house the ground also sloped down to a large orchard which was bounded by the river. Such cherries grew in that orchard and many times I have picked them. Not far from the house was a large building used as a barn and driving shed. This was prepared to hold the meetings in, and about it many beds of straw were arranged for the brothers. These preparations took much time and thought, but Mr. Wilson Smith grudged neither and he had willing helpers. Miss Harriet Wells of Guelph and Miss Alice Gausby both came to his assistance, and Sarah Bennett and I walked out more than once to render what help we could.

It was a happy time for all, but the happiest perhaps were Mr. Smith and Miss Wells, who during those pleasant summer days became betrothed and were afterwards happily married. Those who had homes in town arranged to take in all they could. Our guests were Dr. and Mrs. Ardagh from Barrie, who returned with Dora on the last day of June. Our cousins Minnie Glascott and her sister Sophie Cayley were also there and dear old Mrs. Reid of Bowmanville and her devoted daughter Annie. I think all these took tea with us on that evening and then Minnie and Sophie and the Reids went to the hotel, after promising me a seat in their cab in the morning, the conveyance my mother was providing being full. How well I remember that morning. I walked down to the hotel but could find no trace of cab or cousins. I was standing disconsolately on the sidewalk when a three seater democrat came up and a number of people proceeded to get in. One gentleman came up to me and asked me what I was waiting for. On

my telling him he bade me get in at once, as they were all going to the "Glen". That was my first introduction to our beloved brother Mr. Heney.

On arriving we all assembled in the big barn. There was a sort of low platform on one side and on it were seated a number of brothers. I would I had the pen of a ready writer to describe them. The central figure undoubtedly was Mr. Darby, an old man now and somewhat shaky on his feet, but with all the energy and spiritual vigor of youth. Near him sat Mr. Bennett of Brantford, a brother of many years standing, one who had been gathered out in Plymouth as a very young man, but was now white headed, though years younger than Mr. Darby. Lord Cecil was there, in a blue serge suit patched with blue velvet, and Mr. Dunlop and Mr. Heney, Mr. Talbot and Mr. Hatton Turner, that untiring tract distributor Mr. Baines too, from Montreal, and many, many more.

After prayer and singing, Mr. Darby opened the meeting by asking: "What shall we take up?" After a few minutes pause, Mr. Bennett replied: "Let us take up Ephesians". But I cannot attempt to give an account of the meeting. In fact I have little or no remembrance of what was said. To begin with it was quite too deep for me to understand and my head was too tired to make the effort. I do remember an address of Mr. Baines on "Watching and Waiting for the Lord". Lord Cecil and Mr. Baines preached powerfully every evening. On one occasion my brother was telling a neighbor at dinner of the interest of Brantford people in "a real live lord" preaching, when he found he was sitting in close proximity to that gentleman.

Mr. Darby was wonderful, in spite of the intense heat and not being at all well. He was at all the meetings and one

day we had three, omitting the usual Gospel preaching. I believe that he said there was a great need for teaching and that Romans was more needed than Ephesians. He forgot no one and at once recognized my mother, though it was years since he had seen her. I can picture him now, walking from the house to the barn, assisted by Dr. Wolston and I think Mr. Wilson Smith; a strongly made, tall old man with a rugged kindly face. The weather was very hot and one of the brothers went into town and bought him a luster coat.

The last evening is vividly impressed on my mind. We were all driving back to Brantford in a large democrat. The carriage stopped by the ravine for one more farewell to those remaining at the house and someone began to sing "Then we'll meet to part no more". Everyone took it up and it was very impressive, the background of dark foliage, the lights of the house glimmering behind us and the strong voices of the brothers. Many of those who attended that meeting are in the glory, long since "entered into the joy of their Lord". It was one of the largest meetings I was ever at. About 400 sat down to dinner on Sunday and the meeting lasted a whole week.

Immediately after the meeting I started with Dr. and Mrs. Ardagh for Barrie, leaving mother and Dora to follow later. After a pleasant fortnight there we all went on by Grand Trunk Railway to Gravenhurst, where we got a boat to the island in Lake Rousseau where Mrs. Ord and her family and Mr. and Mrs. Lilly and their son Frank had preceded us. I think that trip was as delightful as anything I ever experienced. We steamed slowly on, passing one island after another, all untouched by the hand of man. We went down the lovely winding river to Bracebridge and then back through Lake Muskoka and landed at Port

Carling. From there we were rowed the four miles to the island.

Lilly's Island, as it is still called, is of large extent but entirely covered with woods except a path which had been cut along the shore to the bathing house. Our party was a large one. Nineteen sat down to meals, and with such appetite's as we had I have often wondered how Mrs. Ord and mother and Mrs. Lilly managed to satisfy us. Groceries had been brought up with us, but we had to row two miles every morning for milk, which was at once boiled, as no ice could be had. Meat was brought twice a week from Gravenhurst and thrown over the side of the steamer to the small boat which Craven Ord, a lad of eighteen, rowed out. We could get all the blueberries we needed for the picking; they grew in bushels everywhere. We think Muskoka lovely now but it is nothing to what it was then. Many of the islands were covered with moss a foot thick, all was quiet, no noisy motor boats puffed up and down, no hotels had been built. It seemed to me the embodiment of all I had desired for so long of wildness and simple life.

Birdie Ord was a good companion. She and I shared a small tent and how we loved it. Fred Robinson and Osmond Cayley both spent some time with us, also my brother. What picnics we had and what fishing. I remember going out with Arthur Ord and catching six two or three pounders before breakfast. One long expedition we took up to Port Cockburn in our large rowing boat. It is at the head of Lake Joseph and was long weary rowing, but eight young people managed it with very little trouble. There was an hotel there and our cousin Mrs. Frank Cayley was there with her baby and her sister-in-law Sophie. Sophie came for a visit to us later. She was very earnest and devoted and

I became very much attached to her. She persuaded me to give up reading Tennyson, which I had brought with me. She was very strict and inclined to be legal, I think.

One day Fred, who was quite an artist, went over to the Eagle's Nest, a lofty rock opposite to us, to paint. Something came in to hinder him and when he got back he found he had lost his paint box. He was in great distress and I offered to go over next morning and help him look for it, though in the wilderness of ferns, moss and underbrush it seemed rather a hopeless task. Sophie went with us and as soon as we landed we all knelt down and prayed that we might find it. It was only a few minutes after that one of us spied it. Fred was very anxious to get a sail boat and heard of one at Bracebridge, which he much desired to see. He persuaded mother to accompany him there and I went with them. It was a lovely trip. We stayed one night in a primitive little hotel and next day got a buckboard and drove out to the falls, some distance up the river. Here we picnicked and Fred sketched while I explored the neighboring wood, finding wonderful treasures in the way of flowers and berries.

Soon after this mother and Dora returned home. "The wild life did not appeal to them as it did to me. My mother must have had a great deal to do, which now after keeping camp for years I well understand, but I do not quite understand why my sister did not care for it. Of course she was rather older than the rest of the young people and her tastes did not lie in the same direction. The mosquitoes too were troublesome. Altogether she was anxious to go home, while I was equally anxious to remain. So mother suited us both by leaving me with Mrs. Ord for another two weeks.

Before mother left we decided to have one more picnic, which was to last all day. We started in the morning and stopped at an island (all were equally public and equally beautiful) for our dinner, and after exploring it went on to Port Carling, where Fred expected to find his boat. The boys were in wild spirits. First they took off Frank Lilly's boots, which were full of holes, and threw them into the water. When I was not looking Craven Ord took away my watch and handed it to Osmond. On arriving at Port Carling a storm seemed to be coming up and we took refuge in an old boat house. Here we waited for hours, eating our supper and amusing ourselves as best we might. At last it became pitch dark and the thunder and lightning were terrible. Osmond undertook to go out and see how things were and it was so dark he walked right into the "lock". He was a good swimmer and a flash of lightning coming, he managed to get out. Then Craven and Frank, becoming restless, went off and returned saying they had arranged for us to remain at the hotel all night. With a great deal of trouble we all got there and settled down, but Craven and Frank took the boat and went home to allay the fears of their mother. It must have been a dangerous row as the lake was wild.

One more incident and I have done with this first experience of camp life which appealed to me. We had a little nephew of Mrs. Ord's staying with us and when the time came for him to return Craven invited me to go to Port Carling with him to see the child off. We made a very early start, having four miles to row and the steamer starting at seven o'clock. Craven took the skiff and put up a small sail, but when we got to the big lake the mast snapped in half with the wind. We rowed the rest of the way, put our little

charge on the boat, bought \$1.00 worth of brown sugar and a big pumpkin and turned for home. How beautiful the Carling River was then I cannot describe. Now it is like a well kept street in a big city. But that day we had not time to think of its beauty, for the wind blew fiercely and strong and as we came out of the river the waves were like mountains. I had never known fear and delighted in the storm, but as we pulled across the wide expanse of water before reaching an island the boat began to ship water. "You must bale," said Craven, and I seized my big straw hat and baled as fast as I could, but the water came in faster than I could bale and our progress was slow. Finally we came to One Tree Island, a solitary rock with, as its name implies, one tree upon it. Craven sprang out, hastily lifted me on to the island and pulled up the boat it was now about nine o'clock and here we stayed, cold, hungry and wet, till late in the afternoon, when we managed to make the next island, where blueberries grew in abundance. At sundown the wind fell and we reached home as they were having supper. A few days later the whole party left for Toronto and our exciting summer was over.

Leaving Home

Chapter 10

I little thought when I returned from Lake Rosseau what a change was about to come over my life, but the most important events of our lives are often those least expected. It had been arranged that I should stay in Toronto for a few days on my way home, and when I got to Lady Robinson's ever hospitable home I found that I was to go from there to stay for a week at my cousin Mrs. William Cayley's house on Beverley Street. Their family was a large one, necessitating a large staff of servants, and the housekeeping was undertaken by Mrs. Cayley's youngest daughter Sophie, of whom I have spoken before. She found the work arduous and her father had suggested

a housekeeper. This suggestion had been carried out but it was not a success. As Dora passed through Toronto she saw Sophie, who told her of their difficulties, and she was moved to ask if I would not be of use in the emergency. Mrs. Cayley, still smarting from the trial her housekeeper had been, said it would be useless, as I would “only flirt with her boys”, so when I arrived in Toronto I found awaiting me the ordeal of going to “The Home”—as the house of the Hon. William Cayley was called—for a week of probation.

I felt it a terrible trial. I barely knew them and after our simple home this fine establishment with its nine servants seemed overpowering. Lady Robinson, in the kindness of her heart, did a little “fixing up” of my person, and I think it must have been at that time that Sarah Bennett was deputed to send down my best dress. Lady Robinson saw that my pigtail was duly arranged on top of my head and purchased for me a very large tortoise shell back comb. I felt as if the days of my childhood were indeed over, though I remember kind Mrs. Cockshutt saying I “never was a child”. A good many of the family were away, so the visit was not quite as terrible as I expected. We had, I remember, a small dinner party and I had to go in to dinner on the arm of Mrs. Cayley’s brother, Mr. John Boulton.

I must confess that it was a happy day to me when I got safely back to Brantford and my mother. Nothing further had been said of my living at “The Home”, so I settled down to teach the very few children who returned to our school. All the older ones had gone to the new Presbyterian College. It was about two weeks after this, I think, when a letter came from Sophie begging me to come at once. “Do not mind clothes,” she said, “I will see to all that.” (I believe

Mrs. Cayley had said I “did not know how to flirt”.) And so I went, feeling very small and shy and frightened.

The journey, which is short and easy now, was a trying one at that time. You went on a branch line of the Grand Trunk Railway to Harrisburg, waited there indefinitely, then took a train for Hamilton, and after another wait a train for Toronto arrived. The station, now called the Old Union Station, was not yet built, but there was a small building somewhere in that neighborhood where I disembarked and there Sophie and her sister Mrs. Glascott met me and brought me up in a cab to their house. I can feel myself now sitting at lunch at that big table, so filled with people, watching with envy the boys drinking ginger beer but too shy to accept it when offered me.

Now I may as well go over the inmates of my new home. First of course was the Hon. William Cayley, a tall stout bald-headed old gentleman, the soul of kindness and hospitality. Mrs. Cayley was a little lady with a quick decided manner of whom I was very much afraid, but she was always very kind to me. The eldest daughter Harriet was married to Mr. James Cartwright and living in Napanee, but the second, Minnie, was at her father’s house with her husband and five little children. The two eldest were girls of seven and eight, Ethel and Amy. Then came Willie of six, little Philip just three, and Arthur, a baby. Two others, a boy and girl, were with their father’s people in Ireland.

Mrs. Cayley’s youngest daughter was Sophie. She was about twenty-five, and a very serious, earnest-minded Christian. She had left the Church of England some time before, as had both her sisters. The two youngest sons were also at home, Hugh and Arthur, boys of just my own age and soon great friends.

The house was, as I have said, a very large one, but the rooms were all spacious and the two larger bedrooms had each a dressing room, quite as big as an ordinary bedroom today. Furnaces were not the order of the day in 1876 but a huge coal stove in the immense square hall and a second in the back hall were kept going and there were fires in the grates in nearly every room. How pleasant and “homey” the big dining room used to look in the morning, with its bright cheerful fire and the shining brass kettle on the “hob”. The tea was made in the dining room and it was one of my duties to make it. I remember Mrs. Cayley instructing me: “Six spoonful’s, and be sure to make it by nine o’clock”. A separate room could not be found for me, so Sophie generously shared hers with me—a large square room with two doors, one opening on to the front hall and the other on to the back hall where the nurseries were. A large bow window looked over the garden. The front of the house was right on the street, but the back, where the drawing and dining rooms were situated, looked over the garden. A sloping terrace led you to a beautiful croquet lawn, where Mr. Cayley used to play croquet on sunny afternoons with his old friends Mr. Todd and Mr. Michie and others whose names I have forgotten. At each corner of the lawn was a flower bed, brilliant with verbenas and petunias. To arrange these for the table was one of my duties and one I fear I did not excel in. Behind the lawn were trees and at the northwest corner Mr. Cayley had built a house for his son Frank when he married, and there they lived with the one baby Emma. All the south side of the garden was a shrubbery where the Glascott children played and where occasionally the cow pastured.

What pleasure Mrs. Cayley took in her cow, or perhaps it would be more correct to say out of the milk, which was brought to the store room twice a day and put to stand in large flat milk pans. I do not think “creamers” were thought of then and if they had been I am sure dear Mrs. Cayley would have considered them an abomination. How she enjoyed skimming off the thick yellow cream, putting some in this little jug and some in that; one portion for “Mrs. Frank” and another for “Mrs. John” the wife of her eldest son, who was rector of St. George’s church on John Street just round the corner. On Sunday evenings the whole family assembled in the pretty drawing room after church. I can see them now, each in his accustomed place, my grandmother, who was constantly there, on one side of the little Center table and Mr. Cayley on the other. Then the long row of servants filed in and we had prayers, followed by supper.

My duties were very light. I taught the little girls for an hour in the morning, helped Sophie to arrange the dessert and the flowers and kept the elder children in the evening while late dinner was going on. Hugh and Arthur and I had breakfast and “supper” together, at 8:30 am and 6 pm, and many a merry meal we had. Another of my duties was to go occasionally to the wine cellar with Arthur, to fill the little demijohns with port and sherry. It was a slow process, as the wine ran in a very small stream from the cask but Arthur always borrowed the storeroom keys in preparation and his pockets were well filled with nuts and raisins and apples, of which we freely partook.

He was a very dear boy, so kindly and sweet tempered, a very real Christian. We had many grave talks together and I was very fond of him. Hugh was at the university and

a clever lad. He seldom talked to anyone, but spent long evenings in study, coming down at 9.30 pm with tousled hair and ink-marked coat to get his evening tea—such a contrast to Arthur in his evening cut-away coat and spotless shirt and tie. I remember Arthur instructing me in the art of sucking cream through a lump of sugar. He was the apple of his mother's eye; she would have given him anything.

But I must not linger over these days, pleasant in so many ways, for I loved the little children and never wearied of caring for them, and Sophie and I were tremendous friends, doing everything together. Many a pleasant drive we had in the little carriage, going to visit some of the poor in the meeting, who lived at a long distance. Not that it was very far to any part of the city. Berkeley street bounded it on the east, the Asylum on the west and Bloor Street on the north.

So the days went quickly by and Christmas came in sight. Oh what preparations went on; the days Sophie and I spent in town examining this and that with a view to presents for the family and servants. Eaton's and Simpson's had not appeared, but Catto had his shop on King Street and at the southeast corner of King and Yonge, where the Canadian Pacific Railway buildings now stand, was a long, low, dimly lighted shop, considered the best dry goods store in Toronto: "Kaye's". It was there Sophie bought the brown merino dress for herself and a navy blue dress for me, which were made exactly alike, with tight-fitting "basques" and long skirts touching the ground, and a little train at the back, looped up during the day. What a trial those long skirts were; how muddy they used to get; no wonder girls rejoice now in their short skirts!

At Christmas time I went home with Dora, who was on her way back home from Barrie. I was laden with Christmas gifts, which seemed in my eyes very beautiful. Even Mr. Cayley had told Sophie to get me something from him, and she bought me a dear little work basket which I used for years. Dora was in a very poor state of health and mother would not let her go back to Barrie. She had had a very strenuous time there, Mrs. Ardagh being very much depressed, and poor Dora's nerves had suffered. Mother too was glad to have her with her, for my brother had decided to leave the hardware business and go to learn farming in the spring.

The Christmas holidays soon passed and I went back, less reluctantly than at first, though I always felt like a stranger in that big house during the first year. The only events of interest during the winter were lectures by Mr. F. W. Grant on Genesis I and my having the measles. The lectures were wonderful. I well remember how Mrs. Glascott used to come and get a bite in the storeroom and then a cab arrived and we three went off, to listen spellbound. I do not think I ever heard lectures before or since which fascinated me so. The measles were as disagreeable to me as the lectures delightful. They had them at the Rev. John's and I suppose Mrs. John brought them over to the house, where she often came in the evening when the little Glascotts were in bed. As a result I came down with them and was promptly sent over to my grandmother's, who nursed me with great care.

She was living in a large, old-fashioned cottage on John Street with her son, my Uncle Henry and his wife and their one surviving child Charlotte, then about ten years old. I spent three weeks there and got to know my grandmother very much better. How dull the days were. I had neither

books nor work and I spent many weary hours counting the pieces in the patchwork hangings which my grandmother had over her windows, or the patterns on the wall. When well enough to be up I still had no occupation and fretted and fumed like a caged animal. My patience, I fear, was of a poor kind. My grandmother used to stay in bed till about 10 am, sipping a cup of tea at intervals. Then she got up and dressed, read a chapter and spent some time tidying her room. About four or five o'clock she went out and seldom returned before eleven or twelve pm. She went to dinner at Judge Hagarty's one evening and to the Grasett's one evening. She also went to other places—the Denison's I expect, for one. She always dined with the Baldwin's on Sunday after church. She was a staunch church woman but not at all High Church and a very real Christian. She loved to give and was never idle a moment, making little work bags, pincushions, etc to give away. She generally left her friend's houses about ten o'clock, then traveled over to Mr. Cayley's and sat for an hour or two with him, always working. I remember those days I spent with her. She would come in at perhaps eleven and then toast a piece of cheese over the coal fire and we supped together. I got so impatient at last that I went over to the Ord's, who lived close to "The Home", and begged them to take me in till I was considered "safe" to return to my usual occupation. I think this hastened matters somewhat and I soon went back to Beverley Street. I was certainly very impatient and it took many hard lessons before I had even the ordinary patience women are supposed to possess.

I was very restless and ever seeking to live as a Christian and failing. I felt I must give up anything which savored of the world, and my standard was too high for my faith.

I did not understand that one has to grow in grace, and expected to do great things at once. Mrs. Glascott had a very dear friend, Alice Miller, and she used to find great help and inspiration going to see her. I should have liked to have gone to see her, and indeed she invited me, but I was discouraged by Minnie and Sophie from going. I found out later the reason.

So the days went on and the first of April brought “another little April fool”, as Hugh said, to the house. It was a sweet baby and Mrs. Glascott took great pleasure in it and so did I. This young lady required a nurse to herself and as little Arthur was still a baby and needed a nurse to look after him the three elder children came to be almost entirely the charge of Sophie and myself. Ethel and Amy slept in two little beds in our room and we looked after them practically altogether. Ethel was a fair delicate child with a thick mane of fair hair. She spent most of her time reading in the drawing room. Amy, also very fair, with short wavy hair, was a very imp of mischief. She seemed to be everywhere, tormenting each member of the family in turn, now insisting on peeling potatoes in the kitchen, then hiding the gardener’s tools, then dragging little Philip into some escapade such as blacking his face with coal or helping themselves to sugar from the sideboard. By degrees the family got in the habit of sending her to me. It was “Go to Cousin Fanny” all day long, till at last I was rarely without her, but I never wearied of her. She was the first little child I had ever had to love and my whole heart went out to her and she loved me “frantically” in return. I suppose one’s first love of any kind has some peculiar fascination about it and can never be repeated just the same again. I have had to do with many little children since but

none ever appealed to me in just the same way (of course I do not include my own children in this statement).

In April, 1877, there was a general meeting in Toronto at which Mr. Darby was present. His voice was now so weak that only brothers attended the meetings during the day, though we had some public lectures in the evenings. I think there was one tea for everybody and that was the last time I had the privilege of seeing this devoted servant of Christ.

Soon after the arrival of little Grace it was decided that the Glascotts should all return to Ireland, where Captain Glascotts father had an estate. I think the idea was that he look after it, as his father was growing old. Mr. and Mrs. James Cartwright were moving to Toronto and I think Mr. Cayley handed over the position Captain Glascott had filled to Mr. Cartwright. They spent some time with us at "The Home" and then took a house on Beverley Street while Mr. Cayley was having a house built for them on the soutest corner of his property. Mrs. Cartwright and I were soon great friends. She was very earnest, a most devoted Christian, full of faith and good works.

There was much to do before the Glascotts left and the little carriage was kept busy with shopping and visits. My especial share of the work was to dress three large dolls for Ethel, Amy and Eva, the little sister in Ireland. I was a neat sewer but not a skillful one and it took me many, many hours to get all those clothes made.

During the summer I was off and on at "Robinson Villa", where mother was keeping house for Fred and Osmond while Lady Robinson and Sir James and the girls went to the mountains and later to the sea, coming home by Saratoga. Dora accompanied them, so mother

was a good deal alone unless I came up to stay with her. I always brought Amy and sometimes Philip with me. I remember one evening we had Dolly Ord, who was a year or so older than Amy, to tea. The little girls had tea alone and then played in the garden. When I put Amy to bed she prayed most earnestly that she might not be ill in the night, "for you know, Lord," she added, "that it was Dolly who tempted me to take them". I found on inquiry that the children had helped themselves freely to the new potatoes left from late dinner.

Dr. Ardagh came in one day unexpectedly and declared I was pale and must come to Barrie with him and then on to Muskoka to stay with the Ords. I had been invited but had not expected to go, as there seemed so much to do. However I had a very pleasant week in Barrie and two at Lake Rosseau. Amy cried bitterly when I left but prayed every night that "dear darling Cousin Fanny would come home quite well and as fresh as a daisy".

It was not long after my return that the separation came. It was in September and the house seemed very empty when such a party had gone out of it; Captain and Mrs. Glascott, six children and two nurses. I still think of that day when I see the shining horse chestnuts lying on the ground and I go back to that morning when I walked sadly behind the shrubbery, feeling I must be alone where no one could see my tears.

Mother had taken a house on Charles Street during the summer and got her furniture from Brantford, and by this time she was settled in it. Osmond had also come to live with her. Poor Dora seemed now to be quite an invalid. At Saratoga they had consulted a doctor as to which springs they should drink from. He looked at Dora and said she was

the one who needed treatment, and strongly recommended her back to be burned. It was nothing of an operation, he said, and would work a marvelous cure. Lady Robinson, at her wit's end to know what to do for the best, at last agreed, but was terribly grieved when she found what a severe ordeal it was. Dora got home with difficulty and for many months was confined most of the time to the sofa. Graham had gone to learn farming in the spring, but was not finding his first venture altogether satisfactory. Later he went for a year to Mr. Kemp's farm near Forrest

A Second Year at the Home

Chapter 11

After the Glascotts had gone and the work was taken out of my hands, I went home to Charles Street. I was not feeling at all well, and had constant pain in my back. But when Mrs. Cartwright asked me to teach Mildred, her little girl of seven, I was glad to do so, not only because I was very much attached to Cousin Harriet, but because I was anxious to earn something. I went about twelve o'clock, had lunch and remained until 5.30 p.m. So Mrs. Cartwright felt quite happy in going out visiting or otherwise disposing of her time. It was easy work. Mildred was very bright and no trouble to teach. Lessons only lasted an hour and then I either took her out or amused her in some way at home.

Shortly after I began, we invited two more little cousins, Daisy and Wilfred Boulton, twins of seven, to join the lessons and walks. But the long walk from Charles Street to Beverley was quite too much for me, and cars were a great expense, there being no transfers, so it cost me ten cents each way, which would soon eaten up my slender salary of \$6.00 a month. I remember kind Mr. Cartwright giving me \$1.00 worth of tickets once; he was always so good in little ways. After trying for two or three weeks, Mrs. Frank Cayley insisted on my coming to her for a visit. I was there three weeks and then Mrs. Cayley said I must come back to them again. I can never forget how she took me in her arms and said: "Do not leave me; they are all going away," but that was later on in the winter when Sophie left us to join her sister in Ireland.

When I first went to The Home, I took music lessons, and afterwards, leaving off the music, I went with Birdie Ord to a French lady for lessons. Soon after I began to teach Mildred, I was one evening at the Leslie's, who were then living in their pretty house on Murray Street, and Louie, the youngest daughter, who was about my age, begged me to come and take French lessons with her at Mrs. Neville's school on John Street. Sophie was quite willing, but the difficulty was the lessons were from one to two twice a week, just when I should be at Cousin Harriet's to lunch. However, my grandmother insisted I should go, and used to have a nice little lunch ready for me when I had finished my lesson. I enjoyed these lessons immensely and learned a great deal of French that winter, spending long mornings by the drawing room fire, poring over grammar or dictionary. Sometimes I spent an evening at the Leslie's and Louie and I studied together.

My back still continued to trouble me very much, and our old friend and doctor, Dr. Adams, recommended a course in electricity. It was to cost \$30.00 and my funds were small, but a music pupil turning up in the form of Mabel Cartwright, I managed to save the \$30.00 and had the treatments, which patched me up for a time. Dr. Adams and old Dr. Hall (father of the child specialist) were then the only homeopaths in the city. Dr. Adams and I were great friends. He taught me a little phrenology and used to say if I had been a boy he would have put me through for a doctor, as he had no son. How I longed to have been a boy and been able to study medicine. I was already dabbling in it, and made one or two quite good cures that winter. Cousin Harriet had a young friend staying with her, Lottie Barker. She was in very poor health, and many an evening she asked me to come over and stay with her while she devoted herself to her father and mother.

We had a succession of visitors at the Home that winter; Mrs. Cayley's two nieces, Bessie and Alice Boulton, and a Miss Allen from Haymarket, also my cousin Emily Wilgress, daughter of my father's sister, who had died some years before. Sophie had not been well for some time, and after Christmas it was decided that she should join her sister in Ireland. I missed her terribly; we had been like sisters for so long, sharing not only one room, but having our thoughts and interests so much in common. It was the evening before she left that she said to me: "Do go and see Alice Miller; I am sure she will be a help to you," and then rather reluctantly she added, "do not let her lead you astray, for I do not think she believes in eternal punishment." I did not go at once, but at last one day I felt as if I must have some help; life's problems were too many for me. The

perpetual question of right and wrong seemed to wear my very life out. If I read a book and enjoyed it (a secular hook), I tormented myself as to whether it was displeasing to the Lord. If I indulged in a game of croquet at the Robinson's or Leslie's I went through the same torture. Then I left off playing games or reading light literature, but I still felt that the desire to do it was as bad as the action. So I went over to Carlton Street one day, carrying a book Sophie had left for Miss Miller, but really wondering if she would give me any light. I was not one who could talk of my feelings, but somehow it was not long before dear Alice had found out all my troubles. She was a skillful physician. She did not speak of this or that being right or wrong, but she spoke of the love of the Father, of His joy over His children, of His desires for them. She had known a great deal of trouble. The most capable one in the family, she had done much to support a widowed mother and deformed sister, when she injured her own back and was for seven years a complete invalid unable to walk a step. During this time she carried on a school with often thirty children. She also had a little orphan nephew and niece to bring up. When I first knew her she was gradually recovering, and could walk about a little. She supported the family largely by fancy work and also had the care of two or three children, so she was never idle, but I was always welcome and many an hour I spent with her, learning lessons which were to benefit me all my life. I remember one conversion in particular. We had spoken of meekness, and she said she always prayed to be meek. "But," I said, "I could not do that truthfully, as I do not wish to be meek." "Well," she said, "do you not think the Lord was meek?" "Yes," I said, "no doubt, but I do not think meekness a desirable thing." "And yet," she

said, "you think it right to be meek." "Yes," I admitted, "I have no doubt it would be right." "Well," she suggested, "how would it do to pray that you may wish to be meek?" I agreed to that and prayed that prayer for a long time, until almost unconsciously it changed to a cry to be made meek. "Wisdom, courage and meekness," those were the three things I prayed for, for years.

Another point she pressed upon me was the wonderful fact that we may "know Christ". She certainly knew Him in a wonderful way. Her prayers were a tremendous help and uplifting to me. I never felt the same unhappiness again; life took an entirely new character to me. I was much helped too by some of Miss Havergal's books. Also I read and re-read Mr. Turpin's pamphlets—"The Family of God" especially. Certain books suit certain stages in one's Christian life, and it is a mistake to think that a book which is helpful to you will certainly help someone else. I read "Notes on Leviticus" by C. H. MacIntosh too at this time, with intense enjoyment.

Another thing which made a deep impression on me was a visit from Gerald Scott at "The Home". He had been a bright, happy Christian, preaching very acceptably and delighting in the things of the Lord. Little by little he was drawn away, until everything was given up, and when I met him for the first time since 1872 he had become a thorough man of the world. He had dissolved partnership with Claude and Beverley Cayley and intended to study medicine. For this purpose he came to Toronto, to take an examination, and stayed at my mother's house. But he was taken seriously ill and came to recuperate to the Cayley's. Bessie Boulton and some other girl were staying with us also, and I looked on at them all with astonishment mixed

with the deepest distress; that anyone could have changed as he had done, given up the things of God for all this foolish, idle nonsense. Mrs. Cartwright was as distressed as I was, and we prayed continuously. I do not know whether he suspected the state of my feelings, but Bessie told me that he asked why I was so silent—said he had never met such a silent girl. But I do not think he was happy. One Sunday evening I stayed with him while the others went to church, and he begged me to play over the old hymns for him. I think it was the next day Cousin Harriet gave me a little note to hand to him. She told me all she put in it was, “I will arise and go to my father”. This I believe was the beginning of the restoration. His father came for him and took him home and later they went to England, where he died very happily, fully restored to the joy of the Lord.

Looking back at those days I must not forget the meetings for young people at mother’s house. Sometimes Mr. Grant took them and sometimes Mr. Cartwright. The young people were encouraged to talk freely and express their difficulties, and I think they were very profitable. But we did not spend all our spare time on meetings. We often had picnics and Fred (later Sir Fred Robinson), who had disposed of his old yacht “The Wanderer” and got a small sail boat, was always glad to take us for a trip. There was a lady called Mrs. Jones, the widow of a Dr. Jones, who had two sons, and a young man who lived with them, Eddie Checkley. These boys were fond of boating and their mother often came with us. I well remember one picnic. I think Birdie Ord was possibly there—I know George Jones and Eddie and Fred and Mrs. Jones were. We had gone along the lake in an easterly direction past what they now call Fisherman’s Island. We stopped for dinner, landed

and spread our table in a little wood. Presently a rowing boat stopped and a young man and a girl got out. They could not see us and we paid little attention at first to them, but presently we judged he was proposing to her. He at last went on his knees to her, but she seemed to remain obdurate. We felt we were spies, but on the other hand it would be more embarrassing to appear suddenly. After a short time they went away and then the boys danced all round the place and made a grave and covered it with flowers. We were all young and foolish then.

The Toronto Bay was a fine place for boating, before it became crowded with steamers and motor boats, and we often went rowing on it in the evenings. The Island, then a dreary tract of sand, with neither shade nor grass nor sidewalks, was not an inviting place, though mothers often took their children there to play in the sand. It was just about this time that Mr. Cayley suggested the idea of building cottages on the lake front of the Island. He built one, a little like a Noah's ark in appearance, and his friend Mr. Todd built another. I believe these were the first cottages.

Another improvement in the city was double tracking Yonge Street for the cars and putting a line on Sherbourne Street. Everything was very disorganized while this was going on and we rode in omnibuses. In the winter the cars used to be put on sleighs, but there was no way of warming them and the driver was exposed to rain or snow. A dear old brother was a driver for many years.

One day during the spring of 1878 I was visiting my mother and sister, who was still an invalid, and to my astonishment she told me that she had proposed to old Mrs. Reid of Bowmanville that I should go as governess to her

six grandchildren. But I exclaimed: "I have never had any education; I could not do it". "Oh yes," said Dora, "you are quite able; you know a good deal of both French and music, and they are not advanced students." After discussing it for a long time I said I would write to Mrs. Reid and tell her that I did not feel I was really fit for the position, but that if she liked I would come to Bowmanville for a day or two and we could discuss it. She willingly agreed to this plan and sent me the fare. She was going to England with her daughter very soon and wanted the children to begin their lessons before she returned.

So one Friday afternoon I took the 4 p.m. train as directed, and arrived in Bowmanville about 7 p.m. I had to take the rumbling old bus which met the trains, and was soon put down at Mrs. Reid's door. It was a very pleasant house to stay in, large and orderly and yet very homey. In the sitting room on one side of the front door was a large stove or grate, or something between the two, which nearly always had a wood fire in it, and there dear old Mrs. Reid sat most of her time, bending over her clean white knitting. She was very blind and knitting was the only work she could do. Her daughter was, I think, a perfect housekeeper, and woe betide the speck of dust or spot of rust which came under her eye. The servants were models and many a young girl was trained in that home for useful after life. All round the house was a verandah, and you walked down steps into a pretty garden, Annie Reid's delight, full of lilies and roses, Canterbury bells and many other old-fashioned flowers. Beyond the flower garden was an extensive vegetable garden and innumerable berry bushes, and then came the large orchard and paddock.

I learned to know and love it all so well in many after visits that it is hard to say just what happened on that first one. I know on the day following my arrival we went for a picnic, the then governess accompanying us. She was no other than Mary Harvey, Sarah Benett's cousin, who had been teaching the Robinsons when we returned to Canada. She managed to corner me and tried hard to find out why she was dismissed. It was not altogether a pleasant expedition. Sunday passed peacefully and on Monday I returned to Toronto, having arranged to be at my post on August 31st and to receive the generous salary of £40 a year.

Days of My Pilgrimage

Bowmanville

Chapter 12

On the evening of August 31st 1878, I arrived in Bowmanville, as had been previously arranged. I came by boat, having more pleasant prospects in those days when the world was not in quite such desperate haste, and when a boat from Toronto to Montreal could take time to call the small towns on the way. I was about four hours on the way and felt sorry when we arrived and I once more had to face a strange world. But I need not have feared; I could not have received a kinder welcome than I did from Mrs. Harry Reid, the mother of my pupils-to-be, who herself met me at the wharf.

Perhaps one could hardly imagine a greater contrast than between Mrs. Reid Senior's large, comfortable, quiet, well-ordered house and the small, irregular establishment, crowded with children, which I now encountered. It was a red brick cottage quite at the extreme end of the town from the grandmother's house. On one side of a small hall was the school room, with my bedroom off it. On the other side the living room and another bedroom. A little wing had been put on at this side which contained two small rooms. The kitchen, dining room and servant's bedroom were below. Dr. Harry Reid, who was a stepson of my old friend, had died some two years before, leaving a widow and five children to get on as best they might. Mrs. Reid was exceedingly kind to them and provided education for them, as well as many other things. Mrs. Harry Reid was a very gentle, loving little lady, quite unfit to cope with her energetic family. Her great standby and help in every way was Lily, her eldest daughter of fifteen. She was a very sweet girl, but had a great deal of force and character, and had become old and wise beyond her years, in her efforts to keep things going. Of the others, Nannie was a harum, happy-go-lucky girl of eleven, Mabel an exceedingly pretty little thing of seven, and two boys, Blair and Eddie, completed the family.

It was a very short time before I was friends with them all; indeed I always felt more like an elder daughter in the house than a stranger and generally called Mrs. Harry Reid "mother". I never had any trouble with the children. Lily was stiff at first, but in a few days thawed out and we were the best of friends. I found afterwards that a mutual friend (?) had been telling her what a mistake it was her grandmother engaging me, as I would be of no use. How

little people think when they make such speeches what seeds of mischief they may be sowing.

We had a good-natured country girl as servant, but her ideas of cooking were decidedly hazy. However, she was a good hand at buckwheat pancakes, which formed our breakfast most days — real buckwheat, not the stuff we buy now in packages. Mrs. Reid would say towards supper time: “Which will you have, children, biscuits or Johnny cake?” and we chose according to our fancy. She seldom went to the stores; Nanny was our shopper. She ran round every morning to purchase a small piece of meat to fry, before school, and as she had her choice it was oftener “chalk pops”, as the youngsters called their favorite pork chops, than anything else. But she was a good woman, who loved the Lord and her Bible, and spent much time in prayer, and the atmosphere of the house was one of love. Lily was a Christian too and Eddie Checkley, her husband now for over forty years, had been instrumental in bringing her to the Lord’s Table. We had much happy fellowship together, and long talks, during our daily walk after school.

The meeting was small and rather unique; Mrs. Reid and her family, three rather elderly ladies, Mrs. Armor, her sister Mrs. Turner and Mrs. Cubitt, an elderly brother, Mr. Raynes, and four very young brothers ranging from fifteen to twenty-one. These boys, three of them brothers, were very earnest, and held cottage meetings in the poor end of the town, where Annie Reid and Mrs. Armor had a large Sunday school. We also had a reading meeting at Mrs. Reid’s house every week, indeed the meetings were all held there. I forgot to mention an old crippled brother, Shepherd by name, who came occasionally. He lived in the country and was a very godly man; his very presence

seemed to raise the tone of the meeting. Soon after I came we persuaded Mrs. Armor to begin a Bible class for young women. Quite a number used to come and I for one found it very profitable.

Our days went quietly on. I always got up at 6 a.m. so as to get an hour for reading and prayer before breakfast. This was easy when I first got to Bowmanville, but as the winter came on it was cold work. The school room was heated only by a pipe from the kitchen stove below, and the only heat I got was from the school room, and as may be imagined, it was not much. At 7.30 a.m. I superintended the practicing until breakfast time. After that came prayers. Lessons began at nine and went on until twelve, and we had an hour for sewing in the afternoon, then music lessons. About four all was finished, the children went out to play and Lily and I took a walk. The evening was taken up almost invariably with two visitors. The first was Mr. Raynes, who spent nearly every evening sitting with Mrs. Reid in the sitting room. He was really courting her, and unfortunately she yielded to his importunity and they were married a year or so later. It was not a happy match. The two families did not hit things off and they finally separated. But when I was there it was all running smoothly and the daughters, Maggie Raynes and Nannie Reid, spent every available moment together, while little Bessie Raynes was the constant playmate of our three younger children. Our second visitor was Lily's uncle, Mr. James Reid. He was a widower with two little girls who lived with their mother's relations. If you could get him to talk he was a very interesting man, but as a rule he never spoke, and would sit with us in the school room all the evening without opening his lips. I often spent the evening

either drawing or studying arithmetic, and Mr. Reid was very helpful to me in the latter.

So the days passed quietly by and at Christmas I went home for two weeks. Before this, however, Mrs. Reid and her daughter had returned from England, with her two little grand-daughters, Elsie and Florrie Reid. They were the children of her own eldest son, Mr. John Reid, who was a civil engineer, and had already gone up to that Great Northwest, of which we were soon to hear so much. They of course joined my little school. My brother was also home for Christmas, and he was very full of plans. He had quite decided to go to the Northwest in the spring. I do not know whether the Canadian Pacific Railway was even begun in 1879, but you could go round by Chicago and Minnesota. Homesteads of 160 acres were available to any man over eighteen, and you could also pre-empt another 160 acres, and buy it at \$1.00 an acre later. My grandmother had a friend, Dr. Wright, whose son intended to go west in the spring, and she invited Graham to go with him, and they talked a great deal about it. It seemed exactly what we had looked forward to all our lives, and both Graham and I took for granted that I would go too. My mother never opposed the idea. I suppose we had talked so long of going forth together to meet adventures that she had become accustomed to the thought, and of course it was not to be immediately. "I will go in March," said Graham, "and get the house built, and you will join me in October." So we parted for a season but fully expected to spend the next winter together in a land of romance and adventure.

On my return to Bowmanville, I found that Eleneen Checkley, my friend Eddie's sister, was staying with Mrs. Reid Senior. Their father had been a doctor, I think, in

St. Vincent, West Indies, and had died some years before, leaving a widow and seven children. The two elder boys, Eddie and Frank, had been sent to their uncle, the Rev. Checkley, who educated them. But when Eddie left the Church of England, his uncle refused to have anything more to do with Him, and then the Mrs. Jones I have mentioned before took him in. Eleneen had also come to Canada to go to school, and I had just missed meeting her several times, so I was pleased to make her acquaintance at last. We took a number of walks together and talked, as I believe only girls can. She was now teaching in the United States in a rich family, with many children, and was much enjoying this visit to this old friend of her father's. We found we had very much in common, both being Christians and both teaching, and also being exactly the same age. One great difference between us was height, as she had arrived at six feet and I had only succeeded in attaining five. We were very sorry to part and did not know how soon we were to meet again.

About the end of February Graham came to say goodbye to me. It is hard to realize in these days of rapid transit what setting off for the Northwest meant. There was no railway through Canada, and it meant a long and very uncertain journey through the United States. Then when you arrived in Emerson, the first station in Canada again, you had to start off on untried trails. There were no bridges, no roads, no towns, no hotels. One felt it was worse than going to Central Africa would be now. So I may be forgiven if I shed many tears at seeing him go so far, although he declared he should be ready for me in October.

After he was gone the time went quietly on until Easter, when I went home for my holidays. The night before I left I

was seized with a violent pain in my side. Mrs. Harry Reid was alarmed and put a mustard plaster on me, which took away the pain, and I walked to the station and traveled to Toronto the next day. But on arriving I was again attacked by the same pain and spent most of my holiday in bed, being nursed up with an attack of false pleurisy. I found my mother and sister in a condition of some excitement. They had had a visit from Mrs. Joseph Robinson, and she had said if only Dora could go to the water cure at Castille, New York, she was sure, it would cure her. My mother was willing to do anything to accomplish this, and decided to give up her house and send Dora to the "cure" at once. Soon after my return to Bowmanville this was done. I think she went with her to Castile and established her in a comfortable boarding house, just opposite to Dr. Green's establishment. On her return she gave up the house, stored her furniture, and went to pay a long visit to Mrs. Judge Wilson, familiarly known in our circle as Aunt Biddy. She was a stately old lady, very crippled with rheumatism, who lived alone in a little house with a faithful maid. Soon after Dora went to Castille, Lady Robinson decided to take Jue there, and while she was away mother went to keep house. I mention this as it was during this short absence of her mother's that Mim became engaged to Osmond Cayley.

I never seemed to really recover from the sharp attack of illness at Easter, and as the spring came on, I flagged more and more, until everything I did was a burden. I remember one morning, the end of May, praying earnestly for help, as I felt I could go on with the strenuous work I was employed in no longer. I had not told my mother how unwell I was, but it is possible Mrs. Harry Reid may have done so. However, that very day I got a letter from her,

telling me to come home at once and then, as soon as I was able, go also to Castile, while she came to Bowmanville and carried on my little school for the month of June. I was only too thankful to agree, feeling it was a direct answer to prayer. Mrs. Harry Reid felt that she could not undertake to entertain my mother in her cottage, so Mrs. Reid Senior agreed that she should live there, and before many days were over I was in Lady Robinson's hospitable home, preparing to start for Castille. I was very weak and pretty willful. I remember sitting on the lawn, coughing frightfully, and Lady Robinson and mother said I must sit quietly there and have my dinner, but I said: "No, I can go in," and getting up I staggered in, saying, "I will, I will, I will".

First Visit to the United States

Chapter 13

It seemed a great event to me, this my first visit to a foreign country, especially as I was going all alone. Kind Lady Robinson helped me pack my trunk, and had it very firmly corded and the address tacked on over one of the knots; she said it would discourage the Custom House officials from opening it! I went first by train to Niagara. There I got a bus which took me to some other station, where I got a train for Buffalo and changed there again for Castille. I found Dora and Jue awaiting me, and I was soon comfortably settled in the house with them. There

were not many boarders. Besides Dora and Jue there was a girl from Chicago, with whom they were very friendly, a Miss Tibbetts, generally known as Tibbie, and a dear old Southern lady, Mrs. Poindexter, and her two daughters Mary and Betty. Betty was a sweet, gentle, clinging little creature, with the big brown eyes and black hair so often seen in true Southerners. I remember our brown hair was quite admired by the Americans. They said it was uncommon in their country and known as "Canadian brown".

Castille itself was a quiet sleepy little street, surrounded by a beautiful country, very pleasant for driving or riding, as we found later on. Near to our boarding house was a beautiful apple orchard, now all in flower, and we spent many peaceful hours in it. We always went there on Sunday mornings, and Dora generally had a book to read to us, and I remember she taught us several hymns. One in particular I have never forgotten, beginning: "There is sunlight on the hilltop, there is sunlight on the sea", and another: "Oh to be over yonder, in that land of wonder". I still connect the Song of Solomon with that orchard and the pink and white apple blossoms.

I did not take treatment, as I felt the board was all I could manage. It was only \$5.00 a week, but it seemed a good deal in those days. Dora and Jue went over twice a day and submitted to various baths and rubbings. It certainly did them both good, and the regular life, with exercise, rest and food all carefully arranged was certainly beneficial. Dr. Green was a remarkable woman. She was then about fifty. Her father had been a doctor and she began to study medicine at twelve years of age. She only took ladies, and her good common sense and Christian principles must have been a great help to many of the "spoiled" girls who

frequented the "cure". Every week she had a Bible reading which was highly instructive, and most of the patients attended it. Her assistant, Dr. Stevens, was a very attractive lady and a very great favorite with us all. I soon found out that my new friend "Neen" Checkley was at Canesaraga, only about twenty miles from us. She got a week end off and came over and spent it with us. We all resorted to our orchard on Sunday and studied Deuteronomy 8, that wonderful chapter. Later on I went over and spent a day with her. She was not very happy. It was a large house in beautiful grounds, but she was never free for a moment from her work. She had a school house, which had been built on purpose in the grounds, and there she taught all the family who were "of understanding", certainly six or seven, and she had the charge of them at all times.

One great excitement marked my stay at Castille, that was the visit by burglars at the "Cure". They climbed up the pillars of the verandah, which surrounded the house on all sides, and began to tackle the ladies trunks, which stood in the hall. Dr. Green discovered the thieves and called out with less truth than presence of mind: "John, fetch the gun", and the burglars decamped. But alas, in the morning it was found that all the delicious cakes prepared for Sunday dinner had gone with them. Sunday was the only day on which we ate cake. We had a very generous breakfast and an equally good dinner, but our tea at five o'clock was light and to my mind scanty. We indulged in many gymnastics, which performance we went through twice a day, and at night we were supposed to creep up and down the hall on all fours to strengthen our muscles, and it may be imagined that several lively girls had great sport out of it.

I was due in Bowmanville the last week in June, to give the children their examinations, and as I was feeling very much better I had no excuse to remain away any longer, though I was loath to leave the peaceful spot. It was one of the great holidays of my life and had few drawbacks.

As I had to go to Bowmanville and not Toronto, it seemed a good opportunity to extend my travels, so I arranged to go to Rochester and from there to take the boat for Coburg, which is just across the lake. There I was to spend a few days with my cousins the Darcy Boultons, at "The Lawn", and go on to Bowmanville. It was rather an ambitious project, as I had not much knowledge of traveling, but I collected a small fund of information from our fellow boarders, received a letter from Bessie Boulton saying she would meet me when the boat arrived at 7 a.m. and I started off, taking a good lunch with me.

Arrived in Rochester, I made my way up to the hotel to which I had been directed, having arranged to have my trunk sent up too. After dinner, I made enquiries as to boats and found that the Port of Rochester was six miles away and I must take another train to it. I then went to hunt for my trunk, but it could not be found. I was in despair, but a good natured man to whom I applied in my distress said he would take it up and told me to be at the hotel at four o'clock, and he would see I got my train. Thus reassured I went for a short walk and I remember bought a bow and arrows and some other trifles for the Reid children. My kind friend was true to his word. He had found my trunk when I returned and put me into the bus for the station. I soon reached Charlotte, the port, and saw the boat lying beside the wharf. I found it left at 9 p.m., so I secured a berth for 75 cents, breaking into my last dollar, as the fare

across was \$8.00—more than I had anticipated. Charlotte was exceedingly dull and I soon settled myself in the saloon of the boat and enjoyed my good lunch. Later I found the boat had been rented for a large picnic the next day and would not start until 8 a.m. I was disgusted, as I had now neither money nor food. I also found that the picnickers only paid \$1.00 for their return trip, instead of the \$2.00 and 75 cents for the berth as I had done. I slept fairly well and we set off in good time. I ate the scanty remains of my lunch and then had the pleasure of watching the wonderful contents of hampers and baskets being brought forth—such pies, such cakes as only Americans can make. No wonder my mouth watered, as I sat through the long trip hungry and lonely.

We arrive about 3 p.m. Bessie had been to meet the early boat but of course it was not there and she had an engagement in the afternoon. I did the best thing I could, took a cab, and went up to “The Lawn”. Kind Mrs. Boulton and her sister Miss Heath received me warmly and at once got me a nice dinner, which I did ample justice to. My time there was very enjoyable. Bessie took me out driving and we visited her eldest brother’s family at “The Farm”. Major Boulton was a very pleasant man and his wife equally so, and they had several nice little children. I would like to have remained longer in Coburg, but I had to hurry on to Bowmanville as soon as I had procured some money.

I got a warm welcome in Bowmanville from all parties. Mother was tired enough of her job and I think the children were a little afraid of her. It was the strawberry season I remember, and Mrs. Reid had a great feast for us all under the trees in her garden, when we ate strawberries and cream ad lib. Mother returned to Toronto the day

after I came, as she was to keep house as usual for Lady Robinson. I was a week or ten days at the Reids and was very sorry to leave them, but I felt so sure of going up to join Graham in October that I would make no promises for the next winter.

We had had a few letters from my brother, but as he was 40 miles from a post office his letters were scarce. He had gone up with three other young men, Mr. Wright the son of my grandmother's old friend, and his particular chum Mr. Christie, an English gentleman. They were also accompanied by Edgar Atheling Bredin, a veritable Irishman. On the way they fell in with a young man of the name of Keen, who also joined their party. On arriving in Emerson they had purchased oxen and wagons and supplies, and set off across the snowy prairie, but it was an early spring and became so terribly slippery they had to stop when they reached the hills, and have the oxen shod, eight shoes for each ox. However, Graham had at last succeeded in locating a beautiful homestead near to the other boys, and he and Keen were living on it in a tent. He seemed delighted with the country and hoped to have a house built ready for me by October.

When I got back to Toronto I spent most of my time at the Home. Sophie was still away and I think Mrs. Cayley was glad to have me. She was in great trouble. Her youngest son Arthur, such a bonny boy and the apple of her eye, had showed signs of tubercular trouble and her heart was very heavy. He was in Muskoka with Hugh and a friend, but she had watched two sons go the same way and felt there was no hope. In these enlightened days something might have been done, but forty-five years ago people just accepted the

inevitable and watched those dearer to them than life fade away before their eyes.

I was not idle at the Home. Mr. Cayley had a fine crop of grapes in his hot house, and he persuaded me to undertake the work of pruning them. Bessie Boulton, who was also staying there, assisted. We had to cut three grapes out of five in every bunch. Mr. Cayley insisted on our doing it early in the morning. I can see him now, in his dressing gown, a dear stout old gentleman. He would go up the ladder to the high bunches, as he did not think we should climb ladders. It took many mornings' work but was finished at last and he presented us each with \$5.00.

I was also a partaker in many picnics. The Island was not yet much frequented, though I think Mr. Cayley's house must have been built that summer, but anxious mothers took their children for trips on the water to Scarborough Heights and other places, and I was considered a helpful companion on these excursions by Mrs. Frank Cayley and Mrs. James Cartwright, and I enjoyed the trips as much as the children.

I often went up to see my mother. I remember one special day I spent with her. I had taken little Ada Cayley up with me, now for many years the wife of Hugh Strickland, but then not quite two years old and a great pet of mine. It was a hot day at the end of July and we sat on the lawn. Every now and then the wind brought a most disagreeable odor to us. Mother remarked that it must come from the Don Flats, which were then undrained. Whatever it was we always blamed it for what followed. This was Thursday, and when I returned on Saturday, as I always did for Sunday, I found mother in bed with a high fever. She was a little better on Sunday but remained in bed till Monday. On

Monday I felt very poorly, but there was a lot of jam to make; jam was a very important item in those days and was made with much care and trouble. I worked over it in the summer kitchen as long as I could, but finally succumbed and had to go to bed. Of course dear mother got up to wait on me. I do not know just what kind of fever it was, but I was in bed for some time, and when I got up was very weak.

Lady Robinson wrote that she was returning the middle of August and was coming home by Castile, where she was leaving both the girls. Mother had accepted an invitation to Brantford to stay with Mrs. Joseph Robinson and I was to accompany her. We had everything packed and were to leave the day after they returned. But Lady Robinson brought back a very poor report of Dora. She said she was not continuing to gain as she had done at first, and she strongly advised mother to go to Castille first and see what was to be done. So, instead of going to Brantford, we left by the early boat next morning for Niagara. I had never seen the Falls, so we spent most of the day there. They were very different then to now—not the Falls of course, they go on unchanged—but there was no park nor curio shops nor special view points, but not having had these advantages we did not miss them and managed to spend a very pleasant day.

On arriving in Castille, we found Dora a good deal better, but in rather a depressed condition. She had had rather a dull summer, Jue having been away with her family, and mother thought needed a little change from the routine. So she suggested taking her to Brantford and leaving me in her place. I was nothing loath and they went off almost immediately.

We had rather a select company at that time; Mim and Jue Robinson and Kate Reid, and we were soon joined by Neen Checkley. She had remained at her post all the summer holidays, as her employer had told her if she went for a holiday she need not return. This was especially hard, as her half brother was very ill and died during the summer and she was not able to go to him. But to crown all, this abominable man, after keeping her until September, told her she could go. She had nowhere to go and came to us, while seeking for a fresh post. It was very late to get anything, but at last she heard of a position in a school in Holly Spring, Mississippi. To go on a little, she found on arriving the whole city was in mourning from a fearful epidemic of yellow fever. She did not get it, however, and remained there as a valued assistant for a number of years.

To return once more to Castile, we had a happy month together. Dora came back to us in two weeks much refreshed and a new interest started up. There were two young ladies, the Misses Foot, taking treatment. They were Southern girls and very fond of riding. They suggested our all riding, so a couple of horses were hired and we all took turns. I felt sure I should fall off when my turn came, but Kitty Foot said: "Why certainly you won't". I always felt that saved my neck, as the horse went off at a trot and then into a canter, but I kept my seat and returned triumphant. "Oh," exclaimed Kitty, "I had my heart in my mouth; I was sure you would be off." "Why," I said, "you told me I would not fall." This was my only ride, but Dora rode often and it did her a great deal of good. Also she enjoyed the companionship of the Misses Foot and began to really pick up and look like her old self.

Days of My Pilgrimage

Disappointment and What Followed

Chapter 14

I did not enjoy the month I spent during my second visit to Castille as much as my first visit, although the circumstances were almost the same. Our enjoyment of any scene is generally more connected with ourselves than with our surroundings. I was feeling uneasy, perplexed and impatient at this time. Shortly before leaving Toronto I had received a letter from Graham in which he told me of difficulties having arisen. A prairie fire had swept through the country, destroying hay and grain which had been stacked. He had lost his two stacks, and having to cut and

dry more hay for food for his oxen during the winter had hindered his finishing his house. The young colony had erected two small log houses, in which they all intended to take refuge for the winter, but in March, he said, before the breakup of the sleighing, he would be ready for me.

I was greatly disappointed. I had so built upon getting off at once and, moreover, I was in what is known as a tight place; I had no home to go to and both Dr. Adams and my mother had absolutely refused to hear of my going back to the Reid's. Up to the last I hoped against hope that Graham might find time to finish his house, but the beginning of September another letter reached me which was quite conclusive. If there be one virtue harder to acquire than another it certainly is patience, and my stock was very small. I did not realize that when one prays for a certain moral attribute, if the prayer is to be answered, corresponding trials must be expected. I had prayed much for patience and yet I could not understand why I was tried—it seemed to me daily—in this particular point. Nothing I had planned for or expected ever seemed to come on time.

Even my friends used to laugh and say that I never took the shortest journey without train or boat being delayed.

“Let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire.” So I spent most of my time inwardly fretting and chafing and forgetting the mercy which had never failed to care for me during all my twenty years.

On September 13th—I remember the date for it was Mim's birthday—she and I returned to Toronto, via Niagara, where we spent the day, Osmond meeting us about 5 p.m. and accompanying us home. We went up to Lady Robinson's, and I shall never forget how I prayed that

evening for some path to open up before me. Dear Mim, can I ever forget how she came and knelt beside me with her arm-around me, for she well knew how I was feeling. So we went to bed and slept the peaceful untroubled sleep of youth.

When I came down to breakfast in the morning, I found a letter on my plate. It was a short note from Mrs. John Darcy Cayley, asking me to come and see her as soon as I could. "I do not know where you are," she said, "so I am sending this to Lady Robinson's care, as she probably knows your whereabouts." I was greatly surprised, as I knew Mrs. J. Darcy Cayley very little. Lady Robinson also said that Mrs. Reid was in town and wished to see me.

Directly after dinner I went over to Mrs. Reid's. She was staying on Simcoe Street with her brother Judge Hagarty. It was a good residential street in 1879. She was very kind and begged me to come to Bowmanville and pay them a nice visit. "It is the apple picking season," she said, "and we shall have plenty for you to do." I was only too pleased to accept her warm invitation, and agreed to return with them in a couple of days. Then I went to Mrs. Cayley's on John Street. She was in and said she had been wondering whether I could not come and spend the winter with them. Her eldest daughter Mary was at school in England, and as she could not avoid being out nearly every evening, her two younger children Maude and Madeline were left alone with the servants. She said if I could teach the little girls in the morning and play elder sister during the rest of the day she would feel it a great comfort. I was only too glad to accept the proposal, and arranged to be with her the middle of October. I went back to Lady Robinson's a happy

girl, happy in my difficulties being removed, but even more happy in finding that "God is faithful".

The three weeks at Mrs. Reid's were delightful. The gardener picked the apples and she and her daughter and I wrapped each one in paper and packed three or four barrels to go to her son Dr. Reid in England. Others packed with less care were sent to friends and relatives in Canada. At other times we sat by a cozy wood fire, she in her straight-backed chair, her little shawl on her shoulders and her white knitting in her hand, while I occupied a footstool at her feet and read aloud to her. How we both enjoyed the reading, and how well able she was to explain any difficulties. Sometimes I could tempt her into telling me long stories of her early home in Ireland and their first experiences in the New Country, which Canada had certainly been forty years before. I did not understand then what a special privilege those hours were; I just accepted and enjoyed them. Annie was a busy housekeeper. She had no love for books, but her house was immaculate and her servants well looked after. Her garden was her chief delight, and at that season was a blaze of color with the autumn flowers. I linger over this visit, as unwilling to leave the memory of it as then I was to leave the reality.

I kept my promise and entered upon my new duties at the appointed time. Before going I had my hair cut short, as it was coming out in handfuls, a result of the fever. Dear Aunt Maddie, as I always called Mrs. J. D. Cayley, used to say I looked four years old. I found a friend at Aunt Maddie's in her niece Madeline Van Strabenzee, a girl of just my own age. She had been visiting relatives in Malta and was now spending the winter with her aunt in Toronto, partly I think to take music lessons.

St. George's Rectory was next the church on John Street and not far below the Grange; indeed all John Street had once been a part of the Grange property, in the days when my great uncle Darcy Boulton owned it. It was he, I think, who bestowed the land upon which St. George's Church and Rectory were built. The Cayley's house must have been built upon another portion, and the Gamble's on yet a third. Not far below the Rectory stood the two large houses built by my father, the land on which they stood being a christening present to him from his uncle. When I lived at the Rectory, however, the Grange was inhabited by Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith. Mrs. Smith's former husband had been Mr. William Boulton, eldest son of Mr. Darcy Boulton and brother of Mrs. Cayley and Mrs. Heath, also of Mr. Darcy Boulton of The Lawn in Coburg and Mr. John Boulton, who lived in Grange Road with his large family. William Boulton had contrived to become penniless, and the Grange had become the property of his wife, the sister of Mr. Homer Dixon, and a wealthy woman. So much for family history.

Our immediate interest lay round the two large houses built by my father, the rent from which had been our support and mainstay all through our childhood. The one in which my mother had lived had just become vacant, and for the first time in all those years a tenant was not forthcoming. As a residential street John Street was losing its name; people were moving to Jarvis Street and Sherbourne Street. Bloor Street too was being built up with handsome residences, replacing the cottages, each in its own garden, which had stood there so long. My mother, having now returned from Brantford, decided that as she could not rent her house, she had better live in it than rent another, so some time

in November she and Dora moved in. After this I always slept at home, which was very much nicer, but I went to the Rectory by nine o'clock and remained until my little charges were in bed.

Maude was then eleven years old and a pretty, graceful little girl, but my favorite was Madeline, age six, and we were soon great friends. Mrs. Cayley's little niece, Mabel Cartwright, ten years old, also came for lessons in the morning and walked with us in the afternoon. She was a bright, clever girl and no trouble to teach. Aunt Maddie was very fond of music, and the organist at the Church, Mr. Rose, was one of her special favorites. He it was who craved Madeline music lessons, and before long I found myself sharing them. I had asked Aunt Maddie one afternoon if I might practice a little, and she was so pleased with afternoon performance that she said I must also have lessons. Mr. Rose would, I think, have done anything for her and he kindly taught me and would take nothing in return. I think perhaps Madeline and I both enjoyed our lessons better having them together, and it was very nice and a great interest for me.

Before Christmas my dear Sophie returned, much to my joy, but our meeting was also in sorrow, for Arthur was daily fading away before our eyes, and it was a great grief to all who knew him. I saw a good deal of Sophie that winter, but my Sundays were always spent at Cousin Harriet Cartwright's. They were now living in the house her father had built in the Shrubbery, facing on Darcy Street, and since I taught Mildred, there was a newcomer in the house, a bonny boy called Robert John.

I did not teach in the Sunday school that winter, as I generally had done when in Toronto, but spent long

afternoons with Cousin Harriet, in front of the dining room fire, discussing subjects many and various, and helping to mind the bonny boy. Christmas was spent at home, and then a week of my holidays in Bowmanville. Annie Reid and I went together to the all day meeting in Whitby. Mr. Grant was there, and we took up John 1, and his unfolding of it was extremely precious and helpful. The Lowes then lived in Whitby, and Annie Lowe managed all the commissariat for the meeting.

All that winter I was below par and after Christmas rarely without headaches. Dr. Adams strongly recommended my going to the West, and when a letter from Graham came urging me to come in March, it was finally decided that I should go. The next question was as to ways and means. Mr. Darcy Boulton's son, Major Charles Boulton, intended to go early in the spring and willingly agreed to take me. But when my preparations were nearly all made, he wrote to say that he found he was obliged to go in the freight train along with his cows and horses, and of course that would not do for me. There was a great rush to Manitoba that spring, and a man named Pretty organized parties, going every two weeks, so it was decided that I should go on one of these, starting March 3rd.

Just a month before that date our dear Arthur was taken suddenly Home. He broke a blood vessel and in a few minutes all was over. It was my first acquaintance with death and was a sad and sorrowful time. We knew he was the Lord's, but his place was very empty in his home. Two days before he was taken I was at the house and on leaving kissed Sophie and her mother. He laughed and said, "Kiss me too". "Oh no," I said, "I don't kiss boys". It was the last time I saw him and I often wished I had. He was buried in

the little graveyard, now a corner in Rosedale, and life went on as before, to all but his mother; I think her heart was broken. But I did not understand that then; I only guessed it and looked on in awe at a sorrow beyond my ken. There are many broken hearts in our midst but outside is a bright and even cheerful exterior, and the world at large does not comprehend.

One month from the day Arthur was taken from us I set out for the Northwest. I was longing to go forth into a world of adventure, and yet my heart failed me at leaving all the dear ones, more especially my mother, but my sister, Sophie, Alice Miller and the Robinsons also. Still I felt my brother needed me and my mother had Dora to care for her. Dora was now fairly well, and she took up my teaching when I left, until the summer holidays.

Everyone was most kind and interested in my journey, and I had many and useful presents. Dr. Adams gave me a nice case of medicines, which was invaluable. My grandmother brought me no end of things, a very quaint and pretty teaset, among other things. She had an old servant, married to a man called Mr. Mullin, who kept a store past the market on King Street, and had a most promiscuous stock. Her great delight was to visit this shop and look over his stock, and constantly she brought me some fresh thing to assist in my future housekeeping.

I had spent a very happy winter in Aunt Maddie's house. Nothing could exceed her kindness to me and Mr. Cayley was equally kind. I do not think I ever was in a house which was more comfortable and homelike and appeared to run so easily. The meals were always nice and good, without being extravagant. Everything seemed to be in order without any apparent effort.

Disappointment and What Followed

Mother said she must really teach me to keep house before I left, but when it came to the point, she said, theory was of no use; I would only learn by practice. So she said: "I will give you one rule to follow." It was short and concise: "Clear as you go". We had a woman to sew before I left, to make me some clothes, and I think no one could have been provided with a more extraordinary and unsuitable outfit. We were allowed to take 500 lbs., so I had a good deal of packing. The last preparation was a large and wonderful assorted basket of lunch, with a spirit lamp on which to make tea or coffee. I was supplied with condensed coffee, and when I taste that article to this day I seem to feel myself once more in the train rushing on to fresh scenes and a new life.

Days of My Pilgrimage

A Start for the Great West

Chapter 15

I had always looked forward to following my brother, in any adventure which he might undertake, but there is a great difference between a vague looking forward to an unknown future, and actually setting out, bag and baggage and all alone, to what is absolutely a new experience. I must confess to a feeling akin to nervousness, when the actual day arrived for me to leave Toronto, with nearly all that I held dear in it. I remember Dora beginning to cry, and how I tried to keep up a bold front and told her she must cheer up “my sisters and my cousins and my aunts” (this was a much hackneyed quotation from the play “Pinafore”, then much in vogue).

I had quite a lot of luggage, as we were allowed to take 500 lbs. and my mother and grandmother had supplied me liberally with "household effects". There was a mattress and other bedding neatly folded in a rag carpet of my grandmother's making, two barrels with a tea set and other china, a folding chair given by Mrs. Cayley, my small chest of drawers, made by a destitute protege of my grandmother's, and now packed in a small wooden box, and of course two or three trunks. But these things fortunately were not in my charge, as the "Conducted Party" with which I was traveling looked after all luggage. I felt I had quite enough to do to care for the possessions which I carried in my hands. First, a large well-filled, well-assorted basket of lunch. Then a bundle in a shawl strap, consisting of a nice new railway rug, presented by dear Cousin Hattie and Mr. Cartwright, and a little soft pillow, which was to be my companion on many journeys. There was also a little brown leather bag given by old Mrs. Killally, with clothing, books, etc., for the journey.

On arriving at the Yonge Street Station, from which started at noon (March 3rd, 1880), I found a number of friends had come to see me off, among them Mr. Ord and Mr. Charles Heath, who had both come for the same purpose, to introduce me to a Mr. Gregg, who was going on the same expedition. He was an exceedingly nice young man and I am sure it must have been no little relief to my mother to find I had an escort.

Mother and Sophie accompanied me as far as Hamilton, where our first misfortune took place. The conductor came in to say the wheels of the car were over-heated and we must adjourn to the coach ahead of us. This accomplished I

bid a long farewell to my beloved mother and Sophie, and went forth into the dim unknown.

It is such an easy matter now to get into a comfortable pullman or tourist car on a Sunday night, on the C.P.R., and after 40 hours of rapid traveling, with every necessity supplied, to step out at Winnipeg exactly on time, that it is well nigh impossible for those of the present time to imagine what the journey was in 1880. I do not think the C.P.R. was even begun, and we had to go a long weary journey through the States. The fare was not high, only \$25.00, but the accommodation was equally poor. There were no wash rooms, no provision for cooking, no porters, only one pane of glass in the window, instead of the three now provided, so it was always thick with frost. I believe a pullman ran on the train I was on, though I knew nothing of it. But we did not look for luxuries, and we felt it rather beguiled the monotony to light our spirit lamp, boil water and make tea, coffee or cocoa, as the fancy dictated. Mr. Gregg had a lunch basket also, if not quite so large, quite as well filled as mine, and we had therefore a great variety to choose from for each meal.

On the train rushed, the cars crossing on the ferry at Detroit, about 11 p.m. Then we curled up on the seats and slept as best we could until morning, when we soon steamed into Chicago. After waiting here some hours, we went on to Minneapolis. But with the morning, one great difficulty arose. As I remarked, there were no facilities for washing, but three members of the party had brought wash basins. One of these was carelessly thrown out of the window with the water by someone who had borrowed it, so two only remained. These went the whole round of the car, and as it was quite full, it was a tedious business.

I can picture some few of those passengers (one of the passengers swept out the car each day) to this day. One tired out mother with a two months old baby and a boy of five rejoicing in the name of William Henry. How sorry we used to feel for him. It was "William Henry sit still", "William Henry be quiet", then a resounding smack would follow. Poor woman, she was going to join her husband, as were most of the women and children, and they little knew what was before them. There was a mother and grandmother with five children, with whooping-cough, but they were a cheerful, plucky family and made light of little discomforts. Then there was a very "dressy" young man, who spent his time flirting with two girls in the opposite seat, and a poor little bride, who wept most of the way, to the great distress of her very kind husband. There were many others—I know 14 children in all, but this will give a sample of our companions.

We arrived in Minneapolis on Friday morning. It was very cold, and beginning to snow. The broad Minnesota prairies were covered already with snow, and soon the blizzard raged fiercely round, drifting the snow on the tracks. Slowly and more slowly the train went, until at last it stopped altogether, near Crookston, sometime on Friday night. How cold it was and how the wind whistled in through the single window, bringing small flurries of snow with it. The thermometer was now 30° below zero, and the wood, with which the one stove was supplied, was ruing short. I remember on one occasion the train stopped opposite someone's pile of wood and all the able bodied men sprang out and helped themselves. But this wood was green and the smoke which ensued did not improve matters.

By Saturday many were getting hungry, as we had been promised to arrive on that day. *We* had plenty and would gladly have shared with a neighbor who had nothing, but she said it would make her husband angry if she took food from strangers. We were hardly strangers by this time, as one can imagine, and helped one another as best we might. I remember one night before I lay down in my place to sleep, seeing William Henry's mother in a blissful doze. Her poor little baby was crying piteously, so I took it from her arms and walked it to sleep and she never missed it. We were much amused, during one of those weary nights, to see Master William Henry stealthily arise, and dragging out the provision box, indulge in a royal meal.

The telegraph wires were all down with the storm but by Sunday morning (I remember I had quite a Sunday School on Sunday afternoon) the train officials had got into communication with headquarters and three more engines and three snow ploughs had arrived. Now the men refused to work as it was Sunday and when that difficulty had been overcome, for it certainly amounted to "pulling your neighbor's ass out of a pit", no water was to be had and hours were spent in melting snow.

At last we set off. We all got out (except the mothers with babies, and the bride who was sitting silently weeping, wrapped up in a patchwork quilt) and watched with great interest the train, armed with five engines and three snow ploughs, make dashes at the drifts. It would run for a few hundred yards, with the snow scattering in every direction, then back up and charge the drift again. Our progress was slow, but by Monday night we were at St. Vincent, the last town on the American side, and only two miles from our destination, Emerson, where many an impatient husband

and father was awaiting us. But one solid drift lay between the two towns and we stopped again. Then the courage of these North West men arose and with shovels and spades they turned to and dug us out and so it came to pass that about 11 a.m. on Tuesday, we arrived in Emerson.

I hardly knew my brother when he came on board to look for me, he had grown so broad and brown. Almost my first remark was, "Are you not cold in that cotton shirt?" and he replied, "Not very, I have five underneath." Bidding farewell to our fellow passengers and expressing some of the gratitude I felt to Mr. Gregg for his extreme kindness all through the long and tiring journey, I went with my brother to the house of a Mrs. Newcombe, the wife of a land agent in the little town. She made me very welcome and I was glad indeed of a regular meal and a good sleep in a comfortable bed.

The next morning, Graham and I walked out on the frozen Red River to the house of a Mrs. Scott. She was the wife of a Presbyterian minister, a very good man, but she was with Brethren and had been a great friend of Mrs. James Cartwright's in Napanee. They were a strange pair, utterly unsuited to one another and though both were the soul of kindness and good works, a daily trial to one another. He was intensely humorous and loved to tease; she was utterly practical and deeply sentimental. I have seen her sitting at the table, the tears dropping into her plate, as he in great good humor "poked fun" at her. They had three sons living, having lost at least seven children. One son was farming near by, one was at school in Winnipeg, and the third, little John of 10, lived at home. She always had her house full, and cared little where she slept herself—sometimes on the dining table. The house, which was beautifully situated

on the banks of the Red River, had been built for some Government official and consisted of a long hall, with three rooms on each side. In addition to their own family they had at this time a man and his wife and several children living with them. The man was supposed to work the farm and the woman do the housework but the day before I arrived a new little son had been added to their family and Mrs. Scott was doing her own work and waiting on the woman.

I remained with Mrs. Scott until the following Wednesday, March 17th when we set off for "Beaconsfield". Graham had come in with Mr. Christie, the only man in the township who had horses at that time and had expected to return with him, but he was waiting for a remittance from England and did not wish to start until it came. However, he was finally persuaded to set out and go at least part of the way. My 500 lbs. of baggage had been stowed away in the sleigh box and we were ready to start by 11 o'clock.

It was still very cold, 30° below zero. Mrs. Newcombe, from whose house the start was made, got my coat and muffler well warmed and her mother insisted on my drinking a mixture of hot water and cayenne pepper to fortify me, but I fear the means used to keep me warm were inadequate for I was soon chilled to the bone.

We first crossed the Red River, carefully descending one bank and dashing up the other. This brought us to West Lynne, a small attempt at a town on the west bank of the river. People always spoke of the "quartet cities", St. Vincent and Emerson on one side of the river and West Lynne and St. Boniface on the other. While Emerson and West Lynne were in Manitoba, St. Vincent was in Minnesota and St. Boniface in Dakota. I do not know whether these

towns have ever grown to maturity, but in 1880 they were the “end” of civilization.

After leaving West Lynne you drove straight out on the prairie for 60 miles to the Pembina Mountains which before long came dimly in sight. The prairie was absolutely flat, at that time, of course, covered with snow, and the road marked by posts, put in at intervals. We drove first to what was known as the 7-mile village, a Mennonite settlement. All this beautiful prairie had been settled by Mennonites. They lived a community life, working the fields in union and all living together in villages. Their houses were thatched with straw and usually the stable and dwelling were under one roof.

The house we stopped at was a good size, but we had to be satisfied with “outer regions”. This was a large sort of shed occupied at one end by the cattle and pigs, but at the other was a sort of platform and a stove. We soon had a fire, boiled some water and made coffee and thawed out our sandwiches. Then Graham opened one of my trunks and got me out the old sealskin coat Cousins Harriet had given me, which was much warmer than the blue cloth ulster I was wearing.

Mr. Christie, whom I was now making the acquaintance of, always made me think of a coal heaver. He wore an old sealskin cap with very little of the fur left on it, a very dirty skin coat which had been gay in its time with fringes and embroidery, and he usually had a long boot on one foot with a trouser tucked in and on the other foot he had a moccasin. It has just occurred to me that perhaps he was experimenting as to which was warmer. I have heard of people who “opened their mouth and put their foot in it”. With Mr. Christie it was just the opposite; when he opened

his mouth the pure English which came out at once told you that he was an English gentleman. He was rather good looking too, with bright blue eyes and fair, curly hair and fair moustache. He was a pleasant, good tempered, rather ordinary young man on the whole. I sat beside him on the seat of the sleigh, but we did not spend our time conversing; it was too cold.

On and on we went, nothing to be seen but the cold snow and the cold sky and an occasional Mennonite village. At last I slipped down under the buffalo robe altogether and knew nothing more until the sleigh stopped and we got out between 7 and 8 o'clock at a Mennonite house. They said we had driven 30 miles and I for one was very cold and stiff. This house had a guest room, a small square room with a stove and two or three benches and two bunks on the wall. These were already occupied by a man and his two sons, but they did not look inviting and Graham went out and got two or three armfuls of hay and made beds for us on the floor. The floor was made of clay in that house; often they were only earth. As soon as we had had our meal (which we had brought with us) we lay down in our clothes and soon slept the sleep of the laboring man.

Next morning we rose early and soon were on our way again. We were now nearing the mountains, so there was something to be seen and also it was not nearly so cold, so I quite enjoyed my morning's drive. Shortly after noon we reached Nelsonville, a small village springing up at the foot of the mountains. One of the horses had lost a shoe so we had to make quite a long stop. The boys discussed what to do with me and finally decided to take me to the house of the land agent who was lately married. Mrs. Lauderhiss was not a very young woman and quite a character in her

way, but she was very pleased to see me. "Come in, come in," she said, "it is good to see a visitor. I will call my sister at once." Her sister was a girl about my age, who greeted me with effusion. "I have been here all the winter," she said, "and I have not once seen a girl". Mrs. Lauderkiss said her sister had been so sick with neuralgia she was afraid she would have to send her home. "But she's just lonely, and you will cure her." Apparently I did, as I was told on a future visit that she never had it again. They fed me well and gave me a hearty invitation to make their house my resting place whenever I should come that way, and bid me a reluctant goodbye.

About 3 p.m. we set off up the mountains. They do not amount to a great deal if you have the right road and we had gone a good way when darkness fell upon us. We were to spend the night in the house of a Frenchman. Not a large house for it only had one room, but they were willing to take paying guests. When I was deposited in the house, the boys driving round to the stable, I found it only occupied by two small children, playing by a rocking chair. "Why does your little sister cry so"? I asked the small boy. "Because I rock on her toes", was his reply. The affairs of the little twins, as they turned out to be, were soon settled by their mother, who came in with an armful of wood and after giving me an invitation to take off my coat, made up the fire and proceeded to get the tea. There was not much difficulty in making out a menu, when you only had such a limited supply to choose from, but the fried pork and potatoes and dried apple pie tasted very good after the long drive and the bread was fresh and light even if there was no butter. After tea the men all went out to the stable.

My hostess, whose name I have forgotten, remarked, "Now is our chance to get into bed. You and me and the twins and the baby can sleep in this bed and we'll leave the other for the men". I was not sorry to take off my clothes and soon tumbled into bed, the twins were tucked in at the bottom and the baby was kept warm between us. Just as I dropped asleep, which was very soon, I heard the three men come quietly in and get into the other bed in the dark. When I awaked in the morning they were once more busy with the horses and cattle.

After breakfast we went on our way. It was much warmer, above zero, and the drive over the hills was very pleasant. I was sorry when about 11 a.m. Mr. Christie said, pointing with the whip to a little settlement, "This is Lorneville and here I turn round and go back". "Yes," said Graham, "and you are to stay here until tomorrow, when I will bring the oxen for you." It was far from an inviting place to stay. The mistress of the house was a stout, dirty Irishwoman and she had two daughters who spent most of their time joking with a number of young men, who seemed to be stopping there. She soon got us some dinner and the boys had a conversation with one of the young men and then Graham announced to me that Mr. Atkins would bring me and my luggage to the "turf house" next morning and he would meet me there. The afternoon seemed very long and weary but it passed at last and after supper, the old question of "bed" arose. There were two double beds behind a curtain and the elder daughter of the family told me I was to sleep in one of them with her. She was not as clean and inviting as my companion of the previous night, but the bed was not uncomfortable and I was a fine sleeper.

We rose early and after breakfast of Porridge and molasses, fried pork and milk less tea, I found my escort had everything packed on his sleigh and was ready to set off. He had a good load of lumber on first for himself and then all my stuff, and I felt very high up when I managed to mount on the top. It was very warm and sunny and the snow was melting a little in the sleigh track, so we were generally quite on an angle. Mr. Atkins would point to a bit of the road in front of us and assure me "that was the very spot where we would upset". But we did not and before very long we were deep in theological discussion. I believe the lad was really interested in the things of God and glad to talk.

About twelve, our oxen had managed to cover the distance between Lorneville and the turf house, and I was helped down from my elevated position and my luggage once more unpacked and laid on the snow, but not for long, as Graham appeared at that moment with his oxen and the little pony trotting behind. The "turf house" was a sort of remnant of the old cave dwellers. It was dug right out of the hill and the owners said was always warm, even in 40° below zero weather. There was a father and mother and three little children and a young baby. The mother was the most unhappy, depressed woman I ever saw. She told me how she hated the country and had never wanted to come. "My mother said it would kill me and I know it will," she said. She made me feel quite sad. I gave her some little books I had but did not feel able to talk to her as I would like. (About two months after our visit she died; she had nothing really the matter with her, but she took a cold and would not rouse herself and said she was going to die, and she very soon did.) There was not much to eat in the house,

but she took some fine big loaves out of the oven and we dined on hot bread and syrup.

Now we had come to the last lap of our journey and it was very enjoyable; warm and sunny and the country we passed through almost like a park, with woods and hills interspersed with prairie. It was a beautiful country, but very lonely; not a house or field to be seen. The sun set in the glory which seems specially to belong to the Great North West and we went quietly on. I could hardly believe I was really at my journey's end, but I remember the deep feeling of peace which came over me. About seven we came to the flourishing city of Beaconsfield. It consisted of just two log houses with one room apiece and at the door of one of them we stopped. A tall energetic young woman and three little children ran out to greet us. The luggage was once more lifted off the sleigh and stored in a corner of the well-filled house and Mrs. Cooper, the one woman in the township, helped me off with my wraps and sat us down to our supper of bread and syrup and the regulation milk less tea.

Days of My Pilgrimage

First Experiences in a Log House

Chapter 16

As I ate my supper that first evening, my eyes were busy taking in all that was to be seen. The house was of logs, the spaces between being filled up with chips and then plastered with mud. There was but one room, but it was a good size and held all the family possessions. In one corner was a large homemade bed curtained off with sheets. Here the family spent the night. My brother used to say that he never understood the passage in the Gospel before: "My children are with me in bed". The house was fairly high and logs had been laid across so that an upstairs could be put in.

At present a lot of loose boards were across the logs and on this extempore floor Graham slept and with him another young man, Holmes by name, a friend of Mr. Cooper's.

Mr. Cooper was, I believe, a carpenter by trade. He was a man well over 40 years and he was a man of intelligence and industry. His wife was quite young and they had three small children, Johnny, Louise and a baby boy. I was wondering where I was to be stowed but Mrs. Cooper made no difficulty about that. A "lunge" as she called it, made of saplings, with a straw tick on it, stood in one corner and round this she securely fastened a sheet and soon made me up a little bed in this private apartment. Over my head a large clock ticked noisily and struck the hours but after a night or two I became accustomed to it. Youth is a great help pioneering.

"Did you notice anything peculiar about the bread?" inquired my hostess after supper. I had to confess that it tasted of something unusual. "Yes," she replied, "that's coal oil; we ran out of flour and coal oil and my husband went to the portage as it is only 40 miles, but the coal oil spilt over the flour, the roads were so awful." Mr. Cooper himself had lived in Petrolia where the oil comes from and said he got so used to the taste he never noticed it, but not having had this experience, I never failed to detect it, however much syrup I covered it with. But a week after our arrival, Mrs. Cooper had a box sent her from home. In it was a large roll of butter, unfortunately packed in the close vicinity of a parcel of spices. I had been told butter takes the flavor of whatever is beside it. I have never doubted since that this is strict truth. You can hardly imagine a more nauseous dose than coal oil bread and spiced butter, but what used to be known as the "Manitoba fever" had come upon me and I

was simply ravenous and “downed” whatever came in my way.

The snow was going very slowly. It was a cold late spring, but my brother spent all his time working at the house. One of my first walks was to visit it. It looked rather hopeless, just four walls of logs, but it was soon chinked and a roof put on and then I found that the loose lumber, on which the boys slept, was waiting to make our floor. Mrs. Cooper envied me that floor; hers was made of hewn logs and was very hard to keep clean.

One morning Mr. Cooper told us that neighbors had arrived; an old man and several daughters had come to keep house for the three young Radfords. They lived, I think, in the next township but we felt it would be kind to go and visit them, so getting full directions and leaving the children with their father, we set off after breakfast. It was a lovely walk. I had never felt anything so exhilarating as that cold frosty air. One felt able for anything. My headaches had vanished as if by magic. After walking two or three miles we reached the cabin, a long low building of logs. In it we found the entire Radford family; the old father, bent with rheumatism, but cheerful and courageous, two unmarried daughters, a married daughter, her husband and two young children, two tall, stalwart sons and a widower (who afterwards married the elder daughter) and his little boy. It certainly must have been a tremendous change from the large comfortable farm house they had left, but not one of the party gave a murmur. Our Manitoba pioneers were good stuff. None of their luggage had arrived but I think what they regretted most was having no broom. They had come from near a broom factory and had brought a dozen but now they were reduced to a bunch of twigs to

sweep out the exceedingly dirty cabin. All were cheerful and very glad to see us and I found the old man was a nice Christian though I do not think any of the others were. I often visited the old man afterwards and he was glad of a little Christian intercourse.

Opposite to Mr. Cooper's house stood the "other" house, of much the same size and build. It was the Post Office, a mail being brought in once a week by sleigh. It was also called the store, but when I arrived the stock was much reduced. I do not remember ever buying anything there but lamp glasses and by the following winter these were all disposed of. In this house lived the rest of the community; Messrs. Christie and Wright, Edgar Atheling Bredin and Frank Woods, who came from near Brantford. They had begun the winter well, but the cold, the discomfort, the monotony and loneliness had told on their spirits and by spring they were barely on speaking terms. Mr. Cooper kept out of all their quarrels and was friend and adviser to each one. Bredin, wearying of the bickering, had established himself in a tiny log house on his own land, where he used to maintain he could sit in the middle of the floor and touch everything in the house. He was a regular Irishman, always good tempered and good company.

At last the house was finished and Graham said we would move in. Oh, how glad we were! It was April 13, a cold day and still deep snow. There were drifts too and I remember the sleigh upset and my goods were tossed into the snow, but nothing was hurt. Mr. Cooper helped carry everything in and then went home and we were left to our own devices.

It was certainly very cold. We had a stove, the smallest sized cook stove that is made, but the house was high,

intended at some future time to have an upstairs. It also, though “chinked”, was only mudded at one side and our little stove was quite inadequate for warming it. But we did not mind. We worked in fur caps, overcoats and mitts. Graham had made a little furniture; a large arm chair of “shaganappy” (undressed skin), a small and very rickety table, two or three stools, perhaps eight inches wide and which had to be sat on very carefully, but his chef d’oeuvre was a bed for me. It was made of saplings and had only one failing. One of the saplings had a large protruding knot which caught you right in the middle of the back, but in time I got accustomed to manipulating it and slept soundly and comfortably in that bed for nearly two years.

What fun we had unpacking. Graham put up shelves for the dishes and we *were* proud of them. Then he arranged the tent over my bed, which made it a little warmer.

We undid the mattress and laid down the carpet at one end of the part we intended for a kitchen and living-room.

The sacking which had covered the carpet and mattress was made into a partition between my room and the kitchen. Then we divided my room into two with sacking so we each had a bedroom. Later, I arranged a barrel by my bed with a board over it for a wash stand and my trunk stood at the bottom of the bed. Poor Graham did not boast a bed.

He slept in the outer room on a buffalo robe. They were common then, for buffalos were still roaming the plains of the great, silent West.

Besides what I had brought up, Graham had laid in provisions in Emerson: a barrel of pork, a 5-gallon keg of syrup, sugar, rice and porridge and good sweet flour, also, several bags of potatoes. I think possibly he had grown

these. These were piled in one corner, and with our second buffalo robe over them made a good resting place. We called it a sofa.

I was proud of cooking our first dinner. Graham had a kettle and two heavy iron pots went with the stove. I had brought up a small iron saucepan (graniteware had not come into use and of course our modern aluminum was unheard of). Our most useful utensil was the frying pan and my brother instructed me in the mysteries of frying "mess pork". We boiled rice and I opened one of the six little pots of peach jam my grandmother had given me. It snowed all day, but we were too busy and happy to mind. Mrs. Cooper had given us a loaf of bread and a pot of yeast which had frozen solid on the way over, but I was too ignorant to feel uneasy at that.

We worked all that day and the next. The third day was fine and all the lads arrived to help put up the stable. The house was quite tidy, our dishes fairly shone on their shelves, the table boasted a tablecloth and the carpet looked clean and comfortable. We had a few books and some pictures and there was the general homey look which only a woman's hand gives. Charley Wright told me afterwards that when he saw the house he at once made up his mind to bring up his sisters and mother.

The one thing I had learned to do before leaving Toronto was to bake bread. The Cayley's cook, a very nice woman, had carefully taught me and I proudly set my bread the night before the "bee", expecting to find it well up in the morning. Alas, and alas, the morning found no change in it. I had not reckoned on frozen yeast, and a bitterly cold house. The men arrived early and set to work at the stable. It was to be a superior building, as all the

logs were large and had been squared off, so they fitted much better than the round ones. I called Mr. Cooper in about 10 o'clock and told him my perplexities. He was very sympathetic but could tender no advice. Left to my own devices, a bright thought struck me. I got out the currants my mother had provided, kneaded in a good supply to the heavy lump of unraised dough, rolled it out and baked it as cookies. When the men came in starving at 12 o'clock, a good dinner was ready, lots of potatoes and fried pork, tea and the remarkable biscuits—but they were all eaten and enjoyed.

I got more yeast from Mrs. Cooper and fresh directions and my next bread turned out a success—not that her directions ever helped me much. This conversation would be gone through. “How much flour should I have?” “Well, I don't know, as much as you've a mind to.” “And then how much water?” “I never measure, just what you think enough.” And so on and on, till I found she “darkened counsel by words without knowledge”. I needed a friend and helper too, for I was absolutely ignorant of housekeeping in any form. I lost the stove lifter a dozen times a day, until Graham tied it to a nail with a long string. The fire was hard to make burn. It was a dreadful little stove. The top was in two terraces, two holes in each terrace; of course, nothing would ever boil on the back, whereas with a good fire, the iron pots invariably burnt in front. The weary hours I spent scraping those pots. Then I forgot to put water in the kettle and burnt a hole in it and Graham put it on one of the beams where I could not reach it. My hands, never accustomed to any hard work, were very soft and they soon became cracked and very sore, till it was perfect agony to

put them into the barrel of brine and lift out the "chunk" of pork, to cut and fry.

It must have been towards the end of the month that Graham announced his intention of going for the cow he had purchased some time before. "You won't mind staying alone?" he inquired. "I shall only be away one night." Of course I answered that I should be all right. Thinking I would like company, I went up to Mrs. Cooper's, about two miles, after he had gone and borrowed her cat, a very good mouser, brought by some Mennonites from Russia, but sold to Mrs. Cooper for fifty cents. I might have been better alone. Mistress Puss found the house swarming with mice and all night she occupied herself pouncing on them, waking me each time with a start. I was relieved when morning came, but oh the condition of the house! Mice and portions of mice in every direction.

Meantime, Graham was having his own time. He had ridden the little Indian pony and arrived quite safely, stayed the night and started back with his cow. All went well till they came to a stream which the cow refused to cross, guessing, I suppose, that the ice was weak. Graham tried to drag her across, the ice gave way and pony, cow and man went into the cold, icy water. The cow scrambled out the wrong side and he had to cross and recross in the water. Evening was coming on and it was freezing hard, but fortunately the Radford's shack was near at hand and he made for it, in his frozen clothes. As soon as the Miss Radfords saw him they said: "it was such a fine evening they thought they would take a walk", so he changed into some clothes of the brother's, had a cup of hot tea and hurried home. I am sure he was glad to get back and I was more than glad to see him.

A few days after this little episode, Graham announced one day at dinner time that he intended to spend the afternoon getting in wood for use during the summer. A Mr. Harvey, a friend of Mr. Christie's and a newcomer, had agreed to accompany him. Mr. Harvey was a good many years older than most of our little colony and had had experience farming in Canada. His land was next to ours but he had not yet built a house. Though it was now the early part of May, there was still sleighing and they set forth briskly with the oxen and sleigh. I do not think an hour had elapsed when they returned. Graham had cut his foot badly and I was indeed thankful that he had had an experienced companion who knew what to do. After helping him into the house, Mr. Harvey proceeded to bind up the cut, which was on the instep, most scientifically. Then he attended to the cow and oxen and left us for the night.

At first the cut had not caused much pain, but before long the foot began to swell and my poor brother was in great agony. At last in desperation, I loosed the bandages and he got some relief, but we neither of us had much sleep that night. In the morning, one of the young men came over to see about the oxen and cow. He was also a newcomer, a brother of Frank Woods. After a short time he came to the house and informed us that a little calf was in the stable. This was a great event and we built air castles in which much cream and butter figured. Poor Graham suffered a good deal for some days but he was not the kind to remain quietly in the house. Long before the cut was healed, he was out at work.

The warm weather had come suddenly upon us. The snow disappeared as if by magic and each day new life

appeared in the trees and bushes. Standing at the door, I could gaze far over the little river and the broad brown fields to a fringe of trees which skirted the horizon. Each day they looked greener and more beautiful, each day some fresh flower sprang up at our very door, first the marsh marigold in the slough to the north of us, then violets verily carpeting the earth, blue, white, yellow. How I rejoiced in them. Then all the bushes seemed to spring into flower, wild cranberry, wild plum, wild cherry, and many more.

But my brother's mind was not set on flowers, but grain. Day by day he yoked up the oxen, and painfully dragged his sore foot along after the plough. He could not put on a boot but used a moccasin. Once he tried riding the pony, but that did not work. The moccasin was a poor substitute for a boot; it let in the damp earth and night after night I spent an hour or more bathing the wound, till every speck of dirt was out of it, and then I bound it up again as well as I knew how. Knowing as I do now something of the danger of blood poisoning in such a wound, I look back in wonder to the fact that finally it got perfectly well. I can only think that surely the Angel of the Lord had a special care over us.

During these weeks, I was gaining new experience every day. The first thing I learned was the making of butter. I had never seen butter made, though I had had much dealing with cream at Mrs. Cayley's. "Do try and make some butter," said Graham, as soon as a cupful of cream had been collected. "How do you make it?" I inquired. "Oh just beat it up," was the reply, as he went off to his work. I put it in a little bowl and beat it for two or three minutes with a fork. Lo, a change came over it; it seemed to all turn to curd. "What had I done?" I had spoiled it somehow. I looked out and saw Mr. Cooper planting peas in a piece of

ground not far off, and carried my bowl and my difficulties to him. "You are all right," he said, "beat a little longer." Sure enough, a few more beats and the apparent curd changed to a small lump of solid butter. Then I had directions as to washing it and was indeed proud when I produced my pat of butter for supper.

The calf was small and weak and Graham gave it a good deal of new milk, but still I had enough cream to keep us in butter and sell a pound or so a week. I had no scales to weigh it, but I borrowed an old fashioned steelyard from Mr. Cooper and found out how much a certain bowl held and this I used as a measure. I never had a churn, but always beat it up in a shallow bowl, using really thick cream. I suppose I am prejudiced, but no butter has ever tasted so good to me as that made by beating. The buttermilk was very good and much sought after by the lads. Many a time I had my health drunk in buttermilk.

As I look back over that first spring, so much comes crowding into my mind. It was all so novel to me, and then I was so inexperienced and made so many blunders, and I had no one to go to to ask advice. My bread was constantly a failure, on account of the yeast which would not rise. I had plenty of hops, which Graham had picked in the woods the autumn before, but to make them into really good yeast seemed an impossibility. At last I bethought me of the Miss Radfords and one afternoon Graham caught the pony, put my fine red saddle on it and I rode over to the Radford's, about 5 miles. I was received with great kindness and enjoyed my visit very much, returning with a supply of homemade yeast cakes and full directions for making yeast.

This ended that particular trouble, but I had many more. The water was a real trial. We had melted snow at first, but

when that failed us, we had to get it from the slough or creek beside us. Graham dug a hole and sank a barrel and from evening to morning perhaps two pails would filter in, but when that was used, one simply had to wait for more, and on Monday, washing day, and a real black Monday, I found it most difficult. How hard I found that washing. I had never done anything of the kind in my life. Those were not the days when a girl thought nothing of washing out her own blouses. There were no blouses to begin with and the washing of an elaborate print dress was a formidable undertaking. Then remember we had no electric irons. The iron used everywhere in 1880 was the old fashioned flat iron and little girls still worked iron holders as Christmas presents. My brother's rough homespun shirts were my greatest trial, and many times I skinned my knuckles over them. The water was very hard and I had nothing to soften it. I had heard of boiling clothes and put my underclothes in boiling water with no soap and the result was disastrous. How my back ached when those washings were finished and how disappointing to find the clothes yellow and not very clean, but I learned in time and have never regretted doing so.

As the soft June days came in, greater hardships awaited us. With June came the heavy rains, and with the rain came mosquitoes; not one or two or a hundred or a thousand; I am sure they ran into the millions. The air seemed alive with them. You could hardly tell the color of the cattle for them. You had no rest day or night. We had no mosquito nets, nothing to hinder the bites or allay the irritation, and we were 100 miles from any place where we could procure such things. So we just endured as best we might and when evening came and we wearied of the unequal struggle, we

would light a smudge in the stove and sit in the smoke till the tears rolled down our cheeks, then make a dash for the door and the mosquito-stricken outside. The house was all open, for though chinked between the logs, it had only been mudded on one side, and there was space for hundreds of the pests to enter. And enter they did and bite me they did. One evening, having finished my duties, I lay down on our "sofa", composed of potato bags covered with the buffalo robe.

I had a book, but the light was failing and presently I heard the well known hum of the mosquito. I brushed it away and tried to go on reading, but the sound continued and looking up I saw a terrible creature just at my head. One look was sufficient. I was off the bed and out of the door and at the place where Graham was milking our cow, in a moment. "Oh Graham," I cried, "there is a horrible creature, I think it is a scorpion." Graham sprang up, left his pail and ran to the house. "It looks terrible," he said, "you go and get the ax and I will watch it." I did as advised and soon returned. "Light a candle," said my brother, "but do not come too near." He gave a quick stroke with the ax and then to my astonishment rolled over on the "sofa" in fits of laughter. When at last he could control himself, he pointed out that our "scorpion" was a tail of the buffalo robe with a large fly sitting upon it. The joke was too good to keep to ourselves and many a good laugh it caused.

Perhaps it is not to be wondered at that I was on the look out for snakes of all kinds. The place abounded in them. They crept in and out through the interstices between the logs and seemed to be everywhere. Resting on my bed one afternoon, I waked with a start and found one reared up, apparently on its tail, gazing at me. Many a one I put out

of the way with an ax, but they continued as plentiful. One night when we had both gone to bed, Graham called out, "A snake is in bed with me." I only laughed, never thinking of it's being true, but when I turned over the buffalo robe, which served him for a bed, in the morning, there was the snake coiled up where his feet had been.

Mosquitoes were not the only pests we had to contend with. Black flies had their season, and then came the horse fly, which nips a piece out of you, and the "bull dogs", a sort of large blue bottle, and most troublesome of all perhaps, the housefly. I had no safe, or cupboard, and how to keep them out of the food I did not know. In vain I tied papers over the milk pans; they still seemed to get in — not one or two but dozens. One day a buffalo bird came flying into the kitchen. They are something like a blackbird, only brown and rather smaller. It made itself quite at home and flew around eating "bull dogs" to my great satisfaction. After a day or two it came again and established itself on the window of the inner room. It was quite tame and would take a fly from my hand. It stayed all day and then flew away. The third day it did not go away at night, but alas in the morning it was dead. These birds are a great solace to the cattle and I have seen the oxen plowing with three or four birds on the back of each. The poor cattle suffered terribly with the flies and the pony would come and stand with his head in the kitchen door for hours. At night Graham used to make a big smudge, and the pony always stood in the thickest smoke, then the cow and Buck and Bright the oxen.

I have spoken of the June rains, but I think I must go a little more into detail regarding them. They generally were accompanied by violent thunder storms and the rain would

pour down as one has seen it do in the tropics. Our door, made by inexperienced hands, was lower than the ground outside and with each storm the kitchen was flooded. Not only did it run in under the door but found out every crevice between the logs. Now I understood why Graham had not “mudded” all the house; with the rain came the mud and the new pots and pans, hanging behind the stove, which I was so proud of, were constantly streaked with mud when taken down for use. Ruefully I looked at the floor. How could I wipe up the water? Graham solved the difficulty by boring holes in the floor, and into these I swept the flood, which was often deep enough to soak our shoes. Oh those June mornings, can I ever forget them? We got up early and Graham would don his ragged old white mackintosh and go gloomily out into the rain to hunt the cow, which as he used to say, “might be anywhere between our house and the Rockies”. My business was to light the fire. At best I was a poor fire maker, but with the stove wet inside and out, for the rain ran persistently down the stovepipe which served for a chimney, with often no paper, and wet wood, it seemed well nigh impossible to get a cheery blaze. Often I used the three-bladed knife, a present from Mrs. John Cartwright, to cut pieces from underneath the seats of the stools, being the only dry thing I could lay my hands on.

I had a text on the wall, which I often took courage from as I knelt before that loathsome little stove, blowing and puffing and trying to make a fire which would cook our breakfast. It was, “Endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ” (2 Tim. 2:3). I am glad to be able to say that I never once failed to make a fire, and we always had breakfast. Porridge and milk, fried pork and potatoes, bread and butter and syrup, was our unfailing menu, and very

much the same for dinner. Then as the summer wore on we had a great variety of vegetables, for in spite of his sore foot Graham had a splendid garden, and how the things grew in that new land! Before I finish this chapter, with its flies and mosquitoes, I will write down the song of the mosquito, which I heard so often that it is indelibly printed on my mind:

“The blood of the Indian is thick and flat,
The blood of the buffalo is hard to get at,
But the blood of the white man is clear and bright,
So we’ll drink it by day and we’ll drink it by night.”

Compensations

Chapter 17

My last chapter contained an account of so many of the small discomforts from which pioneers are apt to suffer, that I think I must hasten to enumerate some of the many offsets, or compensations, which made, not only my humble self, but many another pioneer, cling with devoted attachment to the new country.

In my own case I think perhaps the sense of personal possession had something to do with it. I had lived now for a long time in other people's houses; comfortable houses, and kind, loving friends, but not one's *own* home. This shack, with its two rooms divided by a curtain, was my own. I could do what I liked, hammer in nails, even make

a rocking stool, to Graham's disgust and amusement, of half a log, with the home tanned skin of a muskrat tacked over it. Another very happy circumstance was that after being "below par" for so long, I now felt really well, and my head had forgotten how to ache. There was an exhilaration about the air, which I never felt elsewhere, and it seemed to put new life and energy into one. A third thing was never ending joy to me, with my intense love of nature, the wild creatures small and great around us. I am not referring here to flies and mosquitoes, but to the squirrels and chipmunks, especially the latter, the birds of all kinds, from the gay yellow or red winged blackbird to the prairie hen with her brood of young, feeding round our door.

Perhaps the flocks of blackbirds were more of a joy to me than to my brother. With much hard labor, and endless irritation from Buck and Bright, who would stop to eat grass every second minute (until in desperation we made factory cotton muzzles for them), he had about ten acres of wheat coming up nicely. Then came the birds in huge flocks, and each bird plucked up its grain and devoured it, till we felt our share of the crop would be small and slender. It was a very real trial and I remember how comforted I was by the words, "And God feedeth them". If He chose to feed them on our wheat, He would feed us on something else. The promise was sure. One morning Mr. Harvey planted peas, and having sown all he had, went to dinner. When he returned, not one pea was left. Graham seeded his patch of wheat a second time and had in the end a very good crop.

Speaking of wild animals, I remember one morning my brother calling me hastily to come, and there were two enormous elk, such wonderful horns they had. They stood gazing at us in wonder for a few moments and then

bounded away. We used to hear wolves too at night, weird, unearthly cries they make, quite alarming until you know what it is.

When my work was done, the house in order and dishes all washed from dinner, I used to go and wander in the woods at the back of the house, finding every day new treasures in the shape of flowers and ferns. I never once thought of planting a flower garden; the woods were so infinitely more interesting. As the summer wore on I had berries to pick; strawberries first and then raspberries, followed in the autumn by the abundant crop of high bush cranberries, which made such excellent jelly. I was proud of my little stock of jam, very small certainly, but all picked and prepared by my own hands. I had no preserving kettle but I boiled it in a milk pan. One had recourse to many expedients.

We had one exciting evening during the early summer. We had had a "bee", to finish the new horse stable I believe. Mr. Christie and his English friend Mr. Raper were there (he was a lawyer and not much Be at farming), Mr. Bredin, the life of the party everywhere, dark silent Charley Wright, Hunter, who lived a couple of miles away and bore an unusually bad name, and one or two others. Tea was over and I was busy with the dishes and the boys outside the door were amusing themselves with the pony, when someone suddenly exclaimed, "Look at that bear".

True enough, in our garden immediately opposite the house, stood a large brown bear. The actions of the young men were characteristic. Bredin, who happened to be on the pony, tore off for his rifle. Two or three said it was getting dark and they must go home. Graham, Christie and Wright took their guns and pursued the creature,

which was making its way through the potato field. I was left alone with Mr. Raper. "Are you not afraid?" he asked. "Not in the least," I replied. "Have you not pork in that barrel? Bears are fond of pork," said he, "let us at least shut the door," though he added, "that door is no protection, let me put the ladder up to the beam and we can both go up there." "I really have not time," was my answer, "but why don't you go up?" "Oh, I could not leave you alone," he said gallantly, "I think you had better come." By this time Bredin was back and rode across the garden and potato field, much to my brother's chagrin, but no one got a shot at the bear. Indeed it was getting so dark they were obliged to come back.

About this time, just after the rains, I began to suffer from toothache. Night after night I lay awake with it. I used to get up and cowering over the candle forget my misery in *Oliver Twist*, which I then read for the first time. One evening Bredin told us a doctor had come to a homestead about ten miles away, and he suggested that we go and see him, and perhaps he could take out the tooth. He would come and show us the way. So the next day we set off. He brought one of his oxen harnessed to the little country cart, and in this I rode in state. It was a lovely drive, the country was not prairie but rolling land, with streams and clumps of bush, a good land and a fair. About noon we spied the doctor, a big stout English gentleman, dressed in trousers and undershirt, and surrounded by his sons. (Dr. Pennyfather always reminded me of the Swiss Family Robinson father.) He said he could not possibly take out the tooth. His instruments were at the bottom of a trunk and the trunk was the other side of the river and it was in flood. He thought I needed a tonic and he would

write me out a formula. Take plenty of beef tea he said and eggs. We had a good laugh when out of hearing, as we wondered where the beef tea and the eggs were to come from and who was to make up the tonic. We ate a lunch of bread and butter and syrup pie and then made the best of our way home. What the reason was I do not know, but I had no more toothache.

My clothes had been a real trial to me ever since I reached Beaconsfield. The dressmaker had insisted on making me two "wrappers"; she said they were "nice to work in". My mother believed her and I was allowed no voice in the matter. The contraptions were made of Gray wincey and had *trains*, for what purpose I cannot tell. They were very full and not having any kind of belt would continually bob against the stove, besides sweeping up all the dirt and wet which was so frequent during the rainy season. I endured them as long as I could and then cut the bottoms off bodily so they were quite short, and wore a belt. They were still clumsy, so I decided to make a dress of some blue denim my brother had. It was my first attempt and I had no pattern, but I had a nice little sewing machine kind Lady Robinson had given me, and after making many blunders, I really fashioned a garment which was at least comfortable. My slight shoes went all to pieces on the rough trails, but one of the young men going to Emerson bought me a pair of copper-toed boy's boots, and they lasted well.

I needed strong boots, for I was constantly on the go. As will be remembered, my brother cut his foot while getting the first load of wood for summer use so we had none in readiness and I was somewhat in the condition of the Israelites, who had to hunt for straw. Fortunately the logs for the horse stable had been squared and the pieces

which had been hewed off were lying around. My business was to collect these pieces for burning. I had two baskets, and many, many times a day I toiled from the house to the stable with my baskets. I can feel the bright summer sunshine now and fancy I am a girl again, gathering those chips, followed always, backwards and forwards, by my faithful Punch.

Punch deserves more than a passing word. He was a present to me from Mrs. Cooper, the son of her Russian cat and also yellow and white. He was very tiny when he came and missing his mother would cry at night. Graham threatened to shut him up in the stable, so I took him to bed with me and he always slept with me afterwards. As he got a little bigger he would play with the chipmunks and mice which infested our little dwelling, until one day Graham killed a mouse and gave it to him. Once the spirit of the hunter was aroused he soon cleared the house of "mice and such small game". I was sorry to lose the chipmunks, who migrated to the stable, they were so very tame and sociable. I have seen as many as nine sitting up around the kitchen while we were at supper, waiting for crumbs, and occasionally they would come on the table. I longed for one as a pet and caught them again and again as they scuttled round my shelves, helping themselves to what they liked best. But I never could make a cage sufficiently tight to keep them in. I remember one who escaped from me, leaving his tail in my hand. I was horrified, but he did not seem any the worse and I often saw him again. To return to Punch, he was my constant companion. I never went anywhere, except on the pony, without him. He always followed me to the woods when I was berry picking, and

would stand and mew in front of a good bunch of berries. You don't believe that but it is true all the same.

We often had visits from Indians, tall fine looking men, in their long blue blankets and painted faces, their hair long, black and coarse, loosely plaited up with anything they could find to ornament it, from a lamp burner to a tailor's thimble. One man bore the modest name of Okemow-Monema-taka. He often came. They never knocked but entered softly with their moccasined feet and looking up I would see a tall figure gazing at me. Sometimes Okie, as I used to call him, would bring his family. The poor squaw, with her baby in his birchbark frame on her back, had to stand, while her lord sat on the only chair. One day he brought two stalwart sons and we invited them to dinner. It was a great event, I am sure, and it was more than funny to see the father instructing them in the use of knife and fork.

We had other visitors too. Bredin often ran in. Sometimes he would say, "I have been baking", but it was hardly necessary as he would be covered with flour and dough from boots to finger nails. Christie and Woods came too, at times to "change work" with Graham. Christie always kept a pin and used to employ spare moments over what he called "extract of wild rose". The land was not prairie, but covered with bushes, especially roses, and these had to be got rid of before the first plowing or breaking could be done.

There was a great difference between the farmers' sons and the gentlemen. The former would come in from work, off with his coat, run for a pail of water, and without thought of shame, have a thorough wash in the basin on the shelf beside the stove. The gentlemen's sons, abashed by

the unusual sight of a lady, would take the last drop of water and give a dab to their hands and never think of carrying in either wood or water. So on the whole I appreciated the farmers most.

Perhaps our roughest visitors were two young men who arrived one evening. One was tall and lanky and lacked one eye. He said his name was Irwin. His companion was short and stout and bore the name of Jacobs. They had supper, eating next to nothing, and then begged a bed. They had walked I do not know how far and were looking for homesteads. We could not refuse them a bed, so gave them each a blanket on the kitchen floor. They were our guests for nearly a week, such rough diamonds as they were, and the respect and I might say tender care which they gave me, I cannot describe. Graham let them dig a drain from the cellar to the slough, to run off the water which had filled it since the rainy season. At last they picked out their land and very good sections they got. Then they said goodbye and away they went.

The haying was quite an event during the summer and lasted some weeks. We owned a beautiful hay meadow some distance from the house. Of course we had no "mower", but Alf Woods came to help and the lads cut a great quantity of hay. I used to go down and carry them a lunch every afternoon and sit about in the lovely new mown hay, not helping much I fear. Mr. Raper used often to come and visit us. He was the one idle man in the township and Christie used to complain bitterly of how little use he was, but I fear he much preferred sitting watching me make the butter, or giving me a Latin lesson, which he often did, to turning over the hay in the hot sun. I used to be much exercised over all these young men, not one of them with serious

thoughts. I longed to turn their thoughts to better things, but it seemed so hopeless. Every morning when my house was tidy, I used to have an hour for reading and prayer and how earnestly I used to pray for the lads.

One Saturday Graham came in saying that a young Englishman named Mr. Ashby was going to have a service in the next township on Sunday afternoon and suggested we should go. I was very glad to go anywhere to hear something good. I was hungry for a little Christian fellowship, so we agreed to go. I remember what a time we had getting "tidy". Graham possessed one white shirt and insisted on wearing it, or perhaps I was the one who insisted, but he had no studs. We got over this difficulty by using *rivets*. I rode Dick the pony and a number of the boys walked. It was a long way, the congregation was but small; "religion" in any form was avoided I fear. Mr. Ashby was quite young but a real Christian. He read the English Church service and then Graham maintained that he read a "Brethren tract"; it did sound rather like it. I was disappointed in the service and I did not get a chance to speak to Mr. Ashby as I would like to have done.

Every week we had one excitement; on Wednesday afternoon the mail arrived. It was brought by a mail carrier with a horse and buggy, though sometimes it was all he could do to get through. What a joy the letters were, and how good my friends were to me. My dear mother and sister never missed a week once, then Sophie wrote and Lily Reid, who was playing the role of mother's help at Mrs. James Cartwright's. Neen Checkley too wrote quires to me from her distant post in Holly Spring, Miss., and occasionally I even heard from some of the English friends. Then my mother had subscribed for the Montreal Weekly

Witness, which gave us reading matter, and I had "The Young Believer", edited I think by Dr. Schofield, and you may be sure they were of great pleasure and profit. Occasionally parcels came, and you may be sure they were always welcome.

The mosquitoes lessened as the summer went on, and I had some pleasant rides over the lonely hills and dales, but I did not extend my acquaintance to the next township. When the harvest was all in, I suggested we should have a party. My invitations were well received and I did my best to make a good meal. It was hard to make cakes without eggs, but I had milk and cream in abundance, and syrup pie was much appreciated, and tartlets with cranberry jelly. We ate out of doors and the main trouble was to provide seats, but one way and another we contrived these and it all went off very well and proved a great success.

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Chapter 18

Ever since Charley Wright first saw our cozy little domicile he had decided to bring up his parents and sisters, and in September they really arrived in Emerson. He had, during the summer, built quite a good house half a mile nearer to us than the Coopers. This house had two rooms downstairs and two up, and they brought some furniture, including the piano, without which the girls declared they would not come. Of course their brother had to go and meet them, and as Graham needed lumber to make the partitions and upstairs of our house, besides our winter store of provisions, he decided to accompany him. Alf Woods was also of the party, with his wagon and oxen, and

Mr. Raper, who had decided that farming was not his line of things, begged a seat in the wagon that he might return once more to civilization. I naturally inquired what was to become of me, but Graham said I was certainly to go with them and I was only too pleased. The boys had a tent, and I was to sleep in the little Red River cart, which Dick (the pony) had the business of transporting.

We started out one fine afternoon early in September, taking bedding, a little food, and a few actual necessities, such as a tin cup and plate each, and knife and fork, etc. You do not go very fast with oxen, and we made perhaps eight or nine miles that afternoon. Then we camped near a wood. Before we had finished our supper a storm came up and the boys insisted that I should go into a house nearby to sleep. It was a Frenchman's house, but he was away and his wife, who was alone, welcomed me gladly. She could not speak any English, but I managed to scrape up enough French to converse with her and she was not critical. The next day was fine. How delightful it was driving along over the prairie, up and down hills, through the bush, sometimes fording a stream. Dick was my responsibility, but the lazy little beast gladly accommodated his pace to the oxen and followed their lead, and I either walked or-ode on a board laid from one end of the wagon to the other. It was a delightful spring seat and you could get off and on at will.

Mr. Raper was generally nearby and he told me more of himself than previously. He had been in love with an actress, and his parents to avoid the match had sent him out to Canada, but he had secretly married her the night before he started. He was willing to listen when I spoke of the Lord to him, but I am afraid nothing made much impression. I heard some years later that he went

to Chicago, where his wife joined him and they set up a laundry.

Our second night we spent in Nelsonville, and I had a warm welcome from Mrs. Lauder kiss. Her sister had gone home, but she kept me to supper and all night. After this came the road across the prairie, sixty miles as flat as a table and not a tree or a bush to be seen. Here and there we passed the Mennonite villages, but did not enter any of them. At night we camped as usual, but as it looked like rain. I slept in one of the wagons, and they made an awning over me of a buffalo robe. When I waked in the morning, sure enough it was pouring rain. The boys hitched, or perhaps I should say yoked up, without waiting for breakfast, and we made for an hotel which some enterprising individual had begun. It was a good-sized building though not yet finished, but I was glad of a room, even if it had no door, where I could have a wash and change my clothes. We got breakfast here and the rain stopping, made a good journey before dinner, which we ate in a garden. We had finished the food we brought and were glad to buy some rye bread at this house.

After dinner we went on, but soon another storm came up. How it rained and how wet we were. Not far off was a Mennonite village and we made for it. In a fiercer pour than had been yet, we all rushed into one of the houses, carrying what we could in our arms. Wet and cold and hungry, we were a desolate looking group. Perhaps there was good reason why the owner of the house would not let us past the stable—always in Mennonite houses under the same roof as the house. However, there was a stove and Wright insisted on a fire being made. “You give us supper?” he said. “No,” said the man, “no food”. “Nonsense,” said Wright, “you have eggs, bread, coffee,” No, he had nothing.

“We pay good price,” said Wright. Then his tune changed; we could have all we wanted. Before long he brought out a table, painted red, with our supper on it. Would you like to know what we had? Well first there was a large tin teakettle of barley coffee, a very dainty China basin of loaf sugar, a box of Christie’s soda biscuits, and a large pan of very soft boiled eggs, and a large loaf of rye bread, sour and black. For utensils we had two spoons and several very nice China cups. Mr. Raper fell upon the bread, declaring it was delicious, but for most of us one taste was enough. However the coffee was not bad and the biscuits fresh and crisp. The eggs were our problem; to eat a soft boiled egg with your pocket knife needs more skill than we had and we only managed one each. Before breakfast time everybody had made a wooden egg spoon and one for me. We could get no straw for beds that night and lay down in the dark—for we could get no candle—on the hard cement floor. Our bedding was wet and we were far from comfortable, but as it rained and stormed all night, we were thankful for a shelter, however poor.

Next morning it was still raining but we wearily plodded on, arriving in West Lynn, the village on the west bank of the Red River, about eleven. A more dirty, wet, forlorn looking crowd could hardly have been found entering an hotel. A man came up to Graham, much to his annoyance, and asked if his sister was “looking for a place”. We all retired to our rooms and when we met at dinner time the transformation was so great that we hardly recognized one another.

We had to cross the Red River on a ferry, there being no bridge, and Graham took me up at once to Mrs. Newcombe’s. It was certainly a treat to get into a comfortable,

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civilized abode and receive the warm welcome of kind Mrs. Newcombe and her motherly mother. Then I had to visit Mrs. Wright at the hotel and her three daughters, Emmie, Louie and Edie. When she took me in her kindly arms and the girls greeted me as a sister, I felt at home with them at once. I spent a day or two with Mrs. Scott and two afternoons at the dentist, but he was so very attentive and begged for an invitation to our house so assiduously, that I did not go again.

Staying in Emerson with six oxen and a pony, besides hotel bills, was expensive, so the boys were anxious to be off as soon as possible. Charley Wright had arranged for horses, so they did not start as soon as we did. Charley was well loaded with furniture and boxes for his family, and Alf, in addition to lumber, had also some of their things. Graham had a large load of lumber and the wagon box on the top of it, in which was a stove, a barrel of pork (200 lbs.), a keg of syrup and many other things. On the top of all this I sat, wrapped in an old Gray rug, with my Latin grammar to console me. All our personal things were in the cart. However, I am going on too fast.

We left Emerson, or tried to do so, one afternoon, about 1 p.m. and our first difficulty arose when we reached the Red River. The banks had become so slippery, with the constant rain, that it seemed impossible to get the oxen and their heavy loads down to the ferry. Anyone who has been in Winnipeg knows what the black sticky mud is and will not be surprised when I tell them that it was six o'clock when we finally got across the river and then it was only accomplished by cutting numerous boughs and putting them under the feet of the oxen. There was nothing for it

but to remain at the hotel in West Lynn all night and that we did.

It was the next morning, when we set out in a drizzling rain, that I was mounted in my lofty seat and became an object of interest to the Emerson doctor, who in a light buggy and with a swift horse was trotting over the prairie to some distant Mennonite village. He stopped when he came alongside of us and remarked: "The lady would be more comfortable in my covered buggy". Graham was very glad to get me a better vehicle, and I was soon sitting beside the doctor, still grasping my Latin grammar and 50 cents which Graham poked into my hand for my dinner. "I will leave her at the 20-mile village," shouted the doctor, as the impatient horse started. "Yes," said the boys, "we will be there by night".

It certainly was pleasanter driving in the doctor's buggy and he was a pleasant, intelligent man and we found no lack of conversation. About noon we reached the 20-mile village. Here we stopped and he ordered dinner for us both. When finished he bade me goodbye and I felt rather forlorn as I saw the friendly buggy disappearing in the distance. A Latin grammar has its uses undoubtedly, and may prove interesting on certain occasions, but as your sole companion for a long afternoon it is not all that could be desired. A long, weary afternoon it was. I remained in the guest room, which was fairly clean, and watched my hosts having their dinner at a table in the Center. A large China bowl of what might be termed stew was brought in. Each member of the family produced a fork or spoon from some pocket and they all fell to. I think if I remember rightly they had bread too. When the meal was over the table was conveyed away with all on it. Then I tried wandering around the village

but it was raining and the mud was deep. My hostess came in now and then and asked, "Bruder come yet?" But the afternoon wore on and no "bruder" came. Finally it got quite dark and then I knew they would not come. In despair I procured some bread and milk for my supper. Just then two more guests arrived, one a Dutch farmer, who could not speak English, the other an elderly Canadian. "Excuse me," he said, "but as I am old enough to be your father, I feel I must inquire how you come to be here alone?" I was glad enough of such a nice kind friend, and soon poured my story into his sympathetic ear. He was very consoling and was sure they would be along in the morning. Then we all three lay down in our clothes to sleep. There were three benches, fairly wide, in the room—one each. I took the rug for a pillow and the old German woman lent me a sheep skin coat, which I later regretted having used, but it was really cold. The Canadian snored vigorously and the Dutchman kept shouting at "dream oxen" all night, so I did not sleep much.

Sure enough, about ten o'clock the boys arrived. They had stuck in a mud hole and no efforts of their own could extricate them, but at last a man with a team of horses came on the scene and got them out. But it was then too dark to go farther. I was glad enough to say goodbye to 20-mile village and once more mount to my lofty seat. The drizzling rain continued most of the nine days which it took us to get home, making the trails almost impassable. We would come to a creek or slough, swollen to twice its ordinary size, and to get those three yoke of oxen, with their heavy loads, across seemed well nigh impossible. All six oxen would be put on one wagon. Then their drivers would shout and pull and beat and goad, but to get them

all to pull together they could not. The end generally was to unload, convey the empty wagons over, then all the lumber, furniture, etc and then load up again. This was a lengthy proceeding and required much patience. I remember one special slough we spent all the afternoon crossing. We had dined beside it in heavy rain, I sitting on an upturned pail under the wagon while the boys struggled to make a fire and boil some tea and fry pork. After dinner Graham began by carrying me across and I wandered around picking the late flowers and otherwise "putting in" the long hours until it was almost dark, when we set off once more. We were at the beginning of the alkali swamp, a bare, barren tract four or five miles across. We traveled until it was quite dark and then against our will camped by a small clump of willows in the swamp.

I slept as usual in the Red River cart and I had hardly lain down when I remembered to my great consternation that I had left Graham's silver mug beside the little stream we had crossed. He had a particular affection for this mug, given him when he was christened, and I could not bear to lose it. I knew nothing would induce the lads to go back. What could I do? At last I decided to rise very early and walk back. It was about four miles they had said. Before it was light I slipped out of the cart and started back over the lonely road. It seemed very long but after walking what seemed hours I saw in the distance a light. There was no house anywhere near. What could it be? Should I go back? No, that would be cowardly. I pushed on, my eyes on that light. It grew brighter and at last I made out the shape of a large tent; the light was in it. I crept stealthily by and in a few minutes reached the creek. I knew exactly the spot where the mug lay, in a tuft of grass by a little spring. When

I got back the boys were all up and just putting the oxen on to the wagons. They looked curiously at me but did not say a word and it was hard to make them believe where I had been. Months afterwards one of them told me of the fright they were in when they took the cover off the cart and found me gone, but at the time they said nothing. We went another mile out of the swamp and then one of the boys shot a partridge and we had a good breakfast. I think it must have been the next day, being Sunday, that we called a halt and had a most peaceful day. The weather had cleared and we camped in a sweet spot by a stream. I had my Bible as well as the grammar and spent a very happy day.

Two or three days after this Charley Wright's family overtook us, in a double democrat. We could not get back for two days more at least and the house had no furniture, so it was soon decided that I should go with them and all remain at our house until the goods arrived. It was much rougher riding behind horses than oxen over these unmade roads and we were all thankful to reach our little shack that evening. I cannot remember who drove us but have an idea it was Bredin. I know he was there and made a fire and helped us to get beds made, and took Dr. Wright, who was always a care and a trial, to his own house. I gave Mrs. Wright my bed, in which we found a nest of young mice—but they had brought a cat from Ontario—and the two girls and I had shakedown of some kind. The third daughter, Emmie, had secured a position in Emerson. We had great fun altogether, for the next two days, and did no end of washing, and I was really sorry to let them go.

It made a great difference in my life, as may be supposed, having kind, motherly Mrs. Wright so near and two nice cheerful girls for companions. It was certainly a mile and

a half to their house, but we did not think much of that. I was often there and the girls would come down to tea with me, and we often took long walks. One day Bredin lent us his buckboard and pony and we all squeezed into it and drove a good many miles to see Mrs. Crawley, a bride who had lately come up.

Graham exchanged his never to be forgotten Buck and Bright for a fine pair of white mares, this autumn, and work being pretty slack, he often took us for a drive and we visited some of our more distant neighbors. One expedition I have a vivid remembrance of. It was near Christmas time and very cold. Miss Radford had just changed her name and become the wife of the widower Mr. Bural, and they had built a cozy little house. Meeting Graham one day, they begged him to bring the Miss Wrights and me over to spend the evening, and named a day. We were very willing to go, sleighing was good and the drive delightful. When we arrived about five o'clock our appetites had been made very keen by the cold fresh air. The room was warm and comfortable, I got out my knitting, and we all sat down. We wondered privately that no sign of a meal was apparent. The hours dragged on. We got more and more silent; we had exhausted every topic of conversation. Graham fidgeted uneasily, I knitted faster and faster, and Edie and Louie became sad and depressed. At last about 8 p.m., just as we were thinking of saying goodnight, our hostess arose and prepared to make a cake. We watched with intense interest. Then a wonderful supper was laid; pickles, cold meat, jam, cake and buns. We had got to the condition of the boy Graham used to tell about, who said he could "eat 10,000 blooming buns and the man who made them", when at last we were called to supper. You may depend we did ample

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justice to it. We found they had put the clock back an hour to detain us longer. Of course Graham and I did not care, but Dr. Wright was such a crank his daughters went home in great fear about midnight. Another time we drove over to a bachelors' encampment and one of them presented me with a sweet cocker puppy, all black. We called her Flossy and she became a great pet in our little establishment.

Days of My Pilgrimage

Our First Christmas

Chapter 19

Soon after we returned from Emerson, Graham, having a very large harvest of potatoes, engaged a little boy to come and help him get them in. This child's name was Joe Bradley and his family lived about five miles from us, as the crow flies, but fifteen by road. I found this little lad great company, as Graham had to go away for a day or two several times. They had come from Hamilton some years before and had had exceedingly hard times. Little by little the child told of their trials. They had come up with a neighbor called Foster and they had managed to buy a yoke of oxen between them, but Mr. Bradley's ox died. He had no money to buy another, so could do no plowing.

There were six little children all younger than Joey and how they existed I often wondered. Joey was very pleased to talk about his home and soon told me the names of all his brothers and sisters. Then I began to talk to him of the Lord but then his face got blank; he had never been told of Jesus. Perhaps he knew there was a God; he had often heard men swear. He listened with great interest and during the six weeks he was with us learned a great deal.

“What do you do at Christmas, Joe?” I asked. He laughed. “Oh nothing.” “Do you ever have presents?” “I guess the girls never had such a thing in their lives.” When he left I gave him some books and cards for them, with which he was very pleased. Louie and Edie and I felt very sad over seven children who had never had a Christmas present and we racked our brains to find ways of making some. My grandmother had given me some little toys, bought at Mr. Mullins, to give away, and with some balls made from wool wound around corks, we succeeded in getting enough things to go round for our immediate neighbors, the Coopers and Millers and little Alice Burrell, but these seven extra children were a problem. At last Edie found a packet of small pictures and some foolscap paper. They came and spent an evening and we made seven cornucopias. The girls had persuaded the mail man, who brought the letters now to their house, to buy us a pound of cheap candy—our united funds only amounted to 35 cents—and with this we filled our little receptacles, and the same kind man carried the parcel done up in newspaper to the post office nearest the Bradley’s house. It was a long time before we heard of the success of our efforts, but I think I will finish the story here. On the 24th December, Mrs. Bradley sent Joe to the post office. It was eight miles and bitterly cold, but Joe was

a sturdy little chap. He was gone most of the day and when he returned about dusk, he found a Christmas present had already arrived in the person of a new little sister, making six girls in the family. The *Parcel* was received with great joy and stowed away until the little ones were in bed. Then Joe and Emmie, who was eleven, helped undo it, and the seven cornucopias appeared. Then arose the question, who sent them, but Joe said at once, "It was Miss Boulton; no one else ever asked the names of the children and here they are all marked down." The delighted mother at once asked my name and the new baby was promptly called "Fanny". The next morning great joy was in that household. Each cornucopia was emptied by its delighted owner and the biggest picked out for mother. Each child had to taste every other child's and various "trades" were made. I have given I daresay hundreds of Christmas presents in my life, but none seemed to me so eminently satisfactory.

Our own Christmas was quiet and happy. There were home presents, which had arrived by the last mail. Mother had sent me a blue jersey, the first attempt at the modern sweater. It was made of very fine wool, fitted to the figure, and buttoned with about twenty-four small buttons down the back. As this was impossible for me, I fastened it in front and wore a belt with it. To go back to Christmas, we had the Woods to dinner and dined on roast wild duck. After dinner Graham took out the horses and we went around and distributed our little presents.

I fear that I am lingering too long over this period of my life and yet I would like to relate one more little incident. Soon after returning from Emerson, in October I think, Bredin mentioned one day that Hunter, of whom I have spoken, had brought his old father-in-law. "He is

a nice old man," he said, "but Hunter treats him terribly, won't give him any tobacco and is just planning to get his money." A few days after this, on a Sunday afternoon, I saw a feeble old man coming up the slope in front of our house. I asked him in, guessing at once who he was. He seemed quite exhausted and I made him a cup of tea. He enjoyed the cream and sugar in it, but before touching it took off his hat and gave thanks. I found he was a Christian and very unhappy. He was quite eighty, could not see to read and longed for his Bible. I dared not keep him, as it was getting late and he had two miles to go, but promised to come and read to him. Graham was much interested in the old man, but said I could not go if Hunter was at home. About a week afterwards I saw Hunter coming along the trail past our house with his wagon and oxen. I spoke to him and he said he was going to Nelsonville. I at once decided to go over and see my old man, Graham quite approving. As soon as the dinner was cleared up, I started with Flossy. It was a long way and I had never been before in that direction. I crossed the river, skirted Graham's ploughed land, went through a thick wood, then skirted a cranberry marsh, and came to the house. It was a low log cabin, surrounded on three sides by forest. I think you could hardly imagine a more lonely place. I knocked at the door without an answer, knocked louder, finally tried to open it. It was locked. Then I noticed that on the wood pile, in front of the house, all the old man's clothes were laid out, also a feather bed. I went around to the back and called the old man by name but all was silent. The loneliness was intense. A horror came over me I had never felt before. I turned away and hurried home, lost my way in the wood and finally reached the house feeling very much perplexed.

The next day about noon I saw Hunter returning but he did not stop. Where he had been I do not know, as he could not have even reached Nelsonville in twenty-four hours. In a couple of hours he appeared again and came and knocked at the door. "You are back," I said. "Yes," he said, "and the old man's gone and died while I was away." He was afraid to go back and insisted on staying at our house all night, much to our disgust. Graham called the other young men and they all went over and buried him, using most of the wood we had brought for our partition for a coffin. It always remained a mystery as to the fate of the poor old man. The boys said he looked dreadful and they felt sure he was dead when I went over. They expressed themselves as very thankful that I had not got in. I felt very strongly that it was the Lord's merciful care over me.

One more little incident and I have finished this chapter. One morning in November, the first snow was beginning and the ground freezing up, Graham said to me, "Do you think you could take the team over to Bill Gorrey's and have them shod?" I was rather startled at the suggestion but said I could certainly try to. "You see," he said, "Frank Wood's horses want shoeing too and if he knows I am going he will want me to take them too; he will never expect you to." So he found my pony, put on the red saddle, and attired in my blue habit and a warm coat I set off.

The horses never seemed so big before and I felt very small and helpless as I led them off. We got on nicely for a mile or more, well past the Wright's house, when something happened—I forget what—and I had to dismount. My difficulty settled, I tried to mount again, but could I and hold those two horses? No indeed and I walked wearily on, leading my three steeds. Just as I came to the Cooper's

where I turned off, a heavy flurry of snow came on. I felt it providential, as all the boys were at Christie's putting an addition to his house and I would have hated them to see me in such a plight. But I passed by unseen and soon after I came to a fence, to which I tied the team while I mounted little Dick. After that all was plain sailing and following Graham's directions I soon reached the Gorrey homestead. I had never been there before and was glad to meet Miss Gorrey, of whom Bredin had told me many tales. She kept house for her father and brothers, who had the blacksmith's shop, and was terribly afraid of Indians. On one occasion Bredin came to the house and could get to response to his knocks, so he walked in. After a few minutes she shamefacedly appeared from under the bed, being alone in the house and thinking he was an Indian. On another occasion they killed an ox and after selling some of it, put the rest outside to freeze. Indians really came along that time and seeing no one around, began to help themselves, poor Miss Gorrey, watching them in wrath and terror from some secret spot. But when they placed the head, from which she had hoped to make many delectable dishes, on their sleigh, she could bear it no longer and, anger overcoming fear, she rushed out. It was all that was needed. They quickly threw down their ill gotten gains and took to their heels. However, when I reached Miss Gorrey's house and saw how clean and tidy everything was, though she was both baking and washing, I felt she was far ahead of me in skill and order, even if she was afraid of Indians.

One always got such a warm welcome in those early days; you felt they were really glad to see you and share whatever they had with you. Jim soon took the horses off

Our First Christmas

to the stable and I had a cheerful dinner and much good fare. About four everything was ready. Jim or Bill saddled my pony and the mares, knowing they were going home, trotted off in fine style. It was all Dick could do to keep up and, much to the astonishment of the boys busy at Christie's house still, I passed at full speed. They told me afterwards how, not having seem me go by before, they could not imagine who I was or where I came from, in the twilight.

Days of My Pilgrimage

Another Expedition

Chapter 20

I have spoken of the drives and walks Graham and I used to take with the Wrights, and it is not astonishing that Graham presently began to feel a warmer sentiment than friendship for Miss Edith, the younger sister. She was a very nice girl, not nearly so pretty as her sister, but with a very sweet disposition and very unselfish. Not long after Christmas he made her an offer of marriage. She gave him no decided answer and just at that juncture we had to accept an invitation to a house eight or nine miles away. We all felt uncomfortable but we had promised to go and could not well get out of it.

It was bitterly cold and I think we did not speak a word all the way. The woman we were to visit was the sister-in-law of the poor little woman who lived in the turf house and died a few weeks after I came up. Mrs. Allen (I do not think that was her name) had taken the baby and was struggling to keep it alive. The house was very cold. She used to dress it up in a flannel cape and mitts when it went to bed, or it would have frozen. Her larder was very empty; all she could give us was dry bread and some dried beef, very like a piece of your shoe. All the poor baby had was some bread and a scrape of butter; she had about half a pound and kept it just for the poor mite. We left early and that was the last of our gaiety. The next day Edie told Graham she would not have him and the intercourse between the families was more or less stopped.

It was now very cold weather and our house was dark and dull. The half window in the kitchen looked north and was covered inches deep in frost. One pane was broken and I had mended it with a shingle over which I pasted a picture of a lady in a very summer dress, with a parasol. Her head and parasol was the only bit of the window uncovered and it used to make me shiver to look at her.

It did not get light until 9 a.m. or after and by 3 p.m. we needed a light again. We had broken all our lamp glasses and were reduced to the lantern, which we used to put on a stool between us as we sat by the fire. We were really never cold, but the wood we burned was poplar, or "popular", as some called it, and our stove, being very small, needed constant stoking. We had no milk, as our cow had wandered away in the autumn and when we found her, 15 miles from home, she was dry. Of course having no milk, no butter, nor eggs or fresh meat, we were getting very weary of "mess

pork”, potatoes, porridge and syrup. Sometimes I made a gingerbread. I remember Louie Wright said a spoonful of fresh snow was equal to an egg, so we tried a cake, but our scrap of shortening was so hard we melted it, mixed the sugar and then put it outside to get cool. When we looked out five minutes afterwards something had eaten it up. Indeed to turn aside for a minute, there was a “something” around.

One morning, being alone in the house, I heard a scratching at the door and opening it, a large animal appeared, with rough brown hair and enormous claws. I am afraid I was rather rude, as I shut the door in his face. After remaining around for a while he trotted off to the stable. When Graham came in and heard of it, he said it must be a badger. He found it in an unused pigsty he had prepared for a prospective pig and shot it. On bringing it into the house my poor cat Punch came and lay down beside it and moaned and cried as for a dear friend. We concluded they had been sleeping together in the pigsty and had a real love for one another.

But to return to our subject, things were certainly very dull. Graham would sit by the hour not speaking, his appetite failed and I began to grow uneasy. One day I said, “Why don’t you go home for a visit, there is nothing to be done during the next two months.” Well, to make a long story short, after much discussion it was decided he could go almost immediately and I would stay with Mrs. Scott in Emerson. Charley Wright was more than willing to take care of the horses and also took the cow. The cat and Flossy found good homes and we packed up our goods and started.

Driving into Emerson with a good team of horses and good sleighing was an easy matter and not unpleasant. It was very cold but I was well wrapped up and had a nice little three-sided tin water bottle Cousin Sarah Gamble had had made for me. I filled it with boiling water on starting, and when we stopped at noon to eat pork and potatoes and dried apple pie in somebody's house, I simply stood it on the stove and it was ready for the next four or five hours drive. It was on this trip I first saw the mirage which is so common in winter on the prairie. I have noticed it generally very early in the morning or when the light is beginning to grow dim. A tiny log cabin will look in the distance like a castle, or suddenly villages will appear all around you which a few moments ago were invisible. Sometimes a house will seem to be hanging from the clouds, but always upside down.

Mrs. Scott was delighted to see me and only too pleased to have my help and company, as she was alone. Graham made no delay, but went on at once, and I established myself very comfortably at Mrs. Scott's. The end of January was very cold. It went as low as 59° below zero, but we had a huge box stove in the hall, with an oven above, and wood was plentiful. I think both Mr. and Mrs. Scott were the kindest and most hospitable people I ever met. It was the one point they were both agreed upon. Life had been a disappointment to both. Mrs. Scott had always desired to be a missionary, but seventy-five or eighty years ago when she was a girl it was an unheard of thing for a girl to go off alone. "No," said her father, "if you marry a missionary, all right, but otherwise you stay at home." She was very zealous in good works. One Sunday afternoon when teaching her class in Sunday School, on looking

up she saw a short good looking gentleman, in minister's clothes, watching her. On coming home she found he had come to tea. She soon learned from her sisters that he was going to Egypt as a missionary and was anxious to take a wife with him. By the help of officious friends the match was soon made and they were married at once, knowing nothing of one another. Then came the great blow. They reached Montreal, where they were to sail from, and he was taken very ill and the doctors positively forbade his ever attempting missionary work. They ended by settling down in Napanee and later came to the West. She had had a sad life. Three little girls she had raised to five years of age and they died, two of scarlet fever, contracted by their father's carelessness. I think she had never forgiven him. But in the matter of hospitality they were entirely one.

After the very bitter weather had passed, Mrs. Scott took me over one day to spend the day at her married son's shack on the prairie. On our return we found Mr. Scott rubbing his hands in great spirits. He said an Englishman had come to see him. He had just arrived in the country with a wife and four little children and expecting a fifth in a few weeks. He had little or no money and did not know what to do. "So of course," said Mr. Scott, "I told him to bring them all here tomorrow." Mrs. Scott heartily agreed. The big kitchen was given up to them, and one or two bedrooms, and they remained there until the spring, Mrs. Scott nursing the woman herself when the little newcomer arrived. This is only a sample of their kindness.

Mr. Scott was a clever man and had a nice little library. I read Trench "On the Study of Words", while there, and I remember beginning to learn the Gospel of Mark, but I only mastered the first chapter. I used to help Mrs. Scott with

the work, but we also had a big strong French Canadian Girl who came sometimes. When she had worked about an hour, Mrs. Scott would say, "Do sit down Marie, you must be so tired, and I will make you a cup of tea." "Deed and I think it should be I making you the cup of tea," she would reply.

Mr. Scott had a great friend who was a missionary in Dakota (Emerson is just on the line). He used to make his headquarters at the house. We would see him drive up with his skittish little pony, but Mrs. Scott warned me that we were never to appear until he was unwrapped and had an opportunity to dye his hair, bringing it back from almost white to its original Highland yellow. At the same time he always dyed his moccasins the same color. One day, unfortunately, there was something wrong with the dye and both came out green. But notwithstanding this little foible, he was a good man and a brave missionary, fearing neither cold nor storm to carry the Gospel to the scattered homesteads of the West. Mr. Scott's pony was a great contrast to Mr. MacNeil's; it rarely went beyond a walk and he kept up a gentle urging with whip and reins, which was quite ineffectual.

Besides old Mr. MacNeil, we used to have visits from a yellow haired laddie called McPherson, and another dark haired young man, whose name I have forgotten. I went into Emerson occasionally too, and visited my first friend there, Mrs. Newcombe, and also a new and very kind friend Mrs. Ireland. I also saw Emmie Wright several times and found she was engaged to the druggist, Mr. Carmen and was to be married in the spring.

There was much marrying in those early days and few girls went home single. The doctor told me he was at

the station one day and a bright looking girl got off the train. Seeing she was alone and no one to meet her, he went up and asked if he could help her. "Where was she going?" "I came up to be married," she replied. "And where is your intended?" he asked. "Oh I have no one yet but I understood a girl had just to come up and the young men would be all ready to take her." "But in the meantime," said the doctor, "I had better find you a nice place." "No, indeed, I did not come up to work." A few days afterwards he met her and she said, "Let me introduce you to my husband." "And," added the doctor, "he was really a very decent chap." So with books and work and visits the winter wore away pleasantly enough, and early in March Graham returned, looking a different boy. I had just heard that Edie Wright was engaged to Mr. Ashby the young Englishman who held the Sunday services, and was afraid the news would knock him out, but he did not, so to speak, "turn a hair", so I do not think it had been very deep.

Mr. Radford's son-in-law Mr. Miller had brought in the horses and also had his own oxen, laying in our summer's provisions. Graham had not returned alone. He had brought back with him a lad of eighteen called Eddie Bishop. He was the younger son of that Mr. Bishop in whose store Graham worked in Brantford. Not being very strong, his father thought a summer in the West would build him up.

It did not take Graham long to find out that one of his horses was quite ill and not at all fit to travel. In fact they had both been thoroughly overworked. But now we had to get home and this we did by easy stages, spending nine or ten days on the way. One night I remember we spent in a Mennonite house. It had an earth floor and only one room. There were slats nailed from the beds to the

floor and the hens lived underneath. The young men got bundles of hay and we lay down in our clothes. I was soon awakened by a grunting at my head and found only a thin board partition separated us from the pigs. Going to sleep again I was soon awakened by a heavy body falling on my chest. I found a large cat had jumped from the loft above. I do not mind cats and turning him out, went to sleep again and was wakened a third time to find a hen roosting on my feet. This is a sample of the nights in Mennonite houses. Another night we spent in a school house, but found the schoolmaster's family also slept there, and I remember how they all came tumbling over us as they groped their way to bed in the dark.

It must have been the sixth or seventh night we came to a respectable Canadian farmer's house. The motherly wife said, "Do tell me, is this your pa or your husband?" But she was very kind to me. She had a lot of sons and one daughter. The girl, about my own age, took me up after supper to the corner curtained off in the loft for her use. The boys took up the rest, and the father and mother slept in the one room downstairs. The girl said, "You shall sleep with me and don't you want to go to bed at once?" Indeed I did and I was just dropping asleep and luxuriating in the feather bed when she came up again with a friend who was staying with her. I heard her whisper, "I've made a bed on the floor for us; she looks so dreadfully tired; she shall have the bed to herself." I can never forget her kindness to a perfect stranger. The name was Morden and I see a station named Morden in that vicinity, so I hope they have all done well and prospered.

The next night—and I know it was March 3rd., the day of the year I came up—Graham said, "We will sleep

at Nimrod's tonight." My curiosity was much roused but he would tell me no more. It was a shack in the Pembina Mountains. Nimrod himself came out to greet us, declaring he could not put us up. But it was late and dark and cold, and at last he agreed. He was an enormous man, perhaps nearly sixty, dressed in a huge white flannel shirt and dark trousers. I went into the kitchen, trembling with cold; a small lean-to kitchen, only holding the stove. The wife, a thin dejected looking woman, was frying pancakes, and we kept her busy before we were all satisfied. Off the kitchen was the large living room—all the house except a small attic. In one corner was a huge fireplace with a big fire of logs. Round the room, with the firelight dancing on them, were horns and skulls, strings of birds' eggs and bears' claws, while skins of bears and wolves were laid as mats on the floor. Then I recognized in my host "the mighty hunter". He was a regular tyrant to his wife and the thin, bitter looking daughter with whom I slept, and who told me her woes as we went to bed. However cold it was, she and her mother had to carry water from the frozen creek for all the stock, and he never gave them a cent to buy clothing. To us he was pleasant enough and as we sat by the big fire, recalling old memories, he suddenly asked if we were related to Mr. Somerville Boulton. "Why, yes, he was our father." "I thought I saw a likeness," he said, "I was rod man for him in such and such a year, on a survey." After that he could not do enough for us.

I think it was at Lorneville that Miss Emmie Wright overtook us. She was being driven home by a young man we girls called "The Knight of Snowdon", he was such a fine gentleman. We had dinner together, but they soon left us, as he had a fast horse and a sort of cutter.

The last night was at the French settlement, proverbially dirty; indeed it was there Mr. Snowdon got one of his worst shocks when the old mother licked the drop from the spout of the syrup jug, after helping herself. However, they evidently desired to do me honor, and washed out the bedroom just before I went to bed. I had come safely through ten days exposure in all kinds of places but this finished me, and I arrived at the Wright's the next evening with a terrible cold. Mrs. Wright kept me all night and the boys went on to the house, but I followed them in the morning and worried through somehow. The potatoes were nearly all frozen in the cellar and a few things had been stolen, but these were small items compared with the poor horse, which lingered a few weeks and then died, just as the spring work was commencing. Graham could not get a mate for poor Dolly, but he succeeded in buying a small white pony and he used to hitch the two ponies on one side and the big horse on the other, and so he put in all his crop, and did a good deal of plowing.

Concerning Various Things Including Weddings

Chapter 21.

Graham brought back quite a number of things with him, which served to make us more comfortable during this second year. One thing was a small chest of drawers, which was a great help in stowing away our goods, and another was a little washing machine and tub. This saved my knuckles as well as my temper. My dear mother was always thinking what she could send to help us out. However, the large trunk which also accompanied my brother was not quite such a success. It was very tightly packed. At the bottom was all my music, collected and learned with much

care and trouble. The Wright's having their piano now, I hoped to have some pleasant hours enjoying my old friends. Alas, my hopes were destined to be disappointed. On the top of the music a large jar of marmalade was packed and then many other things, a big box of raisins, clothing, etc. When all was packed she remembered a 5 lb. parcel of white beans and simply scattered them through. As you may guess, the glass jar broke and everything, especially the music, was literally tarred and feathered. I shall never forget the appearance of that box or my despair over the music. A good deal of it I simply had to burn, some odd pages were able to be wiped off, but that was the end of the music. I never had time or opportunity to practice again and let it go. Not that I feel the time spent on it was wasted, for I believe the lessons in diligence and preference which I learned by means of it were worth far more to one than any number of sonatas.

But to go back to the spring of '81, Graham had made a good many improvements to the house. It was now nicely "limed", so that water and mosquitoes could no longer get in. He had also dug a well, and had enclosed ten acres of pasture land, so he no longer spent hours hunting his cow. In due time a nice little red calf appeared, and once again we enjoyed the luxury of milk and butter. I made more butter than the year before, but easily disposed of it all. We arranged a basket with a pulley, so that we could keep it down the well, and it was always cold and nice. I always made it with a spoon in a big bowl, and many a long afternoon I spent sitting on our rickety table, a book spread out before me, beating away at the cream. I read for one thing all through Justin McCarthy's "History of Our Own Times". My butter accounts I kept on the wall of my

bedroom and what was my indignation, coming in one day late in the summer, to find Graham had decided to put in a south window and had cut out the piece of wall with all my accounts. However, I had a pretty good estimate and the proceeds purchased oats for our horses for the winter.

We had managed to buy half a dozen hens when we were returning from Emerson, and I raised quite a number of chickens. We also set up a pig, and our little Flossy presented us with four nice puppies, three black and one brown. But a few days afterwards Graham came in and said to me,

*“There once was a puppy named Brown,
Upon whom his mother lay down,
And when she got up,
There was a dead pup,
And that was the end of Brown.”*

The remaining pups were named Syndicate, Samba and Sancho and were a great amusement to me all the summer. The name “Syndicate” came from the continual conversation regarding the Canadian Pacific Railway which was being built, and many were the discussions as to the route it would take and whose land would get the benefit. It must have been this spring I think that Brandon was first heard of. I remember Bredin coming in and telling of the new city that was to be. A hundred tents were pitched and stores and business carried on in them.

I have not said much about our young visitor, though he was quite a problem to us. At first he entered enthusiastically into the work and for a short time was quite a help getting firewood, planting the garden and so on, but it was not long before he became fearfully homesick, and if there is

one thing more trying than another it is a homesick boy. He would lie on his bed, with his head buried in the pillow, mourning over the mosquitoes and fifty other things, till I was desperate. Between whiles he would cheer up and if the ponies could be spared, would go for a ride with me, and finally he decided to take up land. He spent much time hunting for a very choice section and at last he said the only really good "quarter" was that already taken by Jacobs and Irwin. We had seen nothing of them for nearly a year and the law was that if no work was done on a place for six months it could be taken by someone else. This they called "jumping". A good chance came along for Master Eddie to go to Nelsonville to the land agent and arrange the matter. Indeed he was to start early the next morning when, looking along the trail, we saw a little cavalcade approaching. "Jacobs and Irwin returning," I exclaimed, and true enough it was. They had been working hard and had saved enough to buy a wagon and oxen, a plough and other necessaries. They never knew how nearly they had lost their land. They spent the night with us and before long had a one-roomed shack up and some crop in. Then Jacobs went off again and Irwin remained and managed both places. This knocked Eddie out altogether and he decided to go home, and we were quite ready to let him.

Soon after his departure we had a new inmate in our house. I began to feel very lonely and the work of the house weighed on me, for I was busy enough with washing and ironing, butter making, bread making, etc. I could not get out of my mind too the little boy who had been with us in the autumn and what he had told me of his little sisters, so I suggested to Graham that we should offer to take one of the little girls for the summer. He was quite willing

and I wrote proposing it to her mother. I had no answer and supposed she did not wish it, but one Sunday towards the end of May, when all the grass round the house was starred with violets, and the trees were just beginning to have their first shade of green, an old oxcart drew up at the door, and my friend Joe got out, followed by a pretty little fair-haired, blue-eyed girl. She might stay a month, her mother said, and then he would come back for her. He would only remain long enough for the ox to feed and then hurried off. He had a long fifteen miles to drive and oxen go very slowly.

Emmie was quite a pretty child, though with a squint in one eye which rather spoiled her. One of the Indians had offered her father a pony for her not long before, but in spite of having five more little fair girls, he had declined. She was of course very ignorant, but she was quick to learn and quite a help about the house. I used to pin up her reading lesson on the wall and she read it over as we washed the dishes. She told me a great deal about their life and all they had gone through, how soap was not to be had and the mother had given the children their Saturday hath with ashes; how good bread made of bran had tasted, after living all winter on turnips and boiled barley; how the house took fire one night and a big hole burned in the roof; how Daddy did not think it necessary to put any floor under the three double beds the family slept in, so the water collected there. It was good for their two little ducks to swim in, but mother was afraid Katie might fall in and be drowned. She told me also of their friends and near neighbors, the Turners, with their large family, mainly boys, but little Eva was her special friend and many games they had together.

The great excitement of the spring was the double wedding at Mrs. Wright's. Emmie had returned from Emerson when we did and all the spring the family was busy over trousseaux. I do not think silk underwear or crepe de chine nightgowns figured in their preparations, but they had a machine and the girls turned out many neat and dainty garments. Charlie, who had now procured horses, had to go to Emerson and bring back a minister as well as a list as long as your arm of other things, beginning with a wedding cake and ending with a bodkin. The weddings were very quiet. I think I was almost the only visitor. I had no way of procuring a new dress, so I wore a soft dark green cashmere; in fact it was one Marian had discarded for some reason and it had arrived in the bean and marmalade trunk.

My hair was my great difficulty. It had begun to grow and would not stay "put", and I had no ribbon. Eddie Bishop (it was before he left) offered to take the black ribbon off his straw hat and lend it to me, and thus arrayed I sallied forth early one morning. The bushes were all white with blossom, the air was soft and balmy; every step of that mile and a half walk was a delight. We had the wedding early and then a substantial lunch, as Emmie had to get well on her way before nightfall and the minister had to hasten home. The river too was in flood and hard to ford. Mr. Ashby and his bride had only a few miles to go. They did not think of a honeymoon.

Some little time afterwards Graham had business in that neighborhood and took me to see my friend Edie. They had a nice little house and she seemed very happy. I do not remember ever meeting her again. While speaking of weddings, I must mention that my former pupil and dear friend, Lily Reid, was married during this summer to

Concerning Various Things Including Weddings

Eddie Checkley. They were both very young, but it was a true love match and lovers they have remained ever since. My old Muskoka friend Craven Ord was also married during this summer, to Miss. Ehrle, much to his parents' disgust, as he was still at college.

Days of My Pilgrimage

About My Sunday School and Such Matters

Chapter 22.

All through the previous winter my mind had run upon what little Joe Bradley had told me of the ignorance of the children around us. Again and again I considered the question of a Sunday School but it seemed impossible. Once I spoke of it to Graham; he agreed that it would be a good thing, but added it would be an impossibility, as I could never ride fifteen miles alone and back the same day. Someday, he said, there may be a nearer road; the place is only five miles in a direct line, but the forest is so thick and

swamp quite impossible. I said no more but daily I prayed that a road might be opened.

Prayer was my great resource in those days. I had “no man like minded” to speak with, and I was greatly exercised over the people around me, living in utter carelessness and ungodliness. My opportunities for speaking to them were few, but sometimes I had a chance to give a tract and it was never refused. Those lines from the hymn “The sands of time are sinking” were often in my mind: “Oh if one soul from Anwoth meet me at God’s right hand, My heaven will be seven heavens, In Immanuel’s land”. And there were some whose hearts were touched, I believe. My little girl was, I believe, truly brought to Christ before she left me. “I am so glad I came to you,” she said. “If I had not, I should never have known I was a sinner and that Christ died for me.” At first she had positively denied that she was a sinner; her brothers or sisters had often done any bad thing I suggested, but she never had, so it was a real joy to me to hear her simple confession.

There was also a Mrs. Burch, lately arrived as a bride, some seven miles from us. I met her two or three times and was able to lend her books, which she gladly received and seemed greatly interested in the Gospel message. But it was the young men especially for whom I prayed and longed.

We got up early that summer. Graham’s ambition was to have finished his breakfast and be out plowing before 6 a.m. So the little alarm clock, Sophie’s present, was set at 4:30 every morning. Later I found that did not give me time for prayer and I set it at 4 a.m. It waked no one but myself, so I had a quiet and happy time before beginning my day of work. One day, during the winter, I remember

having a long, long serious talk with Bredin, and I believe he was really exercised, but I never knew whether he decided to receive the salvation offered him. But there was one of the lads who received the message gladly. That was Frank Wood's young brother, Alfred. I think he had been thinking of these things for a long time, but had never heard a clear Gospel. He was always glad to speak of the Bible and the things of God, and he too often talked to Bredin.

But to go back to my Sunday School, one day I heard the lads saying that one of the men near Mr. Bradley's house was burning lime. "We all need lime," they said, "and the first thing to do in the spring must be to make a road to the house." I was in my own little room where of course I could hear everything, and how I rejoiced and thanked God, who had answered my prayer.

After some weeks the work was done, and one Sunday about the middle of June I was free to set out. Graham always slept till dinner time on Sunday and then had a warm bath and clean clothes. I prepared all this for him, left a huge raisin loaf for him to browse upon and set off about eleven o'clock. I did not know the way, but Alfred Wood said he would take me there, and Graham was glad to lend us the ponies. It was a pretty road, down the slope from the house to the little river, which we crossed by the bridge Graham had built for the large sum of \$50, across the broad acres of scrub land Graham was plowing, then a mile perhaps through a thick wood. The swamp which followed was the worst bit, so full of mosquitoes it was, but after that came a long stretch of rolling prairie where the ponies made good time. We only passed one house, that of Brooks, the Frenchman. His real name was De Rousseau,

but as no one could say it right he translated it. I did not stop there that first day, but many times afterwards.

We reached the Bradley's about dinner time, which they insisted on our sharing with them. They were a rough and ready couple, kindly and good natured, and not very practical. I fear. I suggested the Sunday School, and Mrs. Bradley gave a ready assent. She only wished it was a day school too, so after dinner the children went to tell the Fosters in the house opposite, and we prepared the room—not a difficult matter. It was a good sized room, perhaps 15 x18 feet. At one end stood two large double beds, a third occupied one corner of the other end, a capacious table was in the middle of the room, a stove, a sewing machine and “mother's rocker” completed the furniture, with the exception of two benches and one or two stools. We placed the rocking chair between the beds, and the benches, one in front and one beside me. My class soon assembled; nine children, all bare headed and barefooted, their fair curly hair tangled and rough, but they were washed. I thought of the ashes with which they were washed.

I have taught many children in many places, poor and rich, good and bad, big and little, but I never had a more attentive and interested class than on that first Sunday. They were all utterly ignorant, not one of them had ever heard of Jesus or knew who made them. I took for my lesson our Lord's birth, and the children listened, oh so eagerly; it was so new and so beautiful. We who have heard these stories from our earliest years can hardly imagine what it means to hear it for the first time. When the lesson was over and I had promised to come again, Alfred got the ponies and we rode quietly home.

After that I never missed a Sunday until the weather got too cold for me to venture so far. On two or three occasions the ponies were too tired after their week's work to be ridden, and Alfred took me in his ox wagon, and on one occasion I walked, but it was a long weary walk. The mosquitoes were often very bad. One day my pony lay down and rolled on some ploughed land. I often went alone, and then I used to stop at the Frenchman's house. It was an attractive and yet pathetic place. There were four little girls there too, but not tough and rosy like the Bradley children. They were slight, delicate looking little things. There was a boy too, about eight. The father had cut his hand badly in a saw mill and was not able to work, and the brave little mother had dug and put in a large garden. "We keep hens," she said, "and the children look for the eggs and suck them; they need the food; I have so little to give them." But on several occasions she had a saucer of wild strawberries waiting for me. Three of these little ones used to come, and two bigger girls from another family. They could speak no English, but I taught them French verses. The little boy had really no clothes, but with much labor I made him a suit out of an old one Eddie had left behind.

Besides the French children I had four half breeds who came from another direction. One was a regular little Indian, one had fair skin and sandy hair and the other two were a mixture. My class grew from the original nine to over thirty, and they were very "human". The boys were full of mischief. One brought a kitten under his coat and let it out in the middle of the class. Another day they contrived to arrange the board which went from one bed to the other in such a manner that it slipped and all the girls went over backwards. Then at any little excitement what a

scramble there was! "The pig is in the garden," for instance, and everyone was out of the window. Of course there was difficulty in seating them. My two benches and the board filled up. I had one or two tiny ones on my knee and the rest squatting around on the bed. But they came and they learned many things.

After a while I had first books sent up, and many of them struggled with the lessons through the week alone and I helped on Sunday. I think my greatest difficulty was not the children but the mothers. Three or four would collect, each with her baby, and they would laugh and chatter at the other end of the room in a most distracting manner.

I was a busy woman those days. My little girl had no second suit of clothes, and I made underclothes and nightgowns for her. Then little Henri's suit took me a long time. I had no patterns and I was never clever at sewing. I was more at home with the knitting and always had a pair of mitts on hand. I kept it in a little wall pocket by my place at the table, and found many spare minutes while waiting for meals, or for the boys to finish. I made nineteen pairs of mitts that summer and fall for my class, and when the first snow came and I saw little bare feet running in it, I knitted two pairs of stockings.

It was a very happy summer. The long lonely days of the previous year no longer oppressed me. We had neighbors not far off. The Woods brothers had built a shack on Frank's land, between us and the Wright's, and Mr. Harvey, who had returned in the early spring, had a house across the river, in full view. He had not come up alone, but in addition to two dogs, a fine black and white collie and a tiny Skye terrier, he had a young friend with him, Mr. Richardson. He had broken down, at college I believe, and was a gentle,

studious, unpractical fellow. He frequently beguiled the long days by visiting me, and would try to help with odd things, but the life was quite new to him and not altogether congenial. I once said to him, "A dog has torn off the end of the cow's tail," and he asked mildly, "Which end?"

Every week I spent Wednesday afternoon at the Wright's waiting for mail. It arrived at any time between dinner and supper, so my wait was often a long one, but always pleasant. Then Louie came to me one afternoon in the week and we had a little Bible reading. We had begun this the previous winter, and went "berrying" together now and then. I remember dear Mrs. Wright coming with us once, with a very large pig following her. When we got to the berry patch it was so tired Mrs. Wright said, "I must sit down and let the poor pig rest," so that was the end of her picking.

All our beasts used to follow us. Punch never left me. One day we were going together to dinner at Mrs. Wright's. When we got as far as the barn yard a terrible object appeared, such as Punch in the wildest dreams had never imagined. It raised a crested head, at the end of a long neck, looked fiercely at my poor cat, and said, "Gobble, gobble, gobble". He turned and fled. I heard nothing of him for several days, when word came that he was taking refuge in a house a long way off, so we had to go and bring him back.

We rose early, as I have said, and breakfasted before six. At twelve was dinner and when all was cleared up I rested a little while, and then prepared a lunch to take to Graham, wherever he might be. He and Alfred put up a great deal of hay that year, and it was a pleasant half mile walk to the hay field, where the grass grew in places higher than

my head. I often waited for hours for supper and the boys would always go on as long as possible; daylight goes on until ten o'clock at least in that northern clime, and then comes a long twilight which often seems to last till the first sign of dawn appears.

In addition to the farm. Graham worked early and late at his beautiful garden. Such vegetables I have never eaten; wonderful rows of onions, sweet young carrots, beets, radishes, a large patch of tomatoes, beans, etc. We almost lived on vegetables, and it was no small work, gathering and preparing them. Even the three puppies thrive on carrots and white sauce, and grew big and strong.

What Happened on the Longest Day of the Year.

Chapter 23.

Toothache is always a trial, and when night after night you are awakened from sleep by it, after a busy and tiring day, you begin to feel that out the tooth must come at any price. This had been my experience off and on for weeks, and when a young man, Mitchell by name, appeared on the scene, who said he was a competent dentist and would be glad to remove the offending member, I was only too pleased to accept his offer. But his dental instruments were at Norquay, a town in the making, ten miles away, and I had to wait for a good opportunity to get there.

At last Graham said he had business at that place and would take me with him the next day, which happened to be June 21, 1881. How many years ago, and yet every circumstance of that day is as plainly before me as if it were yesterday. We set off at an early hour, on the two ponies. We were obliged to ford the river and it was in flood and pretty deep. Graham dismounted and led both ponies across, while I curled up like a cat on the back of little white Jack. After that all was plain sailing and we trotted cheerfully on to Norquay. Our ponies were not swift and it was noon when we arrived. The "town" so far consisted of a good sized "stopping house" and a saw mill. We found a number of men at dinner in the house, Mr. Mitchell amongst them. We were hungry enough and soon were "sitting in", partaking of the pork and potatoes, good bread and raisin pie. When dinner was over, my dentist produced his forceps, and seating me on a wooden chair, with his coat behind me for a cushion, attacked the tooth. He was not long about it, but it hurt me frightfully, and I just was able to say, "you have taken out the wrong tooth," and fainted. He picked me up, I was only a little thing, and carried me to the door, and as soon as I came to, he commanded, "Open your mouth". I did so and he put the tooth promptly in its place again. That it was painful I am free to confess, and for weeks I could hardly bear to touch it with my tongue, but eventually it grew firmly in again, and for over forty years did me excellent service. A year ago I parted with it with some regret. Another strange thing was that I never had another twinge of toothache.

When this was all over, Graham said that as this was not a fit place for me to remain in, and as he would not be ready for some time, I had better ride on and wait for

him at Mrs. Burch's house, which was distant about three miles. It was a lovely day, the sun shining but not too hot, and I rode quietly along on Dick, the Gray pony, feeling in spite of my sore mouth that it was *good* to be alive. Mrs. Burch welcomed me warmly. "Lady visitors" were rare and always received a true welcome. But we were puzzled to know what to do with the pony. We could not leave him to wander about the garden at his own sweet will, and she had no rope to tie him. "We will sit on the step in the sunshine," she said at last, and then you can hold the bridle. I do not know how long we sat there, but finally Mr. Burch, or Alf, as he was generally called, opened the little garden gate and came in. Whether the pony was asleep, or what scared him in this simple action I do not know, he was usually as quiet as a lamb, but he tossed up his head and made a wild dash. My hand was on the bridle, and as he broke away it caught in some way on my middle finger. I just remember, "Oh, my finger is broken," and I knew no more. When I came to, I was lying on the floor in the house and they were dashing water over me. I looked up at the beams over my head and the roof above, and wondered vaguely where I had got to. I was aroused by Graham's voice and sat up, much to the relief of my young friend. She would have had me lie down, and my own inclination would have seconded her proposal, but Graham said we must go on or we should never get over that dangerous river by daylight. I have suffered a good deal of pain in my life, of one kind or another, but seldom any which surpassed the agony of that six miles ride. We went slowly, but every step jolted my hand and arm, till I felt it was beyond bearing. But the river had to be crossed, and on we went. As soon as it was passed, I slipped off my steed, and asking Graham to take it home, I made my way

to my kind friends the Wrights. Great was the love and sympathy my sad tale drew out. Even the silent Charley spoke up and ordered Louie to make me bread and milk. Dr. Wright was always a crank; he would not even look at my hand, though his wife pressed him to do so. "Put it in a sling," he said, "it will be all right." But it was not all right and weeks passed before I could use it easily, and after the swelling and discoloration disappeared from the hand, my arm still was weak.

Emilie had returned home a few days before, but when Alfred drove me to the Sunday School with his oxen on the following Sunday, her mother was quite willing for her to come back with us, and a great comfort she was. July passed and August, and with the crisp September days came the potato picking and garden produce to be housed. Emilie and I helped a great deal in this. How can I describe the potatoes, sometimes a painful to one hill, and such wonders for size and flavor. Then carrots and beets found their way to our cellar, and we felt well set up for winter. The long rows of onions were pulled, and lying drying on the warm earth, when one afternoon I went up as usual to the post office. I was on my way back, about five o'clock, when I met a boy who worked for the Wrights, driving home their cattle. "The Indians are in your house," he shouted as he passed by, and you may be sure I hurried home, as my little girl was alone. She was a plucky little thing; she kept those three Indian lads all the afternoon from stealing anything. Finding her alone, they had tried to make off with Graham's watch and various other things, but as soon as they picked anything up, she took it from them or ordered them to lay it down. When they attempted to go up the ladder, she stood on the first step. Indians are

curious folk; while confirmed thieves, they will not steal if you are looking on, and if you are firm they are easily reduced to obedience.

I had arranged to go to the cranberry swamp to pick the "low cranberries", which grew on the deep moss there in abundance, the next day, but seeing what troublesome neighbors were camped near us, I decided to remain at home and just let Emilie go, with Mrs. Wright and Louie. They started after a very early dinner, and before many minutes had elapsed my three friends of the previous day appeared. They were well grown lads, perhaps eighteen or nineteen, dressed in the usual blankets and moccasins, their long coarse black hair plaited up loosely or hanging wildly round their faces. All day they kept me company. I watched every turn they took, knowing they were waiting for me to be off my guard to help themselves liberally. Backwards and forwards they went, to the stable, to the garden, into the house, and I trailed after them. At last they settled in the garden so, not wishing to waste time, I got a basket and began to carry in the many onions lying drying on the earth. This pleased my gentlemen and they immediately began to help, and before long all those bushels of onions were safely housed. That they helped themselves as they went along, I am sure, but we had plenty and did not grudge them a few. As evening drew on I brought in various things that were drying outside on the line, and feeling everything safe I went in and my new friends out. In a few moments there was a knock. I opened the door. There stood one of the lads and solemnly offered me an onion stalk. The humor of his action was exquisite. He inferred I had made everything safe; had I neglected this stalk? I have often chuckled over it since, his expression was so absurd.

Our cranberry pickers got a good many quarts for winter. The high bush cranberries grew in great abundance, but they have large stones and are not much use for anything but jelly. In the wood at the back of our house were several trees simply loaded. I counted on these to make my jelly. One morning one of the Indians arrived bringing a fine pail full, which he changed for flour. Half an hour afterwards, I found it was my own trees he had stripped.

The frost comes early in our great Northwest. Some little time before this a lovely warm day was followed by a clear, cold, frosty night. The moon was shining brightly as Graham and I looked out before retiring. "It will freeze hard tonight," he said, "and we shall lose all our tomatoes." "Suppose we pick them," I suggested. He agreed and we went out and picked the washing tub full of green tomatoes. Some we baked, some ripened on the windows, a few I pickled, having learned to make vinegar. The woods had an abundance of wild hops, and of these too we laid in a supply for yeast.

I had raised a number of chickens, but towards autumn they began to disappear. Night after night one was carried off, and my store became small. We tried our best to put them in the stable at sunset, but they were wild and it was hard to coax them in. Just at that time a hen I had missed for some time appeared leading thirteen little chickens. Graham made me a coop and we planted them just in front of the house. A few nights afterwards I heard a hen cry out in the night. "The skunk is at it again," I said, as I turned over and went to sleep. In the morning Emilie went as usual to feed the hen and chickens. In a moment I heard a wild shriek and the child rushed back. "There is a horrible creature in the coop and no hen," she said. We were soon

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at the coop. There sat a skunk glowering at us. He had squeezed through the bars, but after dispatching the hen and eleven chicks, could not get out again. A gun soon sealed his fate. The two remaining chicks we bestowed on Mr. Harvey, who had a hen with a family, but both fell down the well soon afterwards. Perhaps these seem very trifling incidents to record, but life is made up of small details and they were all matters of great interest to us at the time.

Days of My Pilgrimage

Our Family Increases

Chapter 24.

It was perhaps some time in September that we received two letters which altered the course of our lives a good deal. The first was from a cousin, Mr. John Boulton, brother of Mrs. William Cayley. He said that he had come in touch with a young Englishman, Ffoulkes by name. He was I believe the nephew of a bishop. This young fellow, it appeared, was anxious to go west and Mr. Boulton wrote to ask if we would take him in. I believe the arrangement was that he was to work for his board, but the amount of work he did would have provided a poor living for a sparrow. Graham did not like to refuse, so he wrote to say we would take him if he could find his way up. Our second epistle

was from my mother, saying that she thought of spending the winter with us. My sister Dora was going to Colorado Springs with Sophie Cayley. Sophie had not been well and had been sent to Colorado Springs the previous winter. She was much better for it and now she was returning and had persuaded Dora to accompany her. Mother had succeeded in renting her house, so she had nothing to tie her in Toronto, and she felt a desire to see us and also the "Great North West".

We felt we must add to our sleeping capacity, and so we arranged two rooms upstairs. The floor had been down for some time, but we had only used it as a storeroom. I put up curtains and made two fairly good rooms, and Graham made a window in the roof. I was to occupy one room and the young men the other. This would leave my little bedroom, which now shared the window of the sitting room for my mother. The sitting room too would no longer have a bed, or I should say a buffalo robe, for my brother never used a bedstead. Of course we had to send the child home. I was very sorry to part with her, as I had become very fond of her, but I could only hope that her sojourn with us had been really blessed to her. It was pleasant to think of seeing my dear mother, though I feared she would rather object to the very rough life.

Mr. Ffoulkes came first. He arrived by the mail, one afternoon, and soon made himself very much at home. He had no idea of manual work, as might be expected, but he was good tempered and not given to grumbling, nor did he get at all homesick.

In the beginning of November Graham went to Emerson to fetch my mother, who had been staying there with Mrs. Scott for several weeks. The journey out had

improved very much since I first came, and he arranged for her to spend one night at the hotel on the prairie, and the second at Nelsonville, so she arrived without mishap. It was very nice having her, and I think on the whole she enjoyed her winter.

Graham had changed the little white pony for a good sized mare who could go with Dolly, but we still had old Dick, and Graham got a little box of a sleigh, in which mother and I could drive the pony, and we had some charming drives. Unfortunately Mr. Ffoulkes undertook to drive in the little cutter. He took me out one bright, crisp, frosty morning, when the snow was deep on the ground. "I shall drive under that clothesline," he said, as we passed a settler's house. "I would not," I said, "Dick hates to have anything touch his ears," but he insisted, and before we knew any more, we and the cushions and wraps were in the snow, and Dick was tearing off with the sleigh. Graham was very much annoyed, as he said when a pony had once taken to running away, it would go on doing so, and he was right; we had little more comfort with him, and one day Mr. Ffoulkes was driving him down a short hill, and instead of holding him up hastened him forward, the sleigh came against his legs, and in a few moments he had kicked it all to pieces.

In addition to extra people, we had extra dogs that winter, Mr. Harvey leaving his collie, Major, and the tiny Skye terrier, Beauty, with us. We also had our own dog Syndicate and his mother Flossy, and Frank Wood's dog Jack, though not actually boarding with us, spent most of his time at our house, To feed these beasts was a care in itself. I had a quantity of frozen fish, and used to boil it with "shorts", which we had for the pig. I must tell how

Beauty tried to adopt a little pig. She was a dear little dog, and attached herself to mother, always jumping on her lap if she sat down. One day Graham brought in a tiny newborn pig. It was not much bigger than a kitten. He had not expected the little creature so soon and three or four others died of cold. We put this one in a basket by the fire and fed it a little condensed milk. Our cow was dry and we had had no milk for a long time. When Beauty saw the basket she was interested at once; had she not often brought up a family of puppies in such a basket? She sat up and begged to look in, and when we put the basket on the floor she jumped in, cuddled the baby piglet to her, and tried to give it a drink. She kept it warm all day and at night, a warm sty having been provided, Graham put the little thing back with its mother and she, having no sense, let it be stepped on by the cow.

At Christmas we had a fine time distributing presents and clothes to the Sunday school. Dora and Sophie had sent us up a wonderful parcel of clothes collected from interested friends in Colorado Springs, mother had brought up a big bundle of candy and presents, and we spent many pleasant hours dividing and arranging our gifts. On Christmas Day, being very fine, Alfred drove us to the various houses. I was so glad for mother to see all my friends and scholars. In the Frenchman's house there was great poverty. They had partitioned off a corner of the house for the hens, about thirty. "They are all we have," said the poor woman, "and for the children's sake we had to try and keep them alive." Not one of the little girls had a petticoat, or a shoe or stocking, and the dear little baby four months old was dressed in a piece of an old horse blanket. We felt our charity was well bestowed there. The

Bradleys also had built a second room to their house and were decidedly prospering, also the Fosters, but the clothes and toys were very welcome in each house.

I had never perfectly recovered the use of my right arm, and as the cold weather came on it pained me very much, I slept just above mother and she used to say I groaned and tossed all night. At last it was suggested that I should go for a little visit to Emerson, and perhaps the change would do me good. Mrs. Wright had another newly married daughter from Niagara on a visit. She had been teaching in a widower's family and had finally married her employer. We felt he had the best of it, as he was older than her father and a terrible crank. I do not know what brought him to the west, for he did nothing but grumble and complain all the time. Some time in January he was returning, and it was arranged that Louie Wright and I should accompany them to Emerson. Charlie Wright drove us. He had made the sleigh very comfortable and the weather was beautiful, but the ancient bridegroom was so disagreeable, continually remarking on how much room Louie and I took and how uncomfortable we made him, that we anything but enjoyed our trip.

In Emerson there was now a little meeting, as a brother and his wife of the name of Sparrow had come up to settle. They had a tiny house, one room, and a little attic, but they made me very welcome, and I much enjoyed my stay with them, and the meetings were a great treat. Of course most of the time I spent with Mrs. Scott. She was so kind, spending hours rubbing my poor arm, but it did not get any better.

I had heard from home that a young sister, a Mrs. Russell, was living some miles out of Emerson and I was

very anxious to see her. One morning Mr. Scott came in saying Mr. Russell was in town and would take me back. We went twenty or thirty miles by train, traveling in the caboose of a freight train. A jumper, as they called these small wooden sleds, was waiting for us, and we soon drove the two or three miles to his house. What a lovely spot it was, just on a river, but my mind was more taken up with dear Mrs. Russell than the scenery. She was about my age, a tall, handsome young woman, with such a sweet smile. She had two nice little boys of four and two years, Gavin and David. I cannot describe the hardships she had gone through. I remember she made the children ginger tea, as she had no milk for them, and she had made quilts with newspaper between in place of wadding. We had two very happy days together. She was so true and real, I do not think her husband was a Christian, but we much enjoyed talking together, and a friendship was begun which has lasted until now.

On Monday Mr. Russell said he would drive us all to the station in the jumper. About halfway it broke down, and we took refuge in a shack beside the road. I looked at the woman there and she looked at me, and at last we both exclaimed, "Did you not come up in the train with me two years ago?" It was the mother of William Henry, whose pranks caused me so much amusement in the train. She was getting on well and liked the country. Before we had finished talking, her husband and Mr. Russell came in to say the jumper was ready, and we embarked once more. I went this time by a regular train and next to me sat a young minister. Presently he handed me a card with his name and an invitation to speak to him on the subject of religion. I immediately began to talk to him. I forget what our subject

was, but we were both so interested he insisted on walking to Mrs. Sparrow's with me, and then we missed the house and walked all round the little town. I never saw him again, but I sent him afterwards all C.H.M.'s Notes, and I hope they were blessed to him. He was a most earnest man and most anxious to win souls.

Soon after this Graham was in town and took me home. I think he must have driven Frank Woods in, who was going home to get his bride. He had his horses, a fine pair of blacks. We set off on a Thursday afternoon. It was the 2nd of March and a lovely mild day. The snow was just getting slippery, and with no load we went at a good pace. Graham had much to tell me; it was the time of the great boom and land was being sold in every direction, at high prices. After spending three years on a homestead, a man got his patent or deed, and was then allowed to take up a fresh one. Graham had quite decided to sell his land, as his three years were now up, and go farther west. He thought he had secured a purchaser and was anxious to make all arrangements and get on to fresh land in time to do a summer's work. It may be guessed that all this land gave us plenty to talk about. We decided that I should return as soon as possible to Ontario with mother, and join Graham in his new home the following autumn.

That night we spent in a Mennonite house, and the following day made the house of old Nimrod our objective. It was a really warm day and the snow grew softer and softer, and less and less as we went on, until when we reached the little house in the mountains, the roads were about bare. Nimrod welcomed us kindly and we spent a nice evening by his big wood fire, but the daughter was nowhere to be seen, and as soon as she got me alone the

mother told me she had run away: "Could not stand the work and scolding," but she added, "he has been so much kinder since the girl left us, I can get along, and only think, when last he went to Emerson he brought me a dress!"

The next day was a Saturday I shall never forget. We set off between seven and eight. The weather had changed; the ground, now bare round the house, was hard frozen, the sky was dark and lowering, and a few flakes of snow were already falling. We drove on as rapidly as we could, but the snow fell faster and faster. Another sleigh was just behind us with two men in it. "We are stopping for dinner at Lorneville," they shouted, and we stopped for an instant to discuss it. One of the men was a dark-eyed lad, and as his father talked to Graham, he began to make advances to me. Graham often laughed at the horrified way in which I said after we parted: "He winked at me!" "If you can stand another five miles," said Graham, "we will go on to the French settlement; it is our only chance of getting home tonight." I was quite ready and we pushed on, but the snow was getting heavier and the trail was unbroken. I remember as we ate our dinner at the French house, we could not see the barn, though close to the house, the snow was so heavy. We found Joe Bradley at the settlement and took him with us, as we passed his house. Our next eight miles was through the bush. We had to go slowly but did not feel the violence of the wind as on the prairie. It was about six o'clock and dark when we got to the Foster's and ran in for a moment. My scarf was frozen round my face; even my eyelashes had frost on them. They hastily made me a cup of tea, and a little warmed and refreshed we set off again. We both knew the road well, but in the darkness and blinding snow and terrific wind, could distinguish

nothing. The horses, however, seemed to know every step and Graham left them to find their own way. Many a one has been lost in less blizzard than we were encountering, but we were preserved, and about eight o'clock thankfully drew up at our own door.

The storm raged on for two more days until every trace of a road was obliterated. On Tuesday or Wednesday the men we had left at Lorneville came along, having had to dig through many of the drifts, which had settled and become hard. After this we had no mails for a month; everything was "strictly shut up" on account of the enormous quantity of snow. It had not been an eventful winter but a good deal was crowded into that last month. The first thing that happened Mr. Ffoulkes froze his big toe, and as he refused to wear moccasins and would take no care of it, he had a very sore foot. I think the next thing was our young friend Irwin's illness. He was living alone in his shack, and missing him from the place where he usually worked, Graham went to look him up and found him very ill. It looked like pneumonia. Graham advised a mustard plaster and out on a large and powerful one and left him. When he went back the next morning he found it was still on and the poor lad terribly blistered. At mother's desire, Graham took over the sleigh and rolled the invalid up and brought him to our house, where mother nursed him back to health again. And then came that drive which I took with Alf, when he asked if I would be his wife and I consented. Mother was very happy about it. Of our feelings I will not speak. It was also during that month that the house took fire. Graham was away and mother and I had been washing. We had just finished when Mr. Ffoulkes strolled in saying, "Are you aware that the house is on fire?" Then there was scurrying

up and down. There was a ladder to lead to the roof where the fire was, but we found it had rotted. Then we had no ropes to haul up water. Mr. Ffoulkes stood on a chair in the attic and dashed water up at the burning roof. He soaked himself but did little else. At that juncture Alf came along. He got the long reins belonging to the horses, strapped them together, and succeeding in mounting the ladder, had Mr. Ffoulkes hand him up pail after pail of water till the danger was over. Of course we had let the fire out, and when all was over our floor resembled a skating rink.

A week or so after this Graham and Mr. Ffoulkes walked to Norquay, about ten miles. Coming back Mr. Ffoulkes got both feet frozen in the wretched shoe-packs he was wearing instead of moccasins. He would have sunk down many times and frozen to death, but Graham half dragged and half carried him, till he reached the house. I shall never forget the sight of his feet frozen solid to the ankles. We worked with him nearly all night. The pain was terrible and we kept pouring coffee and beef tea down his throat to keep him up. Mother gave him her own bed and came up the ladder to share my attic.

The end of the month was now approaching. The snow was going down a little and trails were being made. In our little home all preparations were made to get away at a moment's notice as soon as the mail should come in. Alf and I spent long mornings in Frank's house, cleaning it up and preparing for the young bride. At last, as is so often the case, everything came at once. Frank and his wife arrived and came to our house on a Saturday night. At the same time the mail came in, making it necessary for us to leave first thing on Monday morning. The weather changed and a grand thaw began. Sunday was, I am sorry to say, spent

over last packing. My dear Punch I gave sorrowfully to Mrs. Frank Woods, who I am sure was very kind to him. Mr. Ffoulkes bought most of our things, such as cattle, etc and was to remain for a time in the house. Graham had persuaded Alf to accompany him in his quest for pastures new, and as soon as he returned from taking us to Emerson and meeting Mr. Harvey they were to start. So was spent my last Sunday in Beaconsfield. I have moved times many and various, but with the exception of Broadstairs, I have never felt such keen sorrow at leaving any place, before or since.

My china I packed and we took it with us to leave in Emerson. Another box was packed with little valuables and left with one of the boys. Our personal things we naturally took with us. Dear mother had been splendid all winter, putting up with all kinds of inconveniences and minor hardships, without a grumble, and now I do not think she regretted turning her face towards civilization once more. But this is a long chapter and I must leave the account of our journey for a future one.

Days of My Pilgrimage

Our Journey Home

Chapter 25.

We left for home on a bright Monday morning early in April. Though forty-three years have passed since then, I still remember how, rising early, I gazed and gazed from my little attic window, feeling as if I could not say goodbye to the fields and woods that had grown so dear to me.

Our journey was uneventful. We spent the first night at a comfortable farm house; the second we were forced to camp in a Mennonite dwelling. The house was dirty and crowded and mother preferred sleeping in the sort of hall which connected the stable with the house. It had four doors, one to the stable, one to the house, one to the outside and the fourth to the chimney. The fire was built

in a sort of small room, which slanted gradually up. Then flues connected it with the house, so that in the living room there was a dais through which the heat came and warmed all the house. This dais was a favorite seat for the family. I do not know whether the straw we slept on was damp or whether it was the draughts from the many doors, but mother and I both waked up with heavy colds.

We reached Emerson that night, and hospitable Mrs. Scott's house. There was a good bridge across the Red River now and no more trouble with ferries and slippery banks. I wish I could describe the crowds of people we met that last day on the prairie. Emigrants were pouring into the country; stalwart farmers with oxen and wagons laden with household goods, ploughs, harrows, etc. The Englishman always declared himself by the tin hath on top of the load. Many had horses, but the roads were terrible, full of what are known as "pitch holes", like a wash board, and it was very hard on the horses. We heard afterwards that many died on the road. This state of things was caused by the sudden change to warm weather and the quantity of snow, which was so rapidly melting. The ice was already beginning to break in the river, and the water from all the surrounding country, running into it, was raising it perceptibly every hour. The banks, as I have said, were very steep, but by the end of the week the river was overflowing them and the whole town and country was flooded.

Every home in Emerson felt the flood. Whoever could do so retreated upstairs, and those who had no upstairs took refuge with more fortunate neighbors. There was one small hill just outside the town and to this all the cows were driven. The sidewalks were all floating; one person could walk on it but if two people met the walk sank. My friend

Our Journey Home

Mrs. Ireland had her nice new piano hung by ropes to the ceiling. Only one life was lost and that was the young Mr. Macpherson whom I had so often met at Mrs. Scott's. His brother was taken dangerously ill and he went out during the height of the flood to seek a doctor. He was drowned and the brother died that night.

But all these things happened after we left, as we made no long stay in Emerson but hurried on to Toronto. Alf only waited one day to rest the horses, and as Mr. Harvey was already waiting for them they started at once, crossing the fine new bridge the day before it was washed away by the ice.

Our journey was anything but pleasant. The Red River was in flood and we went for miles through the water which covered the railway tracks, going of course very slowly, and finally stopping altogether at a culvert which had been washed away. It was twelve hours before it was repaired, then all our connections were spoiled. They landed us at a place called West Liberty, where we waited for hours. Then another train took us to Albert Lea and again we waited. There were six or seven very nice middle-aged farmers on the train, who made it their business to take special care of mother and me, or I do not know how we should have got through. Mother used to make coffee for them all each morning.

We reached Chicago on the fourth day, and here the agent insisted that we should go in a second-class smoker, as we had excursion tickets. There was not room for everyone to even sit down, and we had to spend nearly twenty-four hours in this car. In the next seat to us were two very big, tall men, Methodist ministers, I think, and they declared it would make more room if they turned the seat and sat

opposite to us, so we four were crowded into this very small space from 3 p.m. to 7 a.m. next morning. One of the men had a bottle of green tea, cold, which he gave us drinks of at intervals, and the other had a big bag of doughnuts, of which we partook. At 7 a.m. we came into Canadian territory, and the fresh guard with many apologies took us at once to the first class car. We reached Toronto about 12 noon and made the best of our way to Lady Robinson's. As soon as we had had dinner I went to bed and slept the biggest sleep of my life, only waking once to take a biscuit and some milk, until the next morning.

It was very pleasant to see all my old friends again, and in a short time we were once more in our own house, and a week or two later Dora and Sophie returned. My arm was still giving me a great deal of pain and I went with mother to Dr. Hewitt, who had recently begun to practice homeopathy in Toronto. He treated it most successfully, though it was some months before it was perfectly well.

The great event of the summer was Mim's wedding, which took place in July. It was a very quiet affair, only her girl friends being invited, the only older people being Aunt Biddy (Mrs. Judge Wilson) and my mother, and naturally the parents of the bride and groom. They went to live in Quebec, and poor Jue was very desolate. During the summer I visited Brantford, and Dora and I spent some weeks in Bowmanville with Mrs. Reid.

Meantime we had received exciting letters from Graham. He and Alf had set off together as arranged, to seek a new homestead, but were stopped, I think, at the Saskatchan River, which was flooded. While waiting for the water to go down, they fell in with Major Boulton, who it will be remembered had gone up at the same time I did,

with his brother-in-law Mr. Gilly. Poor Mr. Gilly took ill of pneumonia and died not long after they arrived. In the autumn Major Boulton's wife and four little children, also Mrs. Gilly (her sister), had come up, and they had finally settled on Mrs. Gilly's homestead in a beautiful part of the country not far from Birtle. Of course the Major was keen to get new settlers, and he soon persuaded Graham to turn aside and come to Russell with him.

The Major had had quite a few adventures during the First Riel Rebellion some years before, and in return for his services had been granted some timber lands 70 miles north of Russell. His idea now was that he and Graham should have a sawmill in partnership, and utilize these lands.

Meantime Graham was delighted with the country and took up his second homestead there. I still expected to join him in the autumn and keep house for both boys during the winter, but my plans were frustrated as plans so often are. I have not mentioned what perhaps interested me more than anything else during my summer at home. To go back a few years, when I was living at Mrs. Cayley's on Beverley Street, I constantly passed up and down a very poor street called Center Street. I used to go down this street purposely; I was so interested in the poor people who lived there and especially the children. On one or two occasions I gave a tract away, and I used to long to get the children together and talk to them, but I was too much of a coward.

About two months before I returned to the west, one Sunday afternoon, Miss Grace Leslie, who was engaged to a Mr. Harding, came over and told me they were beginning a Sunday School on Center Street that afternoon and would

I come and help. Would I? I was only too delighted and I felt it was the answer to many prayers. They had secured a sort of little Mission Hall, most suitable for the purpose. We had no pupils, but we all three went in different directions inviting the children to come. Nineteen followed us back to the hall. We divided them into three classes and our school began. After this it grew and increased, and I was very sorry to have to leave it. The children were very rough and rude, but seemed to like to come. Alice Miller had a class of big boys for a long time, and when the Mission Hall was taken from them, the boys used to walk over to her house.

In September I received a letter from Graham saying that he would be in the woods all the winter, but suggesting that I should come and live with the Boultons and help with the children, who were now of an age to need teaching. They had a servant, so there would be nothing for me to do in the house. Mrs. Boulton also wrote very kindly, begging me to come and offering the same remuneration I had received before. After considering the question for some time, we decided in family conclave that I should go. Alf wrote that he was passing through Emerson early in October, on his way back to Beaconsfield, and begged me to meet him there, so the long and short of it was I started off once more, on October 3rd, intending to remain with my good friend Mrs. Scott until Graham sent for me.

I knew a good deal better this time what I needed, and my outfit was comfortable and suitable. It included a fur coat made of buffalo calf, down to my feet and very warmly lined, and also a pair of snow shoes, given me by Hugh Cayley. These would not go into any trunk, so I had to carry them in my bundle of rugs. The last day had come and we

were sitting in the drawing room trying to “put in that last hour”, always so uncomfortable, before starting, when who should walk in but Mrs. Scott herself. She had come down for a visit and hoped to catch me before I left. She said her house was being cared for by a Mr. and Mrs. Harding, who would be glad to see me. This Mr. Harding was the brother of the one to whom Grace Leslie was engaged. Mrs. Scott advised me to go to the Sparrow’s, who would give me a good welcome. “Do not forget,” she said, “that they have moved.” “But where to?” I inquired. She said I must ask and with that we parted. I never saw her again except once, nearly twenty years afterwards, when I met her in the street in Napanee. She was very old and feeble but had a kindly remembrance of me.

Days of My Pilgrimage

My Journey to Russell

Chapter 26.

The traffic to Manitoba had greatly increased since my previous trip to the Great North West, as our northern princes were often called in the eighties. There were now two or three routes to choose between, all of course through the States, the Canadian Pacific Railway not yet running through to Winnipeg, though portions of, it were built. My mother and I made careful enquiries and chose the well-known Rock Island route, the main inducement being the offer of a parlor car for the first day and a pullman the first night.

Mrs. Scott and a number of others accompanied me to the station, and after many affectionate farewells I started

on my long lonely journey. My hand luggage was my chief trial. I had besides my heavy lunch basket a small handbag, with little necessaries for the way, and a pair of snow shoes. However I managed to get in the pullman that night and to change successfully at Chicago the next morning. From there we passed on to St. Paul, which was a 24. hour run. There we waited for some time, and I indulged in a good breakfast in the station. How well I remember the brisk waiter, who amazed me by carrying six cups of coffee in one hand, but ruined his reputation by upsetting them over one of the passengers, who made his displeasure known in no measured terms.

Again entering the train, we were on the last lap of our journey, but owing to delays we did not arrive in Emerson until 4 a.m. the next morning. It was October and dark enough at that hour. The station was some distance from the town and did not boast a waiting room, so I felt rather nervous as I landed on the platform. One by one my fellow passengers disappeared into the darkness, and I was left alone with an old couple who had traveled from Ontario with me. They seemed very uneasy, as their son had promised to meet them, and seeing no sign of him they did not know where to go or what to do. I suggested that we should all go to the hotel, which I knew the way to, and they gladly agreed and I was thankful to have companions on the dark walk. We sat quietly in the parlor until an early breakfast was announced, and after partaking of it, a fine wagon and pair of horses drove up and my kind old friends went off happily.

Now I began to wonder what to do and I prayed very earnestly that I might be directed to Mr. Sparrow's house. Leaving my things at the hotel I started out, hardly knowing

which direction to go in. I walked down the first street and asked at one or two houses, but no one knew the Sparrows or where they lived. Presently I saw a man delivering coal. He asked me if I wanted the people in that house, as he said they were out. I told him who I was looking for and he at once said, "I know him well, and am just going to deliver this coal at the next house. Jump in and I will drive you there." I felt my prayer was answered and got in without hesitation, and in a few minutes I was in Mrs. Sparrow's house. It was indeed on the very outskirts of the town, and I might say of the country, for only a field divided it from a street in the town of St. Vincent in the U.S.

Mrs. Sparrow was very glad to see me. She had a new baby boy not three weeks old, and her sister-in-law, who was supposed to care for her, had left her in the lurch. I cannot say that my strong point was caring for babies, but I could wash dishes and sweep rooms and cook, so I was able to help quite a bit. Mr. Greenman, a laboring brother from Ontario, soon after arrived, and we had a good many meetings.

A few days after I arrived, Alfred appeared on his way back to Beaconsfield. His father had bought him a beautiful pair of horses and he was driving them back to his own homestead. We spent three or four very happy days together and then he had to go on his way and I on mine. How well I remember that pleasant October afternoon when we drove together across the new bridge and through the little village of West Lynn, out on to the broad open prairie. We went most of the way in silence; there are times when hearts are too full for words. But we did not go far. He was too careful of me to let me walk alone on the prairie. "Now you must go back," he said, as he

drew up his horses, and getting down, lifted me out. There was a large stone by the side of the road, and I sat down on it and watched the wagon till it was a small speck in the distance, and then walked slowly back to Mrs. Sparrow's. I never saw him again.

The next thing was to get off to Russell. My brother had promised to meet me in Moosomin on October 20th. From there we had to drive 70 miles to Russell. Mr. Greenman was very kind in helping me to get ready. I had my two trunks and a large bundle with my sidesaddle and some other things in it, besides my hand luggage. We inquired at the station and were told that by leaving Emerson at 4 a.m. on October 19th, I would reach Moosomin at 4 a.m. on October 20th. So Mr. Greenman conducted me to the station at that early hour, and I set off alone on my travels to a fresh home.

We got to Winnipeg about 7:30 a.m. and Mr. Rubidge, my old friend, met me there and saw to my having some breakfast. Then he got me a ticket, but only to Portage la Prairie; they would sell no tickets nor check any luggage further. It was perhaps noon when we reached the Portage, and the picture it presented comes clearly before me after forty years or more. A small station with a broad platform piled high with luggage of every description and men everywhere of every class and nationality. I saw my luggage dumped out amongst the rest and was almost in despair. How could I even get my ticket I wondered. However, I left my things on a bench—no one thought of sitting down in that jostling crowd—and timidly made my way through the dense mass. At last I reached the ticket office and got a ticket. "Where can I check my trunks?" I inquired. "You cannot check them," was the curt reply. "But I must

take them on the train," I remonstrated. "If you can get them on, I suppose they will go," answered the man, and the next comer shoved into my place. I went then to the platform. No official could be seen, but I soon picked out my saddle and trunks. Then as the train came puffing in, in desperation I addressed a tall, good natured looking man, and asked him to put my trunks in the baggage car. "Show them to me and I will," was the kind reply, and soon they and I were safely on board. I felt greatly relieved and was thankful to partake of the little lunch Mrs. Sparrow had provided.

It was pretty chilly and there was little to be seen from the window; no broad wheat fields or cozy farm houses or little villages with tall elevators. There was no grain yet grown in our great West to fill elevators, and the settlers were only beginning to break up the virgin prairie. I turned my attention to the inside of the car, and in a minute the ticket collector was beside me. "When do we reach Moosomin?" I asked. "We are due about 9 p.m.," was the reply, and my dismay may be imagined. The man in Emerson had indeed misled me; instead of arriving on the 20th and having Graham there to welcome me, I should get to Mossomin on the 19th with no one there to meet me and nowhere to go. I had no idea of what Moosomin might be like, but strongly suspected it would consist of a wayside station, as most of the so-called towns did. I could only resort to my old refuge and pray for help and guidance. I began then to look at my fellow passengers. Perhaps some one might be going to Moosomin also. There was only one woman in the car, which was tolerably full of men. This woman was quite young and had a very little baby. Her husband, a middle aged weather beaten

man, was doing his best to quiet the little creature, which screamed lustily. His success was poor and he apologized to his fellow passengers by saying he believed the baby had a headache. "Headache," growled a good natured looking man near him, who probably had a half dozen of his own, "headache, bellyache you should say." "What can I do?" inquired the father helplessly. "Give it a little whiskey," said his new friend, and half a dozen flasks were immediately produced. "But I can't pour whiskey down its throat," said the mother, "has no one a spoon?" As none was produced, I advanced with mine, and soon the baby was sound asleep. After this introduction to the young woman, I entered into conversation with her and soon found that, sure enough, Moosomin was their destination. "Yes, of course, you will come along with us," she replied, "my husband has often been there and knows just where to go." What could I do but, like Paul of old, "thank God and take courage".

It was dark and chilly when we arrived and stepped on to the rough prairie. A light here and there shone through the canvas of a tent. My new friends and I stumbled along, all heavy laden. First we went to a large tent, which the man said was a stopping house, but they were full up and refused to take us in. Then we found our way to a small frame building, the only building in Moosomin. Here we found accommodation and the mother, her baby and I were shown a bed behind a curtain which we might occupy. A dozen or more men lay on the floor around the stove. We had had no supper, but we were both so thankful to find a resting place that we did not grumble, and the baby and all slept soundly.

The next day about 3 p.m. my brother appeared with a buckboard and his two black ponies. He was surprised

to find me already at the stopping house, and we were very glad to meet. After another night in Moosomin we left for Russell, but I must add a word about Moosomin before going on. It was a city of tents; two or three stores in large tents and many "private houses", as well as the hotel. The tents were just set up on the rough prairie—no sign of streets. The little one room frame house was the only building. It was a typical town of 1882.

We set out in the crisp morning air, my trunks piled on behind and the ponies trotting cheerfully along. We had brought a lunch, and at noon sat down under someone's haystack to eat it. No house was in sight. Presently my brother said to me, "Do you see the prairie fire approaching us?" Yes, there in the distance was a line of smoke all across the prairie. "We may as well take a bundle of hay," said Graham, "it will be all burnt in an hour or two." Soon after we set off again we encountered the fire. It was not very fierce, as the grass was not high, but as we dashed through it the ponies' whiskers and the buffalo robe were scorched.

After this adventure we went quietly on, and Graham told me he was arranging to manage a sawmill for Major Boulton (I fancy he had a share in it) about 70 miles north of Russell. When we stopped that night we found Major Boulton at the stopping house before us. It was rather crowded, as more than one family had been burnt out by the fire we had encountered and had come here for refuge. Major Boulton was on horseback, so next morning he changed with Graham and drove me to his home, perhaps 20 miles. Anyway we arrived at dinner time.

I wish I could describe the house and surroundings and family, as they all rise before my mind in perfect deisticness. The house stood on the open prairie about a mile from the

“Russell that was to be”, then consisting of a Hudson Bay post, three or four log houses and a “Town Hall”, in process of building. It was very pretty country, with clumps of trees and lovely little lakes, covered at this season with ducks; it looked like one vast park. The house itself was of lumber and contained three rooms and lean-to kitchen. Downstairs was one large room. It did not possess much furniture; a large table with benches on each side, bearing witness to the gracious hospitality which was always ready for the stranger. Then the Major had made two arm-chairs of saplings. You might call them “rustic”, and also a high chair for the baby. He was quite proud of his furniture, especially the high chair, of which the seat lifted and disclosed a box for toys. The only other chair was made of a barrel. This was the work of Mrs. Gilly, Mrs. Boulton’s sister, a good many years older than herself, generally known as Aunt Nellie. I think she was as proud of her achievement as the Major was of his, and it certainly was a very comfortable seat. There was also a homemade sofa, covered with the usual buffalo robe. All round the room were what we might term “fixings”; little shelves and a mantel shelf with bright covers and containing china and various ornaments. At one side a staircase went up, and under it was a long dark cupboard. We also boasted a cellar. In the kitchen was a stove, a table, and a huge dresser with a very large dinner and tea set. Upstairs were two rooms; the one the stairs led up to was Mrs. Boulton’s room and contained a large bed for the parents and two babies, and a small bed for the two little boys. A doorway—no door—led into an inner room, in which Mrs. Gilly and I, and the elder girl slept, and Mrs. Gully hung her dressing gown in the doorway. We also had a small box stove, but it was rather weak on its legs

and occasionally fell down, rather to our consternation. The trunks and boxes pertaining to the family were piled at one side of our room. Of course we all lived in our trunks, though Mrs. Boulton had one small packing-box cupboard. How clearly it all comes before me as I write and I can almost hear myself saying, after our ample dinner: "Now I must make the baby's acquaintance," and Mrs. Boulton saying with a smile, "Not today; you must go and have a good rest." Which I was not sorry to do.

Days of My Pilgrimage

Life in Russell

Chapter 27.

To turn to the Pilgrim's Progress, as a picture of most if not all lives, I think I may say I passed the slough of despond in Toronto when I first left home, and perhaps I climbed the Hill of Difficulty in Beaconsfield, but I think I am making no mistake when I say that Russell proved to me the Valley of Humiliation. Everyone was kind and we had mixed up with our pioneer life many comforts. We never lacked milk or butter or fresh meat and Mrs. Gilly was a wonderful cook. But these things did not make up to me in any measure for the joy I had in my own little home. As may be imagined, there was a great deal to be done. The servant Mrs. Boulton had spoken of in her letter

to me had proved a short lived luxury, and with five young children, four grown-ups and many visitors, the work seemed endless.

Mrs. Gilly was head cook and general manager and she baked all the bread, and beautiful bread it was; great baking's of six or seven large loaves twice a week. She cooked the midday dinner and no one could excel her in preparing a duck or a prairie chicken. She also made the beds, as she said no one could make them properly but herself. As she had much to do it was sometimes late in the afternoon before she arrived at bed making, which made the upstairs often a scene of confusion. Looking back over it now, what it must have meant to an elderly English lady to be planted in such surroundings! I can admire the pluck and endurance which kept the household going and the great efforts made by both Mrs. Boulton and her sister to keep the children from sinking into mere cultivators of the soil.

We had a boy who did such rough work as milking and bringing in wood, but everything else we did ourselves. The old-fashioned washing machine was started on suitable days and Ralph ("the boy") turned it unwillingly and dragged in water while Mrs. Gilly superintended the process. My work consisted mainly of dish washing, which seemed an endless labor. First came the morning tea and buttered toast, often prepared upstairs on the little stove, the children partaking in various stages of dressing themselves or being dressed. I declined to be one of the feasters, and used to go down and get the regular breakfast, sweep the dining room and try to tidy up a little. The Major was rarely at home, but when he was he often would take

the broom from my hand and do the job himself. He was a very kind man and a most affectionate husband.

After breakfast and the dish washing came the daily lessons from ten to twelve, generally interrupted by Mrs. Gilly preparing herself a little lunch (as she was never one of our breakfast party), of which all the children partook. As the days got colder we dropped the usual walk at noon and I usually spent that hour walking up and down the little bedroom singing Master George, the baby, to sleep. I remember I always sang that hymn of which the refrain is "Jesus our Lord", and to this day it is associated with that room and the baby.

After dinner and more dishes we had lessons again until four and then came afternoon tea, and when that was well over the children had their tea. Between their tea and bedtime I always sat round the stove with them and told them stories. I do not think Nellie, now wife of Judge Bonny castle, and mother of six fine boys and girls, has ever forgotten those stories. The little boys, Everard and Lawrence, were younger, only five and six, but they also used to listen entranced. Mrs. Boulton used to put the two younger children to bed at this time and I followed with the boys. Nellie was nearly eight, and a very capable child, and waited pretty well on herself. After all were in bed we had the high tea Mrs. Gilly had been preparing, and then came the final dish washing. How weary I got of it and in particular of the three white-lined iron saucepans, always burned and so hard to scrape.

My brother came occasionally, but he was fully occupied with the sawmill and his visits were very fleeting. Sometimes there would be a break in the mill and he would come racing down with his two ponies hitched to a sort of

glorified hand sleigh. It was a matter of 70 miles, but he would do it with those skittish little beasts in one day, then leaving them in our stable, he would take the Major's large horses, Johnson and Thomson, and go on to Moosomin, then by train to Winnipeg, procure an engineer and return, losing at best a week's work.

I remember one particular incident during those cold winter days. It was evening and the children being in bed, we were sitting round the supper table, when our friend Mr. Fuld appeared. He was, I believe, a Scotchman, but had married a half breed and lived a few miles out. He told us his little girl Phoebe, the only girl, was very sick, and begged Mrs. Boulton to come and see her. She was soon warmly wrapped up and settled in the sleigh. Mrs. Gilly and I foraged round for something to send the child, and I found some little books for children. It was a long time before Mrs. Boulton got back, and her report was a sad one. She feared for the worst and much doubted the child's recovery. She was right, for the poor little thing only lived a few weeks and passed away at Christmas time.

Several months afterwards, at the mother's request, the Major took me to spend a Sunday with them. She then told me how the little girl, eight years old, had delighted in the little books. The story of Jesus was all new to her and she received it verily as a little child and went peacefully and happily home to the "Good Man" she had learned to love.

Christmas was quite an event. We had contrived some presents for the children and Mrs. Gilly roasted a fine turkey and made a large plum pudding. I had taught the children to repeat that little poem, "I'm only a little sparrow", and after dinner they said it verse about, even

little Heather of three years of age managing one verse, and it gave her father much pleasure. What an excitement the stockings were and how we racked our brains to find things to put in them.

The week after Christmas there was a concert in the newly finished Town Hall, and Mrs. Boulton promised to sing. My brother too sang a ballad, "The Barrin' of the Door". Mrs. Gilly and I remained at home with the children. I remember that night so well and how we spent our evening ironing the tablecloth. About midnight they returned, and with them home letters. I had a great bundle, but only one is impressed on my mind. It was from Alfred and he said he must no longer put off telling me what he had been too afraid of grieving me to do before. His health, he went on to say, was such that he must never marry. I need not say it was a shock to me. I was utterly crushed. I felt as if I was turned to stone—stupefied. After that first night I said nothing. I could not cry and I made no moan, but just turned to work as a solace, or rather I should say, as that which would keep me from dwelling on my sorrow. I had worked hard before, but for the rest of the winter I spared myself in nothing. Early morning till late at night I toiled. It was a hard winter and took much out of me. I do not remember feeling either interest or pleasure in anything. My chief comfort came from letters dear Alice Miller wrote constantly, and I had an unknown correspondent somewhere in Scotland. I took "The Young Believer". She had offered in it to write to anyone lonely and I forthwith wrote her, and she often afterwards wrote to me. Of course my dear mother and sister never missed the weekly mail. That winter they spent in Quebec, where Mim was now living, and I believe enjoyed it very much.

Days of My Pilgrimage

Had I no consolation from my Bible? I had very little time and no privacy, but I did read and pray daily. I felt that I was being held up and not forgotten, but all was dark, oh so dark.

Some of Mrs. Boulton's Stories

Chapter 28.

I cannot pass by this time in my life without giving to posterity some of my cousin's experiences in this new country, some told by Mrs. Boulton to myself and others overheard many times as she told them to the visitors who often frequented the house. These were mainly men to talk "railway" with the Major. Often, after a sumptuous tea, Mrs. Gilly and I, having "cleared up", would make our escape to that crowded little bedroom and, getting into our beds for the sake of warmth, would listen with amused interest to the tales.

I think I have mentioned before that Major Boulton, accompanied by Mr. Gilly, left Toronto in March, 1880, about the same time I did. Not many weeks after their arrival poor Mr. Gilly, who was quite an elderly man, took cold. It ran into pneumonia and he died after a few days illness. The Major pushed on, and located a homestead about twelve miles north of Russell. From this point he wrote to his wife to "come up", as he had with the help of some surveyors put up a log house, which was "neatly cornered". His little wife, young and English, had no idea of what the term "neatly cornered" implied but pictured a comfortable farm house prepared for herself and her children. She and Mrs. Gilly and the four babes, the eldest only five years of age, left in August or September I think, and after various adventures arrived in Winnipeg. Her husband met her with what was then known as a "prairie schooner", namely a covered wagon with a small stove in it, and they jolted across the prairies, 250 miles to their new home. It was a long weary journey. They stopped often at settlers' houses for a meal, at other times cooked in the wagon. At one house after dinner, their cat, Mrs. Gilly's great treasure, had disappeared. There was much searching, but at last a feeble mew led Mrs. Gilly to the right spot.

Their treacherous hosts had hidden poor puss between the mattresses!

They got to the "neatly cornered" house the beginning of October, and then, as Mrs. Boulton always said at this point in her tale, she found that she was the one who was "neatly cornered". The house had neither roof nor floor, windows nor door. A Mr. and Mrs. Leonard, an Englishman, who had been by way of learning farming with Major Boulton in Coburg, had pitched a tent in the middle of the house.

They did not offer to move it and there was not room for a second. However, Mrs. Boulton and her sister were good sports and willing to put up with much. In a few days the floor was down and the roof on, and they tried to unpack and settle in. The Major made a large bed at one end, consisting of boards supported by logs. On this they all slept in a row; first the Major and his wife and children, then a curtain hung down and on the other side lay poor Mrs. Gilly. Further along came a second curtain and then their friend Mr. Gardiner and his dog, who would snap at Mrs. Gilly through the curtain!

The washing was a great problem, but the Major introduced a squaw who was willing to do it and carried off a large supply of children's clothes in a sack. She certainly washed them, but her next step was to put them all back in the sack wet and when they got home they were so stiffly frozen it was days before they could be got out.

It was a very lonely place. One day that winter a tall Indian came in and demanded flour, as the squaw and papooses were starving. They gave him a bagful and he provided himself with what was needed in the way of pan and spoon, made buns, baked them in their oven, sat down and ate them. Then he insisted on more flour. They were afraid to refuse and he repeated the operation. By this time the ladies were thoroughly frightened and more than relieved when Major Boulton appeared quite unexpectedly and turned him out. Yet they often wondered how they got through that winter, but spring came at last.

One day in the early spring Major Boulton came home one evening—it was Saturday. "We move on Monday," he said, "men are coming early in the morning to take down the house." Mrs. Gilly often laughed, but bitterly, as she

spoke of that sudden move. The family, having tossed their possessions into their trunks, were driven the twelve miles to Russell to the house of a Major De Baleuhard, a small, leaking shack. Here they lived while the house in which we were now living was put up. It was the rainy season and they had a hard time. There was only one bed, in which Aunt Nelly and her little name sake slept. The rest camped on the floor in the driest spots they could find. Mrs. Gilly hung a rubber sheet over her bed, but after heavy rain it was so full of water that the ropes broke and they had an unexpected bath.

These are the stories which most impressed themselves on my mind, but I will relate an incident which happened that first winter I spent with them. Graham had come down on one of his rapid journeys, and taking Johnson and Thomson, the horses, had left the skittish pair of ponies—or I should say the pony and mule, for he had traded one of the black ponies for a mule. “Do not let anyone attempt to drive the ponies while I am away,” he said, “they are too wild for anyone but a man to handle.” However, Mrs. Boulton was bound to have a drive and said she should take the ponies to Russell, about a mile. We implored her not to, but she was determined, and off she went with Ralph to drive and Nellie, little Heather and the baby as passengers. After about an hour the little boys, looking out of the window, exclaimed, “Oh Cousin Fanny, come and see all the people on the road.” It was a straight road over a smooth prairie to Russell, and there we saw a number of people in the distance making their way over the snow, but what attracted us most was the sight of the two ponies tearing along with the little sleigh. As they rapidly drew nearer I cried, “Heather is alone in the sleigh.” I recognized

her by a bright blue shawl she was wrapped in. In an instant we were outside the door. The ponies slackened their pace for a second and I snatched the terrified child. They dashed over a high pile of chopped wood, sprang over the well and, making for the stable, stuck fast in the door. Mrs. Boulton soon came along, and Mr. Andin the Hudson Bay Factor, carrying little George. She was terrified, and it was an immense relief to find her darling safe and warm in her aunt's arms. She had tumbled the baby out and Nellie when the ponies started on their wild gallop, but fell out herself before she could put Heather over. We all felt it was a truly merciful escape and thanked the Lord for His wonderful care.

Days of My Pilgrimage

We Camp at Shellmouth

Chapter 29.

Someone has said that, do as you will, you can never *stick*; on you must go, and circumstances agreeable or disagreeable are passed through. So it was with this weary winter. Spring came in due time and with spring came changes which made life easier for a time at least. The house we were living in was built upon Mr. Gilly's homestead, but Major Boulton also had a homestead, and by the laws of homesteads you had to live six months of the year on the land you had taken up.

Major Boulton had a log house built on his land and now he decided that the family must go and occupy it for the summer. About the middle of March he went out to

visit the locality, taking with him Willie Heath, a double cousin of his own and also a cousin of mine. Willie was a tall young fellow who had never made a success of books but was clever enough with his hands, and on him we depended to make furniture for the new house. The Major soon returned, leaving Willie alone at Shellmouth, as the new town site was called. As he passed the Hudson Bay store the Major went in and bought a large box of canned meat and fruit, which he sent by, as he thought, a reliable man to the poor carpenter in his solitude. The end of March and the beginning of April brought a succession of snowstorms and blizzards, and we often wondered how Willie was getting on. "Well, he has lots to eat anyway," the Major would say, and we felt no great harm could come to him.

One of the latest arrivals in Russell was a Church of England minister, by name Ross. He was an English gentleman, and had a very nice wife and three children. The two eldest, Noel and Chetwynd, had purchased a yoke of oxen, and they undertook to carry our belongings to Shellmouth. It was suggested that Graham should drive me out first with the ponies, the luggage coming on the same day, and Mrs. Boulton should follow in a day or two, in the big sleigh, driven by her husband. Mrs. Gilly utterly refused to go. Life was hard enough in Russell, she said, but to camp in a log house she would not. So very reluctantly we had to leave her.

It was, I think, the 13th of April when Graham and I and the two little boys set off. After the violent storms which had shut us in for so long the bright sunshine and pleasant spring air were a delightful change, and we set off in high spirits. Spring in Manitoba comes very quickly.

The snow which may be two or three feet deep melts from the bottom, the upper crust looking unchanged, until something strikes it, when it cracks for yards and yards and then sinks down and the bare ground appears. This is what happened on that bright April day, and instead of making Shellmouth by early in the afternoon, darkness began to close in upon us and we were still miles away. "There is a man living near here," Graham said at last, "who has a wife, and I daresay they could put you and the children up, and I will go on to the Irishmen's house, which is about a mile farther on." The Irishmen, I must explain, were six young men of that nationality who had come out not long before. They all lived together and everyone spoke of them as being very Irish.

My host and hostess were English—Huntley I believe the name was—and they lived in the very smallest house I ever saw. It contained a bed, a stove, a chair or two and two trunks. A shelf around the wall held their belongings. They welcomed me warmly. There are no welcomes now in the northwest like those old fashioned ones, when it was a real joy to see a stranger. Oh yes, they could put me up. I could sleep at the foot of the bed and Mr. Huntley and the bigger baby could lie on the two trunks. And so we passed a not too bad night, though the wind did whistle through the cracks and by way of helping things on Everard's nose began to bleed in the night.

We had brought milk and bread and butter with us, so were able to help out with breakfast. It was a long time since these poor things had seen milk or butter and they enjoyed the treat. They were very kind and hospitable, and I was indeed grieved to hear that, owing to his determination not to wear anything but leather boots, the poor man had

his feet badly frozen a year or so afterwards and died in the hospital from the effects.

Graham came for me early the following morning and told me he had found Willie Heath at the Irishmen's house. He had taken advantage of the first fine day to escape from his isolation and was on his way back to Russell. The poor boy had been nearly starved as the box of supplies had never reached him, and he had nothing but flour and tea. "It was cold too," he said, "and some days I stayed in bed to keep warm." The snow had nearly gone from the hills and we went slowly, the ponies and oxen dragging their loads over bare ground, but it was a lovely morning and everyone was in good spirits.

I can fancy I feel the soft warm sunny air on my face now as we went slowly over the hills, and I got my first view of Shellmouth. It was a lovely spot and I do not wonder the Major was fascinated by it. The hills sloped gradually down in natural terraces to the great River Assiniboine. On the opposite side the banks went up abruptly and then came flat "park land". It was beautiful when I first saw it and far more so afterwards when the banks were covered with wild roses of every shade, from the palest pink to the darkest crimson, and the river, now hard frozen, was running along peacefully between green banks. Trees were not wanting and there was a pretty little wood at one side of the house. At this spot Major Boulton hoped and expected the railway to cross the Assiniboine, and he intended to have a town on his homestead. Indeed town lots were already selling at \$50 each.

We arrived at last, bag and baggage, at the solitary log cabin. A paper was pinned on the door which Graham quickly read aloud and I am afraid we thoughtless

youngsters made much fun of poor Willie, though he took it all in good part. It was as follows: "Tea and Bannock make me not feel very well. I am going home. I have asked the Irishmen to keep an eye for you." I do not know exactly why we found this so funny, but I know it caused us great amusement and was a standing joke against poor Willie for months. There are times when one feels in a humor to be amused, after being shut up so long we were like birds out of a cage and we laughed and joked and had a high time all day, while unpacking and settling down in the house.

Next day Mrs. Boulton came and we soon established ourselves. The house only had two rooms. The "women folk" slept upstairs and the Major and Graham—when there—had shake downs in the general kitchen and living room. Willie stayed a week or two longer and did what he could to make us comfortable. Also he put up a swing from the beams in the kitchen, where I used to sit and swing little George to sleep.

The spring came on very fast; by the end of April the snow was nearly all gone, and I remember it was warm enough on Everard's seventh birthday for us to have a little picnic, and we picked large bunches of the blue crocus—the first spring flower. I think it was April 27th. As the Major and Graham had soon to leave us and it was really a very lonely place, we had a protector assigned to us, a Mr. Beggs, one of the Irishmen. He was a big, good-natured, gentlemanly fellow, as lazy as could be, and offended my sense of propriety by wearing trousers with holes in them.

For the first month we saw no one. Then excitement began when one evening in May the children rushed in to say, "A man is coming." He was a short man in trousers of a

black and white plaid. He name he told us was Burden, and we said to one another afterwards that he was well named. He had come to look for land across the river and had to spend the night with us. The next day the Major, who was there, rowed him across in our small punt. At night he returned, saying he could not decide on a homestead; he would go back and fetch his son. We found afterwards this was a boy of six, but he brought him back and many times he was paddled back and forth before he finally settled on where he would locate.

He was the first of a number of emigrants. A few camped where we were and the Major felt they were the nucleus of a town, and a Mr. Perrin and Mr. Gerrard set up a store in a large tent. The goods for this were brought from Winnipeg by steamer. The captain said it took three weeks and he likened the journey to sailing round and round an island, the river was so winding. I do not think they repeated the trip. I felt very inclined to jump on board and go home but Mrs. Boulton begged me so hard to stay on, as she would need me particularly during the coming months, that I consented and settled down for another year.

The emigrants continued to flock in and Major Boulton had a ferry built, run by a cable I think. It was much easier than conveying oxen, wagons and household goods across in a small punt. The wheels were taken off the wagon and it was floated across, the oxen had to swim and the small things went in the punt. It often took nearly a day to get a family across.

Mrs. Boulton and I had a fine holiday for about six weeks, only doing just what we had to, and having no extra meals, but by the 1st of June Mrs. Gilly was weary of living alone and joined us. After that life became more strenuous,

but I arranged to have my tea with the children, and then after they were in bed I had a quiet half hour while the rest of the family had their "high tea". That half hour meant so much to me.

When we first came the wild creatures were so fearless they would come into the house. A sort of rabbit used to run in and out. I remember picking two out of the boiler, which held the bread, and carrying them out, one under each arm. They were as big as cats and so soft. But as the emigrants came along they disappeared. Another wonderful sight was the breaking up of the ice. It jammed up in front of the house but we had no flood, and for two or three days it rushed wildly down the river.

As the days got warm my heart turned to Sunday School work. Every Saturday some party of emigrants would camp near to us and it seemed such a wonderful opportunity to put the Gospel before the children who usually accompanied them. Besides this we had two families settled in tents close to our house. One was a man named Jackson, who had a large family all snuggled into the tent in some fashion. The other family hailed from London, where the man had been a barber. He left his family near us and went north farming, but before the first month was over he had cut his legs terribly attempting to cut hay with a scythe, so the farming was given up for the present.

Mrs. Boulton entered heartily into the plan, and the following Sunday morning Lawrence and Everard went round to all the tents and invited the children to Sunday School at three o'clock. They turned out in full force. Our own four and six or seven Jacksons always made a nucleus, and the rest of the audience was changed weekly, though

the little Burdens often came over from their new home across the river.

We always had our class out of doors, generally in the little wood. I had a netted hammock given me by my grandmother. This we put between two trees. Some sat in it and the rest round me on the ground. What happy Sunday afternoons they were; I never had children who so enjoyed it. "Do go on," they would say when I suggested closing, and though I said, "Well, let anyone who is tired go home," not even the smallest would stir. They learned many verses and heard Bible stories and went home to their tents with their little hands full of tracts. Many were English children and it was like a little oasis in the rough long journey to these unknown parts to once more be in a Sunday School, even such a primitive one.

One day as I was teaching them, one or two on my knee and others cuddled into me, I looked up and there was a man trying to hide behind a tree. I do not know how long he had been there or who he was, but it may have been Mr. Jackson. He had a longing after the things of God I believe. Sometime afterwards, when I had gone home, he came to the Major saying, "I am very ill and my time is short, and I am not ready to die, can you help me?" The Major found some of the tracts I had used that summer, still in the house, and gave them to him. He died very happily about six weeks afterwards. So many tracts are given away and one wonders if they are any use sometimes, but this was one case in which they were used of God.

Besides Sunday afternoons, my hammock often went with us on little excursions which I took with the children. Sometimes we took our tea and made a little picnic. The woods were very pretty and the flowers fascinating. Other

days we would go for long walks on the hills, Mrs. Boulton carrying little George, while I conveyed Heather on my back. I remember one morning we climbed to one of the upper terraces and it was simply carpeted with bluebells, gently swaying in a soft wind. It was so beautiful.

One day Mrs. Gilly and the elder children and I went to visit one of the bachelor neighbors, perhaps two miles away. He lived in a tent and he told us how it had been overthrown by bears a few days before, and how they had eaten nearly all his pork and knocked over his stove. On another occasion we all went out to gather the wild hops of which Mrs. Gilly made her famous yeast, but this of course was at the end of the summer.

One day, perhaps in July, the Major said to the children, "Now you shall go for plenty of trips; I have bought a shandredan". "Oh Papa, what is a shandredan?" cried the children, and Mrs. Boulton and I repeated the question. But he would not satisfy our curiosity. Soon it appeared — a very old double democrat. To this the horses, Johnson and Thomson, were hitched and we had (I think) two drives. Then the shandredan came to an unexpected end. Major Boulton, having a long distance to go, took the old democrat and the horses. On his way back he fell in with my brother, who was riding his black pony. Not wishing for some reason to take the pony any further, he asked the Major to take it back to Shellmouth. He tied it behind his vehicle and went on his way. It was a hot afternoon and he was tired and thirsty. Coming to a house where he knew he would be welcome to a cup of tea, he stopped and ran in. Before the tea was even made, glancing out of the door, he saw his horses starting off at a gentle trot. The pony had somehow become untied and he was loping round and

round the team and shandredan. The Major, standing on no ceremony, raced after them, but they were far too fleet for him and after following them for a long way he at last saw them disappear down a steep hill into a wooded gully. He now had to make the best of his way home on foot seven or eight miles, and very weary and overheated he looked when he arrived. No news could be obtained of the horses, but after several days they appeared, still keeping together, but without one scrap of harness. As to the shandredan, it had utterly disappeared. The pony had lost his bridle, but still had on the saddle—upside down. A long time afterwards, in a wood miles away, the shandredan was found, a wheel here and a board there, and the shafts somewhere else. So ended our drives for the summer!

At the risk of being thought childish, I will here tell the story of “Heather’s Pie”, which used to delight my own children years afterwards. One Sunday morning the Major begged his wife to go with him for a long drive. A friend was to take them in a comfortable buggy and he was sure she would enjoy it. “Do go,” I said, “I can quite well take care of the children.” The Major insisted this was so, but Heather refused to be left behind. She was nearly four years old, but had been delicate and was rather spoiled and petted by her mother. However, after much persuasion she agreed to stay if she might make a pie. This we readily promised and they started early in the afternoon. Then I provided Heather with flour and water, raisins and currants, sugar and various other things, sat her in her high chair at the same table where we cooked, and sitting down in the one chair, I took little George on my knee and proceeded to tell the elder children a Bible story. Alas it was never finished, in fact hardly begun, for Heather for some unknown reason

elected to climb out of her chair and went headlong into a very large, full tub of water. This tub was filled from the river and was what we always used. Of course I had her out in a moment, but very wet and very frightened. Nellie and little George both joined her in cries, and I was at my wit's end. People at home with cupboards and bureaus to keep their clothes in can hardly imagine what it meant to keep all the belongings of five children in one or two trunks and several suitcases. I hunted through all the possessions for dry garments and at last got enough to clothe her, but I as well as the children was a good deal shaken up, and not sorry when the parents arrived home. I was thankful that they both looked upon it as rather a joke.

Days of My Pilgrimage

We Entertain Friends

Chapter 30.

One day towards the end of August two gentlemen appeared at our door. One was short, fair and talkative and said his name was Venables. His companion, tall, dark and very silent, was called Yenning. They brought a letter of introduction from the Hon. William Cayley, and claimed some distant connection to him. It goes without saying that we gladly entertained them, and they remained the night. Now Mr. Venables, it appeared, had a wife and three little sons the ages of our boys. They had come from England with him and were waiting for him to find a resting place for them. It did not take Major Boulton long to invite them all to come to our house and remain while he looked

for land. The invitation was quickly accepted and our new friends went off. Then we faced the problem of where to stow them away. But Mrs. Gilly was never stuck. She had an old sleigh dragged upstairs and for this she somehow found a mattress. Mrs. Venables and the youngest boy were to have this and the two older boys were to have my bed, I sleeping in the ever useful hammock. Before finally bringing up the "new bed", Mrs. Gilly and I undertook to scrub the floor. We found it very hard work, but were more than pleased with ourselves when it was finished.

Soon afterwards our guests arrived and our trials began. The gentlemen slept in a tent and were very pleasant, but Mrs. Venables seemed to consider our house simply a boarding house and ourselves her servants. She never offered to help in any way and at the table they handed one another the best of everything, completely ignoring us. The children too were very trying, and if we told them not to do a thing their mother would immediately tell them to do it. So our lives which had been hard enough before became insupportable. Soon a new difficulty arose which capped the climax.

We lived as I have said on the banks of the Assiniboine River, and round us were many house swallows with a natural instinct, I suppose, for building near and on houses. These birds one and all built their nests round our eaves; I counted over 250 nests. "A good sign," said Mrs. Gilly, and would not have the little habitations disturbed. But alas one day we began to find painful and extremely irritating bites on our persons. They were not mosquito bites and we soon traced them to small flat insects, and then someone exclaimed, "The birds". An order went forth at once to demolish the nests, but it was too late. We felt as if the

plagues of Egypt had come upon us. Imagine eight children under nine years of age all crying and scratching; we sat up one whole night rubbing and consoling poor little Heather.

Just at this time, when we had the house to ourselves and Major Boulton and Graham happened to be at home, we called a Council of War, to discuss what was to be done. The Venables had no idea of going further and the burden of them was more that we could stand. Our house in Russell was rented to a Presbyterian minister but, as Major Boulton pointed out, there were only two of them and they were extremely pleasant people. "So," said he, "would it not be better to share four rooms with them than two rooms with these extremely objectionable guests?" We all agreed to this, but still the problem of how we could fit in seemed difficult to solve. At last a happy thought struck us. Mrs. Boulton had a friend about half way to Russell, Mrs. Dearth, and she had several times invited me to come and pay her a visit and bring the little boys. Why not take advantage of this opportunity. No sooner said than done. We began to pack up next day and were soon ready to go. "What a relief it will be when you are gone," was Mrs. Venables' comment! Early in the following week we all packed into a large wagon and I was safely deposited at Mrs. Denmark's with my two little charges.

I shall always look back to that visit as a bright one. The Denmarks were middle aged people with a large family and a large farm. They were all extremely tall—Mr. Denmark and his two sons, Alec and John, well over six feet and there was a cheerful homelike air about the place which put you at your ease at once. There were three girls, Fanny, about my age, and two younger ones. I shared all their work, but it was not hard; the house was well organized and directed,

Days of My Pilgrimage

and everyone did his share. In the early morning the lads often went out shooting ducks and partridges and prairie chickens, the girls stripped them of their feathers, and you may be sure our tongues were not idle as we worked. In the afternoon we often had the use of a horse and went for a drive. But the three happy weeks passed altogether too quickly and one day Major Boulton arrived, saying the minister had moved into his own house, which was now finished, and we could now return, so we said a long farewell to our kind friends and drove home.

My Second Winter in Russell

Chapter 31.

Our circumstances might be called “easier” during this second winter. To begin with we had an addition to the house in the shape of a sitting room, with a good sized bedroom above it, so we were not so cramped for room. We also had two servants of a sort; Eddie Jackson, who was eight and spent most of his time carrying in wood for the *five stoves*, and Isabella, his sister, who washed the dishes and did what she was told. “Still,” as Mrs. Gilly used often to exclaim, “greatness has its trials,” and the larger house made more work. Our family too was increased by the arrival of a young English cousin, Charlie McLerchan.

The house, in spite of the five stoves, was very cold that winter, for Major Boulton had proposed building a chimney and had cut a hole in the roof for it, but the chimney was not built and the hole let in much extra cold. Mrs. Boulton was not able for much that winter and Mrs. Gilly was quite unable to face the cold, so I was forced to take hold more that winter than previously. I used to get up in the morning—oh how cold it was in spite of the fire in our room—then slipped down to the living room and made a fire there. Of course everything was in readiness. Then I went to the kitchen and often on the threshold wondered if I should find the children frozen to death. But no, there they were, Eddie rolled up head and all in a buffalo robe on the floor and Isabella fast asleep with her breath frozen on eyelids and hair. “Make Eddie light the fire,” Mrs. Gilly said again and again, but I had not the heart to, besides, would it have burned? So I generally made up the kitchen fire before waking the infants. The next thing was to get Mrs. Lilly’s tea. We had the bread, etc in the cellar—the only place which did not freeze. The air was rarely up to the freezing point in that kitchen. We washed the dishes in a large pan standing on, the stove, but the dishes froze to the table before we could dry them! Our clocks had an inconvenient way of stopping too, and I felt quite proud of setting them daily by the sunrise.

I shall never forget one of those cold nights. We women folk were alone in the house when Heather took croup. It was an anxious night. I lighted the fire, but it made little difference in the warmth. Mrs. Boulton and I sat on the bed, shivering all over with cold and nervousness, giving the little one ipecac every five minutes and doubtless each praying silently for help. How helpless we felt, 30 miles

from a doctor and no man within reach. At last the ipecac did its work and she was relieved much to our joy. The children were hardly ever sick and this winter the three older ones had long heavy coats and after much dressing up used to go and play in the snow, coming in half an hour later to be undressed and everything dried.

We had a sleigh and occasionally went for drives. I remember one drive when the horses ran away and we were in danger of an upset, but Mr. Ross the clergyman rushed out and stopped them. We had quite a number of families now in the village. Besides the Ross's we had the Browns, who had opened a store, and the Leonards, who had moved in from the country. We managed to scare up enough children to have a party on Nelly's ninth birthday, which was January 11th—but I am going ahead too fast.

One day during the autumn, Major Boulton came in and said to me, "Could you not go down and see Joe Henderson. He is dying of consumption and so afraid to die." That afternoon I made my first visit, Mrs. Gilly providing a good bottle of beef tea to take with me. I found Joe Henderson was a young half-breed, married and with two children. He was very friendly and glad to see me. I read to him a little, but we had no personal conversation that day. I went again and again and he opened all his heart to me. He said he was such a sinner, he could not expect forgiveness. I spoke to him constantly of God's love and the sacrifice of Christ, but he did not seem able to grasp it. His sins, like those of Christian in the Pilgrim's Progress, were as a heavy burden which he could not get rid of. At last, one winter day, when the snow lay deep on the ground, I paid my last visit. To my surprise he was beaming all over. "The burden has gone," he said, "the burden has gone!" I

asked him how he had lost it? He said he was sleeping when he saw a bright, glorious one whom he knew to be our Lord, Who stooped down and picked up his burden and took it away. "And now it is all gone," he said, "my sins are all gone." He only lived a few days longer and died rejoicing. I did not see him again, as we had a long and terrible storm just at the time, and I was unable to go out.

That storm was one not easily forgotten. In the morning Mr. Leonard brought up his wife and babies to spend the day, as he and the Major were going for a trip somewhere, on railway business I judge, as that was the burning question: would the railway cross the Assiniboine at Shellmouth? Of course if it did, Shellmouth was sure to be a large town and the Major's fortune was made, but there were many strings being pulled by many people. We women spent a quiet and busy day with all the babes. The wind blew stronger and the snow became heavier as night came on. We felt sure the travelers could not get home, so we prepared to keep our visitors for the night. Mrs. Boulton had Heather and little George in bed with her, but she contrived to stow away Mrs. Leonard and the tiny baby and I volunteered to have little George Leonard in bed with me. My bed was very narrow and stood in a corner of the room, and all night the snow drifted in, falling on our faces in sharp, hard crystals. In desperation I covered the baby's face, then came a horrible fear he would be smothered and I uncovered him again. That was my first experience of a baby bed fellow. The storm continued all next day, but abated by night and Mr. Leonard came and carried off his family.

It was about this time I think that we saw a most remarkable appearance in the heavens: the sun at noon had two more suns, one on each side, and two bodies which

looked like white suns on the other two sides, surrounded by rainbows. During those days of cold and snow the thermometer ran down somewhere in the neighborhood of 50° below zero. We used to do most of our lessons sitting round the fire, as it was too cold for the children to write at the table.

We had various visitors. Mr. Venables came and slept on our dining room floor, though his wife refused to allow the Major to sleep in his own bed in his own house (he moved the bed into the tent store). One day he came with his gun, and presently we heard a shot and he came triumphantly in with a mink. "See," he said, "I have shot a mink in your well." How angry Mrs. Gilly was, as we had known the mink was there and encouraged it to remain. However, he carried it off.

After the great storm we decided to paper our upstairs with large sheets of brown paper, and an indigent man turning up, we employed him to do it. Little George was greatly interested and spent most of the day watching him. The next morning when I appeared with the tray of morning tea, he exclaimed in a loud voice, "Tea and toast, by Jove". One of our visitors was quite a character, the brother of the vicar in Coburg. He had taken up a career of hunting and trapping. A little lean, wizened man, who loved the outdoors more than the indoors, we sometimes thought he aspired to make a better appearance. When we were in Shellmouth, he often came and our cat having presented us with three kittens, named according to color Mustard, Pepper and Salt, we gave him Mustard, at his urgent request. Alas, Mustard's days were few in the land. Leaving her master's tent to walk by her wild lone in the prairie, she was soon the prey of a fox. Long after we

thought the children had forgotten the incident, we heard this conversation: said Heather, "Tatty (Lawrence), do you think Mustard is in heaven?" "No," with great scorn. "Why, Tatty, is she really in hell?" "No," with still greater scorn, "she is inside the fox." Besides these visitors we had many railway men, and railway was the talk on everyone's lips. It meant so much. Seventy-five miles to a railway was a weary drive. But talking did not bring it; it never went near to Shellmouth, though it runs through Russel now.

Christmas passed and the New Year, 1884, came in, and with it a great change in my life. I received a letter from Toronto saying that I really must go home. My mother was tired out and my sister sick. Dora was teaching Mrs. Frank Cayley's children this winter, but she had repeated attacks of bronchitis; I cannot quite understand why, as neither before nor afterwards was she subject to it. Mother was still living in her large house on John Street and had taken a Mr. and Mrs. Gosling to board for the winter, most difficult and trying people — at least he was. To add to her difficulties, she had had a run of incapable and dishonest servants, so in desperation she wrote for me. I was very sorry to have to leave just at that juncture, as Mrs. Boulton was expecting to be ill in February, but my first duty seemed to be to my mother, and also I was so tired out I hardly felt able to finish out the winter, so I agreed to leave on February 1st. I did all I could to leave them comfortable, and was very thankful when Major Boulton wrote that he had succeeded in getting someone to fill the gap.

My packing was done under difficulties. All the children and especially baby George wished to assist, but it was done at last. I left my saddle and my snowshoes behind and took as little hand luggage as possible, and on a clear,

My Second Winter in Russell

sunny Monday morning I started off. Two weeks after my departure a little son arrived. They called him Russell. He was a very fine boy but alas, his life was cut short in the war. He left a little son, Charlie.

Days of My Pilgrimage

Off for Toronto

Chapter 32.

It was as I have said a fine, sunny morning when I said goodbye to my cousins and set off on my long journey home. The first of February fell on a Monday that year, which just suited, as the mail cart or sleigh left on Monday and was in the habit of taken a passenger or two. My companion was Peter Leonard, the “ne’er-do-well” brother of our friend of that name. He was very cheerful and the bright morning and good sleighing were conducive to good spirits. We stopped for lunch at Binscarth, the experimental farm, and then went on again. We only had one night on the road and reached Moosomin the following afternoon. I still

had a vivid remembrance of the rough prairie dotted with tents and the unpainted shack which served as a station, so I was indeed astonished at the change wrought in less than two years. A good station to begin with, three well-built modern hotels, good shops, graded streets, sidewalks; everything a small Canadian town could boast of. We spent the night in one of the hotels and set off again by train on the Wednesday morning. It was a long weary journey to Winnipeg and we did not get there until after dark. Peter got us a good dinner in the station and then put me on the train for St. Paul. He was remaining in Winnipeg.

I have a very vivid remembrance of that evening. I was tired and lonely, and I felt as if my four years of hardship and roughing it had been for nothing. I had come up to help Graham to make a home and here he was as far from it as the day I first arrived. I grieved to leave him, but there seemed no chance of his having a house to put me in. My spirits sank very low. I was going back to take up life again where I had left it off four years before, but I felt the spring had gone out of me. How little we ever know of what is before us!

My journey was uneventful until I reached Chicago on Friday night. I was the only one in the pullman and the porter had disappeared. I picked up my rug and little bag and was getting out, when a man, either drunk or crazy, came into the car and insisted on taking my luggage from me. I went to the omnibus which crossed the city and he followed. It was soon filled with men but no one came to my aid until the conductor appeared and ordered the man out of the bus. On reaching the large, handsome station, I looked about for a telegraph office, but seeing none, I asked one of the officials where it was. I am sure he must have

thought I came direct from the North Pole. I had on my buffalo calf coat, a fur cap and moccasins—a great contrast to the well-dressed people around me. Perhaps this idea made him more civil, for when he told me it was some little distance from the station and I said I could not go alone at that hour, he sent a young man with me to show me the way. Having sent my mother a telegram that I would be home on Saturday, I felt relieved and my next step was to get something to eat. I had lived almost entirely on biscuits all the way from Winnipeg, and I never shall forget the steaming cup of coffee and the delicious rolls I so eagerly devoured in that Chicago station. Then I got on my train and was off to Toronto. I arrived at 3 a.m. on Saturday, but in spite of my telegram no one was there to meet me; they imagined I would not be in until the evening. So I walked quietly up and greatly surprised the house folk by my appearance.

It was rather hard work settling in. I found the dull, sunless days very trying after the almost constant sunshine of Manitoba. I had no definite occupation, but seemed to be at everyone's beck and call. It was eight years since I had first left home and it was hard to go back to the attitude of a seventeen-year-old. My mother seemed to forget that I was now a fully matured woman and not a child. There were changes in the meeting too, which distressed my conservative mind; a new edition of the hymn book, a new meeting room and a number of new people. I was surprised to see all the new young men who had come since I left, and I felt I could never remember all the new names. One of those I was introduced to that first Sunday was Mr. Willis, and on our return home mother told me he was a young man from New Brunswick and that he was coming

to board with us on the following Thursday. I have always felt it was wonderful that I should have been brought from Manitoba and he from St. John without any prearranged plan, but surely the Lord's hand was over it.

My mother had now got a pretty good servant, though one who required much teaching, but she was still quite poorly after her hard winter and Dora was afraid to go out in the evening while she was so subject to cold. Now I was very keen to go to meetings, from which I had been cut off for long, and there were a number to go to, as we had three meetings in Toronto at that time, one in Cumberland Street, one in Gerrard Street and one in Lisgar Street. There was a reading meeting nearly every night in one or another and a prayer meeting in all on Friday, so it came about very naturally that the new young man whose strong point was meetings should escort me to the meeting and bring me home again, and we got very friendly on these evening walks and eating a little supper on our return. Indeed one evening we lost our way in the park and found ourselves walking round and round it. Ah me, that was forty years ago and we are old and sober now, though still walking to meetings together. I got home on February 6th and on April 7th we were engaged, so we did not lose much time. And once more life seemed worth living. I remember reading over that little hymn "Not knowing" and feeling how it had come to pass in my life:

*"It maybe He has waiting, for the crossing of my feet,
Some gift of such rare excellence, something so strangely sweet,
That my lips can only tremble with the thanks I cannot speak."*

I suppose in these days our courtship would have been thought a very sombre one. There were no presents of flowers or boxes of chocolates; they were not looked for then. I can count the presents my Jack gave me: a Latin New Testament, two or three books and a large white geranium.

I do not remember anything else except a chair at Christmas time. We went to meetings together and sometimes took tea with Mrs. Brendon, who was then living in Toronto, and went to the prayer meeting afterwards. Once in a great while he took me Tor a row on the bay, which was the great dissipation in the days before canoes and motor boats had become the thing.

Meanwhile my days were not idle. I found living with no definite employment unendurable and tried to get a few children to teach. Mrs. John Cartwright sent me her three little boys, Stephen, Ralph and Aubrey. Mrs. John Cayley sent Madeline (Maud was at school in England). This kept me quite busy in addition to what I did in the house, but I had a good deal of energy, if not much wisdom, and I made up my mind to go and visit all the beggars who came to the door, and being a hard winter a good many came. I had of course various experiences, some quite interesting, but I will only tell of one. It was a cold afternoon when the doorbell rang, and on answering it I found a very

tidy looking elderly woman selling oranges. If I had not been young and innocent I should have mistrusted her effusiveness, but I thought her a jewel and asked where she lived. "Along Queen Street," she said and gave me the number.

A day or two afterwards I went to find her. Such a dilapidated looking house, quite free from paint or other adornment, and looking as if it might fall at any moment. I knocked and the door was opened by a quite respectable looking woman. I asked for Mrs. Graham. There was some tittering and then they showed her to me lying dead drunk on a sort of lounge. I found it was a beggars' lodging house I had got into. There must have been five or six women in different stages of raggedness and decay. I was a little frightened but began to talk to them and soon found one of them had been cook to my grandmother. I asked if I might read to them and they seemed glad to listen. I often went after that and always found some who were glad to listen. The landlady was always sober, but many of the lodgers were not. At last it became so rough and men began to frequent it that I did not go any more. The woman who had been my grandmother's cook professed great amendment and went to my grandmother and convinced her of her respectable life. My grandmother looked about and found a room near to her own house with an English family. She furnished this room, making curtains and a table cover of patchwork, and preparing great comfort for her old servant. A few weeks later she found her drinking as hard as ever and her host and hostess joining in, and she soon returned to her old life and haunts. I am afraid my efforts to do good in this direction were not of much avail.

I was very glad to see and be with my old friends once more. Sophie was at home and we were constantly together. Then I had an occasional visit with dear Alice Miller and often went to Lady Robinson's. Mim had returned to Toronto and just about this time they were all rejoicing over the first grandchild. Lily Reid was married to Ed Checkley and they were living in Preston, where I spent a week with them during the spring and while there visited my old friend Sally Bennett, now Mrs. Alfred Tremaine. I must not forget Birdie Ord. They were now living in a pretty house in Rosedale, which had just waked up to its possibilities as a residential section. College Street was being built up and a part of Pinehurst, the Clark Gamble's place, had been sold and McCaul Street now ran through what had been their property. But High Park was still far outside the city and a long walk from the cars. Scarborough Heights was a favorite resort and steamers ran out there several times a day, also in the other direction to what was known as Lorne Park. The Island too had begun to build up and the end known as Hanlin's was becoming a center of attraction.

When the spring came, our tiresome boarders left, much to our relief. We now had only my Jack with us, but in the early summer we had a letter from some friend in England asking if we could make a home for a young man, Martin Luther Rouse, who wished to try his hand at teaching. I would I had an able pen and could describe this young man. He was not very tall and inclined to be stout. He was the soul of good nature, but what one might call a "freak". He was a full-fledged lawyer, but when he had taken all his examinations he felt the bar was against his conscience and took up farming. Finding he was not

adapted for this he was sent out to Canada, his friends hoping he would accomplish something here. The key to his peculiarities I think lay in an undue anxiety over details. For instance, he brought a small creeper from the woods and spent the whole morning planting and replanting it. Of course the plant died. He was occupied over an essay on "Vowel sounds" as found in the scale of music, when he first came. The essay was finished at the last moment and Dora and Jack were both pressed into his service to copy it out, sitting up half the night. But he was kindly and good humored and always ready to help me by teaching the little boys if I wanted a day off, and he was the moving spirit in any children's teas or picnics, which I often had for the various little cousins.

When the summer holidays came I went to a large conference at Napanee with Sophie. We went a week beforehand and stayed with her old friend Mrs. Alice Smith. Her husband was manager of a bank in that town and they had a pretty house, a pony carriage and other delights belonging to country life. We enjoyed helping to prepare and generally helping to run the conference, in a material way. Lord Cecil and Mr. Pennington and Dr. Lawrence were the spiritual advisers. I spent a couple of weeks in Bowmanville on my return with the Reids—or perhaps it was before the conference, as my principal remembrance is picking raspberries.

In September Mrs. James Cartwright lent us her house in Muskoka and Sophie, mother, Jack and I and a Mrs. Boyd, a friend of Sophie's, arranged to go up, but Mr. Cayley was taken ill at the last minute and Mrs. Boyd found it rather dull alone with us and went off to other friends. Two things are vividly impressed on my mind: one

a long row, one of those summer nights, for it was a warm and beautiful month, and Jack and I watched the stars reflected in the water, everything dark and sombre beside us, and we talked as I suppose lovers have talked from the time of the beginning. Another remembrance is of a bathe we took, when we found a log and Jack sailed me on it until the spirit of mischief overcoming him he suddenly turned the log and dropped me into the water. Of course he had me out in a moment but I was pretty frightened.

Days of My Pilgrimage

The Rebellion of '85

Chapter 33.

In the early spring or perhaps late in the winter of '85 began the second Riel Rebellion. All Canada was stirred at the news and many young men volunteered. The Canadian Pacific Railway was not yet finished and somewhere in the vicinity of Thunder Bay a large tract of country had not yet been spanned by the iron rails. Our young untried soldiers had to march over this and I think it must have been winter, for the cold was very great. With the "Great War" still vividly before us the Riel Rebellion seems a very small affair, but at the time it was much talked of. Major Boulton, who had been a prominent figure in the first rebellion, now came to the fore again, and collected a

body of men, calling them "Boulton's Scouts". My brother did not join this company but our young cousin Charlie McLerchan was in it, also another English cousin D'Arcy Baker and the young Langford whom we had often seen in Shellmouth. The first to be disabled was Charlie McLehan, who was lamed by a kick from his horse, but later on in a decisive battle, of which I have forgotten the name, young Landlord was slightly wounded and D'Arcy Baker fatally. They were both carried into a tent and poor D'Arcy begged his friend to pray for him, as he knew he was dying. "I never prayed in my life," was Langford's confession. Then he said, "Oh Langford, could you not think of one little text to tell me?" but Langford was forced to reply that he could not. "I would have given anything," he told Charlie, "if I could have repeated just one verse, but I had never been taught the Scriptures when a child."

The little war came to an end in June, I think. Riel was captured and hanged and the rebellion was at an end. The homecoming of the troops was an occasion of great rejoicing. Mr. Rouse with his usual originality suggested carrying our flower stand to the grocer's shop at the corner and then he said, "Miss Boulton and I could sit there and have a good view." I need hardly say that my sister gave a decided refusal to this invitation and the plan fell through. It was one evening while we were at dinner that we heard the bands and the men gaily marching in the middle of the road. Hundreds collected to see them pass and one old woman rushed out and threw her arms around her son and walked beside him down the street, and none said her nay. Our friend Colonel Williams of Port Hope went on this expedition and died while away of fever. I might mention that it was during this year that the "Grant division"

took place, separating and breaking asunder many ties of friendship.

Days of My Pilgrimage

My Name Is Changed

Chapter 34.

While all the country was excited over this small war, our family was indulging in another species of excitement. It had long been settled that we should be married on September 2nd and now we were busy over preparations. Perhaps the next generation, if they should ever read this, would like to know what was considered suitable for a trousseau so long ago. Well, I had no silk underclothing or silk stockings. Such ideas had not entered people's heads then, but white calico was used for underclothes and girls took great pleasure in making them neatly and tastefully. My wedding dress was a present. It consisted of a cream colored wool material of soft texture, with an overskirt and

trimmings of the same color, with a red and blue pattern in it. It was made with a tight waist and a full overskirt. I also had a drab traveling dress of beige, trimmed with brown silk shot with blue and green, and a green cashmere coat to match. I had a burnt straw hat with brown ribbons and a light tweed coat and various other things which I have forgotten.

I did not go away anywhere that summer. Indeed I was far from well, but I kept house with the faithful Maggie Hawthorne to help while mother and Dora went for a change. Silver dishes and salad bowls were not so much the rage then, but I had many useful presents and a good many cheques which helped us very much. The bank in which my future husband worked had failed and instead of the raise he had been promised all salaries were cut down ten percent. We were obliged to use great economy. We had naturally thought of a little home of our own — there were no flats then in Toronto but plenty of small houses — but my mother was very much opposed to this and wished and indeed insisted on our remaining with her for the winter. Her house was large, she said, and we could have the two top rooms with a door between. At last we were persuaded, but I have always felt it was a serious mistake and would warn any young married people against a similar step.

At last the day arrived, sunny and beautiful. My old friend Annie Reid from Bowmanville had come down the day before and she, Dora and Sophie Cayley arranged everything. We had about thirty guests invited, very few of whom are living now. The Hon. William Cayley and his wife and her two little girls, of course my grandmother and uncle and aunt from the cottage over the way, Osmond Cayley and Mim (who did not come) and Jue

My Name Is Changed

Robinson and Birdie Ord and Fred Robinson. There were a few others whose names I have forgotten. Old Dr. Reid performed the ceremony and Mr. Cartwright gave me away. The wedding was at 10 a.m. and after the knot was tied we had refreshments and then drove to the meeting room on Gerrard Street, where nearly all the meeting was assembled. Captain Trigge had come over from Hamilton and I remember he read the 2nd chapter of John and Mr. Blakeley read Benjamin's blessing: "The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by him". It was a very happy meeting and everyone was so kind and affectionate. Then we bid farewell to our friends and took the car humbly to the Montreal boat, which was to sail at two o'clock. My grandmother and uncle were the only ones who came to see us off.

It seemed ages before we started, but at last we were off and then we went down to our cabin and together consecrated ourselves anew to the Lord's service. We then ate our lunch down there. The lake was very rough and I began to feel very sick, quite a new experience for me. I struggled to keep up till we stopped at Bowmanville, where my former pupils Lily, Minnie and Elsie Reid brought me down a magnificent bunch of flowers. Then came a harder struggle until we reached Coburg, where my cousins Emilie and Bessie Wilgress came down to the boat. Then I succumbed and had to beg my new husband to help me undress!

Next day we were in the river and I was all right. We greatly enjoyed shooting the rapids and arrived in Montreal that night. Owing to a very bad epidemic of smallpox, we did not land but went straight on to the Quebec boat. Here we had a fine room and I was introduced for the first

time to electric light. We reached Quebec in the morning and took the train. The Canadian Pacific Railway was not yet running to St. John, so we had to go all round by Cacouna. I remember the children coming to the train windows with little birchbark canoes of blueberries. We fell in with a gentleman who had surveyed large sections of this country and he made the journey very interesting for us. We changed at Moncton in the middle of the night and reached St. John at five o'clock on Saturday morning, September 5th.

St. John

Chapter 35.

It is always an ordeal for a young bride to be first introduced to her husband's relations and I was no exception to the rule. My heart beat fast as I drove up in the cab to the house in Queen's Square where Jack's sister and brother-in-law and their five children lived. He had no parents to show me off to; they had died long since, his father when he was only two years old and his mother when he was seven. It did not take long even in a cab to reach Queen's Square and there, though little after 5 a.m., we found them all up and dressed. Mrs. Davidson was tall and very dignified. She was a beautiful woman and yet perhaps this very natural dignity kept me at a distance.

Mr. Davidson was also tall but, unlike his wife who had black hair and dark eyes, he was fair and blue-eyed, full of jokes and geniality. It did not take long for me to be friends with him. Mary the eldest girl was like her father, a slight, fair girl of twelve. Willie was also fair and a shy lad who had little to say. Gertie of eight was round and fat with a little firmly set black head and large brown eyes. The two youngest were but babies, Alice a fair, curly-headed little pet of two and a half and Jack a bouncing boy of nine months, with the dark eyes his mother had so much wished for. I have rarely seen such a beautiful baby, from the dark curls clustered round his head to the chubby little feet he was just trying to stand upon.

We sat and talked, or Jack and his relations did and I studied the family. About seven o'clock breakfast was announced and then Mr. Davidson went off to the famous St. John market, Willie and Gertie accompanying him with their little cart to bring home the spoils. My sister-in-law then suggested we should go and have a rest, which we were nothing loath to do. It was nearly dinner time when I awoke and dressed and then the bell rang. Jack was still fast asleep and I could not bear to wake him, but it was very hard to go down alone. However, taking my courage in both hands I went down and found all my new relations pleasant and friendly.

On our first arrival we had found that Dr. Christopher Wolston and Mr. Alfred Mace were in St. John and having evangelistic meetings in a tent nearby. Dr. Wolston took tea with us that evening and was indeed surprised to find that the little bride he had been invited to meet was the old friend of Brantford days and a cousin of his wife. We

spent three very happy weeks in St. John, everyone uniting to make it pleasant.

Jack and I explored the city, his birthplace and old home, and I was introduced to the steep streets, the floating wharves, the falls on the St. John River, which flow sometimes one way and sometimes another according to the tide, and many other places of interest. One evening we spent with the Howes, unique people but very delightful. But the great event was a trip Mr. Davidson took us, up the river to Fredricton. The river is exceedingly beautiful and we enjoyed every minute of the sail. We arrived about tea time and spent the night there, coming back the next day by train.

But our time was all too short and on Monday morning, September 21st we took the steamer for Portland. Shall I ever forget that miserable journey? Out on the broad Atlantic, a rough stormy sea, no place to lie down, I sat with my head on the rail of the deck nearly all day. At night Jack got me a cabin and there I threw myself down alone without even taking off my hat. It was all dark; I did not understand the electric light and was too sick to move. We were due in Portland at three o'clock but it was six or seven before we arrived and thankfully crawled on to land. After breakfasting on fare which did not do credit to Portland, we took a car and saw as much of the city as we could in our limited time. About ten o'clock we got the train and had a delightful trip through the White Mountains to Montreal. In spite of the smallpox we had decided to accept the invitation of a friend, Mr. Radford, and spent another pleasant week at his house. I recollect visiting McGill College during that time, little thinking how familiar I would become with it later on.

The Canadian Pacific Railway was now running between Montreal and Toronto, but it was a long tedious journey, running round by Ottawa and Carlton Junction. We left at an early hour and did not arrive home until after 11 p.m. I remember how stiff I was all day, having spent the previous afternoon playing tennis, for the first and I think the last time. The house at home had undergone many changes while we had been away, and hot water had been installed and a furnace, but all was finished when we arrived and we had a hearty welcome from those in the house and the many friends outside.

My First Winter of Married Life

Chapter 36.

Before beginning this chapter I think I must give some short description of my Jack, to me if not to others the best and cleverest man in the world. He was fairly tall, 5' 11" I believe, but slight, his hair was very black and thick and his eyes were a soft brown, but his skin was exceedingly fair and he had a delicate look which, with his high forehead, made him look more of a scholar than a banker. But a banker he was and I fancy well thought of. His present position was shorthand writer to Mr. Henry Strathy in the Federal Bank. However, the Federal Bank about this time

had ceased to be and Jack's business was to help wind up its affairs.

There is not much to write about our first winter. I was ill most of it and spent my days lying on the sofa in the rather dark and dull dining room. I was not well enough to climb the stairs to the top of the house to the rooms which we were to have occupied, so my sister moved back to her bedroom and we took possession of the back bedroom on the lower flat. Jack was away all day and often at the meeting in the evening, so we had little time together and I felt married life was not all I had hoped for.

Just before Christmas my brother unexpectedly arrived and this was a great cheer. His high spirits kept the house lively and he was always on hand to be company to me. Dora was away all day teaching the Frank Cayleys and mother was always busy with her housekeeping's, as there was quite a party in the house. In addition to ourselves we had Mr. Murray and later on Connie Checkley the sister of my dear friend Neen.

One incident stands out clearly. It was a clear, frosty Saturday and Jack and Graham drew me down to the bay on a hand sleigh. I think Dora went too, and we crossed and recrossed the bay in an ice boat. It was my first and only experience of this mode of traveling, and I enjoyed it very much. I think the change and exhilaration was the beginning of my getting better and I slowly came back to health again.

Just before Easter, which was the end of March, my brother left again for the West and has never revisited Toronto during all the forty years which have elapsed. The day before he left a Mr. and Mrs. Irwin and two little girls came to see us. They had lately come into fellowship in

Winnipeg and were now looking for a house. Would my mother rent the house furnished? At first she refused. She said she could not break up her household and she and Dora would have nowhere to live. Also I was not strong enough to go into a house of my own. But Dora and Sophie persuaded her to consent and Mr. Irwin made it easier, saying that she could have the top flat to live in. This finally settled the matter and I breathed a deep sigh of relief at the thought of my own home and my Jack all to myself. I would remark here that under most circumstances it is a mistake for a young couple to begin life in the house of others. They need to get to know one another and to enjoy one another and it is rarely a wise experiment to try to do this in another person's house.

Days of My Pilgrimage

Love in a Cottage

Chapter 37.

When once we had induced my mother to agree to the move, we soon carried it out. Mr. Irwin was anxious to get into the house and there was no reason for delay. After much searching, a cottage was found. I suppose it would be considered very small and insignificant now and the street on which it stood poor, but to us it stood for all that was pleasant and inviting. It had five rooms, a bedroom and sitting room, one on each side of the front door, with a tiny hall which led you into a good, airy dining room, with a little bedroom opening off it. At the back was a fairly large kitchen opening on to quite a large garden with a number of English gooseberry bushes.

Having secured the house, the next thing was to furnish it. We had quite a number of things picked up from time to time. My grandmother brought forth out of her stores a beautiful old walnut table, a rag carpet, a very large dinner set and various pillows and blankets. My mother gave us a tea set. Our knives and forks were mostly wedding presents, and my grandfather's gift had been used to purchase a bedroom set and mattress. Dora and Sophie helped to settle us in, and when the last plates had been put in the kitchen cupboard, and all our pretty silver things on the little sideboard, we did indeed feel proud. "You just want a table in your sitting room," was Jue's comment, and she straightway sent one up. Sophie felt we were not complete without a geranium in the window and ran across to the florist's across the way to procure one.

We moved on Good Friday, a fine warm day, but it was followed by a heavy snow storm, and our poor cat—I forget where she came from—was snowed up under the front steps. But this was the last kick of the winter, and we went on without one drawback into spring and summer; it was one of the most perfect springs I have ever seen. We had secured a little maid, one Katie Morgan, a child of twelve, but who was very useful, so much so in fact that her mother found she could not get on without her, and sent for her to return home. However, her cousin Maria took her place and being somewhat older was able to do most of the work.

I shall never forget the happiness of those first few weeks and indeed of all the year we spent in Bleaker Street. I was not very strong and had to spend a good deal of my time lying down, but we bought a small stretcher, and I used to lie in the garden reading or working or lying still

and thinking. Then in the evening my husband came home and what happy evenings there were.

Our first great experience was a conference which was held that spring. The visitors, all brothers, were to be entertained in the houses, and after one of the meetings each person was asked how many he could take. Some said one, others two, but when Jack's turn came he said "Four". "Impossible," said the brother who was taking down the names, but Jack stuck to it and we really had the privilege of entertaining four brothers. Two of these, who slept in our room, were Mr. Blunt and a Mr. Johnson, and two more, who slept in the sitting room, were our dear friend Mr. Heney, and Mr. Cullum of Alma. It was a wonderful time, and when all was over, Mr. Heney came back and stayed two or three weeks with us.

Our next adventure was trying to reform old John, an old man who brought apples into the bank. Jack was sorry for him, and wishing to get him to break away from "the drink", invited him to come and sleep in our shed. He was quite willing and soon was established. All went well for a while; John kept steady, cut our little lawn and in every way seemed an acquisition to the family. We went for a few days to Hamilton to stay with our friends the Triggess, who were then living in their pretty place on the mountain, Anchmar, but John was everything to be desired and looked after things in our absence.

A few days after our return from Hamilton, Jack brought home a little boy of four years of age. He was the eldest of four children and his father was dying of heart disease. We kept him with us (though he cried terribly for his mother the first night) for several weeks. While he was with us, Jack was suddenly sent off to Newmarket to

take the manager's place while he went on holiday. He was distressed at leaving me alone. My mother was in Castille at the water cure we had spent so many happy weeks at years before. My sister was in Muskoka, but my grandmother was in town and she agreed to come and stay with us.

On Saturday evening, as Jack was expected home, she went back to her house, leaving me alone with the little boy and Maria. We had just had our tea when I heard a great noise in the kitchen and John appeared, frightfully drunk. I do not know which was the most terrified, Mary or I, but in the nick of time my husband walked in and ordered old John out of the house. Jack had returned to take me back with him, and on Monday morning we shut up the house, sent Maria home for a holiday, and taking little Freddie with us, started for Newmarket.

Such a quiet, sleepy little town, and such a peaceful, happy fortnight we spent there. We found the old Quaker lady we boarded with was no other than the mother of Dr. Stevens, whom we had met and loved at the "Cure" years before. When Mrs. Stevens and her husband found we knew and appreciated their much loved daughter, they could not do too much for us. She was married at this time to a Dr. Frizell, and her little two year old boy was spending the summer with his grandmother. Sitting here, as I write this in a tall Chinese house, looking over the blue waters of Hong Kong Harbor, sparkling in the sunshine, I feel as if once again I was sitting in the pretty wood near Mrs. Stevens' house, the sun shining through the leaves of the maple trees, the two little boys playing round me, and Jack stretched out beside us. But it is all long passed now; the children who had not then come to gladden our home

have grown up and scattered, and the child at my feet is a little Chinese waif.

I think those peaceful, sunny days in Newmarket did me good, for I was much better on my return. Life was becoming filled with a new interest, and my time was taken up with stitching at little frocks and petticoats. Once every week I spent the afternoon with dear old "Aunt Biddy", as we young people called Mrs. Judge Wilson. She lived quite close, and very pleasant times I spent in her cozy little home. Lady Robinson's house was quite near too and Mim lived just a short distance in the other direction.

As the winter came on mother returned and spent many a day in our little home. The Irwins had taken a house of their own, also quite close to us, and my mother had rented her house for the winter and was living in Sullivan Street in a small flat. Dora was of course with her and still teaching Emma and Ada Cayley. Neen Checkley was still far away in Mississippi, but two sisters were in Toronto; Conny, who had spent the previous winter with us, and Kathleen, who had gone as nursery governess to Mrs. Hallows. They were often with us on a Sunday, and Mr. Murray and Mr. Rouse also came at times to partake of our hospitality, so we had plenty of friends. Sophie was constantly at the cottage too and as the winter came on she and Jack and I undertook a new scheme, quite an ambitious one this time; no less than a tract depot.

Mr. and Mrs. Haylos had cared for the tract depot for years, but it did not pay and some time before had been given up. Our capital was small—we had just \$50—but with this we made a beginning, thirty-nine years ago, and it has been carried on ever since. We had not much money and we had not much space. Jack got several secondhand

bookcases and in these we stowed the contents of the one small case our \$50 bought. Orders came in quickly, for there was a real need, and soon we prepared a catalog and sent it out and had many orders for magazines. "Things Old and New" had, I think, been given up at this time, but we sent out "Simple Testimony", "The Christian Friend", "Faithful Words," for the young, and "Pure Streams", a child's magazine. We were very happy in this work and Sophie and others took a great interest in it. What busy days they were when the magazines were sent out. Little by little our stock got larger and we found it hard to stow away all our books. So the time went quickly on until we reached Christmas, but what happened then was so important it must have a chapter to itself.

Our First Little Daughter

Chapter 38.

December 16th 1886, is a day much to be remembered in our family, for on that day came to us our little daughter, rightly named Dorothea, the gift of God. Our joy in her was very great, especially mine; I have always felt and said that December 17th was the happiest day of my life. She was very tiny, only 51/2 lbs. her head was covered with thick black hair and she had a wonderfully wise way of opening her eyes and gazing at you, as if she were taking your measure. Her eyes opened far too much, for night after night she lay awake and cried, and in spite of the fine bed lent me by Mim, had to be taken up and rocked. My nurse would have shocked the modern world; she had to have

her pint of porter every night before going to bed, and slept all night regardless of the baby's cries and my vain attempts to quiet her. She absolutely refused to show me even how to wash the infant and was so dishonest that it was a glad day to me when I saw the last of Mrs. Orthwaite.

I was really very ignorant and very helpless, and I had no one to teach me about babies nor even a book of information as to feeding, etc. Such books were not in vogue then and young mothers had to learn by experience. It is true that both mother and Lady Robinson were most anxious to help, but they had had little to do with their own babies, both having excellent nurses who took all the care and responsibility. So I worried on as best I might, getting up night after night and sitting by the stove in our tiny hall, rocking the tiny little thing till she fell asleep, for Jack was not strong and I feared he might be waked, and he could not work all day and manage the depot in the evening if he did not get his sleep. "Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages." So quoted a friend to me at this time and how true I have found it. But the wages began from the first day and in spite of tiring days and sleepless nights, the joy in my baby never abated. Night by night as I laid her in her little bed I knelt down by it and prayed for all God's blessings upon her, and surely those prayers have been heard.

I had servant worries too; my good little Maria was wanted at home and I found it hard to fill her place. I got one girl who proved to be an R.C. She asked me the second day if she should take the baby out a little while. I said yes, for half an hour in front of the house. She agreed and said she would rather carry her than take the carriage. Looking out in a few minutes there was no sign of the

girl or baby. The half hour passed, another half hour and another. I was in wild anxiety. At last as it was getting dark she appeared, declaring when I remonstrated with her that I had told her to keep the child out two hours. She left without notice that evening as we were at dinner, leaving the kitchen half scrubbed and all the dishes taken out of the pantry. My good friend Mrs. Irwin came to my aid, as she did so often in after years, and through her I got a quiet decent girl who was a great comfort, and towards spring Maggie Hawthorne, who lived so long with my mother, sent her sister to me. She was at the Lord's Table and a very nice girl.

I was pretty busy with the baby and the work in the depot. She did not sleep as I notice babies doing now all day and all night. Two hours or two and a half was the extent of her morning sleep and she merely dozed in my arms for a few minutes in the afternoon. At night, if my mother was there, she would rock and pat her and finally the baby succumbed. Then Jack would come with the coal and the noise of its being put on the hall stove would wake her up and the rocking and patting would begin again. But by degrees, though she did not sleep any more, she learned to lie propped up in her carriage while I wrote addresses for magazines or did up parcels. It was during one of those long wakeful afternoons that I found out her fondness for cats. I had tried everything to entertain her and finally, seeing the pussy, put her little hands on it. Immediately she was quiet and began to coo and express her pleasure.

In April we had another visit from Mr. Heney and during his stay he baptized her. I remember he read the first chapter of the first book of Samuel, noting the verse, "And they slew a bullock, and thought the child to Eli",

speaking of our bringing our precious little daughter to God through the merits of the Lord Jesus Christ, the one who sacrificed Himself for sin.

But busy days and wakeful nights began to tell on my health, and in May our kind friend Dr. Howitt insisted that I should go to the Island for the summer. Mr. Murray, who had never settled down since leaving my mother's house, offered to come with us, and we would share the expense of a house and boat between us. We found a small house on the Bay side of the Island, near the yacht club, and decided to move the middle of May. Before that time, however, we had quite a visit from Mr. Mace and his wife and baby. He wrote saying that he would like to visit Toronto and would anyone take them in? The question was discussed after one of the meetings, but the baby appeared to be too much, for no one felt they could have them. They decided to send them to the hotel and pay their expenses. Fred Gibson was deputed to meet them that night and take them to the hotel. Both Jack and Fred felt very badly about it, and Jack came home and asked me if we could not take them. I readily agreed, and we all worked hard to prepare my room for them. We moved into Fanny's room and she slept on the stretcher in the kitchen. We were barely prepared in time, but the pleasure they expressed at coming to us quite repaid any trouble. We had a happy week or ten days with them, and after we were settled at the Island they came to us again for a few days. It was quite a wrench leaving the cottage we had been so happy in. It certainly was small. The baby carriage used to stand on our bed, as it would neither pass the stove in the hall nor go down the lane at the side. The books of course took up a good deal of space, for they almost weekly increased in number and orders came in

Our First Little Daughter

from far and near. One remarkable fact was that during the week we spent moving to the Island and settling in, not one order came.

We were much encouraged by this, as we felt that it showed the Lord's care for us and interest in our feeble attempt to supply reading matter to His children.

Days of My Pilgrimage

A Summer on the Island

Chapter 39.

The Island was a different place in 1887 to what it is now. Only small ferry boats ran to it and so irregularly that my sister said she crocheted a whole quilt while waiting on the wharf for the boat, during one summer she spent there. Then there were no amusement places, no sidewalks or hotels or shops, and very poor arrangements for carrying goods back and forth. Our things, I remember, came over in a large sail boat. We spent the last night with Mrs. Irwin and started early in the morning of May 24th Everything went smoothly and by night we were ensconced in our new home.

Mr. Murray and Jack had a tow boat in which they went back and forth to the city, while I spent long peaceful days by the lake with my dear little Dorothy. Our first three months were quiet and uneventful. I only recall three incidents which made any lasting impression. The first was the amusement we got from our cat "Flocks and Herds, Camels and Asses". She was now a mature lady, with a son of her own. Feeling that her little kitten should be taught to hunt, she looked around for small game, but nothing could she find except frogs. These were quite new to our Irish servant, and she was much upset by the creatures hopping and struggling on her kitchen floor. As Puss carried them in to her child, she used to call him loudly: "Wou Wou, Wou Wou". "What shall we call the kitten," I asked Fanny one day. "It is not for us to name it," she replied, "when its mother has already called it 'Wou Wou'." We kept that kitten a long time and it was always called by the name bestowed on it by its mother.

The second incident was a lecture by Mr. W. J. Lowe, the only meeting I was at during the summer. I do not remember what the lecture was about, but he said that everything that came to us was for our instruction, however trying and difficult the circumstances. If we had an illness, our first thought was of how to get over it, and we often forgot to ask ourselves: "What has the Lord to teach me in this?" If we did so we should get the benefit the Lord meant for us. The thought was new to me and I never forgot it, but it has come back to me many, many times.

The third thing vividly pictured in my mind is an adventure with my baby. She was about six months old or seven and beginning to play nicely with anything you gave her. Her favorite toy was a string of large white beads.

One morning I set off with Dorothy in the carriage to go to Mim's for lunch. I remember I wore my wedding dress. Crossing the lagoon, over which there was a narrow sidewalk, the beads fell into the water. I stooped down to fish them out, letting go my hold of the carriage. The wind caught it and in a second blew carriage and baby into the water. In my terror I sprang at once into the water, which was nearly up to my waist, and managed to extricate the child from the carriage. Some young men, seeing my distress, rowed quickly up in a boat and soon had us ashore, but of course my lunch party was out of the question. We were personally none the worse for our wetting, but my nice little leather bag and my testament, which were in the carriage, were destroyed. As for my wedding dress, when dry it was sent to the dyer.

By the first week in September Dorothy could creep all-round the room. It was a draughty place and I have since put down the bad illness she had to a cold taken in this way. She began by being feverish and cross, but soon bronchitis set in and we had a very anxious week with her. Dr. Howitt kindly came over to see her and prescribed for her and she recovered by degrees. We were up a good many nights with her. I remember the last night. Jack was worn out and dropped asleep. I felt as if I should drop, with sleep and exhaustion. Still she fretted and kicked. At last I just cried to the Lord for help and laid her in her bed. Almost immediately she dropped asleep. I lay down on a stretcher beside her and when I opened my eyes it was daylight and she was still asleep. In fear lest the fire should have gone out, I sprang up, but it was still smoldering and the room was warm. How refreshed I felt and how thankful to the Lord. This was the beginning of her recovery.

Mother had had such dismal letters from my brother, who was still in Russell, that she determined to go and spend the winter with him, and she suggested that in her absence we should live in her house, taking care of it and of my sister. This we agreed to, and the end of September found us comfortably ensconced in 147 John Street. We turned the large room in front into a book room and soon added to our stock, so we began to have quite a nice collection. Our family was soon increased by Mr. Murray returning to us, and he remained as long as we were in the house. We spent a quiet, pleasant year in John Street, our chief interests our books and our dear little daughter. It was there she took her first step and spoke her first word. She was a dear little child, with blue eyes and fair curly hair, and as she began to speak her wise speeches were a great amusement to us. My mother remained with Graham until his marriage in, I think, November, 1888, to Miss Elizabeth Gill, who made him a most capable and excellent wife. She then returned to Toronto and spent the rest of the winter in John Street with us.

The Tract Depot

Chapter 40.

February 12th 1889, brought us a fresh treasure in the person of our eldest son, George Christopher. How charmed we were to have a son. A dear old woman, Mrs. Girt, cared for me at the time and she was such a good nurse that I got quite well and strong. Now that we had two children as well as a tract depot, we felt we must have a place of our own. Jack wanted a store, that our books might be sold more easily, and after a time one was found on Yonge Street between Wellesley and Isabella. It was a long building, big enough to hold twice our little stock of books, but we divided it into two by tall book cases. Above it was the house, containing a kitchen and double parlour on the

first floor, and three bedrooms above. It was all new and very light, with plenty of cupboards. Altogether it seemed to us a very homey little place.

Ethel Sydney had been helping us with the books for some time past and she came with us to the new house. We moved early in the spring and soon got comfortably settled. There was a good deal of work, between running up and down the long flight of stairs to the store, often just to answer a child asking if we had a card to give away, minding the two little children and doing the work of the house, and it was not very long before Ethel was tired out and went home. After that I got a servant and did all the depot work myself. This was increasing all the time. We sent out a large number of magazines, which was a great business. Dora or Sophie nearly always came up to help, and the baby learned he must sit in his carriage while it was going on.

I think it was in September that Mrs. Gausby and her daughters were just moving to Toronto, and were very glad to come and stay in our house while looking about for suitable quarters, while we accepted an invitation from Mrs. Ord to use her house in Rosedale for two weeks, while they went to the Island. It was a pretty house and at that time quite in the country, as Rosedale was only just beginning to be built up. Dorothy's great delight was the nursery at the top of the house, and there she would stay alone, playing with the old toys the little girls had left behind. My mother came up to be with us and was taken ill for a day or two. Dorothy sat on her bed and remarked: "Tisses and Dod will soon make you well."

Christopher was a very bonny baby, so fair and smiling. I must not forget to mention that he was a subject of Miss

Toose's special prayers, as an infant, and she wrote a little poem about him. She was a dear, bedridden saint, and I have always felt how much our dear Christie owes to her prayers.

To go back a little, it was during the early part of this summer that our brother Lord Adelbert Cecil was drowned. He fell out of his little sail boat and the inexperienced man at the helm did not succeed in reaching him before he sank. Mrs. James Cartwright was spending the afternoon with me when we got the news and we mourned over it together.

Mrs. James Cartwright had left her pretty house in "The Home" garden and was living in Isabella Street. Her father and mother had also moved from the old "Home" and were in a house on Beverly Street. She had lately returned from England with Mildred, who had been to school there, and she also brought back a Miss Young, one of the teachers in the school, and greatly admired and beloved at that time by Mildred.

Days of My Pilgrimage

The Dark Valley

Chapter 41.

We had now been married four years, and though of course we had our ups and downs, no severe trial had come near our dwelling. But the winter of 1889-90 was one which we will not easily forget. The summer was well over and October half way through when Jack came home one evening complaining of severe pain. This grew worse and worse until in desperation I went out and telephoned for Dr. Howitt. Young women were not in the habit of walking the street alone at night in the days of good Queen Victoria and I well remember how timid I was and how glad to get once more into the shelter of my own home. Dr. Howitt was soon at the house and pronounced Jack a

very sick man. Oh the weary anxious weeks that followed. At the end of three days mother took the children away, as the patient had to have perfect quiet. I sent the "general servant" with them, as she had appeared to be good with the baby, but her care of him was anything but satisfactory and by her neglect she laid the foundation of many months of illness.

Dorothy took ill with a slight attack of scarlatina and mother, fearing the infection, left the baby entirely to this woman's care. But of these things I knew little, for I was too busy nursing my sick husband; early in his illness he could retain no food and his weakness increased rapidly. Finally Dr. Howitt ordered him one teaspoon of strong broth every fifteen minutes. This we heated on a spirit lamp. All day long it was being made; three pounds of round steak squeezed daily, a chicken and several pounds of mutton made into broth with no water.

I cannot tell of all the kindness of our friends. Mr. Morton used to come and look after the furnace for me, night and morning, and on several occasions sat up all night that I might have a little sleep. Dear Mrs. Cartwright came over nearly every morning and sat with my dear one. Many people brought little offerings of food or other things. Ethel Sydney came over to take charge of the books and shop, to relieve me of that trouble. I had a dear little girl called Rosy, whom I had engaged a short time before to take the children out. She too was very useful in many ways.

At the end of about three weeks, when Jack was beginning to mend a little, coming down one morning I found both Rosy and Ethel very sick. Rosy lived quite near and I sent her home and Ethel to bed, where the doctor,

on looking her over, insisted on her being kept. He did not tell me until a long time afterwards that it was diphtheria the girls had. Now I had two patients and I was almost in despair, between cooking, nursing and the shop. At that juncture dear Mrs. Irwin came over and leaving her own children to her sister, stayed with me several days. My own sister was away in Clarksburg at this time with her pupils the Frank Cayley children.

Jack and Ethel were both still in bed, but decidedly better, when one day towards the end of November I went to John Street to see how the children were getting on. I found all excitement there. My mother had a woman working for her who had two children and these children had taken the measles. How well I remember kind Dr. Howitt coming to see them and on deciding what it was going forth in a pouring rain to get a cab for me to take my children home. The woman who had been caring for them had left, so I had them both on my hands. Rosy was however soon better, and once more came to help me. Ethel was ill longer; I think she was three weeks in bed.

All this time I had the depot on my hands and ended by making a foolish mistake in sending some hymn books to Ottawa. Gospel hymn books had been ordered but in my haste I sent fifty Gospel and fifty children's. I received a rather annoyed letter to which I replied explaining how matters were. The next day Mr. Heney came down to see Jack and I think he began to pick up from that time. However, the Christmas orders were coming in and it was more than I could accomplish, so one morning before breakfast I ran down to the Gausby's and begged Alice to come and undertake the work for a few weeks. That day her work in the depot began and it has only now ended (1926).

Through December Jack was gradually improving, Ethel had gone home a convalescent and I was feeling, though tired, quite triumphant, when Mrs. Cartwright was taken ill with diphtheria. Her two boys had had it very lightly and she had nursed them, but with her it took the worst form and on December 23rd she passed away. I cannot say what a sorrow it was to us all. My husband had gone to Bowmanville for a little change and the next day, when I went down to bring him home, I found that he and Mrs. Reid had just read the notice in the paper. It was a terrible shock to us all; she had been so much a part of our lives for years.

The New Year began with a terrible epidemic of grippe. Everyone seemed to take it and numbers died. You could hardly look out of the window—we were on Yonge Street—without seeing a funeral. I was terribly anxious about Jack, who was far from well, for fear he would take it. Dr. Howitt had been at death's door with pneumonia. He was now getting better and invited Jack to go away with him to his mother's house in Guelph. He went, I remember, about the 10th January. That night the two children waked up, one after the other, violently sick and in a burning fever. In the morning I sent for Dr. Tyrril. He said it was grippe, but very soon we found it was not only grippe but whooping-cough. Things got worse and worse. The nice servant I had got took ill and went home, then I took ill. I just was able to drag myself and the children to mother's. I found her also ill with the grippe, but she got up out of her bed and I got into it. Dora went up with the children to the depot to sleep. Dorothy was very sick but dear Mrs. Irwin took her to her own house and kept her for two weeks. Dr. Tyrril came to see me and told me I must lie

still or I should run into typhoid, as I was so worn out. He gave me no medicine and did not come again.

Things were in a very bad state in Toronto. Nurses and doctors were hardly to be got. I was two weeks in bed. My head was terribly bad all the time. At last mother gave me some "antipyrine" and I got better. The first day I was up Dora brought Christopher down to see me and forgot to put his scarf on. It was a cold day and he took bronchitis on top of his whooping caught. It did not develop for some days and I meanwhile went home as soon as I was able to get about, leaving the baby with mother. How well I remember driving home and passing the Cayley's house. I well might remember, for at that moment dear old Mr. Cayley's coffin was carried out. He was an old man, sixty-six, and had been failing all winter. The loss was too much for his wife and in three weeks she followed him.

I reached home safely, but two days later was called to the telephone to come immediately, as Christopher was very ill. It was, I believe, pneumonia. He was also cutting several teeth and later we found he had gatherings in his ears. The whooping cough had returned in a worse form than ever and we dared not leave him for a moment for fear he would choke. My dear mother kept him in the daytime while I went up to see after my house and Dorothy. At night Dora went up to sleep at the house and I sat up with our baby.

The 12th of February, his first birthday, was celebrated by the burning down of the Toronto University. There was some entertainment going on and two servants carried in a tray of lighted lamps. The tray broke in the middle and the fire followed. All night the fire went on, bells rang, horses rushed past, men screamed to one another. Jack and I sat

up all night with Christopher, fearing every moment he would go into convulsions. In the morning we found he had cut four teeth and was somewhat relieved. I passed through much exercise during those twelve anxious nights. Mother would go up to bed, leaving me in the dining room where we could have a fire. I dared not close my eyes (I do not know how I kept awake as I never had more than one hour's sleep in the day) and I thought out many things. I had refused to give up my husband and now my first-born son was asked for. I felt the Lord had tried me again and through His grace I was enabled to say: "Thy will be done". It was the twelfth day and he appeared much worse; after each cough he would lose his breath and we feared each paroxysm would be the last. We could get neither doctor nor nurse; everyone in the city seemed sick. In despair mother looked in her medicine book and found a medicine *cuprum* which seemed to cover the symptoms. To our joy we found we had it in the house. The first dose eased him and from that time he began to recover. But it was months before he was a well boy.

The Federal Bank had now come to an end and Jack's work was also ended. He was still very weak and not fit to look for other employment. Just at that time his sister, Mrs. Davidson, wrote and asked him to come and visit her. We felt the change to the sea and his native air might do him good, so early in March he left Toronto for St. John, New Brunswick. I was very desolate. Next door to us was a picture framing shop and I went in that first night and bought a frame for his picture. It has stood on my table ever since, though he has changed from the boy he was when the photograph was taken to an elderly, Gray-haired man, but to me that picture is still my Jack. Alas, shall I

ever see it again; it is one of the things left in Yeung Kong and here am I far away in Gordon Bay.

I am afraid Jack was desolate too, for he had not been away long when I got a letter saying he had taken rooms and I and the children were to come at once. The depot was quite safe and prosperous in Miss Gausby's care and I lent the house (I meant to rent it) to a Mrs. Staunton in my absence.

Days of My Pilgrimage

Our Life in New Brunswick

Chapter 42.

My mother and other advisers, Dora and Sophie Cayley, rose up in rebellion against my going to St. John alone with the two babies. Christopher was still far from well and I also was rather a wreck after such a strenuous winter, so they suggested, insisted and carried out the plan of Ethel Sydney going with me. It was of course a great comfort to me to have her; she was now about sixteen and a very capable girl. We started about the middle of April, 1890. First we had to go to Montreal and there quickly changed into the St. John train. We had one Pullman berth and as may be supposed felt a little crowded. However, the journey came to an end at last and we reached our destination in

the afternoon, and it was a great joy when Jack got on to the train.

He had taken some furnished rooms — a flat really. The rooms all opened one out of the other, but on the whole we were comfortable, and I got to know my sister-in-law and her very kind husband. We were naturally pretty hard up as Jack had nothing coming in, and we lived very carefully. Fish and syrup, I remember, entered largely into our fare, both being very cheap in St. John. Aunt Vesie was also very good and many a nice little dish was brought over to us by the children and she always had us to dinner once a week. We lived very quietly, going occasionally on the ferry by way of a change, but it was so cold I had to borrow warm clothes for the children from their aunt.

Since we had stayed there on our wedding trip a little son had been given them, so now they rejoiced in six very fine children. The beginning of June they went to their summer house in Rothsay and Aunt Vesie suggested we should occupy the town house in their absence. It was a very large, comfortable house, but we only enjoyed it for one week, as Jack's brother's wife sent for us to come and visit her.

One fine morning, I believe it was June 5th, we crossed the Bay of Fundy and found ourselves in Nova Scotia. Unless they saw it, no one could imagine the change in climate. In St. John the leaves were only just struggling out and the grass beginning to grow. Here everything was fully out and the dandelions were the largest I have ever seen — so large and golden. A short run on the train brought us to Bridgetown where Mrs. Charles Willis lived. It was called Bridgetown I believe because of the old red covered bridge, a relic of the past.

Aunt Lou lived in a small house, but just in front was a beautiful river—when we arrived. Next morning when I peeped out to see it once more it was gone and only a small muddy stream was to be seen. These tidal rivers are seen everywhere in the Maritimes; the tide rises and falls to such an extent. This new sister-in-law was just my own age and we soon got very fond of each other. Her children were much older than mine. Emilie was about nineteen and she and Ethel were soon bosom friends. Edith was a pretty little girl of ten, and Jack and Dorothy were the same age. We spent three weeks very pleasantly there, but I was anxious to get to the real seashore, which I thought might do Christopher good.

Lou told us of a place called Lorne, “over the hills and far away”. You got board at this remote place for a sum which just suited my slender purse, and the mail man, who drove there in a buggy three times a week, arranged to take us. Jack had gone to Halifax to see Mr. Pennington, so I undertook this expedition alone. It rained all day and we waited in anxiety for our carrier. At last in the evening he arrived, and though it was a tight squeeze, Ethel and I and the two children got into the buggy and went off. It was a lovely drive of twelve miles over the North Mountain (or perhaps it was the South Mountain). We went up high hills and in the evening sunshine, going through the woods glistening with the recent rain, it was very beautiful. In some places the ground was red with wild strawberries and we longed to get out and pick, but Her Majesty’s mail could not be hindered and on we went.

Such a quaint place we got to; just a little fishing village on the sea, with a tall light house on the bank. Our destination was next door and we received a hearty welcome from our

new hostess. "Come right in and have your supper; take off your things ..." We soon sat down to a rather late meal. Our hostess was most pressing: "What will the baby have? Will he be helped to some cheese?" "Oh, no," I replied. "Well, will the baby be helped to some lobster?" And when I declined this too, she said: "I don't know what he would like; choose for yourself", which I quickly did. How kind she was and how we enjoyed ourselves. The light house was kept by a man with one leg. He had crutches and used to amaze us by the way he leaped down the rather steep bank to the sea.

There was not a very good sandy beach, but lots of rocks covered with barnacles, which would open and shut in a wonderful way on a bright sunny day when the tide was down, making the old brown rocks look as if they were alive. Then beside the shore there were beautiful woods we could wander in and flowers and fungus, which Ethel and I found highly interesting. The people too amazed us. They had such simple lives. Hardly anyone had a clock and the children watched for the teacher and followed their shepherd like a flock of sheep. I have been to a good many "watering places", but I do not think any of them were as interesting as little Port Lorne.

We were, I think, about two weeks there when Jack suddenly appeared. He had walked across the hills, about twelve miles, but he was too anxious to tell his news to wait for the stage. He had got a position in a bank in New Brunswick, the Merchants' Bank of Halifax, now the "Royal Bank." We were to move on immediately to the new home—Sackville. A team and wagon was to come on the following day to drive us to Bridgetown, and the next day would see us in St. John. All went smoothly and

we landed at Aunt Vesie's house on the 9th day of July. Ethel elected to go home. We could get on without her, as we intended to board, and she was beginning to be very homesick after three months away from her people. So after faithfully helping me to wash and iron the children's clothes and then pack them up, she departed for her home on Sunday night. Monday was Orangeman's Day and there was an immense parade in St. John. We did not wait to see it, but went out on Monday morning to Rothsay and spent a long day with Aunt Vesie and the children and the next day took the train for Sackville.

Days of My Pilgrimage

Sackville

Chapter 43.

After a six hour train journey we arrived, full of excitement and hopes, in Sackville. Let me remark that of all the places I ever lived in I think Sackville was quite the most disagreeable. It is situated on the isthmus between New Brunswick and Nova Scotia and is flat and bare. About three quarters of the time it rains and the other quarter it blows. We arrived in the evening and went at once to the hotel, but we could not stay there all the time with two babies, so we began to scour the country in search of a boarding house, but no one appeared willing to take us in. It was a “blowing” week and the sand, which dries quickly, was ankle deep on the roads. The sidewalks

were formed of boards running lengthwise and the baby carriage, an old one of Aunt Vesie's, fell into the cracks between the boards about every six minutes. It was a slow mode of getting about.

On the fourth or fifth day I heard of a part of a house to be rented and at once went to see about it. "It won't suit you," said the landlord, barely looking up from what he was doing (I think it was tailoring). "But why should it not suit me?" I inquired. "Oh I know it won't," he repeated. "Have you any objection to my looking at it?" "Oh look at it if you've a mind to; it makes no difference to me." So look at it I did. It was on a slight eminence and you could see the sea from both sides. There was a large room downstairs and three funny little attic rooms upstairs. We felt it could be made to answer and arranged to take it and also to hire furniture from the one cabinet shop, whose owner seemed as indifferent as the landlord.

I went up to the house the next morning and cleaned the windows and otherwise began to prepare, but on coming home to dinner Jack met me with the news that he had got board for us in town and much more convenient to the bank, We went back to the landlord who remarked: "Do as you'er a mind to; its no difference to me". The furniture dealer made the same speech, so we finally moved into Mrs. Gray's quiet little house. We had one largish room downstairs. Christopher slept with us and Dorothy had a stretcher which slipped under the bed in the daytime.

Our life was certainly very quiet, and many a time I wearied of that one room. Christopher was far from well and I found it impossible to get any food which agreed with him. The milk he could not digest and I could not get suitable meat for broth. I tried to get a chicken and one

was given me, but no one would sell one. They were queer people, mostly United Empire Loyalists descended from old Puritan families and bearing the queerest old Biblical names. Most of them "followed the sea".

Poor little Christopher; how well I remember he used to take my hand and lead me to the place where the chicken broth was, but it soon came to an end and I could get no more. Both the children were very good, but those long rainy days were hard to get through. I remember being out one evening with Dorothy and we saw a young "coon" following its master. She was charmed and exclaimed in a loud voice: "How nicely that little beast follows its father". She was now three and a half and amused us much with her quaint sayings. Christopher was a winsome little lad and made friends with everyone. Mrs. Gray was very kind but she was ill a good part of the time and the house was "run" by her old mother Mrs. Angwine and her little daughter Jenny.

We heard that at Amherst, ten miles away and a good sized town, there was a brother, Angus Morrison. We knew his name well from the depot and decided to visit him. So one fine Saturday afternoon we hired an old white horse and set out. The animal was not so keen to get there as we were and it was almost dusk when we reached Amherst. We were at a standstill, as we did not know where to find him. Just then a man passed and we asked him if he could tell us where to find Mr. Angus Morrison. "And what would you be wanting him for?" asked the man. We explained and he said: "I am Angus Morrison". It seemed so clearly the Lord's leading that we were all amazed. He took us home and we had tea with him and then turned for home. Later

on we spent a Sunday with him and greatly enjoyed being once more able to remember the Lord.

About the beginning of September we began to wonder what to do for the winter; we were undecided as to whether we should remain in Sackville or return to Toronto. After praying over the matter we decided to return to Toronto and trust to Jack's getting employment in Ontario. Our main reason for this was my mother. Dora was in Germany and expected to stay another year and we felt we could not leave mother alone. She had spent the summer in Huntsville with Fred Robinson, but would soon be coming home. This was on Sunday. On Tuesday Jack got a telegram from Mr. Strathy asking if he could take the position of manager of the Trader's Bank at Port Hope and if he could come at once.

When the General Manager of the Royal Bank heard of this he wired for Jack to come to Halifax and see him, so off we all went to Halifax and spent Sunday with the Penningtons. We were greatly impressed with the beauty of Halifax. Mr. Pennington's eldest son Will took us out in a boat on the Northwest Arm, and we greatly enjoyed making friends with Mrs. Pennington and the children. She had a family of seven at that time. The three older girls were so good to the little ones. Unfortunately Christopher took cold in some way and our visit was followed by his being seriously ill.

We left Sackville on September 18th. It was, of course, pouring with rain and a covered vehicle was not to be got, and as it was we so nearly missed our train that the luggage had to be left behind. But how glad I was to be going home; home to good doctors and proper food and our own house. Jack left me at Port Hope to begin his duties and I joyfully

went on to Toronto. On arriving at the station I found to my great joy that mother had returned from Huntsville and was awaiting me. I took Christopher that same day to Dr. Howitt and he soon began to recover, though it was many months before he was strong and well.

We could not go on with the depot in Port Hope, so we sold it out to Mr. Dunlop, with a good deal of regret. He kept Miss Gausby on to manage it and soon after it was moved nearer to the town. Mother and I had a busy week, packing up everything, but it was done successfully, and after arranging for our furniture to come down by freight, mother and I and the two children took the train for Port Hope. It was October 1st, 1890. Our life there belongs to another period. I close this one with a verse from the old hymn of Gerhardt's, which summarizes our experience:

“We leave it to Himself
To choose and to command;
With wonder filled we soon shall see
How wise, how strong His hand.”

Days of My Pilgrimage

Port Hope

Chapter 44.

Early in the spring of 1890 my sister Dora had gone to England at my grandmother's urgent request. She wished her to see Devonshire, the home of the Carews for generations, and Tiverton in particular. My cousin Sophie Cayley, who had lost her sister, mother and father during the previous winter, had received a letter begging her to come to Ireland at once if she wished to see her sister Minnie Glascott again. It was decided that Dora and Sophie should travel together and that Dora should visit Ireland before going on to England. On the way there the vessel struck on the Fastnet Rock, near Ireland, but being a vessel with water tight compartments, they reached port

without loss of life or cargo. After a few weeks Dora left Sophie with her sister, who lived until August, when she peacefully passed away. Dora visited Miss Murray, sister of our old friend, in Dublin, and then went on to Devonshire. She much enjoyed meeting all her father's relations and later visited our Uncle Alfred, my mother's uncle on her mother's side. He was an earnest Christian man and lived at Westonsuper-Mare. After this she received an invitation to spend the winter in Germany with my mother's sister Alice (Mrs. Knowles). When we went to Port Hope she was spending the winter in Hanover.

Deserted by all her children when we went to New Brunswick, my mother agreed to spend the summer in Fairy Lake, Muskoka, with Fred Robinson. He had built a little cottage at the end of a point. It had a beautiful view but not much more to recommend it, and being very tired of summer housekeeping, she went in September to an hotel at the other end of the lake, where she remained until we returned on October 1st.

Mim, who now was the fond mother of three dear little girls, Gwen, Julia and Hilda, was now living on Brunswick Avenue, Toronto, and Juey was with her parents, who not long after this left the dear old house on Selby Street and took a more modern and convenient one on Jarvis Street, which was then one of the best residential streets in Toronto.

The Ords were in the south—Florida, I think. Mr. Ord was dying of heart trouble. Our old friends the Gausby's were still in Grosvenor Street, Emily and Amy taking a course in nursing. Mr. and Mrs. Irwin had moved into a nice house on Earle Street. The Rubidges had moved to Vancouver and Mr. and Mrs. Brendon were with them.

Port Hope

I do not think great changes had taken place in Toronto except for the building of a new Union Station, which was considered a fine piece of architecture, and a new City Hall. The Parliament Buildings in Queen's Park had not yet been built. Horses still dragged the streetcars up and down Yonge and Sherbourne Streets. In the winter these were put on sleighs and the bottoms of them were covered with straw to keep the passengers' feet warm.

The name Port Hope brings back to me thoughts of little homes, each in its pretty garden, perhaps a small lawn in front, with old-fashioned flowers—dahlias, hollyhocks, tall white lilies and scarlet geraniums—in borders round it. In the back garden you would find vegetables of all kinds and raspberries for sure. The town is built on two hills, known as Protestant Hill and English Town. A long street winds down the hill from English Town and at the bottom of the hill you find the shops, not a great many or very pretentious, but like the houses they are homey and the clerks welcome you as a friend and know just what you want. After passing through the town you reach the pretty little Ganaraska River, which runs into the lake at no great distance, and then the road takes a turn and wanders up a very steep hill and you are at "Protestant Hill". You can avoid the hill by climbing a very long flight, or indeed several flights, of stairs called "Jacob's Ladder", and come out at a little old-fashioned English church, St. Mark's.

It was to this quiet, sleepy little town that we came, with my mother and the two children, early in October, 1890, and here it was my lot to live through cheerful sunshine and dark shadows for sixteen years. Jack had been already a week in Port Hope, staying at the Queen's Hotel, and he was very glad to receive us and had much to tell us of

the Trader's Bank and the town generally. We arrived on a Monday night and the next morning an old gentleman, Mr. Adams, brought his little pony carriage and took us to visit one of the many little homes, with a view to our renting it. It was a small red brick cottage, but it had four rooms upstairs and a basement kitchen and dining room. At the back was a verandah with a lovely view of hills and woods, and the blue lake in the distance. We were not hard to please and we agreed to take the house at the large rent of \$10 a month. After that we just had to wait for our furniture to arrive, but we were not bored. We had various visitors, people who remembered my mother as a young widow thirty years before and who were delighted once more to renew her acquaintance.

Several girls came to apply for a "place" and we arranged for two. Mary Brockinshire, a girl of seventeen who was to act as general servant and do the washing and ironing, was much elated, as we offered her \$6 a month and she had previously worked for \$4. The other girl was to act as nursemaid. Her mother apologized for asking \$3.50 a month for her services but said as she was nearly sixteen she thought she might do upstairs work as well as care for the children. Her name was Jinny Wright but Dorothy and Christopher always called her Jin Peter.

Our furniture soon arrived and willing hands made light work of the settling. We gave my mother the room on one side of the hall and she was very comfortable there and had a quiet, peaceful winter. I do not know when she had had so much leisure. She amused herself making a large picture book for the children, and she always had toffee of her own making for their benefit.

As for me, I felt my circumstances were as nearly perfect as they could be down here. I enjoyed having a home once more after our wanderings. I enjoyed my housekeeping, which included doing most of the cooking. I enjoyed the daily shopping at the quiet little shops around us. A dollar seemed to go so far in those days, when eggs were 100 a dozen, butter 13 or 140 a lb. bacon or sausages 100 a lb. good beef 50 a lb. for a roast, and lamb could be had by the quarter for 3 or 40 lb. Then the pleasure of getting a chicken large enough for our family for 250, and so nicely plucked and ready for the oven. A goose could be had for 600 and a turkey for 900 or \$1.00. The farmers were certainly not making much at that time, for grain and vegetables were equally cheap; a 2 lb. loaf was 5¢ and potatoes were 250 a bag. Our milk we got from an old man who had been coachman to Mrs. Williams and remembered mother well. It cost me \$1.00 a week for three quarts a day—and such milk! It was well that a dollar did go a long way or else with all my economy I could never have fed my large family and paid the servants' wages on \$40 a month. Clothing came out of that too but we did not buy much that winter.

When my shopping and housekeeping was done I used to take the children out, and reveled in the country lanes, the snug cottages and their pretty gardens. After dinner I always read to Dorothy and taught her verses and hymns, and then mother and I went out or we had visitors. But the evening, when the little ones were safely tucked up in bed, was my greatest pleasure. As yet there was no meeting in Port Hope and I had my husband to myself all that winter. He got books from the library and as mother and I sat and sewed he read aloud to us.

I have always looked back upon that winter as one of the happiest ones of my life. There was, however, one “fly in the ointment”; the impending division in the meeting, commonly known as the Raven division. We were inundated with literature from both sides and became—or at any rate I did—more and more perplexed. After much waiting and consideration we refused to go with Mr. Raven. What principally influenced me was the fact that his teaching as to the Person of the Son of God seemed untrue and did not seem to give Him His true place as God manifest in the flesh. However, nearly all our closest friends went with the Raven party; the Robinson and Sophie Cayley in particular. Mr. Cartwright, who had just married Miss Young, went back to the Church of England. Miss Barham went back to the Open Brethren. Everything seemed broken up. I remember going to Toronto just after the division and on Sunday morning the room struck me as so empty and the sense of what it all meant came upon me so strongly that I was in tears through the whole meeting.

In Port Hope there was one old lady who had broken bread with mother and Mr. and Mrs. Locke twenty-five years before. She had waited all these years and now was very glad to meet with Brethren again. Mrs. Eli Ward was her name and she lived in a funny little wooden cottage near St. Mark's Church with her old husband and only child, a most devoted daughter named Winnie. It was in a little Fire Hall near her house that we first broke bread in Port Hope. Jack was not the only brother. A very dear man, Mr. McMahan, had come to our house one Sunday to visit. He had been a Roman Catholic, but was converted through Mr. Scriven. He was an earnest, devoted man and a great help to us for many years. But I am going on too

fast with my story, for we did not break bread at all that winter, though we made Mr. McMahan's acquaintance somewhere about Christmas time.

We had not been settled long before my grandmother came to visit us. She was much pleased with our new home and surroundings and especially delighted with the Devonshire cream, a luxury peculiar to Port Hope. Many of the inhabitants are from Devonshire and my grandmother felt quite at home amongst them. One evening Mr. Willie Crombie, a well known evangelist at that time and a particular friend of my grandmother, preached in the English church half way down the hill. She begged Jack to take her to the service, as she rather dreaded the slippery hill. Accordingly they went and after the sermon Mr. Crombie begged those in the congregation who were Christians to stand up and repeat: "The Lord is my light and my salvation". My grandmother was the first to arise and repeated the verse with reverence and feeling. Only those who knew her could understand the effort it must have been to her to do this. After spending ten days with us she went on to Lindsay to stay with Cousin Emilie Wilgress, now Emilie Marsh. Her husband was the English Church clergyman in Lindsay.

We also had a visit from Birdie Ord, who had just lost her father. We saw something of the Reids of Bowmanville. They too had gone from us in the sad, heart-breaking Raven division. Mrs. Reid's youngest son Dr. Lestoch Reid had lately come from England with his nine children, and settled near to his mother. He was a very good homeopathic doctor but was losing his eyesight and unable to go on practicing. He was our nearest homeopathic doctor, being only about twenty miles away, a mere nothing in the days

of motors, but motors were as yet unheard of when we moved to Port Hope.

So with work and play, a few kind friends and a good many new acquaintances, that first winter passed happily away and at last the snow disappeared and the spring began to appear, but with the bright April days came an event which is worthy of a fresh chapter.

John Somerville

Chapter 45.

I have not spoken much of the children, but they were very much in evidence in the house. Dorothy was a demure little maiden, always ready with an answer, but much quieter than her little brother, who was always gay and smiling, albeit he was still very delicate and the black rings round his eyes often went to my heart. He daily visited his grandmother, who breakfasted in bed, and shared her little jug of cream. He was a little over two years old and beginning to talk a little. I can see him now in a little gray pleated dress made of an old one of mother's, and as he felt the cold so much I made a little jacket of the same

material and he looked almost square. He never left me for a moment; he was truly his mother's boy.

Dorothy was very fond of stories, especially Bible stories, and I remember her asking me: "Why did not Elijah marry the poor widow?" and again, when I remonstrated with her for beating her doll, she gravely replied: "You would not like me to be like Eli". The first time she saw a roasted heart she eagerly asked: "Where are the sins?"

They each had a little basket and used to carry little dainties to an old woman called Mrs. Haskill who was blind and very old, ninety-nine I think, but she knitted Jack a pair of socks. She would feel a visitor's hands and face and said that was instead of seeing them. She could repeat hymn after hymn and told us interesting tales of when Port Hope was only a few houses and the Ganaraska River, then quite wide, had no bridge. Food was very scarce and she well remembered her father carrying a bag of bran all the way from Kingston to make bread.

Our next neighbor was a dear, motherly old lady, Mrs. Robertson. She had two pleasant daughters Jenny and Emma, who made a good deal of the children. Mrs.

Robertson's strong point was her garden and she spent a good deal of time working it and a very pretty garden it was. One wet day in April—it was the 10th—Dorothy and Christopher went to spend the afternoon with their kind friends. What a play they had. Miss Emma never forgets how "Tiller" as Dorothy called him would come up every now and then to her and say "A bid Hud". He was a loving little chap. When evening came and they had to come home to bed, they were indeed surprised to find mother in bed and beside her a tiny little brown-eyed brother. Christopher looked dubious but said nothing, but

Dorothy was overwhelmed with joy and delight and could hardly tear herself away. "He was such an interesting born baby" she explained later on.

I think her delight was quite shared by her mother and father. This baby was so unlike the other two. From the very first his eyes were dark brown and he was as brown skinned as the others had been fair. He was a good baby too and not so averse to sleeping as his brother and sister had been. We named him John Somerville after his two grandfathers and my grandmother always said he was the flower of the flock.

I was a busy woman when the nurse left, but I felt well and strong and able to be busy. Both my promising maids had been obliged to leave, and as mother was now going into a house of her own, I managed to get on with only one young girl, Annie Woods, who was a great comfort and help to me.

My sister had left my aunt in Germany and after spending a month in Paris and paying some more visits in England was coming home in July, so mother took a small house at a short distance from us and we all had some busy weeks helping her to settle. We expected Dora the beginning of August, but the day she was to come she did not appear and instead came a telegram telling of a bad railway accident on the New York Central Railroad. How thankful we were to hear she was safe, but it was a great shock to mother to hear what she had been through. It was a hot night and when they left New York Osmond Cayley, with whom she was traveling, suggested checking everything they could. At four o'clock in the morning the train, which was running at sixty miles an hour, ran into a freight train. In the Pullman where our travelers were they

only felt a rather severe jolt and then all was quiet. They got up and dressed and went into a meadow at one side, where they could see what had happened. The baggage car had telescoped into the 2nd class car and many were killed. The first class car too was knocked to pieces. Then the whole thing took fire and they had the agony of watching the injured people being dragged out of the burning cars while every bit of the luggage was consumed. At the time all attention was given to the terrible suffering of human beings before their eyes, but later came the disappointment of feeling everything she had been collecting as gifts for her family for a year and a half was utterly gone. Besides these things, of course, there were her own personal possessions; all her little stock of jewelry, her Bible, a beautiful silk dress given her by Lady Seafield, Mrs. Graham's sister, and many other things. But as far as mother and I were concerned we were so thankful to have her back unhurt that we did not mourn over what we might have had. The only thing I really regretted was the diary which I had kept while in Manitoba, which she had taken home to read to our English relations. Dora was not one to bewail herself. She waited long enough in Toronto to get some calico and other material and set to work at once to replace her lost goods.

Nothing of any particular consequence happened that summer. We went for various picnics to the grounds of the unoccupied houses of Mrs. Seymour and Mrs. Williams and once or twice we were asked to tea at Mrs. Frazer's house. Mrs. Frazer was Mrs. Williams' eldest daughter and she and her husband and her daughter Lily lived very quietly in a large house a little way out in the country.

Towards the end of the summer both the elder children developed a nasty low fever, somewhat akin to typhoid.

After doing what we could to cure it we applied to Dr. Reid of Bowmanville, who gave us something which helped them at once, but they both looked so white and thin that we decided to take them away for a week to Gore's Landing, a small place on Rice Lake. The only way to get there was by driving. It was September now and we thought the hotel would be sure to be empty, so we got a cab and were driven off. Dora had promised to go with me and Jack, though he would not allow himself a week's holiday, thought he might take one day, so we were quite a gay company with the three children and a little luggage. Our first misfortune was that the driver lost his way, which gave us nearly ten miles extra driving, but we reached our destination at last only to find the hotel closed for the winter. This was very trying but we had decided to go to some place and hearing of another hotel some miles farther on, we pushed on. We found we had to leave our cab and go by boat for several miles, but we finally got there, found the place empty and the woman in charge glad to take us in. I think as it was now dark Jack stayed the night and got home in some roundabout way in the morning. As far as the location, Idyl Wyld was a beautiful place, but the food and accommodation were far from satisfactory. I especially remember the butter and cake, which remained on the table from meal to meal, generally covered with flies.

Dorothy enjoyed herself very much and Somerville was an ideal baby, but Christopher was hard to do with; a half sick child and put out of his ways; he was a real care. We tried bathing, but I took a chill and had high fever for a day or so, therefore when Jack came for us at the end of the

week we gladly and thankfully went home. The children, however, were better and soon recovered their usual vigor.

We had another visit from my grandmother towards Christmas and great talks she and Dora had over the old Tiverton days and the various places Dora had visited. She was much pleased with our baby, especially as he was called after my father. I remember one night he was restless and kept us from sleeping after we went to bed. She came in and carried him off and amused him for a couple of hours, and brought him back ready to fall asleep.

One evening while with us she read a piece from the newspaper about putting out fires. The directions given were not to attempt to put out lighted coal oil with water but with earth. She had not been gone many days when I brought this into use. Jack was out at a meeting, the children in bed and the baby asleep in a hammock in the back drawing room. I went into the room, which had been mother's, which we now used for a day nursery, carrying a large lamp. I put it on the chest of drawers and walked to the other end of the room, when suddenly I heard a crash and was left in darkness. The lamp had fallen and broken to pieces and rolled across the room, blazing as it went, to the corner where I washed the baby. A little stool was there which immediately took fire. I ran out of the room crying: "Annie, Annie, come down, the house is on fire and I am in the dark". She came quickly down and, remembering my grandmother's words, I directed her to bring up a large box of plants from the kitchen. We were only just in time, for the fire had caught the corner of the wall, but the earth checked it at once and I was thankful indeed when the flames subsided and finally went out. I could not but feel

how wonderfully our lives are ordered and how gracious
and kind is our Heavenly Father.

Days of My Pilgrimage

Our Second House in Port Hope

Chapter 46.

Soon after her arrival, my sister began a Sunday school, to which Dorothy and two of Mr. McMahon's children went. One day he remarked to me that his children, having no teaching at home, forgot what they learned from one Sunday to another. He said he worked such long hours that they were often asleep before he came home, and his wife was still unconverted. I told him that I read to Dorothy every day after dinner and that if he liked I would postpone the reading on Wednesday afternoons until four o'clock and his children could then come over from the school

they attended and share the teaching I gave Dorothy. This pleased him well and soon became an established rule. The maid I had, Annie Woods, asked me if her little brother might come too. Of course I was glad to have him and so began those classes which I kept up so many years. I also began a sewing meeting and soon gathered about twenty children. Mrs. Wickett at the grocery store was glad for her little girls to come, and the three Gliddons from the store at the corner, and little Elsie Stott and many others whose names I have forgotten. They came for two hours on Saturday afternoons, and we began by dressing two dolls for some charitable purpose, but I learned by experience that this was not a very good plan. At Christmas time we had a tea for the children and our numbers for the sewing began to increase.

Our little Christopher, now three years old, had another attack of fever after Christmas, and we began to think something must be wrong with the house and that it was unhealthy. In this we were certainly right, for after leaving it the next tenants lost a child with diphtheria and on having the drain examined found it was running into the well. We felt that the good hand of our God was again preserving us. We found a nice house, still on the main street. It was the middle one of three, each standing in its own garden, though we lost our pleasant back verandah with its wonderful view, we gained in many other respects, as this house had a nice "upstairs kitchen" and a good sized garden at the back, where the children played. As the summer came on we had a little chicken house built and kept a few hens. Our livestock at this time consisted only of a rather ordinary cat, which Dorothy had named "Alice

Henry". There was a large apple tree at the back on which grew some of the most delicious apples I have ever eaten.

It did not seem a large house to us, but revisiting it this summer I was surprised to see how large the rooms were. Over the kitchen was a nice warm nursery. My mother, who had no room in her tiny house for her large mangle, had lent it to me and it lived in this nursery, and I think the children had more satisfaction out of it than they did out of the large old rocking horse which Mrs. Frank Cayley had passed on to them. It was used for a fort and ship and innumerable other things.

What happy, peaceful days those were. It was not yet the time when wars and rumours of wars caused men's hearts to fail for fear of those things coming upon the earth. In the morning I washed and dressed my baby, teaching Dorothy to read at the same time. Then came the morning walk and shopping, and after dinner that pleasant hour for reading which Christopher could now share in. While I read to them they sat at a small square wooden table which my mother had given them, and generally had blocks or some other toy which they could play with quietly. On Sunday we walked up to Mrs. Eli Ward's to the meeting, and Christopher used to take his weekly sleep, which we said kept him good for another seven days. In the afternoon there was the Sunday school and then a walk, but my husband used to have a meeting in the country and was seldom home to tea. One thing we especially looked forward to was an occasional visit from Mr. Rufus McDowell. He and Christopher were great friends and he tried to cure him of a lisp. He promised Christopher a knife if next time he came he could say: "Please, Mr. McDowell, have some ..." (I forget the rest).

My grandmother died after a short illness. She was eighty-six and active to the last. She dined out as usual at her friend Mrs. Baldwin's on Sunday but passed away during the week. My sister went up and helped to arrange her things. She left everything in her room to Dora and me and later on we had a sad pleasure in dividing them. I especially remember having the feather bed, which mother helped me to make into pillows, and a small chest of drawers, which I gave to Christopher. It was in use in the Book Room in China for many years. Dorothy was left her great-grandmother's work box.

By a strange coincidence, the very day my grandmother "went home", our two houses on John Street were sold. She told me the last time I saw her that she was praying every day that they might be sold. They were old-fashioned now and the time was past when John and Peter Streets were the best residential streets in the city; Jarvis Street was now considered far more select. We had had much expense with ours, putting in a new furnace and paying taxes when it was unlet. The money for this I had borrowed from Dora, as we had a very small income, and while paying her interest, promised her the capital when the house was sold. So my disappointment was great when I found the capital could not be touched and I must find other means to pay her. I remember how I fretted over this: it would mean saving up my little interest for at least two years and I was so counting on employing a nurse-maid during the coming winter, to help with another little stranger when it arrived. How little confidence we have in our loving Father, Who does not try us beyond what we are able to bear; a week or two afterwards a paper was found directing that certain stock be divided between my sister and myself. The amount

Our Second House in Port Hope

coming to me was exactly the sum I owed, so I simply passed it on. I never forgot this lesson and put it down in case it may help a child or grandchild.

Days of My Pilgrimage

A Holiday Trip

Chapter 47.

When my grandmother's affairs were settled up it was found that in addition to the bonds which she had left to my sister and myself, there was \$600 to come to each of us in three years' time. Also she had left me what she had in the Savings Bank. She was a great one to save and a number of savings bank books were found amongst her things; one each for Dorothy and Christopher and one for my brother's boy, Carew, one for me and I think one for my cousin Mary Boulton. In each of the children's was about \$10 and this they got with interest when they came of age. However, in her own account there was about \$140 and these unexpected riches I determined to spend at once.

First of all Jack should have a new winter overcoat, which he was badly in need of, and then I would buy for myself a sewing machine. I had a very poor hand one but with my increasing family I felt the need of a really good machine. After getting these things there was about \$40 over, and I determined that it should be spent on a little holiday for us all.

We made a good many enquiries this time and were strongly recommended to go to a place called Chemong, on the lake of the same name. It was near Peterborough, so the journey did not cost much and the board was reasonable—only \$5.00 a week. We started on a Monday afternoon, reached Peterborough in about an hour and then took the hotel bus to our destination six miles farther on. It was a pretty place but there was not much either to do or see, but we were not critical and managed to spend several very pleasant days there. Then Christopher had a return of his old enemy the low fever. We supposed it must be the water but did not know what to do about it. On Saturday morning Jack decided to go back to Port Hope for the day, as he had a young staff and did not like to be absent on the big market day. The son of the proprietor of the hotel volunteered to drive him in, and they started very early in the morning. When I came down to breakfast with my little flock, I noticed from the remarks I heard around me that something was wrong and at once went to ask. “Oh,” said my informant, “there was a little accident, but no harm done.” I felt sure he was deceiving me and waited anxiously for the afternoon bus to come in. Christopher was sick all day and the baby so cranky with his teeth he would go to nobody, though two nice little girls were very eager to take him out in his cart. When four o’clock came

I was at the door, but instead of my gay young husband what looked like an old man was helped out of the bus and crawled into the house. He had been thrown out of the buggy with his companion and had had his ribs bent and one of his feet sprained. I got him to bed and from then until 10 p.m. worked over his foot with hot water, which had to be carried up two flights of stairs. On Sunday he was much better, but as Christopher was still poorly we decided to go on farther on Monday.

A boat called at a wharf on the lake every Monday—I forget which lake it was—and carried you up to the head of the Kawartha Lakes, where Lakefield was built. Mrs. Frazer had told us of a place called Buckhorn on Stoney Lake (I think) which was kept by an old servant of hers and where she thought we should be very comfortable. It was delicious on the lake and our sick boy began to pick up at once. Coming to Buckhorn, we remained long enough to go up and investigate the house and take a room; then the boat went on to Burleigh Falls. Here we fell in with a large Sunday school picnic from Port Hope and saw our next door neighbor, who told us mother had gone that day to Chemong to help me. Jack managed to telegraph her to meet us at Buckhorn, and again we resumed our course. The next stopping place was at a “lock” and we got out while the boat went slowly up it. On returning to the boat we found it had crossed to the other side and we had literally to walk a plank, or in other words the narrow board which divided one lock from the other. On one side lay the still water of the full lock, almost on a level with the board. On the other side there was the deep empty cavern from whence the water had flowed. I crossed first, leading Christopher. Jack followed with Somerville in his

arms, intending to return for Dorothy. However, glancing round we saw her fearlessly crossing, her doll in her arms. All who saw her held their breath till the perilous passage was accomplished, but to Dorothy it was simply a matter of course.

We spent the night at Lakefield and returned next day to Buckhorn. It was a delightful place. A little river flowed into the lake close by the house and Jack rowed us up the river several times. My mother joined us on Wednesday and we all enjoyed our little visit there immensely. One day our hostess lent us a horse and buggy and we drove to a little lake called Sandy Lake. On this was built a boat house with a large room over it. We had the key and ate our little picnic there. A canoe was available and there was said to be good fishing, but I cannot remember catching anything. The thing which made the most impression on me was seeing Dorothy and Christopher alone in the canoe floating out towards the middle of the lake. Fortunately their father was a good swimmer and he soon recovered the truants. This was the first time we had seen a boat house and living room combined and it was this which gave us the idea of building our own boat house in Gordon Bay some twenty years afterwards. We returned home a day or two later, all feeling much better for the change.

I think it was on this trip that Somerville used to say: "Lookie, lookie la cow", whenever he saw a beast or bird of any description. It was September when we returned and we soon settled down quietly for the winter. Just about that time there was a conference in Toronto, to which Mr. McMahan and I went. At that time electric cars were being installed in Toronto and the cars were in a terrible confusion. I stayed with Mrs. Job during the meetings. The

Trigges were there also. Ethel the second girl had been married to Alick Sclater shortly before, but May and I think Dora were my companions at Mrs. Job's. It was not a very comfortable meeting, for we all had to go to the city for our meals at the Y.W.C.A. I am afraid the subjects taken up in the meeting have altogether vanished from my memory, though no doubt they did good at the time. I brought home with me two white mice in a little cage for Dorothy and two guinea pigs for the boys, which were a source of great delight.

As soon as I was really settled down I began my Wednesday meeting, though I did not have the sewing meeting that winter. I had a nice little girl called Mable Embleton to look after Somerville, and she begged for her little brothers and sisters to come, so my class grew until I had fifteen or sixteen. I never invited any children but left it to the Lord to send whom He would.

During the winter we had a visit from Kathleen Checkley and I am almost sure Neen stayed with us too. My sister was busy every day teaching at Mrs. Covert's. Mrs. Covert lived in a large house with beautiful grounds half way down the hill. She had one daughter, Birdie, but she had taken another little girl as companion to her child. She was the eldest daughter of an English Church missionary in Muskoka, Dagmar Chowne by name. She was about thirteen and a year older than Birdie. My sister taught these girls for several years and it was the beginning of a lifelong friendship between the family of the Chownes, ourselves and Mrs. Covert.

Shortly before Christmas our dear old friend Mrs. Reid passed away. I felt it a sore loss. She had been a kind friend to me for nearly twenty years, and some of the happiest

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hours of my life I spent sitting on a little stool at her feet by the blazing wood fire, hearing her tell stories of her young days. At other times I would read to her by the hour together, for her sight was very poor. Her daughter Annie was inconsolable, and though she lived for many years afterwards, she was never again the same bustling, active, cheerful soul.

What Happened in 1893

Chapter 48.

I think it was about the beginning of February that both my good servants left me. Mable's sister died and her mother felt she could not do without her at home. On top of this Annie, who had never been strong, was taken so ill that she had to go home. I was in despair, as Somerville had the whooping cough and needed a good deal of extra care, and it was only a month until I expected my cradle to be occupied once more. But my dear mother was always a pillar of strength in these times of distress; she went round-looking for a girl for me and before long had found me our dear Edie. She was a fat, healthy looking child about eleven, with brown eyes and short black hair. How

little I thought what a treasure she was to become to us. Our older girl was not so satisfactory. She would not sleep in the house and had a most erratic manner of doing her work. She would prepare the dining room for sweeping, then suddenly remember she had not washed her dishes and make a rush at them, so that the place was generally in confusion. However, she was good tempered and fairly honest and under the circumstances I had to put up with what I could get.

I had arranged for Dorothy and Christopher to go for a month or two to a little school kept by a nice girl, Miss Furby, but between colds and stormy weather, they did not go very many days. It was the 9th March when our little black-haired Helen arrived. "We have got a beauty this time," said dear Jack as he came to visit me when all was over. How well I remember that night. The baby came about nine o'clock and soon afterwards I heard the children coming home from mother's and as they passed my door I heard Somerville give a hard, croupy cough. I knew he was in for an attack of bronchitis on top of his whooping-cough. Then someone brought me a bowl of gruel, which was only half cooked, and my bed was not properly made, and I was altogether very uncomfortable. But the morning came at last and with it Dorothy jumping and dancing, and wasn't she surprised and delighted to find a dear little baby in bed with her mother. During the day I heard the children talking together outside my door and Dorothy said: "I am going to get 'Line Upon Line' and read to the baby; you cannot begin these things too soon," but Christopher replied, with the wisdom of a four-year-old: "Why, she has just come down from heaven and knows a great deal more about it than we do". Dorothy was

silenced, if not convinced, and no more was said about an early religious education.

That night Somerville was very ill with bronchitis and we had a week of very anxious suspense. In addition to the whooping-cough, it made him a very sick boy. On the third day the little baby developed bronchitis too and was very nearly going back to "heaven", but God was gracious to us and spared both our darlings, to be a comfort and blessing to us in our old age. It was terrible for me to lie there unable to do anything, and I read all the time to keep my mind off the worry of it. Mrs. Covert had lent me the life of John Paton in two volumes, rather small print, and I read it all through, afterwards to find I had injured my eyes and never could see so well again.

We named the little newcomer Avis Euphanel, after Jack's sister and my great grandmother Euphanel Ferrier, afterwards Euphanel Graham. From a child I had fancied the name and was very pleased at having such a dear little daughter to call by it. However. I was disappointed in this, for my Aunt Helen wrote out begging that she might be called after her and we could not think of distressing her, so Helen was tacked on to her name and Helen she became.

When old Mrs. Gage left us, four or five weeks after Helen arrived, I found myself with quite all I could manage and perhaps a little more. Edie was already proving herself a treasure and was wonderful with the baby, but after all she was only a child of eleven and my older servant was very little use. I have always said it was at that time I first began to drink tea and found immense comfort in it.

I think Helen was six weeks old and such a sweet little baby when one night, about bedtime, we heard the firebells ringing so violently that Jack went out to see what was

wrong. He returned saying it was Trinity College School on fire. The College was on a hill beyond Protestant Hill.

He had seen the headmaster, Dr. Lloyd, and told him we could take two or three boys in. We had several cousins at the school, whom we had to tea at intervals, so we were somewhat in touch with the school. Just as we were in bed the bell rang and two boys arrived. We put them into the spare room and went to bed again, but once more the bell rang and two more arrived. The only thing we could do was to lift Dorothy out of her bed and let the boys slide in. Next morning I remember very well: four new members to my family was no joke, and when I had fed them they did not know what to do. It was pouring with rain and they could hardly go out. They teased the little children until I was distracted. Then they found a stray kitten, which they tormented until it had a fit and they decided it must be killed and then buried it. After getting the dinner I was thankful to see it clearing up and they went up to explore the damage done to the school. It had been set on fire by two very bad boys, Americans, and was so badly wrecked that school had to be carried on elsewhere for some time. However, all was arranged before night and my visitors left me.

It was June, I think, when Birdie Ord came to stay with mother. It was a great treat to us all, for we were very isolated; perhaps I was more than the others for I seldom or never went anywhere and no one came to see me. My excitement was a day in Toronto. How I looked forward to my little trips, saving up every penny to spend on the delightful little suits and pinafores and other things to be bought at Eaton's. Then I generally had a visit with my dear friend Mrs. Irwin—perhaps lunched with her at the

same charming place. If possible I saw Lady Robinson too and Juey. Even the train trip was a joy, and I came home quite ready for another six months of cooking and sewing and baby minding. Generally one or more of the children accompanied me and it was a day long to be remembered and talked about.

I went on one of these trips when Helen was seven weeks old, leaving her with my mother, but the perverse little mortal would not taste food for all that long day, and my mother thankfully handed her back to me. It was just about the same time, I think, that she had what might have been a serious accident. It was Sunday afternoon and as the two elder children were at Sunday school I dressed my two babies and took them out in the pleasant April sunshine. Finding I had left my handkerchief, I ran into the house, picked it off the dining room sofa and ran back. I could not have been a minute, but when I came out of the front door again to my horror I saw my carriage wheels up at the side of the road. How frightened I was, but a half smothered cry assured me a little, and with the help of a neighbor who had also come out, we picked up the carriage and found the baby unhurt. Somerville was the culprit, as he had undertaken to run the carriage in my absence. I have always felt the devil had a particular desire to destroy this child of mine. What a comfort it is that God is stronger than he and nothing can happen without His permission.

Days of My Pilgrimage

Mrs. Meadows

Chapter 49.

The children were none of them strong and we rather dreaded the long hot summer. When it was suggested, I do not remember who by, that we should try to get board at a farm house for three months, we fell in with the idea at once. Jack had many farmer friends in the bank, but not everyone was anxious to house four small children. Other places where they would have taken us seemed unsuitable. At last, just the right place was provided; a farm lying beside the lake, with plenty of yard space where the children could play and a motherly, good-tempered widow woman at the head of affairs.

We decided to spend May 24th in having a picnic to the place, to see how it would suit. Alas, the Queen's birthday rose cold and windy, but we did not feel like putting off our excursion and, all wrapped up warmly, including mother, Aunt Dora and the tiny baby, we set off. Our conveyance was an old cart and I think a still more ancient horse who had no thought of hurry left in him. We appeared to be hours on the road, but at last the seven miles were accomplished and we reached our destination.

It was a rather old, low, frame house with a verandah in front and a belt of willows surrounding it. All round the house were fields, and across two fields you came to the lake. Altogether it seemed most desirable and we arranged to go on June 15th at a very moderate rate of board. Jack was to have a horse and buggy to drive in and out to the bank, and I remember he specially stipulated plenty of cream. We were more than pleased to rent our own house, which made the financial part quite easy.

On June 15th we set off on our travels; it seemed a great undertaking to us in those days. Jack went out first with a wagon load of goods, cots and the cradle, trunks, etc and Dorothy and Christopher. Then he brought back the buggy and horse and, I am sure, with some pride drove me and the babies—and a “baby dog” we had lately acquired—to our new home. If I shut my eyes I can even now forget all these Chinese sights and sounds around me and once more feel myself on that peaceful farm, looking out of our little bedroom window at the lilacs blooming below and feel how restful it all was, and then the joy of no meals to cook for three whole months. I will let Dorothy record her remembrances of it.

“It was the summer after Helen was born that we first went to Mrs. Meadow’s. To us it was an entirely delightful experience, but mother must have found it very weary work, looking after us from early morning till late at night. I was a useless creature. My chief pleasure was helping Mrs. Meadows hunt up eggs. We would crawl about on our hands and knees under the big barn, or climb up the ladder to the loft and hunt all through the hay and look in all corners of the garden. Her hens certainly had a most perverted idea of where to lay their eggs.

“Mother would take us on picnics to the lake; a long walk it seemed to us. There was a steep bank where you could slide down, like a toboggan slide (mother had to make two trips to get both babies down) and then a stony beach. It was usually too cold to bathe.

“We brought our animals to Mrs. Meadows’. There was a huge cage of white mice (‘the dirty varmints’, Mrs. Meadows called them) and then there was Christie’s dear dog Tartar. He was a little fat cocker pup. Mrs. Meadows had a long-legged collie pup. These two were the best of friends but there was one point on which they could not agree. When we went to the beach, Tartar was crazy for us to be always throwing sticks into the water for him to fetch, but the collie feared his fat friend was about to commit suicide and would dash into the shallow water after him and try to pull him out by his ears. Dear Tartar was the most loving, peaceable dog imaginable. He never fought; if any dog came up wishing to fight him he knew how to make the most diabolical face. It was excruciatingly funny to see him. The other dog usually slunk away in terror at beholding it. (N.B. I believe the Chinese were in the habit of doing the same thing and one part of their training as

soldiers was learning to make awful faces.) Mrs. Meadows' collie pup was a regular highwayman and used to eat all the eggs he could find. When towards the end of the summer he came to an untimely end by being run over by the train she had seven dozen more eggs to sell the week after the accident."

Such quiet, peaceful days we used to have. Sometimes we sat on the little verandah and had a short season of lessons. Sometimes I sat in the hammock with the baby and two or three others, and we watched the birds all round us, feeding their young. One day there was great excitement. A red squirrel ran up the tree in which was our favorite robin's nest and seized a young robin. At the shout of the children he let his victim fall, but it was badly bitten. Dorothy with a little help climbed the tree and put back the poor little bird, and it apparently got all right again.

One day Jack brought home a number of candy eggs and we put three or four in each of the little nests the children had built, in hope that the birds would lay eggs in them. Their delight on finding these eggs was worth seeing.

Mrs. Meadows had twin daughters of sixteen, Florence and Gertie. They were so alike that even by the end of the summer we could not tell them apart. They were very kind about looking after our dear baby but of course had very little time. Helen never slept as babies do now; one half hour in the morning was all I could persuade her to sleep, but she would sit for an hour at a time in her carriage looking so sweet you could not be cross.

One special treat to the children was to go into the kitchen and scrape the saucepan in which Mrs. Meadows had made her icing. I have a picture before me of Somerville in a little red frock and white pinafore, sitting on the door

step, wholly absorbed in this delightful occupation, while beside him stands Christopher, promoted to a blue sailor suit. "Somerville has no consideration for my feelings," was his indignant remark, much to our kind hostess' amusement.

Somerville was a pattern baby that summer. He had a small box of blocks and would sit for hours on a rug beside me playing with them. Unlike his sociable brother, he always liked to play alone. He was devoted to animals. On one occasion, seeing a large collie dog belonging to a neighbor, he threw his arms around it. Providentially his father was there and rescued him, but he had a bad bite on the face and some deep scratches.

Dorothy, when not with Mrs. Meadows, spent most of her time reading, but she loved to play in the old willow tree by the kitchen door or ride in the empty farm wagons. One day she came in to me and said solemnly: "Bill said 'Ho Mauyel'". She felt it was a bad word he had used and was much shocked. He really had answered her question of what he was going to do by saying: "Hoe mangolds".

As the summer went on and harvesting began, there was an afternoon lunch to carry to the men in the fields, and we often took it in the baby carriage, afterwards sharing in the coffee and buns and cake. Food was never stinted; the children could always have cookies for a "party" and we had all the milk and cream we could use. And the peas—I have never tasted such delicious peas. Once or twice I had a visitor and then the girls would "run down" a chicken and it would be plucked and cooked in a trice.

My sister was staying with Miss Annie Reid in Bowmanville and had Dorothy to spend a week with her there, and then Dora came over and stayed with Dorothy and Somerville for a few days and Christopher, Helen

and I went to Bowmanville. We had two trips all together during the summer. One was when Jack hired a democrat and two horses and drove us all to Bowmanville. What a delightful day it was and how good Annie's leg of mutton tasted after the farm fare. I think Jack and I will always remember coming up to the station at Newtonville. It was fairly dark but a train was rushing in with its great fiery eye and terrific noise and the horses were badly frightened, but Jack was able to hold them and we came safely by.

Our second trip was more ambitious. Jack had to go to Lakefield on business and he took us all with him on the steamer through the lakes. It is a lovely trip and was a very pleasant break in the summer. But I must not linger longer over this pleasant restful summer, though I would like to speak of our happy Sunday afternoons down by the lake, when I used to read the Pilgrim's Progress to Jack and the children, while the cows browsed close by us and the lake was softly rippling at our feet.

I think Jack used to enjoy his seven mile drive morning and evening, though he had a very dangerous crossing to go over and was once nearly caught by the train. He usually left at 8 a.m. and did not get back until 7 p.m., so it was a long day.

But like all good things, our summer came to an end and we went back to town, the children all so much stronger for their summer out of doors, though Christopher said with a sigh: "I like Mrs. Meadows very much but I wish she did not keep bees and mosquitoes" (he had recently fallen into a bees' nest in the garden).

Of Things Many and Various

Chapter 50

I had hardly reached home when the little children round us began to ask if I would not begin the children's meeting again. This I was only too glad to do and the numbers increased until I had about forty or more children. It was a very great interest and pleasure and with my sister's help the sewing meeting was once more set on foot and well attended.

We had not been long back from Mrs. Meadows when Edie was taken ill with typhoid and could not come back to us for many weeks. It was a long hard time for me and the way sometimes seemed very weary and the work almost

more than I was equal to. But Christmas came and Edie came back and life seemed a little easier for awhile.

Christmas was a great joy to the children. For weeks beforehand they were busy making little presents, in particular shaving balls for all their friends who shaved. How exciting it was to go and choose the colored paper. How long it took to decide between the blue and pink and purple. Then there were visits to Mr. John Wickett's store in the town. I remember Dorothy amusing him very much one day when he ventured some advice. She looked gravely at him and remarked: "Do not interfere with my conspicuous arrangements".

A little while before Christmas the big iron money box was opened and each child counted its pennies and decided what to do with them. On this particular Christmas Christopher needed all his money to pay for a little tricycle he had long been saving for, but when he heard Dorothy talking of buying a chicken for our dear old washerwoman, Mrs. Taylor, he felt he must not be outdone and exclaimed: "And then she could ride down to the market on my tricycle to buy it". The picture of tall, gaunt Mrs. Taylor on his minute tricycle quite overcame us. I will let Dorothy describe Christmas Day.

"We had a wonderful Christmas in that house. Mother lent us her stockings and we hung them up with much ceremony on each side of the dining room fireplace. Then we woke early next morning and had breakfast by lamplight in the drawing room instead of the dining room. The doors were open between, but it was so dark we could only see dim outlines of toys. Then after breakfast we had to wait with consuming impatience for Granny and Aunt Dora. Daddy set us to jumping downstairs; who

could jump the most steps? I can feel the excitement of jumping five steps now. At last Granny and Aunt Dora arrived very smiling and were kissed and embraced. They had brought parcels, which were hurriedly taken into the room. At last the door was thrown open and we went in, in a procession, the youngest first; a most thrilling moment. What a delight the unpacking of the stocking and the contents of the chair which stood beside it. I know there was a doll's bed for me and there were all the dolls with new dresses. Mother always made new dresses for each doll every Christmas. Afterward Daddy played with us most of the day, but mother and Daddy always walked to the post office together during the morning, and usually there was a bundle of letters and often parcels from Aunt Vesie and Aunt Lou and other friends. Then what a joyful dinner we had all together. A most gloriously cheerful time—I mean when one is a child.”

They were happy Christmas Days, and I am glad the children have them to look back to. I always began on December 1st to dress the dolls and spent my evenings on it until the day arrived. The dolls often had to be mended, but I do not think Dorothy ever discarded a doll; they were her great joy, sharing her affection with her cats. I do not remember what happened to Alice Henry, but at this time we had a Gray Maltese cat named Mr. Gray. He was very fond of Dorothy and would stand on the back of her chair at meals with his paws round her neck.

It was, I think, in March of this year that an epidemic of measles visited Port Hope. Of course we had them in our house and, as I thought, rather more than my share. I had a young girl sewing for me at the time. She lived in the country and always came and stayed with us when doing

our sewing. She took it almost immediately and was very sick with it. I was changing servants at the time. The old one hurried off and the new one refused to come, so Edie and I had to manage as best we could. "Never mind," said my dear mother, that first day, "Annie and I will help you." Annie was her servant; a very nice, kind girl. Alas, the next morning Annie ran over to see how we were getting along, fell down on the slippery sidewalk and sprained her ankle so badly that she was laid up for several weeks, and mother had all she could do, caring for her and doing the work.

Looking back, one wonders sometimes how one got through, but then the Lord is faithful and He does not give more than we can bear. Christopher was very ill and could not eat or speak for several days. The baby too had to be nursed most of the time. Dorothy was not so bad and Somerville waited until the rest were better to get it. Jack did all he could and often came home early to help, and so the weary time passed and through mercy all recovered without any after effects.

My Mother

Chapter 51.

The three months that we spent so happily at Mrs. Meadows' farm were spent by my mother in the Northwest with my brother Graham, and she came home full of tales of his farm, his cheese making and his three little children, Carew, Carrie and Henry. Then she settled down for the winter in her little house on Bramley Street.

Those years in Port Hope were, I think, very happy ones for my dear mother, and I always feel thankful that she had such a peaceful eventide after her busy and often much tried life. My sister was everything that a good and affectionate daughter could be, and I believe she had real joy out of the grandchildren. What her influence meant to

them, especially the older ones, I can never express. She constantly had them with her, not all together, but one at a time. She was so thoroughly good and honorable and honest that simply to be with her was an education in itself. Her presence near by meant so much to me too. She was always ready to help with a sick baby or to amuse a fractious one, if I had to go out. She helped dress dolls for them at Christmas, made original valentines for February 14th and always had some plan for a birthday or a picnic. And the stockings; who can say what a help it was to have the big bag of stockings carried off and brought back neatly mended. We had one source of contention, I remember. As Somerville grew up to be a sturdy boy he had a wonderful faculty for wearing out his knee. Stockings were few and could not be easily replaced, and mother began to put obvious patches on the knees. How mortified I was. She finally compromised by making him cloth knee caps.

The spring after she went to Manitoba mother moved into a larger and much more comfortable house at the corner of Augusta and Bramley Streets. How many times last summer I gazed at that house and garden and fancied I could see her comfortable figure bending over some favorite flower. For my mother's recreation was always a garden. From the days long before, when first a widow in Port Hope, she would get up at five o'clock in the morning to dig and weed. Such beautiful begonias mother had in that Augusta Street house, and geraniums and flowers of all sorts. She had a great deal of trouble too, for the earth was full of broken brick and it took much time and patience to pick it out.

But she did not spend much time on her own entertainment. She visited the poor and needy all around

and was often sent for if the neighbors were in any trouble. Her two special "clients", if I may call them so, were Mrs. Walker and Mrs. Trinbeth. The former was an eminently respectable widow, living with a daughter who was a school teacher. They were great friends, and I think the meeting for old ladies, which mother carried on for years, was begun in Mrs. Walker's house. The other old lady was a very different character. She lived with an old husband in a rather picturesque cottage. But alas, they were given to many fallings out. As she expressed it: "His tiresome rages brought on worrisome glooms", and she would be sad and depressed for days together. I feel sure that there was much blessing to these old people and many more, from my mother's ministrations. All these aged folk have gone to their rest now, but who will say that by and by they will be "a crown of rejoicing" to my dear mother. I will end this little sketch with a quotation from Dorothy's "Remembrances".

"Granny and Aunt Dora were now living in the Augusta Street house, a large, comfortable, red brick house. Granny made the drawing room very pretty. There was a new carpet of pale fawn. The piano stood at the back. Aunt Dora's pretty secretary stood at one side. There were numerous little tables with ornaments and coral, and a number of good pictures. Granny liked to tell us about our grandfather, great-grandfather and great-great-grandfather, and tell us about the pretty ladies in the miniatures. The ornaments too all had a history, especially a brass ornamented box, which was said to have come from Stirling Castle, and a very funny old China man who had followed the family in all its wanderings. Granny's drawing room was a link with the old world of gentility to which she belonged.

Sometimes she would bring down an old album of songs from the attic and sing us sweet old songs.

“Aunt Dora loved knowledge and books and thoughts. Granny loved beauty, whether in flowers, birds, pictures or music. She put feeling first and reason second. She had an extraordinary charm of manner. Her exquisite breeding was her own, but besides that she was full of verve and grace and enthusiasm. She had a most fascinating smile. No one who lived with her could ever be dull. Even we children realized that this grown up person had more than the Olympian majesty of others. At times she would take us into her confidence, making us feel that there was scarcely a difference of years between us. At others she would scold us and make us very angry. She was always full of enthusiasm about anything she did. I remember how she worked at her garden. The bed around the house was full of bricks and stones. On her daily visits to us she would tell us how many baskets of stones she had picked out. At last it was all cleared and planted round. She had a begonia and a calla lily side by side, and the cats round about used to come night after night and fight just over these two plants. Granny’s indignation knew no bounds. Her begonias were her pride and she made a collection of them.

“I think she thoroughly enjoyed the doing of things. I remember the zest with which she would make beef tea or damson jam, and allow you to taste it, and expatiate on how strong and stiff it was. She at one time took a fancy to putting milk in beef tea, and almost came to blows with the nurse I had at the time because she took my part and insisted that her patient should not be forced to eat what she disliked. Grandmother could not believe anyone could dislike what she thought so nice. I know exactly how she

felt, and also about her furious indignation at injustice and wrong.

“She had a Bible reading for the old women round. I remember one day I was present—not as part of the congregation. I was sitting exactly behind Granny, drawing pictures of the old women and their various queer headgear. Old Mrs. Trinbeth always wore a little black knitted or crocheted cap. Granny was discoursing on prophecy. The old ladies listened and groaned—at least Mrs. Trinbeth did. After the meeting Granny discovered my pictures, but to my surprise, instead of scolding me, complimented me on the likeness.

“The old ladies all had gardens, and Mrs. Walker had a night blooming flower which is supposed to bloom once in a hundred years. It had three blooms. Mrs. Walker invited all the neighbors to come and watch the flower open. As a very great treat Granny took me. We went over about ten o'clock and already there was quite a crowd of people in the house. A strange, exquisite fragrance already pervaded the house and the people came in quietly and reverently, as to a meeting. It was as if all were awed at some gracious and majestic presence. We tiptoed up to the piano where the plant was, like a silvery white lily unfolding its leaves and rearing itself up straight on its stern. The dead flower of the night before was there, and the bud which would open on the succeeding night. Mrs. Walker explained that at midnight the flower was perfect; by morning it had faded. We stayed and watched with those reverent people, and came away feeling as if we had been at a meeting.”

My mother and sister were not often alone in their new home; a succession of girls spent the winters with them. I cannot remember the order in which they came, but I

know Dagmar Chowne was the first. Mr. Covert had died and Mrs. Covert went to England with Birdie, leaving Dagmar. I believe Kitty Smith, a motherless girl from the United States, was there at the same time. Winnie Galna from Parry Sound must have been there a year or two later. There were others too, who stayed for a longer or shorter time.

Our Trip to Manitoba, 1894

Chapter 52.

Our mother's visit to Manitoba had fired us with a desire to view that land of promise, and when in the spring of 1894 the Canadian Pacific Railway advertised very cheap fares, namely \$25 return to any desired point, we thought our chance had come. Jack had now a sufficiently reliable staff in the bank to be left and easily obtained a month's holiday.

Great preparations were made for this trip by all the older members of the family. We had a sewing girl and had clothes made not only for our own children but, in many cases, duplicates of the garments for my brother's family. Then I remember Dora crocheted Dorothy and

Christopher each a tam o'shanter, and Somerville had a little red fez, which suited him remarkably well. He was not a big sturdy boy like Christopher, but a small, dapper little chap with bright brown eyes and dark hair. He was very intelligent, but not given to talking much, and usually gave very little trouble.

We had to arrange for food for the family for four or five days and also provide bedding. It was not a pullman car we were to travel in, nor yet a comfortable tourist car—this had not come into vogue yet. It was to be a colonist car and you had to bring all your bedding and curtains if you desired such luxuries. We thought quilts would do instead of mattresses but we had not counted on slat seats. Mother baked us a huge cake and we had a spirit lamp and condensed coffee and of course bread and canned meat and biscuits. Dorothy was provided with a new book, "Bessie at School" and various toys for the others. At the end, Mrs. Holdaway decided to accompany us, as she wished to visit her father.

We had an early tea at Granny's and started off in great excitement by the 6 p.m. train. We had a good deal of luggage; among other things a baby carriage for my brother's family. Dear Mr. Irwin and Mr. Hayhoe met us at the Union Station in Toronto, and in less time than I can tell had our things checked. The baby carriage was refused, but Mr. Hayhoe calmly put it in the luggage car and it went all right. The train went an hour sooner than advertised, so if it had not been for our good friends we could not have managed. Mr. Hayhoe handed us in a big basket of bananas and off we set. It was about 9 p.m. I think.

We found we had the use of the little smoking compartment attached to the car. It had four double seats,

of which we had two and Mrs. Holdaway one. The fourth we found to our joy was occupied by Charlie Meadows, son of our much esteemed hostess. We soon made up our beds. There were no porters. I know I had an upper berth with Helen and how those slats stuck into me. I lay on one side the first night and on the other the second, but the third I was so stiff I lay on my back. The road bed was new and it was very rough, and I was not much good all the way. But how the children enjoyed it; the novelty of meals in the train was charming, and such games as Jack invented; "shop" was the greatest favorite and was played at for hours together.

That very first morning we heard someone singing hymns in the adjoining part of the car and of course went to make his acquaintance, and it resulted in our having many meetings. There seemed to be a number of Christians on that train, and morning and afternoon and evening we had Bible reading, prayer and singing. We said it was as good as a conference. Our little compartment would be very full of those who wished to attend.

We have always looked back with pleasure to that trip. Now we can go from Toronto to Winnipeg in 36 hours, but thirty years ago it took 60 hours. When we finally arrived in Winnipeg, on Friday morning, we were met by a friend of my mother's, Mrs. Daupe. We saw her last May when in Winnipeg and she was a very frail old lady, but in 1894 she was brisk and active, and soon took our whole party up to her house, but not before we had found out that we could not proceed on our journey until the next day.

I shall never forget our kind friend's hospitality. She kept us and cared for us all day, and when night came the question of beds was easily settled. Her son was away, so we

had his room. One of the mattresses was taken off the bed and the three older children slept on it on the floor, while Jack and I and the baby shared the bed. Mrs. Holdaway had a shakedown somewhere else. Next morning we all parted. Mrs. Holdaway went one road and we another, but I must not omit to mention what a comfort she was during that journey, taking almost entire charge of baby Helen and helping in every way.

We started over the prairie early in the morning. The train certainly went quicker than the oxen of old times, but there was still much to be desired as to speed. We seemed to crawl along, and every now and then we would stop and some adventurous man would get out and pick some of the gorgeous prairie flowers, or hunt gophers. It was a long, weary day, for we did not arrive at Binscarth until long after midnight. Here my brother met us.

A Month in Russell

Chapter 53.

We arrived in Binscarth about one in the morning, but we still had ten miles to drive. Graham had brought a democrat for the passengers and a wagon for the luggage. Our way led through the woods, and I can still feel in fancy the still crisp night air and the many mosquitoes buzzing around us. It was a long drive over rough roads, but we arrived at last and had a warm welcome from Aunt Bessie. What a supper she had ready for us, and her three children slipped down one by one to make our acquaintance. Carew was nearly as old as Christopher and a bigger child, Carrie a very pretty little creature of three and Henry the baby the same age as Helen but could not yet walk.

What a month of it we had with all the small children. Graham put a team of horses and a wagon at our disposal and we had many long drives. The country had changed a great deal since my long sojourn there. People had built good comfortable houses, fields were fenced off, and there was no longer the feeling as of universal brotherhood which we had so enjoyed.

We visited Shellmouth and stayed a night with Mrs. Boulton and one with our old friend Mrs. Denmark. Mrs. Gilly had passed away and also Major Boulton and I missed them. The children were all growing up. Nellie was a tall girl of eighteen, with great masses of beautiful golden brown hair. The place had never developed into a town, as the railway had gone by a different route, but a few people lived quiet and peaceable lives in that lovely and lonely spot.

Another time we visited Shell River, Bessie's old home, and went over a large flour mill. Then there was Willie Heath to be seen. He had married a rich wife and they had a very comfortable house and a good farm. The mosquitoes were very bad and I had little sleep with Helen. They did not seem to molest my brother's children.

The great occupation for everybody who had a spare hour was making Stilton cheese. Washing tubs full of milk were made into curd and this was cut in small pieces and packed in a mold. It was very nice cheese but my brother did not make a fortune out of it; I do not know that he made anything.

But the month soon went and we started for home at as early an hour as we had arrived four weeks before. It was a long day from 3 a.m. till 7 p.m. when we reached Winnipeg. Our kind friend Mrs. Daupe met us and we

had a meal in the station and then continued our journey. We did not have a “compartment” going back and it was a long, hot journey.

I waited a few days in Toronto with our friends the Sydneys and then we once more turned our faces towards Port Hope. After a few days at home we went out once more to Mrs. Meadow’s farm for a peaceful six weeks. What a rest to mind and body those summers at Mrs. Meadows’ farm were. I look back on them with pleasure and regret. Mrs. Meadows has gone to her rest now. She lived to an old age and when I last saw her could not remember me, but she was a good woman and a faithful friend and I look back at the peaceful weeks we spent at her house with the greatest pleasure.

Days of My Pilgrimage

A Busy Winter

Chapter 54.

It was in the autumn of 1894 that it was arranged for Will Davidson to come and live with us and enter the bank. I felt very glad for my dear husband to have a member of his family with him at last. I seemed to have so many friendly relatives that I always regretted his having none. Over thirty years have passed since then, and now we have few left belonging to us and the ones who are left are far away. Yes, even our children are all beyond call, but we have one another still, thank God, and better, far better, we have the Lord, "the same yesterday, today and forever". But I was speaking of Will Davidson.

His coming was not altogether a success. He cared for neither children nor animals and our house, but small, seemed crowded with both. He was kind in his way, a tall lad well over six feet and, I believe, a Christian, but when at the end of three months he was sent by the bank to another office, neither he nor we were altogether sorry.

There was one point on which Will and I heartily agreed and that was Sunday school work. He had great sympathy with our work amongst the children. We had scarcely been at home from the country 24 hours when the children were begging for their classes again. I was only too glad to begin, but not prepared for the crowds of children who came. That autumn and winter our number was never under 100, often much more. We fortunately had two rooms with folding doors which, with careful packing, could hold them. The dining room table used, with much difficulty, to be put in the hall and then when everything else that could be moved had been moved we began to bring in seats. We had three or four low benches and some chairs. The rest sat on boards supported on boxes. What a business it was setting up the boxes; I do not think if Edie had not been there to help I could ever have done it.

Jack had been pressed into the work, and with the folding doors open, he began the meeting. We were not much use at singing, and when alone generally dispensed with it, but the children sometimes sang their school songs. One I remember had a refrain: "Bring them in, bring them in from the fields of sin". After prayer the doors were shut. There were generally over 40 boys and 60 or 70 girls. Some would sit on the sideboard. There was always one on my knee. There were children from all kinds of dominations, even Roman Catholics, and yet I never invited any.

Sometimes I would pray that a certain child might come and it generally did.

And what did I teach them? The Old Testament stories, generally bringing in the Gospel as well as I knew how. That the teaching might have been better I do not doubt, but I had not sought the work and I did my best, and I am sure I had the Lord's help and I hope His approval. At Christmas time we had a tea and Mr. Irwin came down and spoke to them. Later they presented me with a white and gold teaset. It is all broken now and I have forgotten even the children's names, but is it too much to hope that some learned in those simple meetings lessons they never forgot? A year ago in Canada, when staying once more in Port Hope, many a one spoke of the meetings and how they attended them as children. One young man, now a kind of home missionary, told me it was at those meetings he began "first to think of good things". (A young man in a bookshop in Hamilton one day addressed me by name. I did not know him. but he told me he was Willie Jewell and had found the Lord at my mother's meetings. G. Christopher Willis.) I have taught many children—hundreds I suppose—and I can heartily echo Samuel Rutherford's hymn, "Oh if one soul from Anworth meet me at God's right hand, my heaven will be thrice heaven, in Immanuel's land".

Besides Gospel meetings we had sewing meetings on Saturday afternoons and about 40 little girls used to come. My sister used to help me with this and the children certainly learned to sew and knit, and it was a great pleasure and interest to my own children. Meeting an old man driving a baker's wagon last year in Port Hope, he saluted me by name. "How do you know my wife?" asked Jack. "Why, she taught my children to sew," he replied. One dear

young woman took us out in her car and performed other kindnesses, and on being thanked said: "Do you think I have forgotten the meetings and the tea and all the trouble you took for us children?" And I believe it meant much, very much to our children, who entered into it with all their hearts. I believe it began to prepare them for what they have later on sought to do.

Dorothy was decidedly a Christian at this time and Christopher was already exercised. I remember one incident. There were some performing dogs came to Port Hope, and looking out of the window the children saw them being driven in a cart to the place where they were to perform. "Oh Dorothy," said Christopher, "do you think Daddy would let us go?" "Why no," said she. "Why not?" asked Christopher. "Well, it's like this," she explained, -we are like the children of Israel; Daddy and Mother have left Egypt and of course we are going with them." It seemed sound reasoning for eight years of age.

I think it was in the end of March that we had a visit from Mabel and Ethel Sydney. They often spent a week or two with us, but I remember this visit particularly because of what followed. We had been for a long walk by the lake and it was suggested that we should go down on the sandy beach by the water. It was a windy day and very cold down there. I did not feel much up to walking and stood round while the others visited the pier. The next day I was down with grippe and that was the commencement of my long illness. I did not realize it then, but looking back I can see that was where my youth ended.

We Move to “Hillcrest” 1895

Chapter 55.

Shortly after this another young man came to make his home with us, the son of Mr. Pennington of Halifax, whom we had visited when in that part of the country. He was also named Will, but he was not at all like our nephew. He was tall and good looking, but delicate, and never seemed to have strength or energy. He came out of a house full of little children and made a good big brother to our little flock. He was also very fond of animals and took a real pleasure in our menagerie. But his coming and the prospect of an addition to our own family before very long made us feel the necessity of a larger house. We looked here and there and saw over various houses, but none seemed to

be suitable. I was too poorly to take much interest in it and felt a move was almost beyond me. At last a startling proposition was made to us. There was a large, handsome house on the base line. It stood in its own grounds and looked over the lake. The view was wonderful. Four acres of garden surrounded it. It stood on the top of the hill and 10 acres of pasture land covered with trees were put at our disposal. The house contained a large dining room 30 by 18 feet, a drawing room in proportion, a library and an immense kitchen, pantry, butter pantry, laundry, etc. Upstairs were four very large bedrooms, and in the back hall a bath room and two more bedrooms. There were also two dressing rooms. The owner had been forced to sell it and the purchaser could not rent it. Would we take it at \$20 a month? It was a tempting offer. Not that we desired such a large house, but the ground and pasture land would make such a wonderful playground for the children. My husband at once announced his intention of keeping a horse and I begged for a cow, which Will Pennington undertook to milk and care for.

I cannot say I was keen upon moving. I saw what a care the garden would be and felt so unwell that to face a move seemed beyond me. However, all the family urged it upon me and declared that the moving should be done without my having anything to do with it. Of course I knew that was impossible, but I appreciated the help offered and also thought that the large drawing room, which we did not intend to furnish, would make an admirable room for the children's meetings. Alas, this never came to pass, for when we began very few children came, and shortly after events which I will shortly relate quite put an end to them. But I should like to remark here that my experience has been

almost always that work for the Lord done in a humble manner and often at cost to oneself is more effectual than that which is prepared for on a large and more comfortable scale.

It was suggested that we should spend June at Mrs. Meadows' and after the "rest" there I might feel better. Perhaps some people would have hardly called it a rest, with the entire charge of four small children, but I always enjoyed being there and was only too pleased to be released from cooking and house-keeping. At the end of the month we returned. Jack had bought his horse, a beautiful but very spirited creature, and we soon procured a cow. We did not indulge in much new furniture but spent a little of my grandmother's legacy on carpets.

My mother had rented her house to our dear old friend Lady Robinson for the summer and she came over to spend the time with us. She occupied what Mr. Irwin used to call the "ten-acre lot", a very big room at one side of the upper hall. Dorothy and Sommie had a room back of hers. We had a beautiful room, far ahead of anything I have enjoyed before or since. It had a large bow window looking over a wonderful expanse of woodland and lake. One never wearied of looking at it. A small dressing room connected this room with the nursery, which had the same lovely view. Christopher slept in a very narrow little bed in this dressing room. Afterward he made himself a bed, much to his pride and mine. It was a little rickety and painted yellow, but what could you expect from seven years of age!

It certainly was an ideal house for children, if not for their mother. How they loved that pasture and what happy hours they spent there with Edie. It was "interesting" they felt; trees, grass, hills and wild flowers, and only occupied by

the one cow. The horse was a great interest to my husband, but I must confess a source of nervous terror to me; he had a fashion of bolting past anything that frightened him, which was not reassuring to anybody in poor health.

I remember so well, driving in from Mrs. Meadows', when we returned from the farm. We were passing the cemetery and Jack said: "Thank God we have no loved one there". "Oh, don't say that," I said. I do not know why it grated on me. Now that four of our best beloved lie there I often think of that peaceful spot and wonder if I too shall share their rest, or will it be in a foreign land, or better, far better, will the Lord come and take us altogether? (She lies in "a foreign land", her bones scattered by the Communists. G. Christopher Willis.)

In front of our new house was a large, beautiful verandah, and there I spent most of my time during July. There I used to read, or *try* to read to the children every day after dinner. I say *try*, for Helen made it almost impossible; not that she was naughty but so keen to join in everything that was done. She was only two years old, and her attempts at saying hymns and verses so irresistibly funny that the older ones did nothing but go into fits of laughter. "When little Amel Oke, and heard his Maker's voice," was one favorite of hers. Dear little Helen, how sweet she was. She had a dark blue frock and white pinafore, and with her dark curly head and rosy cheeks was fascinating.

I shall never forget the moonlight from that verandah, shining over the broad expanse of the lake. I hated it; it seemed so cold and unfeeling, and I was so needing sympathy and love. I do not know how I got through those weary days and sleepless nights, but the end came at last. On a Sunday morning early our little Elizabeth came, but

just to pay us a little visit. On Monday at noon the Good Shepherd took her home to a better land. I was terribly ill, but my life was spared to my husband and little ones. I remember my dear Dorothy throwing herself into my arms sobbing and saying: "It was such a beautiful secret and now it has come to nothing," but I will let her speak for herself.

"It was August, and a tiny new baby came to our house, but there was not the joy that we generally had over a new baby, for Mother told me through her tears that the doctor said that the little one could not live. How grieved and disappointed I felt, for Mother had told me beforehand that it was coming and had let me see her make the dear little frocks and nightgowns for it. And I felt so sorry for my mother. It seemed so terrible that this dear little tiny thing must die. And so the next day she went back to God. She was laid in a tiny coffin and Granny and Daddy and Christie and I went with the coffin in a cab to the cemetery."

That little funeral service was held in my room. Dear Mr. McMahan came and he gave out that hymn, "Blest Father Infinite in Grace". I could not bear to look at or sing that hymn for years. I wanted comfort and saw none in it; it seemed so cold to me. In the middle of the service kind Dr. Clemesha came in and leant over me as I lay there crying quietly. "You must not fret," he said, "for the sake of your other children. I know what you are feeling, and the loss is one you can never get over, but you must be brave." I cannot tell you what good those kind words did me. If only people would leave off explaining to you why it is unnecessary to fret, and give a little sympathy instead, how much more good they would do.

That was a very sad time to me. People would say: "You must remember the four dear little children you have," and

“you did not have her long enough to learn to love her”. A mother does not *learn* to love nor, I think, a father either. However. I well remember how the comfort came at last. It was a verse in Jeremiah, I think: “Can a mother forget her sucking child”. That was what the Lord thought about it. He did not expect her to forget for a moment. His was true sympathy; there was One Who knew and cared. How it soothed and healed my wounded, troubled spirit. I felt very much for little Helen, who when she heard she had a little sister, was overjoyed and got a lapful of toys and said: “Now get down on the floor and play with me”. Alas, she never had that little companion, who would have meant so much to her.

I was a long time getting better. Kind Lady Robinson used to come and sit with me often, and before she went home she said: “Now as soon as you are able for the journey, you must come and pay me a visit and bring Dorothy with you, to play with Gwen and Julia”. This was a great cheer to me.

What Happened Next

Chapter 56.

It was November before I was really able for that is it and then it was decided that I should wait in Toronto for the Thanksgiving meeting, and Jack should meet me there, bringing the two little boys with him. We often came to these Thanksgiving meetings. It was a great treat for the children who accompanied us. Dorothy writes in her little book: "In those days there used to be an all day meeting in Toronto on Thanksgiving Day. There were cheap fares, and we often went down for the day and sometimes, grander still, we stayed from Thursday till Monday with our dear friends the Irwins. The pleasure and thrilling excitement of those trips can scarcely be described. First the journey

in the train, usually crowded. Then the arrival in the great gloomy confused station. Then the meetings, which I began to understand better when I was eight or nine. I remember some of the addresses to this day. Once old Mr. Benett, Mrs. Tremaine's father, spoke on, "I will come in to him and sup with him and he with me". The wonder and joy of an intimacy with the blessed Lord was so new an idea to me and so precious. Nor did I feel that I possessed it but only ardently desired it. After the meetings there were such crowds and crowds of people, all of whom knew us, though I knew so few of them. There were the dear Irwins, the Gausby's—Mr. Gausby with his long white beard and his speaking trumpet, Cousin Mim and Cousin Jue, Mr. Morton, Mrs. Job and so many more. Then followed wonderful days of shopping at Eaton's, and best of all, 'eating at Eaton's'."

I need hardly add to this, but I too remember one particular address. It was by Mr. Baker and he spoke on Enoch. "Enoch walked with God, and he lived three hundred years and begat sons and daughters," and all through the trials and cares connected with bringing up a family he was walking with God. Violet Irwin illuminated that text, had it framed and sent it down to me. But I have wandered a long way from Lady Robinson's and my last visit to her.

It was very pleasant and Dorothy enjoyed to the full her hours with Mim's three little girls. Gwen was about eleven, Julia a fair little image of Sir James was ten, and Hilda, a sparkling black-haired little girl of seven, was pretty as a picture. Lady Robinson took us for some drives and we once dined with Dolly Lightbourne Birdie's sister, who was then a mother of only one.

But the great event of the visit was my shopping. I had saved about \$30 and it was decided that I should buy a new coat and hat. Juey undertook to get me suitable ones and it took more than one day's shopping. It was in the days of immense sleeves and my coat was quite up to date. Then I had a black felt hat with a wide brim, trimmed, I think, with velvet. Jack declared afterwards that I was the best dressed woman in the meeting, which was a wonderful compliment, as it was usually so far from the case. With \$1,500 a year and four children, clothing was a hard thing sometimes to procure.

After my visit to Lady Robinson's I went for a few days to the Sydney's. Jack and the boys stayed at old Mr. Hayhoe's and we came home all together the day after the meeting. I felt much better for my visit and began at once to think of having meetings, but very few children came; it was so far out of their way. I had, I think, about thirty, but my meetings were cut short almost immediately.

It was December 10th, a cold day, everything frozen up but still no snow. I decided to go down the hill that afternoon and do a little Christmas shopping. It was quite an event as I had not walked to town for over a year. At dinner time I mentioned my intention and Jack at once said: "Why walk; I will harness the horse and take you down". Inwardly I feared that horse, but it seemed foolish to be so nervous and I agreed. We got safely down and I had an enjoyable time buying some little things for the children. Meanwhile Jack had had the horse sharp shod and we met at 4 p.m. as agreed. "I will go to the market first," said my husband, "and give the horse a drink." The drinking trough had a pump and as Jack was pumping, the horse caught his bridle on the spout and pulled the bit out

of his mouth. In a moment the skittish beast was off. I had the presence of mind to seize the reins, but found the bit was useless.

I hardly remember that mad tear up the hill and across the railway track. I lost my hat but was not conscious of it. The first thing clearly before me is the horse dashing round the corner. I can see now the telephone post and an iron hydrant between which I was pitched. As I went over I felt the greatest peace—no fear, no thought of husband or children, just a feeling, “the work and weariness are over; in another minute I shall be with Christ”. I had always dreaded and feared death, but I never have since, for He Who could so utterly remove fear at one time can do the same again. But the next minute I was painfully picking myself up and Jack was beside me. How he got there so quickly I never could imagine, but fear and love must have given him wings.

I was thrown out just in front of old Dr. Corbett’s, and Jack helped me up the steps to the house, for my head was bleeding profusely. As we rang the bell the doctor’s daughter came out, and as she saw I was fainting, she brought me some wine. Then the young doctor carried me into the office, where I went from one faint into another as they shaved round the two deep cuts and sponged them. When the old doctor came in he decreed that I must be sewn up and put eight stitches in. He told me afterwards I had “splendid grit”, a compliment I have always been proud of. I had need of it certainly, for a night of terrible suffering was before me; concussion of the brain the doctors called it. My suffering was intense and Jack and dear Mother never left me all night. At last Mother ventured to remove the bandage tightly tied around my head and the pain abated a

little, but I was bruised and aching all over and it was some days before I could venture up, and many weeks before I was myself again.

As Christmas came on, my mother was very anxious that Dora should go for a visit to Toronto, as after several strenuous months of teaching she needed a little relaxation. She was loath to go and leave me, but someone suggested I should try and get a "lady help" for a month, who would relieve me of the children. Mrs. John Cartwright, who was always so kind and ready to assist anyone, said she knew of just the person, and in due time my sister went and my lady help arrived. She was certainly a most peculiar person. Will Pennington declared she had only one eye, and she certainly was quite devoid of sense. She had the idea that I was out of my mind and it was not necessary to pay attention to anything I told her. Her one idea was to "house clean" and wash. When asked to skim the cream for breakfast, she said she "did it overnight to save time". At the end of a week I was so nervous and ill that I told Jack I could not have her in the house another day, so he paid her and sent her off. We had a couple of visits from her afterwards and each time she gave more evidence of being insane. This little episode did not tend to restore me to health. My head continued swollen and I had utterly lost both spirit and energy.

Towards the end of January it occurred to Dora that I should go to Bermuda. Maud Cayley had spent the winter before there and it was hoped that such a complete change would once more restore me to health. But who was to go, for I could not go alone? We at once said Mother, for she too was in want of a change, and then someone said, "And take Dorothy, it will be the making of her". Perhaps my

readers know that it does not take long to make up the mind of a Willis. By the end of a week everything was arranged and we were ready to start. My mother shut up her house and with my sister and her two pupils, Queenie Galna and Winifred Cartwright, came over to our house, and Dora was installed as housekeeper and general manager. It was no small task, as the house was very large and we had a large family, counting Will Pennington eight in the dining room besides two in the kitchen. The servants were both young, but our Edie, always a treasure, was a host in herself. She was just fourteen but my sister said afterwards she was the moving spirit in all household arrangements.

To complicate matters, Will Davidson, Jack's older sister's eldest son, who had been in Orillia, had just had typhoid fever and came to our house to recover. Thus Dora had two young men on her hands. Aunt Vesie, his mother, also arrived and was there a week or more. Then the two pupils had to have regular lessons, so she had more than her hands full during the ten weeks we were away.

Bermuda

Chapter 57.

Mother, Dorothy and I. with Jack and Helen, left Port Hope on, I think, January 29th 1896. We started early in the morning, as we wanted to see Dr. Howitt before leaving for Bermuda. However, he would give me no medicine, which I think was a pity as I was in a terribly nervous state, sleeping badly and constantly waking from terrifying dreams of runaway horses and so forth. We spent the rest of the day at Mrs. Irwin's, but before going there I went to Lady Robinson's and that was the last time I saw her. When I returned in April my dear, kind old friend had gone to be with the Lord. Then we said goodbye to Jack and Helen and embarked on the train for New York.

We were all excited. None of us had seen New York and the thought of Bermuda with its seashore and sunny, balmy days, was most fascinating. A night in the pullman—Dorothy's first experience that she remembered—and early in the morning we were in the great city. A sister in the meeting had been asked to meet us, and soon we spied a lady with a large Bible. She thought we would surely know her in this way. She conveyed us to her house or rather small flat, where every inch of room was in use. Dr. Guntner, her husband, was a dentist. His office was in front, then came their bedroom and then the bathroom. A bed was arranged over the bath, where a brother of the doctor's slept. In the dining room a bed was made for a niece, and the grandmother resided in the kitchen. They had taken rooms for us next door. After dinner the niece, a pleasant young girl, took us to Central Park, where the zoo was at that time, and we were much impressed with the animals. Next morning we bid adieu to our kind friends and Mrs. Guntner took us to our boat.

It makes me shiver to think of it, even now. It was a tall, narrow boat and oh how it rolled. Mother succumbed first, but Dorothy and I, after sitting on the deck till nearly frozen, had finally to follow her, and oh how sick we all were. The stewardess, seeking to comfort Dorothy, asked if she could bring her anything. "Yes," she replied, "if you would only bring me a cat." The good woman promised but alas, the cat never came. The greatest misery has an end, and in two days we arrived. It was evening and we did not know where to go, but sought out the hotel we had been recommended to. They said they had no room at all, but seeing, I suppose, our blank dismay, arranged for us to sleep in a clock shop next door. The next morning we took

a carriage and drove to a boarding house in West Paget. It was a lovely drive round the head of the bay but rather spoiled for me, as the horse ran away and nearly spilled us over the bank into the sea.

We found Mrs. Astwood's house at last and very soon came to terms for two rooms opening off each other. We took up our abode there that same afternoon. It was a large white house built of coral, and it stood in its own grounds. In front the lawn sloped down towards the sea and at the back was an avenue of oleanders leading to a road between coral cliffs, up which delicate flowers and maiden hair ferns grew in clusters. There were plenty of trees in Mrs. Astwood's grounds. I forget which bird used to perch in front of our window and say: "Going to rain, going to rain and I'm so glad".

You could walk over the hills for about half an hour and then you came to the real open sea, with shells and seaweed in profusion. I think of us all Mother enjoyed it most. She so seldom had a real holiday and it was all so new and different to her former experiences. She gathered shells and got acid and cleaned them and tried to make shell boxes. She greatly enjoyed our trips in the flat-bottomed boats with glass at the bottom through which you could see the coral and curious shells. Then too she much enjoyed visiting the black brethren and sisters. There were quite a number; dear earnest people who greatly appreciated visits from us, though we were "the weaker vessels", as one of them used to say.

Dear Mrs. Tucker; what a fine woman she was. She had two sons, Lemuel and Philip, and I used to wonder which was the blackest, Philip's face or his Sunday polished shoes. He had a great admiration for Dorothy, which I do not

think she in the least suspected. Before we left Mother gave Mrs. Tucker a feather pillow we had brought with us and great was her joy at receiving it. Said she: "I shall die with my head on this pillow, shouting the praises of God!"

We were the only boarders when we first came to the white coral house, and got to know our hostess pretty well. Mrs. Astwood was a sweet woman and I think a Christian. Her daughter was a woman embittered by her troubles and with no comfort to turn to. We had pleasant evenings reading aloud "Typical Teaching of Exodus", which we had brought with us. After a little while a Miss Smith joined our party. She was an American, but she and I became friends and had some nice walks and talks together. Others arrived; a Mr. and Mrs. Lambe and Mrs. Minor and her daughter, and one or two others, but all homely, kindly people, and we made quite a family party.

We had several drives and other trips together, visiting the famous caves and the fish ponds, where we saw devil fish and angel fish. One day Miss Smith, my mother, Dorothy and I went to St. George's dock yard. It was a very interesting place and we were much surprised to find that a portion of the island was actually anchored down. I remember we sat by the sea and ate some sandwiches we had brought and drank English ginger beer. We had come by boat, but for some reason we could not go back the same way, so decided to hire a carriage. Now Bermuda is said to consist of 365 islands. I do not know if that is true, but at all events, to get from St. George's to our home we had to cross from one island to another, and this was done by what they call the "horse ferry". We stopped at the side of the water and were given oilskins to cover us up with. Then the carriage drove on to the ferry. It was quite a wide

stretch of water and as it was a very rough day the waves looked enormous, and indeed they were rolling in with all the force of the Atlantic Ocean. The ferry rolled and pitched till I was more frightened than I think I ever was before or since, but at last to our intense relief we got safely across and had a beautiful drive home. Mrs. Astwood told us afterwards that a certain governor was crossing, and his coach was pitched into the water. I think the poor man escaped with his life but lost his wig as well as his dignity.

We had one or two drives in a donkey cart. We went to see a sister by the name—I think—of Wainwright. Philip Tucker led, or rather dragged, the donkey and we got there in time. Another day we had a different experience. The donkey cart was brought to the door, Mother got in, I helped Dorothy in and was just going to follow when the donkey started off at a gallop. Nothing would stop him, so Mother and Dorothy took their drive alone.

I had not seemed to pick up much at first, but as the weeks passed I seemed better, so we stayed on a little longer and did not leave for home until the beginning of April. I think we all felt some regret. Mother had enjoyed herself so much and was so much better and also Dorothy. I do not think it was just what I needed. The damp heat tried me so, I used to feel as if I had no energy left and yet I could not sleep. Still, I was sorry to leave my new friend. I think she was sorry to lose me too. We corresponded regularly for a long time and suddenly her letters ceased and I never heard any more of her. I fear she was a victim to tuberculosis, with which she was threatened at the time we met.

Dorothy grieved at leaving the monkeys next door to us. They lived in a good sized enclosure and we visited them at least once a day. We packed our trunks mainly with

coral and shells and pretty china which we had secured, and actually had to buy a trunk in New York to hold our clothes. The brethren came in a body to see us off, bringing us lilies and various curios, cocoanut dippers, etc.

I forgot to say that when we left the whole country seemed a garden of Easter lilies, with a few onions between.

We had a rough journey home and were terribly sick. Then we stayed another night with our kind friends in New York. But it was a glad day when we reached home. Before we got home we stayed a short time in Toronto, and there I made the acquaintance of two people with whom I was to have much to do afterwards. The first was our beloved Dr. Becker. He had just come from Philadelphia, where he had been taking a course in homeopathy, and I was one of his earliest patients. The second person was Miss Hicks. She was governess to the Irwin girls. I had met her occasionally but had had little opportunity to get to know her. The girls had now got on far enough to pass into the high school, and Miss Hicks was at a loss what to do next. They had brought her out from Ireland, but she did not feel like going back at once. The Irwin were going away for the summer and she did not know what to do. I suggested that she should come and spend the summer with us and help me a little with the children. She accepted my invitation with the greatest joy and I left a very happy little woman behind me. It is not often I can call anyone little, but one always felt Miss Hicks was such a little, helpless thing; such a dear little Irish thing too. In the future we were to see much of one another and our friendship was to be of many years duration, but at that time all was in the future and we parted with the understanding that she was to join us in Port Hope at the end of June.

A Summer of Visitors

Chapter 58.

When I got home, I found our household reduced. Will Pennington, for reasons best known to himself, had left our establishment and was domiciled in the cottage of the Miss. Monsells, two very worthy ladies, old fashioned and prim as the cottage they lived in, but the soul of kindness. We were sorry to have him leave us, but he was not far off and we often saw him. The cow might have missed him, had we not at that juncture changed our cook. The new damsel was very fond of animals and being a country girl was well used to milking. Ada Coulter was her name. She was a great talker, but so kind hearted and good tempered that we all felt the change was very much for the better, Speaking of

the cow, I must really relate our first experiences in keeping one. Will had declared that he knew all about cows, so we left the care of the animal we purchased to him. We were soon distressed to find the supply of milk getting smaller and smaller, while the poor beast looked thin and dejected. Will at once spoke of tuberculosis and we promptly got a veterinarian to look her over. He was not encouraging and it ended in our selling her for a good deal less than we gave for her. But with a good stable, free pasture land and five children it seemed almost wrong not to sport a cow, so we tried again. Fortunately Jack began to inquire from his farmer friends about feeding, and we found the poor beast was being half starved. This was soon remedied, and henceforward we had all the milk we could use.

But I have wandered a long way from my home coming on that April day. Oh what joy there was and how excited the children were, and how delighted Dorothy was to show the shells and corals we had brought with us. It was a very happy home coming and everyone felt that I must now be quite well. Of course I was better and Mother and Dorothy had benefitted greatly. We had not been home long, however, before we found poor Dora was completely worn out with her exertions. Just at that time Mrs. Covert, whose daughter she had taught for some years, was purposing a trip to England to visit Birdie, who was now at school there. She begged Dora to accompany her and I do not think Dora needed much persuasion. She had enjoyed her last visit to England so much and found both the climate and the people so congenial, that she was more than ready to go again. So it was decided they should start, I think, in June.

Mother was to remain in her own house with her faithful servant Annie. The house was quite near; you had to cross a little patch of woods and you were there. It was in that patch of woods Mother had met Helen trotting along alone, arrayed in my hat, and on being questioned she said she "was going to Wickey's to get biccies". Kind Mrs. Wickett always took a great interest in our children and Helen rarely accompanied me to the store without receiving a sweet biscuit.

But again to return to the summer of 1896, I had been begging Mrs. Irwin to come and pay me a visit, and that spring she really came. Looking back, one feels that there have been very few seasons, however pleasant, without some drawback, some thorn in the rose. But I look back on that visit as a week of almost pure enjoyment. My domestic arrangements were running so smoothly I had no worry with either house or children, and for that one week gave myself up to my friends. The weather was perfect and we would stroll off into the garden with our Bibles and read or talk by the hour together.

At the end of the week the two girls came down and we had a very elaborate picnic. Queenie Galna was still with my sister, and she and Violet and Nannie were great friends. The two girls were now about fifteen and sixteen and nice-looking girls, clever and capable, Violet perhaps rather self-centered but Nannie's one thought seemed to be for others. Our children were devoted to them both, but Nannie was the one they went to for help and sympathy.

Our next visitors were Cousin Sarah Gamble and our little cousin Mary Boulton. Cousin Sarah had always been very kind to me, and it had long been a great wish of mine to show her a little attention, and now that a suitable

time seemed to have come she spent a fortnight with us and I think enjoyed it. Afterward she stayed a little while with Mother. Mary Boulton, the daughter of my father's brother, I also wished to show a little kindness. She was about fifteen and a very nice girl; we all enjoyed having her. Miss Hicks was now with us and a great help in entertaining these visitors, though very little use with the children, although I found her a congenial companion and she helped me in various ways.

Our next visitor was Mrs. Job. She asked me point blank to invite her, so of course I did. She and Dorothy came from Toronto together. I think Dorothy had been spending a few days at the Irwin's but anyway they did not succeed in getting off at Port Hope but were carried on to Coburg, causing us much anxiety for a couple of hours, but finally they arrived in a carriage.

I must confess to remembering very little about these visits. I had all I could do to keep things going. Every day I seemed to feel less strength and energy, but no one seemed to notice it and I did not realize there was anything the matter. Our last visitors were Mrs. Gausby and Mary. Poor Mary got asthma almost at once and had to go home, but Mrs. Gausby stayed on and was most kind. She looked at my big mending basket and while she was there emptied it, which meant a good deal to me. When I begged her to rest or come out to walk she would say: "What greater pleasure can I have than helping a tired little mother?" Dear Mrs. Gausby, she certainly was one of the excellent of the earth. Our little darling who was taken from us was named "Elizabeth" for I said the three best women I knew bore that name: Mrs. Reid of Bowmanville, Lady Robinson and Mrs. Gausby.

Dear little Elizabeth: I carefully saved every cent I could, putting away ten cents and twenty-five cents at a time until I had the \$8 which a little stone would cost. I had the words put on: "Elizabeth" and underneath "Talitha Cumi" (Little Darling Arise — the literal reading, I believe). And though I mourned yet for her, I felt so sure of her rising again it was a great comfort.

It was the end of the summer when Mrs. Gausby stayed with us and by that time we had learned that my sister was going to spend the winter in England. We then made arrangements for Miss Hicks to stay on and teach the children, for I was not well enough to undertake it. Dorothy was nearly ten years old and it was time for her education to begin in earnest. Mother shut up her house and came over, bringing her cat with her, to spend the winter with us. But the story of that winter must wait for another chapter.

Days of My Pilgrimage

A “Children” Chapter

Chapter 59

Lessons had begun now in earnest for our little people Christopher was seven and a half and I am ashamed to say could not yet read well, though very skillful with his hands. He was a dear little boy, so very fair, with the pink and white complexion he had inherited from his father, and strong and well grown for his age, but he was a sad rogue and he was rarely out of my sight without getting into someone's black books. I always date the coming of Ada Coulter to live with us as the turning point in the little lad's life. She seemed to know how to handle him so well, and though her common name for him was “you toad in a puddle”, she won his confidence and he would do anything

for her. "He's only a child"; how often she repeated that, assuring everyone that he "meant no harm", and she often called him her "little husband".

My mother had an old friend called Mrs. Meredith. She took a great fancy to Christopher and he to her, and he often went alone to visit her. She was the first person who talked to him about China and I believe the seed was at this time sowed in his heart, which was in years to come to bring forth such good fruit. It was during this winter that he first confessed the Lord. He was a sturdy little chap and often walked out on Sunday evening with his father to a meeting in the country. One Sunday, a cold winter day it was, they went out to the house of one Dan Ward. There was only one person at the meeting and Jack was walking home feeling quite discouraged, when he was roused by his little son saying, "Daddy, I believe in Jesus". His profession was a real one and from that time he showed signs of the New Life that was in him.

It was this same winter that Jack being away, Mr. Cullum, a good brother from Alma, came to spend the week end and take the country meeting. Christopher under-

took to show him the way and Mr. Cullum used to relate with a chuckle that on his remarking on the length of the road, his little companion offered to carry him on his back. Christopher did not change all at once. He was still "Mr. Benoyer", a name he gave himself as a very little boy, to his younger brother and sister, but is it not first "the stalk, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear"?

I will let Dorothy tell the story of her conversion in her own words. "Daddy's apt quotations impressed us very much. One day Christie and I were fighting over some trifle when Sommie joined in the fray and got hurt. Daddy

happened to be present and I well remember his advice to Sommie: 'He that passeth by and intermeddleth with strife that belongeth not to him is like one that taketh a mad dog by the ears'. The faith of little children is usually merely the reflected faith of their parents. That is when the parents have *real* faith. If it is not real the children soon find it out, but if it is real, the reflected faith of the children will probably deepen into an experienced and personal faith. Christopher and I cannot remember the time when we did not realize our position as strangers and pilgrims on the earth. The little meeting, first at Mrs. Ward's house and afterwards in the 'upper room' over Dalzell's drug store was the most sacred thing. I know that I never doubted that the Lord was present, and that if my eyes were opened I should see Him there in the midst.

"What happy Sundays we had. One woke up feeling it was Sunday. If it was summer the sun seemed to shine more brightly. There was an exquisite pause and leisure over things. Then we put on our white frocks, seldom worn on any other day, and went to the meeting. There was usually much time of quiet waiting in that 'upper room'. I used to read the Bible at this time. One day I learned the 229th hymn, 'O happy morn! the Lord will come', which I always felt was my favorite hymn and yet it was never sung. Somerville sat by Daddy and amused himself making up stories about lions and tigers in a whisper. The whispers Daddy found so distracting that he was left at home one Sunday, with Sunday picture books. When we returned Mother asked him: 'What did you do while we were away?' 'I didn't do anything. I lay under the bed and thought.' 'Yes, and what did you think about?' I thought how bad I was.' After that day he never imagined audibly in the meeting.

“After the meeting what friendly greetings there were with the others. First only Mr. McMahan, then Mr. Trinbeth, and then Mr. Holdaway and his wife and Mr. Wickett. I remember the gladness we felt as each new face came into the circle. Then one day a stranger came, Mr. Vincent, a Christian man with such a good honest face. He had been living and working near James Bay. He was a stranger in town and happened in to the meeting (I cannot think how he found it). He also broke bread with the rest and then went his way and we saw him no more. But this occurrence seemed to open like a flash the real meaning of our position. Here in this room, about this table, were places for all the Christians in town, if only they would separate themselves from the world and come—not our Table but the Lord’s.

“I think it was from Granny that I learned to love the Lord’s coming, for to her it was the most real and beloved event. And yet, until I was eight years old I had no settled peace, nor did I really understand the Gospel. Then one day in the winter, lying on my bed, I read from my own Bible John 3:16, and great light and joy came over me. I never doubted again, for I had that verse as a rock on which to stand sure. But life was so manifold, so full of interests and pleasures, that thorns choked the Word in a certain measure.”

This is Dorothy’s account, given years after of her spiritual experience, and much of it to me was new, for our children had a reticence about them all which hindered them speaking of what was perhaps nearest to them. And yet perhaps it was my fault in part, for in my dread of forcing their confidence or leading them to speak of these things unless they were realities to them perhaps I went

too far and did not invite their confidence. It is long past now, and what a comfort that in a future state all these things will be clear and plain to us.

I have wandered on, speaking of my children, always a pleasant theme, and now I must once more return to my story, but a word or two about the younger ones. Somerville was about five and a half and a remarkably intelligent little fellow. He was not so lively and talkative as his brother, but very gentle and unselfish and given to wise remarks. I remember one day, not being well, he had his breakfast in bed. Edie carried it up to him and, turning away, left him to manage it for himself. The first thing that happened was his egg fell over and broke. "Why did you do that?" he asked Edie. "I did not do it," she replied. "Well," he said, "somebody must be blamed." He was passionately fond of animals. When a monkey came to perform in front of the house he was seized with an overwhelming desire to be a monkey; "if I only had a tail," he said. My mother supplied this great need by producing a wolf's tail. This he wore tied around his waist with great satisfaction for a long time. I have it still in one of my boxes far over the sea.

Miss Hicks was very fond of Sommie and found him much easier to manage than his more boisterous elder brother. He and Helen were fast friends and managed to get into a good deal of mischief together. They were just the same size and when the older ones dressed her in his clothes she made a fine little boy. One day they dressed themselves in a suit of their father's and a dress of mine and, coming to show off, both fell down the stairs together. Another time, when left alone in the kitchen, they locked all the doors—there were seven—and then mixed up the keys and could not unlock them. The faithful Ada climbed

in at a window and released them. Yet again, Helen locked herself into the servants' room. The window of this room was very high, the house being built on a hill, and there was no possibility of reaching it. At last Christopher was pushed through the fanlight and got the door unlocked.

The two boys had a present about this time of a large white goat, and they had harness and a little cart. It used to take the little chaps, only five and seven, a very long time to harness the beast. Then they would drag him out of the stable and get into the cart. But the goat knew who he was dealing with and never would move a step. At last, in despair, we gave him away.

The horse had been sold after my accident and we never had another, but we kept a nice lot of chickens in the stable and once I tried my hand at ducks but it was not a success. The children had a big family of guinea pigs in the cellar, which was an immense place, and had great pleasure out of them. We also had three flying squirrels, very pretty creatures and quite a novelty in the line of pets. They slept in their cage all day, but in the evening would come out of the cage and climb up the curtains and then spreading the membrane between their legs would gracefully fly down.

At one time while in Hillcrest, as our house was named, we had a couple of doves. They were very tame and used to come in and out of the windows at pleasure. One day when I was sitting on the verandah and the doves were walking around on the lawn, a vicious hen flew at one of them and pecked it so violently, before I could interfere, that the poor thing died. I must not forget the birds in enumerating our pets. We had a succession of them for many years and I had a great deal of pleasure out of them.

A "Children" Chapter

As I said before, Mother brought her cat over with her, the same Mrs. Gray she had had so long. She was a cunning creature and when Edie wanted to put her out at night she was nowhere to be found. Dorothy and Edie were mystified for some time but at last discovered her concealed in the springs of my bed. That winter we got a new kitten, which of course Dorothy had for her own. She and Miss Hicks named it Daisy Innocent. It was such a gentle looking little thing but it grew up a cat of much character and determination and was a much loved member of the family for many years.

Days of My Pilgrimage

A Winter in Bed

Chapter 60.

And now I must go back to our life in Hillcrest during the winter of 1896 and 1897. I had not been feeling up to much for a long time, and as the autumn came on I seemed to have less and less strength to battle with the world. It is true I had Miss Hicks to teach the children and my mother was also with me, but I think this rather added to my cares than lessened them. Some people never seem to agree and I felt as if my one business was to keep the peace all round. I daresay the nervous state I was in made things seem worse than they really were, but I somehow felt as if “the burden laid upon me was greater than I could bear”. Jack was out most evenings, and of course I should have rejoiced that he

had the zeal and energy to undertake so many meetings. He went to the country on Sunday evening. On Monday there was a reading at Mrs. Ward's on Protestant Hill, which a number of ladies attended. Then he went to Port Britain one evening, to have a meeting with the Holdaways and Trinbeths and one or two other families, and one day there was a reading and prayer meeting combined at our own room over the drug store. It was wonderful how he kept faithfully on, walking those lonely country roads at night with no one to help or encourage him, but it will be by and by that he sees the fruit of his labors. But I felt a great need of his help those autumn days, with such a big house and big family. Miss Hicks only taught the children three hours a day, and hardly ever did anything else for them; she had to have "quiet afternoons" she said, "for prayer and meditation". I remember talking my troubles over with Jack one morning, but he failed to see my side of it and I went to the hayloft and cried all the rest of the morning; hardly my usual way of facing difficulties.

Mr. Hayhoe came to stay with us in October. We all loved him and we were glad to have him in the house; he was so good to the children. He used to say, if they were fretting over a rainy day: "Why, it's spoiling all the little potatoes". Well, one Monday while he was with us we walked up to the reading at Mrs. Ward's. I think Jack must have been away for I went to show him the way. I could hardly get there and I never knew how I crawled home, but the next day I felt so ill I had to go and lie down as soon as breakfast was over and Mr. Hayhoe said he was sure there was something wrong, I looked so ill. At last Mother wrote to Dr. Becker and he said in reply that I had better stay in bed for a few days and be kept quiet.

But I was no better at the end of a few days, and days went into weeks and still I lay there, too miserable to get up, not able to read or sit up for long at a time. If I did my head all swelled up where I had had the stitches. Mother conscientiously kept me quiet; she would not let a single person see me from outside and members of the family only occasionally; the children came in to say good morning and I saw them no more. But as you may be sure, each person who succeeded in evading rules and coming in told me a long list of grievances. The only person who seemed to be in good favor all round was Edie.

I wished many times for my dear sister to smooth things out, but she was far away in England and not expected back for many months. Every morning Mother came in and read me a chapter and then I was alone with my thoughts till dinner time. After dinner I had to go to sleep (they said) and then at four o'clock I had a cup of tea and sometimes Miss Hicks was allowed to come and share it with me. Dear little Miss Hicks; how I enjoyed those afternoons, but it was not by any means every day I had that treat.

In the evening, if Jack was at home, he read to me out of the *Life of Hahneman*, a very dull book. I thought many things out during those lonely hours. One subject which I spent hours thinking over was the sovereignty of God. A verse which occupied me for a long time was, "If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee".

I felt strongly what it meant to be maimed and yet to enter into heaven. It was not the strong or perfect man that God wanted, but one who could give up what was precious or valuable to himself rather than not do the will of God. And I felt that lying there, feeling everything going wrong in the house, must be the very thing that I was to bow to.

Perhaps I have not made my meaning clear, but it helped me very much at that time.

It was October when I went to bed, and it must have been the first or second week in December when our dear Will Pennington was taken ill. He had been living at the Miss Monsells' for nearly a year, but one day, coming up the hill from the bank he took a false step and a hemorrhage came on. He had had one or two before coming to Port Hope and I think the disease had been insidiously working its way. He had told me a year before that he never felt very well. He went to the doctor, who sent him home to bed and he never got up again. They sent for his mother, poor thing, and towards the end he had Amy Gausby to nurse him, Dr. Becker came once or perhaps twice to see him but nothing could be done, and on Saturday night, December 31st, he passed away. He was quite conscious and said he was trusting in Christ and quietly passed away. It was a great blow to his mother. He was her first born and her other boys were young children then.

All that sad Sunday dear Mother was making preparations for her to go back to St. John on the Monday. Jack went with her and they took Christopher. It must have been a sad journey, taking the body of her dear son home. Now she too has reached her heavenly home and perhaps she knows something of why it was allowed. Only a few months afterwards one of her younger boys was taken away.

When Dr. Becker came to see poor Will he came to visit me and declared they were quite on the wrong track in their treatment. He said it was nervous prostration I had; what I needed was company and cheerfulness, and he insisted that I should try to get up. "Have your boys with you," he said, "a son, however young, is always a little

lover to his mother". And when he went back he begged Mrs. Irwin, who was his wife's sister, to ask me there for a change of scene. He said it was the effect of the accident nearly a year before; it often happened that way and did not come on immediately.

I think Dr. Becker's visit was the beginning of my recovery, though it was a long time before I could walk about. But by the middle of February I was so far convalescent that I was able to go to Mrs. Irwin's, and what a happy visit I had. They kept me in bed every morning, but we had such pleasant talks and by the third week I was able to go out and pay one or two visits. The two Irwin girls were charming companions, so bright and vivacious.

I remember I got home just in time for Helen's fourth birthday, and I brought with me a number of little presents for the children, and we had a bran pie. I slowly picked up after that. Miss Hicks left us in May. I forget just why she hurried home, but there was some reason. In June my sister arrived, which was a cause for great rejoicing. And on June 25th our little Hope was given to us.

Dear Amy Gausby took care of me and such a happy fortnight we had together. It was the Diamond Jubilee for our beloved Queen and our little girl came just at the time, so the older children, who felt old enough now to have an opinion as to her name, said she must be called after the Queen. Jack was anxious that she should be named Mary after his mother and I said: "Then my mother's name must not be left out," and I did not mind what they called her as long as her name was Hope. It was during those long wakeful nights of the previous winter, as I lay thinking it was to be a repetition of little Elizabeth, that this verse was suddenly brought to me in the most forcible way:

“Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning”. When Jack awoke I said: “Our baby is going to live and we will call her Hope”. So Hope it was: Mary Caroline Alexandrina Hope.

The first thing which gave me a desire to get better, and a little fresh courage, was a book my sister sent me from England, called “Devonshire dyls”. I still keep it, though China has played such havoc with it that it now lies in one of my drawers.

It was also while we were in Hillcrest that our old friend Tartar came to the same untimely end as his country friend. The children unfortunately were present when he was run over, having gone down with Miss Hicks to meet their grandmother. Poor little Sommie did not get over it for some time; it was such a shock to his little sensitive nature. Dear Miss Barham gave the children another dog, a little wire haired terrier called Fritz. He was a charming little fellow but very fond of worrying the chickens. The first time I was able to walk across the room, as I recovered from my long illness, I looked out of the window and saw him worrying one of my best hens. Soon afterwards Mother came upstairs and provided herself with a piece of rope, which she carried behind her back. “What is that for,” I asked. Mother would not tell me. I immediately guessed: “You are going to hang Fritz,” I exclaimed, “you must not do anything of the kind.” I do not know whether she would have done it or if her courage would have failed. One day Jack was very ill and at night he seemed a little better and needed some food, so she went down and helped Ada kill a chicken for broth, but I am sure it was much against her will.

We Part with Our White Elephant

Chapter 61.

I suppose it was partly on account of losing our sweet little Elizabeth that all the family were so delighted with our new baby. She was a plump little seven pound baby, with a lot of fair hair with quite a curl in it even at first and big blue eyes, and the tiniest and sweetest little hands I ever saw. As for Edie words could not describe the enjoyment she had in the little creature, though she never supplanted Helen in Edie's love. Dorothy in her quiet way made much of her, and Christopher loved her with a strong and tender love from the first. Even when she was a few days old, he

would do anything for Miss Gausby if she would lay the baby beside him in his little bed. As she grew older, he constituted himself her special champion and protector, and though still often "Mr. Benoyer" to Helen and Somerville, I never remember his teasing her. She was very like him, only so tiny and gentle, and she repaid his love with all the warmth of her little heart. But I am looking ahead.

That summer was a quiet, uneventful one. I was a long time gaining any strength, but at the end of August we all went to Gore's Landing on the Rice Lake, and spent a fortnight at the hotel there. We much enjoyed meeting General and Mrs. Hamilton there. We used to get a boat and row to the islands, and as we had Edie with us, we could safely leave the baby for an hour or two. One picnic we had to an island and made a big bonfire. Dorothy had got her boots wet, and while we ate our tea, she put them by the fire to dry, but alas, when she went to get them they were all dried up and spoiled with the heat and would not go on her feet.

When we returned home, Dora began her school. Dorothy and Christopher, Katie Baines, Rita Henderson and Philip Passey were, I think, her first pupils, though I fancy Lewis Clark also joined them very soon. They were all nice children and I think Dora enjoyed teaching them. She certainly made a great success of it. She was a born teacher and so intellectual and widely read that on any subject she had interesting information to impart. Katie soon became an inseparable companion of our children, and from that time on we always included her in any little plan or expedition.

As the winter went on, Edie got a bad felon on her finger and was a number of weeks at home. I was very weary with

the care of that big house and all my little children. Perhaps that was what made me suggest to Jack that we should go and board for three months and then go for three months to Muskoka. We could give the house up when we liked, as the owner Mr. Gould was intending to come and live in it himself. Jack was in favor of the plan at once, and that very evening we went over to see the Miss Monsells. They were in the habit of taking summer boarders, but the rooms were usually empty in the winter. They were much pleased at the prospect of having us and said they would give us three bedrooms and a sitting room, with board, for a very low figure—I forget exactly what. They were also willing to have Edie, who could sleep at home and come to us every day after dinner. Furthermore, our furniture could be stored in their barn. All seemed most propitious and we soon came to terms.

Though Hillcrest was a large house, we were not overburdened with belongings and had not then the seventy cases of books with which we moved from Toronto in 1918. So our moving was not so formidable as it might have been. Indeed, I used to say in those days I preferred moving to house cleaning. One thing, however, happened. Our faithful Ada was taken sick with bronchial asthma just at the critical moment, and either wouldn't or couldn't move out of bed. She also refused to take any food unless I fed her. The day we moved we had to leave her in the house, Edie and Jack also remaining there. I was naturally very tired, but I got up early and came over to see how the girl was. I had just brought up something for her to eat when I went off in a faint. My invalid was startled into jumping up to see after me. However, she really was very sick and we were much puzzled to know what to do with her; there was

no hospital in Port Hope and her home was eighty miles away. But dear Mother came to the rescue as usual. She had a girl named Annie, of Salvation Army persuasion. She also came from the same place as Ada, Fenelon Falls, so she undertook to nurse her, if Mother would have her there. She was carried downstairs in a chair and conveyed over to Augusta Street, where she speedily got well enough to go home, with many promises to come back to me when we took up house again. When that time arrived and I called upon her I found her very happily married.

We were very comfortable at Miss Monsells' and I had the real rest I needed. Dorothy and Christopher went to school and I devoted my attention to teaching Somerville to read. He had learned absolutely nothing from Miss Hicks, though he could repeat his little primer from cover to cover, but he was easily taught and I had not much to do. We went to our new abode on March 15, 1898, and our stay was so quiet and so comfortable and delightfully uneventful that I really think there is nothing to record regarding it except gratitude to our kind hostesses, and a feeling of regret at leaving them.

During our stay we invested in a bicycle for Jack. They were beginning to be much used at that time. He found it a great help in his trips to the country, and on one occasion he went as far as Toronto, spending the night in Bowmanville.

Muskoka

Chapter 62.

During the winter I had written to Fred, now Sir Fred Robinson, and asked him if he would rent us his cottage on Fairy Lake in Muskoka, which he had built some years before. Fred was now a married man, but he answered my letters very cordially, saying they did not intend to go up and we were very welcome to it. Terms were easily arranged, and he sent me a list of what was in the cottage, so that I could supplement if required.

As the time approached, June 15th, I laid in a box of things and sent them up to Fairy Lake. The box went first to Huntsville, a good sized town reached by the Grand Trunk Railway, and from there it is a three mile row to

Fairy Lake. The Misses Monsells, to their great joy, rented their rooms, and all seemed going most prosperously. June 15th came on a Tuesday and on Saturday came a letter from Fred, saying his wife would not allow us to have the house. She said if we went up she would follow immediately and turn us out. She was always a peculiar woman, and I think she was jealous of our long-standing friendship.

We really felt ourselves in a bad fix, but Jack at once telegraphed to my cousin George Wilgress to know if he could find us a place. Miss Monsell was terribly upset, but we assured her we would go, even if we had to go to the hotel. However, this was not necessary. On Saturday evening came a telegram to say a place had been found, and it was at once arranged that I should go up on Monday with Dorothy and the baby and if I found the place suitable, Helen and the boys should follow on Wednesday with Mr. Hawkins.

I have not mentioned this member of our community before. He was a respectable man, an American, who had, on his health breaking down, drifted to our quiet little town. He had a wife and four young children, and was quite unequal to any hard work. Jack had been most kind to him and he worked in our large garden at Hillcrest the previous summer. As it was impossible for me to go to any Muskoka cottage alone with five little children, it had been arranged that Hawkins should accompany us.

It was quite exciting to go forth in this way, and Dorothy and I were in high spirits at the prospect. It was a long journey from Port Hope to Huntsville. You went first to Blackwater, and after a short wait got a train for Orillia. There we waited five long hours and very long they seemed, but at last our train came in and in the midst of heavy rain

we landed in Huntsville. I had never been there before, but Cousin George met us and took us up in the shaky omnibus to the hotel where he was staying, for though about my age, he was not yet married.

Next morning he rowed us down to Mrs. Ware's house where he thought we could get rooms. It was a perfect June day after the rain, and we were delighted with the beauty of the river, and when we reached our destination all seemed provided for us. The house was situated at the end of the river, so that the front faced the river and the back the lake, which the river ran into. You crossed by a narrow neck of land to the long point on which Fred's house was built at the extreme end so that he had a view of the whole lake.

Mrs. Ware was a rough, kindly woman. She offered me a large sitting room and kitchen downstairs and four small bedrooms upstairs for the sum of \$10 a month and I could come in at once. I was indeed thankful to the Lord Who had so wonderfully arranged for our comfort, for this place was far more suitable, being much safer than the cottage at the end of the point. The children were sent for and we all settled down for one of the pleasantest summers I have ever spent.

A short time before coming up I had, one night, a very vivid dream. I thought I saw a lake and a boathouse beside it, or rather in it, for it was built in the water and was reached by a rather narrow plank walk. I saw in my dream my little Christopher run down the slope to the lake and across the plank walk to the boathouse, but half way there his foot slipped and he fell into the water. Someone pulled him out but not until too late. This dream impressed me very much, but imagine my surprise, when I reached Mrs. Ware's house, to find her boathouse and all its surroundings

exactly like my dream. I felt it was a warning to me and was most careful that the children should never go down to the boathouse alone.

Speaking of warnings, on another occasion I was distinctly warned. It was a year or two before this. I had gone over to Coburg to spend the day with my cousin Mrs. Marsh, who was staying at her father's house. Returning home by train, I heard or "felt" a voice say to me: "Pray for the boys". I felt they were in danger and prayed earnestly for their safety. On arriving they and their father met us and the boys were full of their grand adventure. They had climbed to the top of a freight car and played on top of it. The next day I saw an account of some boys who had played the same trick. The car had been moved unexpectedly and one if not more was shaken off and killed.

It was a busy time that summer at Fairy Lake, as anyone may guess. Mr. Hawkins, in addition to managing the wood and ice, and caring for the boat which we hired, washed all the dishes. The cooking and house work I did myself, then there was the baby to care for, who was not yet walking, and many other things to do. But my rest at the Misses Monsells' had done me great good, and each day I felt more and more able for the work. What picnics we had, and Cousin George used to be the life of them. He was frequently at the house and the boys thought no one could come up to Cousin George.

From Fairy Lake you went into a canal about a mile long, and then you reached Peninsula Lake. At the head of this lake raspberries grew in great profusion. We had one or two picnics to this spot. Then there were islands to be visited and sometimes the children and I took the boat and went to some spot on the point and undistractedly played

their favorite game of "Swiss Family Robinson". It was on the verandah of Fred's cottage that our wee Hope took her first step.

Of course we had to get our bread and meat from Huntsville, so Hawkins used to row in about twice a week. The boys and sometimes Dorothy accompanied him. Helen was very happy playing with little Elsie Ware, a nice little girl also five years old. There was, I remember, a half-grown sheep which had been a pet lamb. It never interfered with the older children, but when either of the little five-year old's appeared it would run at them and bunt them. At last Mr. Ware took it over to the point where he had some other sheep.

One day the same kind man led us all over to the point and showed us a nest of the Canadian goldfinch. This bird is yellow with black wings. When they fly in flocks they look gleams of gold. The nest Mr. Ware showed us had six little birds in it. He took the nest and put it into a large cage and hung it in the tree. The parent birds, nothing daunted, still fed their young. After a few days he put it on a chair at the foot of the tree and then gradually moved the chair, until at last he had it outside his own door. Still those devoted parents followed their little ones, but when he finally brought the cage into his kitchen only the mother would venture in. Who could have implanted such love in the smallest of His creatures but that One Who is Love. Mr. Ware gave me my choice of the young birds, but the one I chose turned out to be female and always retained its modest brown coat. I had it for over a year, but it moped so much that finally we gave it its freedom.

About July 1st our dear Daddy came up and there were great rejoicings, but he only had two weeks and it was a sad

day when we rowed him to the station. On the way home I was obliged to row as Hawkins was not with us. Dorothy kept the baby. She began to be restless and hungry and I gave her my bag to amuse her. When I picked it up again I found she had thrown my purse overboard. It had just \$5 in it but it was a great loss to us at the time and we were a very mournful party when we got in. However, kind Mrs. Ware had provided us a nice dish of peas out of her garden and they were already waiting.

I was much touched by her kind thought and have never forgotten it. They were very poor. Farming in Muskoka is never very profitable and many and many a day they dined on lettuce and dry bread.

After Jack left we had various visitors. Etta Rubidge was with us for two or three weeks and then our dear Nanny, who was a great help to any camping party. Mrs. Irwin spent one weekend with us and was a great cheer, as just at the time little Hope was very sick. The Chownes had a little house just outside Huntsville, where they spent their summers. Dagmar, our old friend whom Dora had taught with Birdie Covert and who afterwards lived at Granny's house for a year or two, was the eldest. Then came Thyra. Three boys a few years older than ours made up the family. We often saw them and had pleasant intercourse together. One afternoon I undertook a picnic on the mountain across the river from us. The three Chownes, Reggie, Godfrey and Edgar came, besides a friend of theirs, and our own five. But the bigger boys led the younger ones into all kinds of dangerous places, till I felt myself weak with terror, and I spent the night dreaming of little boys in coffins.

About the middle of July Fred came up to his cottage, but he found it so hard to cater for himself that he begged

us to at least give him his dinner. I shall never forget what a bitter pill it was to our American Hawkins to call him "Sir Frederick", We had very pleasant times with poor Fred until his wife came up, when our house was forbidden ground. Poor Fred, it was almost the last time I saw him; he was drowned falling off his wharf a year or two afterwards. He often asked us to sing "Land ahead" and it was sung at his funeral. The weary journey was ended for him then and he was in the presence of the One he so truly loved.

Days of My Pilgrimage

Two Expeditions

Chapter 63

I must close my account of our summer in Muskoka with the account of two expeditions which we took towards the end of August, as our time was drawing to a close. Our English cousins, Mrs. Aden-Brooke and Miss Peacock came up at the beginning of the month for a week. They were nice middle aged ladies, both very fond of animals. Mrs. Aden-Brooke had a parrot which she called "The One Perfect Thing in Canada". After they left Dora came up with Miss Annie Reid. Of these ladies none of them stayed with us; we had too much of a children's home to make them comfortable, but a very nice boarding-house was found not far off and there they took up their abode.

It was between our various visitors that Cousin George took us on a wonderful trip in the woods. We started early, just he and I and the five children in an iron-bound wagon with two seats. A man came to drive the two big strong horses. The first ten miles was over what one might call ordinary rough roads, then we stopped in the woods, built a fire and made tea, gypsy fashion, and enjoyed a good dinner. After this, driving began in earnest. I could not have believed a cart could get over such rocks. Sometimes there would be four or five steps and then when the horses had dragged us up we came down with a crash on the other side. Before we had time to take our breath it was a log we were climbing over. I hung on as best I could, clasping the baby in one arm and Helen with the other. It was truly thrilling. After six miles of this we arrived at a log shanty in the midst of the woods. I think it was a widow and five children who lived there. I suppose there must have been other houses at no great distance. She received us gladly and got us a good tea, but we had to leave early so as to get out of the woods before dark. We arrived home about eight o'clock, having much enjoyed our adventure. On unpacking the lunch basket I found that the cream on the bottle of milk I had taken for Hope had churned into butter.

Later on, while Dora and Miss Reid were with us, a large picnic was organized to go up the Mary River. We must have had several boats, for besides our own party we had two or three of the Chowne boys and Leah Ware, Mrs. Ware's eldest girl, who had been promised this treat for a long time. Great preparations were made, as this was the last big picnic we were to have. We set off quite early. It was a lovely day and the beauty of the river as we passed bend after bend charmed us all. We had to go through several

locks, which of course delayed us, and by noon we were far from the head of the river.

It had been looking threatening for some time, and just as we moored our boats preparatory to getting dinner the rain suddenly came down. There was no shelter near, but the boys and Hawkins made huts of boughs, into which we crept. We hoped it would pass off, and waited several hours, but the rain only seemed to increase, so at last we decided to brave it home. How wet we got, but it was not so bad until we reached the open space of lake between the shore and our house. I well remember holding Hope wrapped up in a shawl and an umbrella over her, while with the other hand I steered us over that wild stretch of lake. How thankful I was when we got in. Mrs. Ware had a fire and we had hot drinks all round, and I do not think anyone took cold, even Miss Reid. Little Hope was as warm and dry as if she had been at home. During the following winter Dagmar Chowne, who was then teaching in the girls' school Leah Ware went to, told the girls to write an account of the happiest day of their lives. Poor little Leah wrote an account of this rainy picnic. Her life was a very gray one and an adventure of any kind was delightful.

It was now September, and we began to feel a desire for home once more. My sister undertook to keep the three older children while I went down with Helen and Hope and found a house. But I was very sorry to leave our pleasant quarters. Thyra Chowne came down with me; my mother had offered her to come and live with them and go to the high school. Our luggage was much and various. We had the bird Teddy, who had accompanied us up, the young bird, three chipmunks in a home made cage, and a baby red squirrel I had been given two days before. Alas!

Days of My Pilgrimage

On getting into the rowing boat to go to the station, I happened to lift the covering of Teddy's cage, I found the door had accidentally come open and my good singer was gone. We fancied we saw him in a tree at a distance, but there was no time to wait and we never saw him again. I sorrowfully said goodbye to the rocks and the hills and the water, and once more we were on the train steaming back to an unknown future.

School Days

Chapter 64.

“You are rather stout, you know, my dear, for a young girl,” said my old friend Mrs. Job, when paying me one of her annual visits. “But,” I replied, “I am not a young girl but a woman of forty and the mother of five children.” And such I essentially felt my position in the year 1898, when on returning from Fairy Lake we once more took up house. But I did not feel old. Oh no, far from it. I once more felt well and strong and able for the battle of life in the heat of the day. After my long time of weakness and weariness it was indeed good to be once more able to pick up the threads of my daily life; to care, as far as in me lay, for my husband, my children and my house.

Jack was very glad to get me back, though he had been very comfortable at Mother's all the summer, and Edie was rejoiced to once more hold her dear babies in her arms. We were not long in finding a house and it was, I think, the most comfortable one we lived in while in Port Hope. It was close to my mother's and had a nice bit of ground, with apple trees and a few raspberries and a good sized stable, in which we kept only rabbits and guinea pigs. The house itself boasted of five bedrooms, two sitting rooms and a little sunny sewing room, besides of course kitchen, back kitchen and pantry. It was on Bramley Street.

We soon got our furniture in and had time to paint and polish it up while still staying with my mother. About the middle of September Dora and the older children returned and we finally moved in. School began at once and Somerville was now included in the pupils. They were such a nice group: Katie Baines, Rita Henderson, a new little girl, Winifred King, then Philip Passey and Lewis Clark, besides our three. It certainly was a wonderful privilege for these children to have such a teacher as my sister. The effects of her influence must have always remained with them—I am sure it did with ours. She interested them in so many things, from ancient history to modern missions, and they were all so happy together and on the whole well behaved. Lessons only lasted for the morning, so that after dinner I still had the opportunity to read to them, and we always had a happy hour together.

My life was a very busy one as our children grew older and required more to be expended on them. We felt we could only afford one servant, so Edie became our one factotum, with Mrs. Taylor, now growing to be an old woman, to wash and iron. With a family of eight and a

baby to be cared for there was naturally a good deal to do and I helped in many ways. One thing I always did was to wash the breakfast dishes, as I could teach Helen at the same time, while Edie made the beds and cared for little Hope. Helen was a charming pupil and the drudgery of dish washing was quite forgotten in my interest in her rapid progress. She never needed to read a lesson a second time, and in three months had the multiplication table at her finger tips.

It required great economy to make two ends meet at this time. We had certainly more than the \$1,000 we had begun with—I think perhaps \$1,500. When Helen was still in long clothes we had a photo taken of the four and Jack sent a copy to Mr. Strathy, saying it was “four good reasons for an increase”. Mr. Strathy generously replied by a larger increase than was usual. I kept rigid accounts, putting down every penny I spent and counting up every month what I had spent on food, clothes, wages, gift a/c, etc. I remember that for the three years we lived in “Chestnut Cottage” the amount spent on clothes for myself and the five children was \$165 each year. Boots and stockings and the boys’ suits were perhaps the most expensive items. Jack once invested in new underwear and I cut all the nice pearl buttons off and put them on Helen’s pinafores, as I felt china ones would do for underclothes. The apples were always a great help. We had a good many in the garden and they could be bought for 10 cents a peck. Thyra Chowne was now living at Mother’s and going to the high school, and she always dined with us.

I dreaded February in those days and this year was no exception. Helen took a severe cold and from bronchitis it ran into bronchial pneumonia and we had an anxious

three weeks. Kind Dr. Reid came over several times and it was a glad day when he pronounced her out of danger. Her sixth birthday came soon afterwards and we had several of the school children to tea and Dorothy had little charades prepared for them. "Gulliver and the pygmies" was represented by her large doll Frances surrounded by a multitude of 1/2 dolls. Several others were shown and last came Red Riding Hood. The wolf was represented by Daisy our cat in the doll's bed with one of Hope's little bonnets on. Hope was an interested spectator in Edie's arms and greatly resented this free use of her possessions, causing great amusement. The bran pie, always part of Helen's birthday, came in the afternoon. These little festivities were a great delight to all the children but especially to Dorothy, who was very clever with her fingers and used to make most ingenious little things for a very small amount of money.

Christopher, of course assisted by his faithful Sommie, had begun a museum some time before this. Going to the woods one autumn afternoon with Edie, they came across the skeleton of a horse. Christie was greatly impressed and insisted on taking as many bones as possible home. Edie, Dorothy, Katie and the boys were laden, and this was the beginning of his museum, which proved a great source of pleasure and interest to him. The bones were by degrees discarded and smaller and prettier things took their place. He made a set of shelves for them in his bedroom.

The chipmunks were a source of pleasure to us while in this house. They were so tame they used to open the cage door and run all over the house and garden, always coming back at night and secreting themselves in my darning or wool bag. I remember Mrs. Job's amusement when one climbed on her shoulder and took off her spectacles. One

morning I saw them sharing little Hope's breakfast of bread and milk. In the winter they would go to sleep in a baking powder tin which Jack had suspended from the top of the cage. One would sleep for weeks together, but the other came out every morning for his breakfast. We also had the flying squirrels, but they never got so tame, and a bird or two, to say nothing of Daisy and a multitude of furry folk in the barn. I have often wondered how I made time every morning to feed and clean the cages of birds, squirrels and chipmunks. The boys looked after the guinea pigs and rabbits.

Our first summer was spent at home, that is to say we did not go far afield. Mother and Dora had taken a cottage at Fairy Lake, in partnership with our cousins George and Bessie Wilgress, and they invited our little boys to go up for the month of July. Dorothy was invited to Port Union where Mrs. Rubidge had a summer camp, so Jack and I had a quiet month at home with the little ones. Dear little Hope had had quite a bad chill in the spring, which ended in convulsions, and I decided to get a second girl for the summer, so that she might spend most of her time out in the air.

It was the middle of August, I think, when on a general holiday we decided to go to Mrs. Holdaway's farm for a long all day picnic. I forget how we went, but I know that picnic was an immense success. We had the three Rubidges staying with us, Etta, Fred and Reg, and with our own five and Mrs. Holdaway's children it was a lively party. On our return Jack and I discussed it. "How delightful it would be to live out of doors altogether," he said, and I heartily echoed the desire. "But why should we not," I remarked, "if we only had some tents." "I think that we could hire tents,"

said Jack, "I will inquire tomorrow." And so he did and the result was that in four days we were all camped out at the back of the farm.

We had two tents. In one Jack and the boys slept, with Reggie Rubidge, who came with us. In the other I and my three little girls and Edie. We were there a wonderful fortnight, never to be forgotten. The children reveled in the free life, the tents, the campfire on which we did our cooking, the rides on Mr. Holdaway's old white horse and our tea parties in her large homey kitchen. Then almost at our feet was the beautiful lake, with bathing each day, and behind the tents a shady wood in which they could play. The children returned home fat and rosy and with their minds quite made up that camping was the most delightful thing in life. It was only the other day that I heard Helen remarking that she believed those summers in camp were her best preparation for missionary life. And so our lives are overruled and "By paths they have not known, He leads His own".

Before closing this chapter I must mention my dear friend Emilie Mitchell whom I met that summer for the first time. Her husband having met with an accident and thereby lost his arm, had gone to the Klondyke, and she with four children and small means had retired to Port Hope, hoping that my sister would educate the two older children, Dorothy and Hugh. She lived near us and we soon became great friends. I think this friendship meant a great deal to us both, for I had no personal friends in Port Hope, and of course she was quite a stranger. The two little children, Jack and Barbara, and our little Hope, became fast friends. The children were constantly at our house and no picnic or tea party was complete without them.

Part 2.

Here my grandmother's account ends. In the spring of 1929 she had been recalling the happy summers at "Willow Camp" and was preparing to write about them. But her pilgrim days were over and on July 1st she entered into Life. This part of her story has been reconstructed from the memories of her children, Dorothy Collier, Christopher, Somerville, Helen and David, from old letters she and my grandfather wrote from China, and from various other letters and diaries.

J. S. W.

1967

Days of My Pilgrimage

Chestnut Cottage, Bramley Street

Chapter 65.

(*Somerville*) While my mother, grandmother and elder sister Dorothy were away in Bermuda in 1896, it was felt necessary to find someone to look after the remaining children and keep an eye on the housekeeping. The choice fell upon an Irish lady, Miss Hicks, who had served in a similar capacity with our Toronto friends, the Irwins. She was petite, kind, alert and possessed a repertoire of Irish ghost stories.

Miss Hicks remained with us for a year or more, but Mother found Hillcrest a White elephant. It was too

big and awkwardly laid out. We left it early in 1898 and boarded with the Misses Monsell till in July we went for a month to Huntsville, Ontario, where Mother's cousin George Wilgress was practicing law. We shared a large stone farm house with the owner, a Mr. Ware, a veteran of the Crimean War.

On our return from Huntsville, we moved into a house on Bramley Street, a block north of our grandmother's. Mother called it Chestnut Cottage, as it faced three magnificent horse chestnut trees. The three years we spent there were the happiest of our childhood and despite the anxieties inseparable from raising a family, probably the happiest in Mother's life. Dad had established himself as a successful bank manager and his salary had increased. For those days, in a town like Port Hope, he was considered affluent, and there were no pressing financial problems.

The house, of solid brick construction and two story's, stood on a large "L" shaped lot with a large barn in one corner, where in summer we kept a host of rabbits and guinea pigs, which were transferred to a large earth-floored room in the cellar in winter. We had canaries, chipmunks, squirrels. Dad put up a very high swing suspended from a big maple in the garden. There were a number of apple trees and a raspberry patch, sufficient to keep us supplied during the season. However, to the children one of the chief attractions was that during winter and spring every thaw flooded the north side of the property, creating a natural rink used by all the children of the neighborhood.

Dad rose at 6:00 a.m. and spent till about 7:30 reading in the parlor, first in the Bible, then half an hour of Greek and finally whatever he happened to be studying at the time, for he was a student by nature and his tastes were

catholic and broad. Somerville usually spent the time with him and recalls reading through Proverbs, which he found of great interest, and learning the Greek alphabet and other things.

Breakfast was prepared by one of the two servants and Mother and Father had a quiet time before it for reading and prayer. It was at a quarter to eight and we children were supposed to be on time. It consisted of porridge, eggs, bread and marmalade, with milk for the children, tea for Mother and possum for Father.

During the meal each child was supposed to repeat a verse from Proverbs, but so often fell back upon "Is Saul also among the prophets?" (1 Sam. 10:12) that the practice was discontinued. While sitting around the table we read, verse and verse about, a chapter from the Old Testament, after which Father prayed.

(*Helen*) I can still remember the impression the books of the Old Testament made on me (I was six and just able to read). The early historical books I enjoyed, the Psalms seemed terribly sad, full of groaning and lamenting, Isaiah terribly dull, Jeremiah more interesting.

(*Somerville*) After breakfast Helen and I cleared the breakfast table. We used to quarrel as to who should carry out the teapot, probably because whoever did so could take a drink from the spout. Then there were the guinea pigs to feed, shoes to shine and other duties preparatory to setting off for school, which began at 9.00 a.m. at our Aunt Dora's, a short block away. Dad walked to the Bank, about a mile, leaving about 8:30.

(*Helen*) Mother attended to her house. About ten she bathed the baby, little Hope, giving me a reading lesson at the same time. There followed arithmetic and a chapter

from “Little Arthur’s England”. But when I was seven I too went to Aunt Dora’s school and was the youngest there, at first spending much of the time listening to the lessons of the older ones and picking up a good deal of information. School began with a Bible lesson and all repeated verses. Then came the three R’s, history, geography and French.

(*Somerville*) Aunt Dora was a remarkable woman. Her memory was amazing. She had traveled abroad and spoke French and German fluently. She was also an excellent teacher. The academic records established later by her pupils were in large measure due to the initial grounding she instilled. Her pupils in those early days included Katherine Baines, Rita Henderson, Lewis Clark, Dorothy and Hugh Mitchell besides the four Willis children.

At half past twelve we came home to dinner, school finished for the day. Dad also came home. After dinner Mother read to us, first from the Bible, then from “Line Upon Line”. We learned a hymn. Then followed a chapter or more from some history or biography, such as Motley’s “Rise of the Dutch Republic” or D’Aubigny’s “Life of Martin Luther”. When Mother grew weary of reading Dorothy “spelled her off”. During the reading, all of us had to do something—painting, drawing or a puzzle—since “Satan finds some mischief for idle hands . . .

After the reading Mother had a much needed rest and about 3:00 or 3:30 we were free to amuse ourselves as we liked. In winter this generally meant sleigh-riding. In spring and fall we went for walks or played in our own large orchard. Katie Baines often joined us.

(*Helen*) About 5:30 we were called in to do the small amount of home lessons required of us. Supper was about six—bread and jam—and Daddy read a chapter from the

New Testament. Afterward Mother read to us, usually a story book, or else we played games such as Jenkins Up, Authors, or some such game. If Daddy was at home, which was not too frequently, he sometimes read to us, often from the B.O.W.C.³ books, of which he and we were extremely fond. Bedtime was at 8:00 p.m.

Port Hope was largely made up of Cornish and Devonshire people. In the market you could buy real Devonshire cream—said to be the only place in Canada at the time where it was available.

One night Mother had a remarkable dream. A few days after Miss Monsell (the elder) died she dreamed that the maid came upstairs and said to her: “Miss Monsell is in the drawing room”. Mother said: “She can’t be; she’s dead; I was at her funeral; it must be Miss Jane”. “No,” said the maid, “it’s Miss Mansell, certainly.” So Mother went downstairs and there she was in her old beaded cloak and little black bonnet. Mother said: “Well, Miss Monsell, are you happy in Heaven?” “Oh,” said Miss Monsell, “there isn’t any Heaven.” “What,” exclaimed Mother, “no Heaven. I’ve always believed there was a Heaven.” “Well,” said Miss Monsell, “I’ve been there and there isn’t any.” “What,” said Mother, “and is there no Lord Jesus?” “There’s nothing else,” said Miss Monsell, “it’s all the Lord Jesus.” So Mother said: “Well, that’s all I want; I don’t mind if there’s no Heaven”.

It was in this house that I had erysipelas and bronchopneumonia, for which I had to have hot poultices

3 (Helen) B.O.W.C. in the books stood for “Brethren of the Order of the White Cross”, a group of five boys who had the most thrilling adventures. Actually the letters stood for “Boys of Wolfville College”, the school in Nova Scotia where the adventures occurred. I think Daddy went to that school for a time.)

on my chest. I was promised a doll's tea set, exhibited in Mr. Troop's—the grocer—window in Englishtown, if I bore them bravely. I won this prize, a complete dinner set in miniature. It is still at Gordon Bay in the "coffin" (storage box).

The family loved to spend the summers out of doors—the more out of doors the better, preferably in tents. There were two happy weeks at Mr. Holdaway's farm, in September, 1899, camping in two tents and cooking over an open fire. Then during the summers of 1900 and 1901 there were three tents on the Lakeshore at Mr. Bassett's. The cooking was done in a shelter and the second summer Bertha Sydney was there to help. Of this place Mother wrote her poem:

Willow Camp

*Did you ever visit Willow Camp?
It bears the O'Willis mark and stamp;
Children are here, and children there,
They seem to be file and rank and rear.
I wish you could see them, a sunburnt crowd,
With faces of tan and voices loud;
But health is written on cheek and brow,
And that is what we are seeking now.
Here comes Dorothy out of her tent,
The lake to her hair a curl has lent;
Of course she is busy with pencil or book,
Drawing a picture in some sheltered nook.
And dear little Helen looks like a squaw
Who has come straight down from the Macki-
naw;
And Dorothy Mitchell so ready to run*

*Or carry provisions for every one.
Oh, here is Christie with hammer and nails,
But speaking of Sommie makes me think of shirt
tails,
And little chap Hugh with his sturdy bare feet,
And our baby Hope is fair and sweet.
But Daddy is calling, "The porridge is made",
Rokko^A is ready, the table is laid.
Say, Friend, will you eat with us under the trees
To the swish of the waves and the whispering
breeze?
Now let us return to the open field
Where the children delight to the cricket bat
wield.
They bat and bowl and chase the ball
And often we hear that magic word "all".
And what are the little ones doing meanwhile?
I think their plays would make you smile.
Oh I wish you could see the castles they built,
The frocks they dirtied, the water they spilt.
And here is the pond where boats you can sail,
Or fish with a pin for a minnow or whale.
Where polliwogs, clams or shells can be sought,
To put in aquariums sold or bought.
But who can speak of the woods on the bank,
To which even the smallest feet can tramp,
To gather the berries that grow in its shade
Of which the nicest jam can be made?
Now dinner is o'er, to the tent you'll be led,
The rollicking crowd are all perched on the bed,
Their fingers with cedar and knives they employ,*

4 A substitute for coffee in use then.

Days of My Pilgrimage

*And turn out and fashion many a toy.
While Mother sits down on her own rocking
chair
And Dorothy patiently brushes her hair.
For an hour or two a book must be read
To the rollicking crew all perched on the bed.
And Mother tries hard not to see bed or floor,
To look at the sand and the shavings all o'er,
But Christie cries bravely, "Oh fetch me a broom,
I will speedily tidy your canvas bed room.
And now comes the principal joy of the day.
At last the time comes, in the lake we can play.
It does not take long for our bath to prepare,
And when we're once in the pleasure is rare.
For Hugh he can duck and Sommie can swim.
As to Chris there's no terror in water for him.
I'm sure you would like when they dive from the
raft
To hear the elder ones cheer and the little ones
laugh.
At last tea is ready, but we will not sit down
Until our dear Daddy returns from the town
Whatever he brings us we thankfully take,
For sometimes it's letters, and sometimes it's cake.
A run and a race, the sun sets in the west,
And Mother cries cheerfully, "Now go to rest"
But before they are off, of this I am sure,
They will certainly clamour, "Just one biscuit
more".
P.S.
Sommie has learned to milk a cow;*

*To spell and to write Helen learns how.
Dorothy actually dishes can wash,
Hope can manage to put on her socks.
Nor must we forget Christie the cook,
When at fizzie and shortcake we fondly look.
But one there is who in sunshine and damp
Has never forgotten the interests of camp;
Has cared for the welfare of young and of old
All the good she has done can never be told.
For Bertha I think three cheers we may give
And never forget her as long as we live.
Port Hope, 1901.*

The first separation in the family came in the autumn of 1900 when Dorothy left for Miss Harmon's boarding school in Ottawa. There she formed a life long friendship with the McKinnons, particularly Emma (afterward Mrs. Gee).

Christopher first went to Trinity College School in Port Hope after Easter in 1901. It was about a two mile walk from the Bramley Street house; a long, long hill going down and then across the valley and up the other side. (Christopher) I used to love it because I could go down the hill on my bicycle without holding on to the handlebars. One day I was going down the hill with Somerville sitting on the handlebars and with a cricket bat in one hand and the bicycle handle in the other. Dr. Clemeshaw, who always looked after us, was driving up the hill. As I passed him I made a great show of taking off my cap and he nearly had a fit. He turned his horse right around and went down to the bank and told my father, and I was told never to do it again.

(*Helen*) Everybody in the family except Dorothy had bicycles. There was a railway that ran across the bottom of the hill. Once I nearly ran into the train when I was coasting down.

The family had frequent visitors; Mr. and Mrs. Irwin and their teenage daughters Nan and Vi, Mr. Hayhoe, Mr. E. B. Hart, Mr. Rule and others.

Boys from T.C.S. were often at the house, for a meal, or to spend the holidays. Among these were Victor Spencer and Dean Rhodes and his brother.

The youngest in the family—Irwin Davidson Willis—was born at Chestnut Cottage on 17 September 1901.

(*Helen*) Aunt Dora moved her school into rooms next to the meeting room the day David was born. I went downtown with her to help her start it and when I got home in the afternoon I found a baby brother.

Aunt Dora's school increased considerably. Kathleen and Jamie Eaton attended, also the children of Dr. Symonds, the headmaster of Trinity College School, and others.

The flooding at Chestnut Cottage became such a problem and it was so far from Trinity College School, that the family moved to a house on Ward Street early in 1902. This house was at the foot of the hill near the town park and the school, just east of Hope Street.

The Ward Street House

Chapter 66.

The house on Ward Street was much smaller than Hillcrest but slightly larger than Chestnut Cottage. It had been a school and there were two large rooms, one on either side of the front door, with a narrow little room behind that had been used as a cloakroom. There were four or five bedrooms. It had been built by a maiden lady who had stood and watched the carpenters as they worked, making them pull out and reinsert every crooked nail; it was extremely well built. The family moved there in February or March, 1902.

(Christopher) I was thirteen when we went into this house. While there we had an Irish terrier named Terrence

Mulvaney Wilgress Willis, and then a white Yorkshire terrier, York.

(*Somerville*) In the spring of 1902 Daddy decided to go to the Old Country to see whether he could make contact with any of his relatives in the South of Ireland. As I was the eldest child still able to travel at half fare, he took me with him. We were away almost three months, sailing on the S.S. Rhineland from Philadelphia, after spending a day in New York. We landed at Queenston, the port of Cork. On the evening of the day we landed Dad attempted to preach on the street in Queenston, with the result there was a riot and he had to be taken to the police station for protection!

Next day we proceeded to Bandon where his mother, Mary Vickery, had been born and brought up, but could find no trace of relations remaining there. The same afternoon we went on to Bantry where his father had lived. We stayed at the "Willis Hotel" and Dad was able to establish a distant relationship with the proprietor, who

however evinced very little interest in a distant cousin from Canada—the “wilds of North America”.⁵

The following day we drove first to Glengariff by jaunting-car—about seven miles—then by stage coach to Killarney through rugged bare mountains with tiny farms dotted here and there in the valleys and with mud brick cottages with big chimneys where open peat fires

- 5 Extracts from letter to John L. Willis from Jonas Howe of St. John, New Brunswick tell more: “Your mother, Mary Vickery, was born in or near Bandon, where your father, John Willis, was also born. They were married in this city (St. John, New Brunswick) about 1849, by Rev. Dr. Gray, rector of Trinity. Your grandfather, John Vickery, was born at Bantry or Bantry Bay, and married Mary Draper, daughter of Isaac Draper of Bandon. My mother was a younger sister. The Vickery’s were an old family, long established at Bantry. John Vickery and Mary Draper were cousins. Your great-grandfather, Isaac Draper, married Margaret Bennett, and they lived for a number of years on a farm named “Chamcool”, very near Bandon, the property of Earl Bandon. They had a large family, all of whom except one, Nathaniel Draper, came to New Brunswick about 1834. Isaac Draper had been a non-commissioned officer in Lord Bandon’s Corps of Yeomanry during the Irish troubles of 1798. He died in St. John about 1844, his wife having died some years previously and having been buried in the old burying ground opposite the jail. He and John Vickery, your grandfather, with nearly all our kindred, are buried in the church burying ground in one lot with one monument over them. I can give no information about your father’s family, the Willis’, as I was not intimate with your father; besides he died only a few months after my return from the South. Janie, my sister, tells me she thinks your father was born at Bantry. Paul Daly, your uncle, and he were cousins; their mothers were sisters and their maiden name was Kingston. There is, in the northern part of New Brunswick, a settlement and parish called New Bandon, in Gloucester County. It was settled about 1820 by a number of emigrants from Bandon.”

burned. Many of the people could speak only Urse. The hills were gorgeous with great patches of golden yellow gorse. I very well remember the first glimpse we got of the famous Killarney Lakes, gleaming blue in the sun of the late afternoon and dotted with small islands, but the whole looked diminutive compared with even the smaller lakes in Muskoka.

We spent a day in Dublin, then almost three weeks with the Annettes at their farm near Portadown. The house was thatch roofed and beautifully kept. It was about five miles from the town and we drove in frequently in a shining jaunting-car⁶ drawn by a red horse.

Next in turn we visited Belfast, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Newcastle, Durham and at last London, where we spent the final three weeks, staying near Kensington. When Dad wished to go out by himself I spent my time in the Kensington Natural History Museum. We saw the Tower, British Museum, National and Tate Galleries. We visited Great Aunt Helen, sister of our Grandmother. We had expected to be in London for the coronation of King Edward VII but this had to be postponed because of his operation for appendicitis. We returned in June on the Canadian Pacific S.S. Grampian. A fellow passenger was Mr. Douglas Langford, then returning via Canada to India, where he had a promising career as a civil engineer. He loaned me a copy of a book of short stories by Tolstoy, which made a deep impression upon me and I think influenced my outlook on life ever since.

6 The Shorter Oxford English Dictionary: jaunting-car = a light, two-wheeled vehicle, popular in Ireland, now carrying four persons seated two on each side, with a seat in front for the driver.

When Somerville returned with his father from England, they found the family spending the summer (of 1902) at Fair's farm, about five miles from Port Hope at Canton, Ontario. There was a cow, which Somerville milked—his first experience of farm work. His father went in and out to the Bank every day by pony trap. While the family was at this farm, Mr. Rule stayed in the Ward Street house.

In the autumn of 1902 Somerville won a scholarship sufficient to pay the fees for five years at Trinity College School.

There was a terrible epidemic of scarlet fever in Port Hope in early 1903. Little Hope contracted it but there was no rash; she died in three days on 27 March. A week later, on 3 April, old Mrs. Boulton, who had been such a loving grandmother to the family died of a heart attack. Helen contracted scarlet fever about the same time and was very ill for weeks and expected to die. The three boys stayed with Aunt Dora.

(*Helen*) Little Hope's death had a tremendous influence on us all; turned our interests from earth to Heaven. If it had not been for that, we might never have been in China. Mother was never the same again; it was a very sorrowful household for many months. Mother told me that she used to have high ambitions for her boys; when she saw how brilliantly they did at school she dreamed of worldly successes for them. But after Hope's death she desired only spiritual riches for them. Christopher was wrapped up in his little sister, and I shall never forget his despairing grief at her loss. I was only just ten at the time, but I never really felt a child again. Life had become dark and death was a horror to me. I was not well for some years after.

I had scarlet fever and the doctor feared T.B. I had very irregular schooling and almost no companions outside the family, and I retired into a world of story books. But when recovering from scarlet fever I had received the assurance of my salvation from that wonderful verse, the third of the first of Hebrews: "Who being the brightness of His glory, and the express image of His person, and upholding all things by the word of His power ... by Himself purged our sins". So I knew the sins were gone. And though a very lukewarm Christian, I had a longing for my Saviour and for His Word. I remember beginning to write a commentary on John's Gospel.

David was still in dresses (as little boys were in those days) in the Ward Street house. One day, when he was about two and a half, Aunt Dora was taking care of him.

He lay on the floor under the table and kicked his legs up in the air. Looking at her very solemnly, he said: "Aunt Dora, you wouldn't dare to do this". In the winter of that year he developed a rash but the doctor could not give it a name, so it was labelled "the Ward Street rash". The headmaster at Trinity College School thought it might be infectious, so Christopher and Somerville were not allowed back at the school till it was over. 1903 was also the year in which the two boys had the mumps.

(*Christopher*) My Father was becoming more and more convinced that he should spend his time in evangelism. While at the Bank he sometimes stood on the steps and preached the Gospel. The Bank officials protested and wrote to him to stop, so he sent in his resignation. They would not accept it, so he went on preaching. There was a wealthy man in town who erected a large monument on his lot in the cemetery, before he died, bearing the words

“I neither fear nor hope”. Father wrote a letter to the newspaper criticizing this and the man was so angry that he withdrew his account from the Bank. The manager of the Bank in Toronto wrote asking Father to let tombstones alone. I think it was then he resigned again. But it was really Hope’s death which finally prompted him to devote all his time to preaching the Gospel. In his diary for February, 1906 he wrote:

“There are some who hold that we should not voluntarily change our circumstances for the worse, financially. At least, that we should not give up a situation but serve God therein and wait for His providence to change our circumstances... But I find that God called Abraham to get him out from his country, his kindred, his father’s house. There was no action of providence. Again He called him to offer Isaac, his son, and no action of providence until after it was done; then a ram was provided.”

He was to spend three years away from the Bank, traveling and preaching, including living in lumber camps in his native New Brunswick.

Days of My Pilgrimage

Peachtree Farm

Chapter 67.

(Helen and Christopher) Mother had sad associations with the Ward Street house. After Father resigned from the Bank to spend all his time preaching, it was necessary to find a more economical way of living. The rent of the Ward Street house was \$20, whereas that at the next home was only \$5. Father's salary no longer being available, the only visible income was now Mother's modest private income. This time of poverty was very good for us. We learned many valuable lessons; not least, we learned to trust God for supplies.

Peachtree Farm was well north on Hope Street, not far from Corbett's Pond and the electricity plant. The house

was frame, two stores. At the front was a small hall and drawing room which could be cut off in winter to avoid heating them. Behind was a large living room with a southern exposure, off which opened a bedroom and a large kitchen. Upstairs were three bedrooms, which did not extend over the kitchen. Off the kitchen on the south side was a wide covered verandah where the family ate their meals in warm weather (and in one exceptional year at least once every month all winter).

The house was heated by a kitchen range, a small coal heater in the living room and a large one in the front hail, lit only when the drawing room was used. The upstairs was heated through stovepipes from below. In winter, water would often freeze and had to be poured from the jugs into the basins to avoid cracking them.

Water came from a well with a wooden pump outside the kitchen. It was excellent water. Somerville enjoyed pumping it, even in cold weather.

The house stood on about 3/4 acre of land, mostly in orchard and garden. In addition, a lot was rented immediately north, in which potatoes were grown for us and corn for the cow. Later the lot north of that again was bought for \$50. Altogether this gave about 11/4 acres with a dozen or so apple trees on the "home" lot and a further dozen on the purchased lot. The trees included three very big Baldwins that bore prolifically, one Spy, one King, one Snow, one early Duchess and Tolman Sweets. The Tolman Sweet apple was large, hard, sweet and green, ripening after Christmas. One day Mother saw a boy up a tree picking apples. "What are you doing up there"? she asked. "Oh", said he, "I'm just looking for my cow."

Peachtree Farm

An old gardener had lived there previously who had grafted five or six kinds of apple branches into one tree. There were also several black and red currant bushes, a raspberry patch, a plum tree and a peach tree (which never bore while the family lived there), which gave the place its name.

(Christopher) A large pail of apples general stood in the middle of the table and we children sat round the table doing our lessons and eating apples. I remember that at 10:15 p.m. the train from Peterborough passed and that was the signal that we older ones must go to bed.

There was a barn with two stalls and a large chicken house. The family had a cow, two pigs and about fifty hens.

(David) My first memory is of being carried along by the belt of my pants or pinafore, by a man. I was dripping wet, having been fished out of a telephone pole hole near Peachtree Farm. There are other memories of that old house; of crawling under a clothes basket on the front verandah along with a cat, kneeling on it and being severely scratched; of watching our dog lie behind the big black kitchen range with the bantam hen on its back, or of the dog lifting the bantam off the kitchen table with much fluttering and protesting.

When the family moved to Peachtree Farm Dorothy was in her last year at Miss Harmon's School in Ottawa, Christopher and Somerville were at Trinity College School and Helen was at Aunt Dora's school.

(Somerville) As Dad was away a great part of his time visiting various communities east and west of Port Hope, looking after the garden fell to Christopher and me. Since Christopher soon began spending his summers on survey parties in Western Canada, the brunt of the garden work

was mine. I also took care of the livestock, which meant rising about six to milk, feed, etc. get my own breakfast and be off in time for school at 8:30 a.m., with a similar routine repeated in the afternoons. Helen delivered the milk—two quarts daily to the Petreys, who lived at the corner of Hope and Ward Streets, about a mile south of us. The price was five cents a quart. We had a surplus of milk and cream in the spring and summer and enjoyed making it into ice cream. Eggs we sold at 15 cents a dozen, although at times the price fell to three dozen for 25 cents. We sold our apples “on the trees” at 75 cents a barrel for Spies and Baldwins and 50 cents a barrel for other varieties. We used the culls and windfalls for ourselves and would open the fall season with perhaps ten to fifteen barrels in the cellar. With the milk, eggs and fruit and vegetables from our own “farm” we had the basic requirements for a wholesome diet and never lacked plenty of good food. I am sure the simple life and the responsibility taught us the value not only of money but of time. It also engendered in me a firm resolve to do well at school and win a scholarship at the university and made me determined not to have to make my living by working with my hands. Our way of life did not interfere with our work at school. Both Christopher and I generally stood at the head of our classes. I won a prize for general proficiency every year I was at Trinity College School.

(*Helen*) There was a large pasture just behind Peachtree Farm, which people could rent for pasturing their cows. At the bottom of the pasture was the Ganaraska River and across the river the railway.

Mother had had children’s classes before, but after little Hope died she didn’t feel she could. She had dreams—she was psychic. When anything happened to anyone in the

family she always knew. In one of her dreams she thought she saw a house full of children and somebody said to her: "This house is going to fall down in a very short time and these children will listen to anything you say-. She felt this was a warning that she should speak to the children. So she began her classes again. One winter she went through the 11th chapter of Hebrews, elaborating on the verses, one afternoon a week for boys and another for girls. The schools were very co-operative and used to announce the classes. If a child was kept in at school and said that he was going to Mrs. Willis' Bible class he was allowed to go.

We used to go into the town to have the meetings, twice a week after school, in the meeting room. It was quite a walk, more than a mile. We went down Ontario Street, past a long field across which the winter wind blew bitterly.

There was a sewing class on Saturday afternoons and a Sunday School at the family house. There were suppers for the children, which were great events.

There was a very good evangelical Anglican clergyman, Mr. Daniel, whose children were about the same ages as the Willis children. The Daniel children used to come for tea and all were very good friends.

Mother had great pleasure in her friendship with Mrs. Rigby, wife of the headmaster of Trinity College School. They used to meet once a week to read history and then had tea. Dr. Rigby later performed Christopher's marriage ceremony.

Father, Mother and I went to Nova Scotia for the summer of 1905, while Christopher and Somerville worked on Mr. Fair's farm. Dorothy was in England with Aunt Dora. We visited a little place called St. Mary's Bay where oxen were still being used for farm work. That

was the year Dorothy went to McGill University, living at Royal Victoria College, from which she graduated in 1909. That winter Father preached in lumber camps near St. John, New Brunswick, and after returning home spent some of his spare time collecting accounts for Mr. Wilson, publisher of "The Guide", Port Hope's daily paper.

(*Christopher*) Somerville had a scholarship which gave him most of his school fees, but I had none. The last year I was at Trinity College School we were poorer than we'd ever been before and there was no money to pay the fees for the Lent term which began in January. As the time approached there was still no money, but Mother said the Lord would provide. And then a letter came from the headmaster to say that I had qualified for a scholarship some time before but it had been open only to boarders and I was a day pupil. However, the School Board had decided that it should be opened to both and I was awarded it. So I had some "back pay" coming to me, enough to cover what was needed for the balance of Somerville's fees and all mine.

I finished school the early summer of 1906 and went surveying in the Northwest, from Brandon to Regina, for the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. I had passed the McGill Science Matriculation examination and got the job through Mr. Hobson, whom I went to see in Montreal in the winter of 1905/06. I went up to the North West at the end of June and came back in November and cleared just a dollar!

Later I got a job with the Canadian Northern Railway near Bala.

(*Helen*) Dorothy, Somerville and Helen spent the summer of 1906 with Aunt Dora at a cottage she had just built at Fairy Lake, Muskoka. Father, Mother and David visited the meetings round Smith Falls, Ontario. David

was about five, an “enfant terrible”, and Mother said she walked in the Valley of Humiliation, staying at the various farmers’ homes.

Arthur Glascott came from Ireland that year to live with the family. He was devoted to Mother and she was very good to him. His mother was one of the Cayleys, with whom Mother had lived before she went to the North West.

Days of My Pilgrimage

The Move to Toronto

Chapter 68.

(*Helen*) Early in the spring of 1901 the owner of Peachtree Farm gave the family notice to leave, as he wished to occupy the place himself. No other suitable place was found for rent, so Mother bought a cottage just north of Ontario Street, with a garden and orchard rather similar to that at Peachtree Farm. The house was of brick and had six rooms. She bought it with a little money due on a mortgage she held. Christopher and I painted the kitchen floor dark brown one cold evening. Ironically, the family only lived in it a month, as shortly afterward Father accepted a post as inspector with his old bank and the family moved to Toronto. At this time both Christopher

and Dorothy were at McGill University. I had been sick and was at home. Aunt Dora had a school part of the time, which I attended. Then Dorothy taught me part of the time but mostly Mother. I took the high school entrance examination at a public school in Huntsville after a month there and got the gold medal. I was about thirteen.

(Christopher) Mr. Stuart Strathy, nephew of Mr. H. S. Strathy and General Manager of The Trader's Bank, wrote a letter in his own handwriting to Father, begging him to return to work with the Bank. He was offered the job of Inspector, to be based on Toronto and to visit branches all over Canada.

The Bank of Ontario had failed and a lot of poor people had lost heavily. Father wrote an article on banking, pointing out the weak points in the Canadian banking system and recommending what should be done. He said, amongst other things, that there should be an auditor responsible directly to a bank's directors and not under the control of the manager, who should have the right to inspect any books in any part of the bank. It was probably this article that led the Trader's Bank authorities to offer him this post of Inspector, and afterward Auditor to the Board. Perhaps it was partly from that article that changes in legislation came about.

The Trader's Bank amalgamated with the Royal Bank later on. The Trader's Bank had no pension plan, whereas the Royal Bank had one. As a result of the amalgamation, employees of The Trader's Bank were given equal pension rights. Father was getting quite a good salary at this time and became entitled to quite a good pension.

(Somerville) As I was to write my senior matriculation that July, I stayed on in Port Hope with Aunt Dora in a

very nice house she had recently bought on King Street, half way up the hill of English Town. It was a pleasant interlude and a relief to be free of chores morning and night, and I am sure her advice helped me in my school work. I succeeded in winning three scholarships, from which I chose the Edward Blake in Classics at University College, Toronto, which gave me three years free tuition and a small cash payment in my first year. During this period Helen also stayed in Port Hope with Aunt Dora and went to her school.

(Somerville) In the spring of 1907 Mother and David joined Dad in Toronto, where they rented three rooms from Mr. Bayler, near Gladstone Avenue. At Easter I went to Toronto from Port Hope for a week and on a lovely spring day Mother took us and the two Fleck daughters to Riverdale Park to see the animals. I remember Mary as a golden-haired beauty with the bluest of eyes. I doubt whether she thought much of me, but I fell immediately in love. It was seventeen years before we wed and her spell never left me.

(Helen) I remember our three rooms were very crowded during that Easter visit. Almost every day we went down to the back door of Christie's Biscuit Factory and bought broken biscuits for almost nothing. Mother was not very well.

(Somerville) After completing my matriculation in July 1907 I went to stay with Aunt Dora at her cottage on Fairy Lake, Muskoka. Christopher had obtained a job with Mr. L. V. Rorke on a survey party up the Montreal River. He was able to get me a job as chainman. It was near Elk Lake, about 60 miles north of Latchford. Christopher left towards the end of September to register in Civil Engineering at

McGill University. I came out with the survey party about October 4th in a memorable paddle down the river, the last thirty miles in a snow storm. When we got up next day at Latchford there were five or six inches of wet snow on the ground. Because Mr. Rorke had paid us off by check, I arrived next day at the Union Station in Toronto without a penny in cash and lugged my kit bag all the way out to 201 Euclid Avenue, where the family had just moved.

(*Christopher*) I had to leave the survey early but went to Toronto to visit Mother, who was still living in the rooms rented from the Baylers. I got off the train at Sunny-side early in the morning, carrying a big moose horn for Frank Sydney. Mrs. Bayler answered my knock on the door and would not let me in; she thought I was a rag and bone man!

201 Euclid Avenue was not a very nice house, in not a very nice district and the family was there for just a year. It was one of a pair of old brick houses just south of Dundas Street. It had three stores and was a great improvement on the rooms. To Dorothy her mother wrote, in November, 1907: "The white cat is quite sick again. She grows so sweet and wise I feel quite distressed. I gave her the liver of the chicken the other day, cut up, and left her in the kitchen to eat it off a piece of paper. Presently she came trotting in carrying paper and liver to eat it beside Inc.

(The white cat had belonged to little Hope, and was very special)

"I have just had a long interruption from a friend who calls on us twice a week. His name is Hoi Ching and he is most friendly and gentlemanly. He always sits down in the hall and has a long discourse in broken English. Helen showed him the Chinese tract tonight and he read it through with great interest. He quite understands the Gospel and

I think he said his father turned him out because he would obey God and not the devil. It is difficult to follow him. He told me he had 200 cousins in Canada; they must be a large family. Of course his secondary reason for coming is to get the washing. He is so gentle and speaks so softly.”

(*Somerville*) As I was only sixteen, it was felt wise for me to spend a year in business before entering the university. Through Dad I secured a place as a junior with The Trader's Bank, a useful bit of experience for which I have often been thankful in later life. My salary was \$100 per annum, but while in Toronto I received a living allowance of a further \$100.

In the summer of 1908 I was transferred to a newly opened branch of The Trader's Bank on the Bruce Peninsula, at Lions Head. This place was at that time pretty well cut off from the rest of the country, reached either by a small steamer from Owen Sound, which ran twice weekly, or by stage coach from Wiarton, 20 miles away. My duties were those of junior and ledger-keeper. The branch opened in an old frame store and the accountant-teller and I slept in a room behind the office. We got our meals at the local hotel, for which we paid \$2.50 a week. Fortunately I had had an increase of \$100 per annum, otherwise I do not know how I could have subsisted. Our Branch Manager, Mr. Pringle, had held a much better post with the Sovereign Bank until its failure the preceding year and was very anxious to make a good impression in his new post. We worked hard to win customers, amongst other things deciding to keep the branch open to suit their convenience. At first we found they all came in just as we were about to close at 3.00 p.m., so Mr. Pringle decided to remain open until 4:00 p.m., with the natural result that nobody came in till 4.00 p.m. By the

time we had finished balancing the books it was usually 5:00 p.m. However, taken all in all, it was a very pleasant summer, embellished by the fact that Dad and the family came up for his vacation. I remember our flying kites in a big field above Georgian Bay, from which one could always count upon a stiff breeze.

When we first went to Lion's Head the Branch had no safe and it was the responsibility of the accountant, Mr. Morgan, and myself to keep the cash overnight. Sometimes it amounted to several thousand dollars. Each of us had a revolver but neither of us had ever fired one and mine was so stiff that I could scarcely pull the trigger. Fortunately we never had to make use of them.

After hours Morgan and I got hold of a boat and had some good fishing for lake trout in the deep water off the Head. All summer trout formed the chief item on the hotel bill of fare and excellent it was, always sweet and fresh.

(Helen) When Mother first reached Toronto, Mr. G. W. Allen, who was gifted in speaking with his hands to the deaf and dumb, had started a class for them in the meeting room on Elm Street. There was a Mr. Montmarquette in the meeting who was deaf and dumb. He had a boy and girl and another brother had two boys. Mr. Allen asked Mother if she could have a Sunday School for them and the other children of the deaf and dumb. She used to see children playing in the street, so she invited them in. There was a boy called Buckles, who used to wear one sweater over another, all of them full of holes. But each sweater would cover up the holes in the one underneath, so that by wearing seven or eight of them he was decently covered.

(Christopher) I remember Mother telling them about Heaven. Buckles listened most intently and then he said:

“Oh Gee, wouldn’t I just love to sit up there and dangle my legs over”!

(*Helen*) Then there was the boy who remarked about the Sunday school tickets of Joseph being sold, “I suppose it was the Midianites who took the photograph”! Mother taught those boys for some years and was very interested in them. And when we bought the Swallows’ Nest property in Muskoka from John Hamer she invited them up for the summer. We had the Boathouse, and we bought a Kenyon house; but it spent the summer traveling from Toronto to Parry Sound and Sault Ste Marie—any way it never got to Gordon Bay that summer. We all, including all these boys, slept in tents that summer of 1913. They had a great time. David was about the same age. That was the summer Gertrude Ulrich was there—she was about ten; she was most efficient. Milk came from the Hamer’s cow. One of the city boys said loftily, “We get our milk out of a nice clean bottle, not out of a cow.” There were two boys called Mooney and the younger one, always called Fatty, fell into the water off the wharf. I jumped in and fished him out once and Dorothy fished him out another time, until finally Mother couldn’t stand the responsibility any more and the next morning took them back to Toronto.

(*Christopher*) Ray Clark and Geoffrey Dodds and Walter Pengelly came up with me from McGill the first Christmas we were at Euclid Avenue and the Toronto University students looked up the McGill list and found that we were living in Toronto and going to McGill. They regarded this as a great crime, so they arranged to come and shout Toronto University yells outside the house. But for some reason we had all gone to bed early and were

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sound asleep and never heard a thing. Mother heard and prayed that we wouldn't wake up.

The Walker Avenue House

Chapter 69.

(Somerville) When I returned to Toronto from the Bruce Peninsula towards the end of September, 1908, to enter the University of Toronto, I found that the family had moved to 30 Walker Avenue, then almost at the City Limits. Dad had just bought it from Captain Trigge.

The house was a very nice one, though more spacious than convenient. Much of it was taken up by a large square hall and a wide staircase which went up from it to a landing and another large upper hall. It had a large drawing room, a smaller dining room separated by a long and narrow hall from the kitchen and a verandah “stolen” from the ground floor, as the upper floors extended over it.

On the second floor was the real “jewel” of the home; a large living room with a fireplace and a southern exposure, where we almost entirely “lived”. Besides this there were three bedrooms, one of which was made over into Dad’s private dressing room/library.

On the third floor were four bedrooms where Dorothy, Helen and I each had a room to ourselves. The maid, Sadie, occupied the fourth room. There was also a small room, which became David’s. When home, which was seldom, Christopher occupied the spare room on the second floor.

(Helen) I think Mother was happy at Walker Avenue. It was a nice house and she did a good deal of entertaining of the poor but also of her own friends. She had a good servant and Daddy a good salary. Dorothy was at home and David at school in Toronto. I was at McGill.

Each year on her birthday, January 19th Mother had a lunch party for friends of forty years standing: Mim Cayley, Juey Robinson, Kate Duncan, Agatha Reid and Birdie Ardagh, and Aunt Dora. After lunch they had a “bed-party”—three to a bed, and then Dorothy served them a delicious tea.

(Somerville) On Sunday evenings often fifteen or twenty people would be there for tea, which consisted of bread and jam, crumpets and cocoa. Perhaps our choicest guest was an old gentleman by the name of Captain Woods, who had been a Mississippi steamer captain before the American Civil War. Dad, who had never known his own father, formed a warm attachment to him and he came to us regularly till he almost became a member of the family and one whom all of us loved. Amongst many other visitors were our cousins the Cronin children, and the Flecks, Mary being a special favorite of my mother’s, the Tremaine’s, Miss

Sharpe, Miss Milian (niece of the McNairn's), May Breend and Mother's old friends and relatives the Cayleys. We all enjoyed visits by friends brought from McGill by Dorothy and Christopher: Florence Estabrooks, Claire Miller (afterward Mrs. Wasteneys), the Dodds and Pengelly.

I enrolled at University College in my chosen Classics Course and to me the house at Walker Avenue is intimately bound up with my university course. I found it fascinating and heartily agreed with verses which Dorothy often quoted: "Three score and ten," the wise man said, "The years of man shall be."

*Three score and six I give him back;
Four are enough for me;
Four in these halls of ours;
Four in these corridors,
These grant me, heavenly powers,
These shall be life for me.*

To get a glimpse of how centuries ago men met almost exactly the same problems as we face today; how they fought to establish individual liberty under the law; how they opposed tyranny in all forms; how they speculated upon the purposes of life and gradually developed science in place of myth; how through greed and selfishness they fell a prey to barbarians and lost the heritage of their forefathers; all this became a daily wonder and stirred my desire to seek for truth for myself.

In the spring of 1909 Dorothy graduated from McGill University and returned to live with the family in Toronto. She worked in the library and did some teaching. During the summer of that year Christopher began by fire-ranging at Duncan Lake but changed to Mr. Rorke's survey at

Gowganda Lake. Then Mr. Rorke was made Chief Land Surveyor for Ontario and this ended their association. The following summer he worked for the Temiskaming & Northern Ontario Railway out of North Bay, Ontario, but had to return home because of an attack of rheumatic fever. That was the year King Edward VII died and also the year of Halley's Comet.

Helen went to Royal Victoria College, McGill University, in the autumn of 1910, overlapping Christopher by a year. When Christopher graduated in the spring of 1911 he went with his father to New Brunswick for about a month and "had a very happy time", then returned to start work with the Steel Company of Canada in Hamilton.

(Helen) 1911 was the year Daddy bought a block of land in Oakville, Ontario, and built a very nice cottage on it, where we spent the summer. Then it was sold and he bought the property at the north end of Lake Joseph, in Muskoka, on which Swallows' Nest was built in 1913. Daddy bought another lot in Oakville and had plans made for a larger house on it. But this never materialized. This lot was sold when we went to China in 1919.

(Somerville) In December, 1911, I developed a bad attack of 'flu, which the doctor believed affected the lungs. A period of open air employment was recommended, preferably in the drier air of Western Canada. Through an old friend of the family, Mr. Herbert W. Racey, a job was secured for me as timber scaler with the Big River Lumber Company, of which Mr. Racey was General Manager.

My parents were unwilling for me to go alone and at the end of January, 1912, Mother and I left by C.P.R. for Winnipeg, and after a night with the Scotts, went on by Canadian Northern Railway to Prince Albert, where the

Raceys very kindly put us up for the night. Early next morning we proceeded by mixed train to Big River, 90 miles north, and then the most northerly point of steel in Canada. Three passenger cars were hooked to the end of a long freight. The journey took nine hours, with a long stop at Shellbrook, where most of the passengers, lumber jacks returning after a vacation, could get their last drinks. At intervals of ten minutes or so the engine blew its whistle and all ran to the train, only to be told that it was a false alarm, whereupon all returned to the hotel for another round. As a result, most were "well primed" when at last the train pulled out.

Arrangements were made for us to lodge in a shack occupied by Walter Scott, then Purchasing Agent for the Company. As it had only two rooms, Walter kindly agreed to sleep at the Company store, but had all his meals with us. Walter was a capable and pleasant young man and added materially to the pleasure of the period spent there. The shack was heated by a large box stove, fuel being poplar, mostly green. Of course this would not stay in all night and as for my sake a window was left open at night, the house was bitterly cold by morning. However this was no great hardship, as it took only a few minutes to warm the small shack once the fire was roaring in the stove. Water in the kettle was of course frozen solid, but by the time Mother and I had dressed it was boiling and steaming coffee and bacon and eggs made a good breakfast.

I worked from dawn to dark (about 8:00 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.) on the log dump at the southern end of a long lake where the logs were hauled on huge sleds drawn by caterpillar engines, each "train" consisting of six to ten sleds. My work was to keep count of the quantities of logs

brought in, but this was difficult, as the weight of the logs on the ice caused them to sink and often before a load could be tallied it was flooded by water pushing its way up through the ice. It was cold work, as day after day morning temperatures were 30 below zero or lower. How much lower was never known, as the only reliable thermometer located at the railway station registered only to 30 below and many a morning the quicksilver was right down into its bulb. But the active outdoor life suited me and in a very short time I was feeling better than ever in my life.

Mother enjoyed her stay in the West, which reminded her of her years spent there before her marriage. She spoke often of those days and regaled me and Walter with many an anecdote. There was not a great deal to do and she appeared to thrive in the crisp atmosphere, despite lack of all "conveniences".

Most of the lumber jacks were French Canadians and of course Roman Catholics. There was a small R.C. church built of poplar logs, as were many of the shacks, put up before the mill was erected. There was also a small Protestant church built of sawn lumber and served by a young theological student, a Presbyterian. Services were held every Sunday evening and were well attended, we three being among the worshippers.

Mother returned to Toronto early in April, just after the spring thaw, expressing no surprise when within a week after the snow began to go flowers appeared in the woods surrounding the town. I never really appreciated my mother till then and became every day more convinced of her wisdom and her affection.

(*Helen*) While Mother was away with Somerville, Dorothy kept house. She was away until April, and Father

was dreadfully lonely. I remember she got back just after I finished my year at McGill.

(*Somerville*) By the spring of 1912. I had entirely recovered from whatever may have been the matter with me. In May I set out to explore the West, going in turn to Saskatoon, Edmonton, Athabasca Landing and Pekisko, where our cousin Aubrey Cartwright invited me to spend the winter on their ranch.

I remained with Aubrey Cartwright on the ranch until September, 1913, when I returned to the university to complete my course. However, in February, 1914 my health broke down again. Dad gave Dorothy and me tickets to Genoa and \$1,000, telling us to stay as long as we could make the money last. The experience was unforgettable. We visited Italy, Greece, and Switzerland. Dorothy went on to take a course at Dijon, while I went back to England and sailed for Canada at the end of July, just in time to reach home when World War I broke out.

(*Helen*) During the summer of 1914, our cousin Kenneth Graham, who had come over from England to live with us, spent the summer with Mother, Father and David on an island in Lake Nipissing, which Father had acquired. I joined Aunt Dora and our cousin Margaret Cronin, Mary Boulton, Katie Baines and her mother for a trip to England, intending to visit Dutch friends in Holland. Aunt Dora intended to go from there up the Rhine to join Dorothy in Switzerland. While we were in Belgium the war broke out. Dorothy caught the last train home across France and we managed to get passages back to Canada, arriving just as the family was moving out of the Walker Avenue house into a flat on Spadina Road—quite a grand flat. We were there a year and disliked it very much because there was

no garden. It wasn't a real home at all. Mother was ill most of the time, so she and Miss Grace Gausby went up to Gordon Bay and spent the autumn of 1914 there until the snow came.

We used to spend our spare time visiting house agents. They used to drive us around to all kinds of houses, some very grand and some very shabby, all that winter and into the spring of 1915. We saw one very nice house; rather expensive, but then my father was still with the Bank and earning a good salary. When he saw it he said: "Yes, it's a very nice house and we would be very comfortable there and I don't doubt that the Lord would be there with us, but I don't think He would approve". So we didn't get that house but a cheaper one on Markham Street.

I had studied at Westbourne School after the family moved to Toronto. I began teaching at this school in 1914 after graduating from McGill, and remained there until 1916, when I returned to McGill University to take my M.A. degree. Then I taught for two years in Montreal, at "The Study".

The War Years

Chapter 70.

(*Somerville*) Although I felt very strongly that I was called upon to enlist, both Dad and Mother were against it, particularly Dad, who was a confirmed pacifist on Christian grounds. He said that it would break his heart to see either of his sons actively engaged. Mother was more understanding, for she came of a long line of soldiers. Granny Boulton was a Graham, descended from the famous John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, the champion of Bonny Prince Charlie, and all her life she was a loyal Jacobite. Her father was a colonel and came to Canada as commandant of Fort York. Her brothers were all in the army. Her eldest brother, Sir James Graham

(known to her as “Sam”), became a full general. His son was commandant of the Royal Marines. I think Mother’s view was that every one should follow the dictates of his own conscience.

However, in the face of urgent pleas from Dad I agreed instead to go to the West to produce food. He bought me a half section near Arran, Saskatchewan, for \$2,500, including a team of horses, chickens, feed and enough grain to seed 100 acres. Here I attempted to settle down with Mr. Stanley Anderson and his bride Maggie. I took it over in October, 1914, and Stanley joined me six weeks later.

But my conscience still plagued me, and at the close of 1914 I left Arran, Saskatchewan, for Dauphin, Manitoba, to enlist. My original unit was the 45th Battalion, but in April, 1915, I was sent overseas with a draft of 100 men to the 5th Battalion. Dorothy and Harold Collier met me in Montreal, where we embarked, and for all practical purposes this ended my close personal connection with the family.

(Harold Collier) I don’t remember the name of the boat. It was pitch dark when the train got in and there were no lights and we didn’t know how we’d ever find Somerville. We’d waited on the docks from six o’clock and it was half past eight or nine when his train got in and then they had to embark. I asked a man which regiment he was with and it happened to be Somerville’s, so I asked him if he knew Jack Willis. He said: “Oh yes, I know him; I’ll find him for you”. He came back in about fifteen minutes and we had a nice time together and he went on board about one o’clock. Just a year later I was riding on the top of a bus in London and there was a Canadian soldier on the bus.

I asked him what regiment he was with and he told me. I said: "I have a friend with the 45th Jack Willis". He looked at me and said: "Aren't you the guy who came to see him off in Montreal?" I said: "Yes". Then he said: "Well, I'm the fellow who found him for you"!

(Somerville) I joined the 5th Battalion, Canadian Expeditionary Force, at Ploegstreet, Flanders, in June, just after the bitter fighting at Festubert. The Battalion was then before Messines, where it remained till the spring of 1916, when it moved to the Ypres Salient and took over defense of the famous Hill 60. By that time I had become a lance corporal and was in charge of our company's scout section.

(Helen) He went to the continent very quickly after he got to England; much sooner than was expected. Once again Mother had a remarkable dream. She didn't know he was going, but it must have been almost the night that he went. She dreamed that she was being shown over a battlefield by an angel. She saw the trenches and heard the shells exploding. She saw the men and she noticed that some of them had a covering, like a beehive. They didn't seem to realize it was there—it didn't hamper their movements in any way. She said to the angel: "What is that covering that some of the men wear?" "Oh," said the angel, "don't you know what that is? that's bullet proof; it's made up of God's promises and mothers' prayers."

(Somerville) Early in July, 1916, I was wounded in an effort by four of us to capture a prisoner from a sap running out at a tangent from the German lines. I was brought to England and was in hospital for almost three months. On my discharge from hospital I was sent to a convalescent camp and then heard to my delight that Dad and Mother

were coming over to see me. We had a delightful time together—went to Torquay in Devonshire. On my return to the convalescent camp I found it had been transferred to Hastings, where I spent the most disagreeable winter of my life, with nothing to do, no discipline in the troops, poor food, no fires in unheated houses where we were billeted. I applied for a commission and after a course at Bexhill returned to France as a lieutenant with my old battalion. For a time I was again attached to my old company, then posted as Intelligence Officer for the Battalion. I was wounded at Passchendaele, but did not return to “Blighty”, instead going to Cap St. Martin in the south of France, where I spent a pleasant Christmas. On my return to the Battalion I found it on its way to Arras, where I was again wounded on a scouting patrol and this time again went to Britain. My left arm was rather badly shattered and I was posted as C 3, and left as assistant to the Assistant Adjutant at our reserve depot. This was a very unattractive post and to get back to action I transferred to the Royal Flying Corps to train as a navigator-observer, my ambition being to go as navigator on one of the largest bombers, which could carry a whole ton of bombs as far as Berlin. However, the war ended before completion of my course and I returned to Canada in January, 1919.

(Christopher) He asked for a transfer to the Royal Flying Corps, but Mother prayed most earnestly that he wouldn't get it. She was terribly upset about it, but she had that verse: “All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose” (Rom. 8:28). His transfer had only gone through two days, I think, when the last terrible push by the Germans

occurred, when nearly all the officers were killed, and he wasn't even sent over.

Meanwhile the family moved to the house on Markham Street in Toronto in the autumn of 1915 and stayed there until moving to Montreal in the autumn of 1918. Dorothy was working in Toronto, Helen was teaching at Westbourne School and David was at the University of Toronto School. Christopher was employed with the Steel Company of Canada in Hamilton.

(Christopher) As a boy, Mr. Hobson, father of the General Manager of the Steel Company of Canada, worked for my grandfather and lived with him at Ailsa Craig, north of London, Ontario, where my grandfather was an engineer and where Mother was born. My grandfather was a graduate in civil engineering from London University, England, and had several prizes from there, which were passed on to me. Earlier this Mr. Hobson had obtained a job for me with the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. Now it was his son, General Manager of the Steel Company of Canada, for whom I worked, although he never knew my connection with his father. His only daughter was an earnest Christian and one of Jean Malloch's best friends. When I became engaged to Jane Ogston Malloch on 19th of January 1916, Mr. Hobson was very pleased and promised me a very good raise in pay—"you'll be more than satisfied," he said. We were married on 27 April 1916.

Pressure had been put on me to make me and my men work on Sundays. Mr. Hobson had given orders that I was not to be forced to work on Sundays, but this was disobeyed and I was fired while Mr. Hobson was in England. When he returned I was given a bonus of three months' salary and told that he would help me get a job anywhere in Canada.

We moved to Toronto in early 1917, where we lived at the corner of Bloor and Howard Streets and I worked for the Hamilton Bridge Works on the Bloor Street Viaduct and a bridge at Kingston, Ontario. However, a Government official addressed the staff and said that every dollar of Savings Bonds we bought was a silver dollar to kill a German. I felt that if I wanted to kill Germans I would use lead bullets. I lost my job and went to work for The Standard Steel Construction Company in Port Robinson near Welland, as their sales representative in Hamilton.

While the family was living in the Markham Street house in Toronto, Aunt Dora had a stroke. She had rented the old Hamer homestead at Gordon Bay, Muskoka, and settled Arthur Glascott there, and she was going to stay and farm. In the spring of 1916 she had the stroke and David and Helen went up instead.

(*Somerville*) Dad had been appointed as "Auditor to the Board" in The Trader's Bank, a post never created in any other bank. Its purpose was to keep the Bank's directors informed of all important loans made by the Bank's officers. He was responsible only to the Board and did not come under the direction of the General Manager. Fortunately he and the General Manager, Stuart Strathy, had been intimate friends for many years. Their minds worked along similar lines and no conflict of opinion ever disturbed their relationship. However, in 1917 the Royal Bank made an offer to purchase The Trader's Bank on terms advantageous to the shareholders. The offer was accepted, but with the distinct understanding that all members of the staff of The Trader's Bank would be retained in positions carrying salaries at least as high as those they had at the time of the

merger and that they should enjoy pension rights on a par with previous Royal Bank employees.

Dad's new post was "Superintendent of Branches for Ontario" but this to him was a "let down". After a few months he suggested to Sir Herbert Holt, General Manager of the Royal Bank, that it would be in the Bank's interest to retire him on pension, since obviously the Bank had more senior officers than it required. Sir Herbert's answer was that this might be true at the moment, but that the Bank would continue to grow and plenty of opportunities would appear later on. However, after several meetings with Sir Herbert, Dad eventually persuaded him to agree and he left with a pension for life of \$200 a month, half to be payable to Mother in case Dad predeceased her.

(Helen) To try to persuade him to stay he was asked: "Is there any post we can offer you to stay on?" He said, rather jokingly: "Open a branch in China". When he retired from the Bank I was teaching at Miss Gascoigne's School in Montreal and she offered a job to Dorothy. David was just entering McGill University, Somerville was overseas in the War and Christopher was married, his first child, John Stanley arriving on 12 February 1917. Consequently in the autumn of 1918 we moved to Montreal, renting a flat in the upper two stores of an old house on Mansfield Street, near St. Catherine Street. There was a terrible epidemic of influenza in October and all the schools and churches were closed and there were no meetings. I remember that the influenza and the War ended about the same time. We celebrated both together in a great parade, but by mistake a day earlier than the Armistice.

(Somerville) I came back to Canada in January, 1919, spent ten days with the family in Montreal and then went

to Toronto, where I obtained employment with the West End Y.M.C.A. as a junior secretary. I was assigned to open a new branch on St. Clair Avenue, but after some months I made up my mind that this was not the type of work at which I wished to spend my life. I felt that in the "Y" the real power lay with the directors, most of whom were men from the business world. I felt that these men really were doing a more important work than the secretaries and determined either to enter the teaching profession or business. I was approached to accept a position as lecturer in Greek at the University of Western Ontario, London, an offer which I accepted with alacrity. However, the offer was subject to confirmation by the caput and after waiting several weeks I was told they preferred a man with greater experience in teaching.

Meanwhile I had left the Y.M.C.A. and my funds were down to a few dollars. I never before or since felt so completely "lost". I had to get something to do and spoke to an old Port Hope and University of Toronto friend, Norman McLean, brother of the Secretary-Treasurer of The Harris Abattoir Company. He used his good offices to get me a job with his company. It was with the pork killing and cutting department. For about three days I wondered whether I could stand it. Then the true nature of the work became apparent: transforming the raw materials of Canadian farms into foods of ever higher quality at progressively lower processing costs. To me this seemed worthy of any man's best efforts and from that day forward I never regretted my decision to become a packer. The nature of the business required perpetual alertness and instant decisions to keep supply and demand in balance.

After a few months I was transferred from the plant to the Provisions Desk and shortly afterward was placed in charge of the Export Shipping Department. From here I was transferred to the sales end of the business.

In June, 1924, I had the good fortune to marry Mary Fleck, elder daughter of Mr. James Fleck. At the time we were both over thirty. She had graduated as a Registered Nurse from Grace Hospital in 1918 and later entered medical school at the University of Toronto. Her intention was to go to India as a medical missionary. However, in her fifth year symptoms of an old heart condition developed and the Missions Board informed her they could not accept her. Although in the fifth year of the six year course, ill-health forced her to discontinue her studies, at least temporarily, and we were married on 26 June 1924.

In 1928 I became manager of the Branch House Department of Canada Packers Limited, which took over operation of The Harris Abattoir Company and several other companies in 1927. In 1931 I became manager of the Company's canneries and pickle business and in 1933 was appointed "Staff Educational Director", which post evolved into that of Personnel Manager. After World War II I moved over to the position of Advertising Manager until I retired in 1957.

The new General Manager of the Royal Bank was a Mr. Neill. He had been at school or college in Montreal with a Mr. Thompson, whose father was a Presbyterian missionary in Yeung Kong, a town about 130 miles southwest of Canton, the largest city in South China. Yeung Kong in those days was reached by junk traveling from Kong Moon, a city on the delta of the Si-kiang, the largest river in South China.

(*Helen*) Mr. George Thompson, who had gone out with his sister to join his father in mission work, had been impressed by the frightful rates of interest—as much as 10% a month—charged by the native banks. He conceived the idea of a “missionary bank” to lend money cheaply. So he wrote to his friend Mr. Neil asking for \$40,000 as capital and a man to manage such a bank.

Mr. Neill thought that Father had gone to China when he retired. He knew that Mr. Stuart Strathy was his friend, so he passed on the letter. Mr. Strathy sent the letter to Father with the question: “Would you like to go out to China and manage a bank?”

At that time the elder Mr. Thompson and his wife happened to be in Montreal. He had been engaged in escorting Chinese coolies to and from the war zone. So we went to see him and then had correspondence with Mr. Thompson, and finally my Father decided to go. Of course Mother said she would go with him. David had just entered McGill University and since Dorothy and I were teaching in Montreal we thought we would stay on. However, I was offered a position at a school in Peking. Dorothy said she couldn't stay on alone, so she decided to go too. In January, 1919 Father had taken two first class passages, which were extremely difficult to get. Mr. Robert Jaffray of the Alliance Mission had been trying to get passages for himself and his wife. When Dorothy and I decided to go too, Mr. Jaffray took over the two first class passages (bought with the proceeds of the sale of the block of land in Oakville) and we exchanged them for four second class passages. On 6 March 1919 Father wrote to Christopher from Montreal: “We rec'd another letter from George Thompson and have decided to go to China. I could have gone to Kentucky, but

I think it wd. have been a case of Genesis 49:15⁷ Mr. Neill recommends me to go at once.”

7 Genesis 49:15—And he saw that rest was good, and the land that it was pleasant; and bowed his shoulder to bear, and became a servant unto tribute.

Days of My Pilgrimage

The Move to China

Chapter 71.

(*Helen*) We left Montreal in June or July, 1919, spent a week in Toronto, a week at Gordon Bay, a month or so in Victoria with Aunt Dora, who had come up from California to be with us. We left her in a boarding house—a sort of nursing home—when we finally sailed for China by the Canadian Pacific “Empress of Russia” in August, 1919. I went north at Shanghai for my teaching position in Peking and the others went to Hong Kong via Manila. Mr. Thompson met them in Hong Kong and took them on to Yeung Kong via Canton and Kong Moon. Mother almost died of seasickness on the junk going in.

(*Christopher*) Father wrote me on 14 September 1919 from Yeung Kong: "It Isaiah 4:15 p.m. We are sitting here in this lovely spot, writing. Certainly it is not very much like the labors and sufferings of the Apostle Paul, and I find it hard to persuade that it is right. Yet what could we do? I suppose we ought to set diligently to work to learn the language & no doubt the Lord wd. help us. Dorothy is doing so & is also going to start to teach English in the school here. A Miss Wilcox has the school—is its Principal, so to say. She must be a devoted woman. She came out when she was about Dorothy's age and has stuck to it thro sickness, revolution, & everything for 15 years. And there were some terrible sights here last year. Seventy or eighty dead bodies in one part of the city. Men shot dead, lying on the road just outside the compound. They had nearly,1000 refugees in this compound at one time. So you see Miss Wilcox has some courage. She told Dorothy that nothing but the feeling from the first that she was called to this work enabled her to stand to it. And they are all so cheerful, brave and kind. I feel no doubt whatever that the Lord has sent us to help them out with this bank. It is a small concern—Capital \$10,800⁸ & part of that lost in expenses: the rest locked up in reconstructing a leased building. I have not yet been able to fully understand the position, but began yesterday to turn all the account books, from the beginning, into English. When finished, which will only be a day or two, I will know pretty well all I need to know. They have four or five employees when two wd.

8 (Helen) When we went to China just after the War, Chinese money was worth more than Canadian. I think a Canadian dollar was about 80 cents Chinese. That has never happened again. There has been much fluctuation but Chinese currency has always been decreasing in value.

be more than enough. I am to have practically absolute power, so pray that I may have wisdom & be kept. Mr. Thomson expects that more capital will be put in now, and certainly the community has need of a bank. It has a constituency of about a million to service. They had me to a feast on the 9th. We arrived on the 7th I was requested to inform "my son" that all present would like him to come to Yeung Kong. That meant you. But when I told the gentleman who conveyed the message to my foreign ear that you were set on going North, it was passed on to my other son Somerville. "On the 11th we were at a wedding feast—all afternoon—at Pastor Ho Gwai Tak's. His son was taking a wife. I enclose the invitation. On the 12th I was at the most refined feast I have had yet. It was at Mr. Leung's. The Yeung. Kong food is even more savory than the food at Canton. And I can tell you Chinese victuals are not "hard to take"—due allowance being made for the difficulty of conveying them to the mouth by chopsticks. However, they are lenient & provide a china spoon & a two pronged fork to help out. I wonder if I can recall the menu at Mr. Leung's. First, a soup with a very light preparation of white of egg in it, something like you might imagine hot marshmallow would be. Next course—most delicious chicken. Then—or sometime, boiled melon. Bear in mind each is served separately, course after course. There was a delicious "stew" of mutton, such as you never saw or tasted. There were mushrooms. There were fat pieces of roast pork with pancakes to wrap them in. Finally there was a large plate of rice flavored with scraped ham, enough itself for a meal. The drink was of the genus ginger ale but not ginger—more strawberry. Just like what they sell in

Hamilton, only better quality. I think there must have been more dishes but I cannot recall them.

“Our host is the secretary of the Board of Directors. I am sorry there was not much opportunity to speak of the things of the Lord. Mr. Thomson was my interpreter. He is very much in earnest, & has much simple faith, but the gospel as we have been privileged to know it is not known here. But what they do know has filled them with love, and they do not seem to think of themselves at all—so to speak. Dr. Ewers, with whom we are boarding, has to go North to be nearer his wife, who has “sprue”, & has to be where she can get fresh milk & fresh beef or mutton & veal, etc. We are to pay Dr. Ewers \$34 a month each. We are getting the best of food. We live in a house by ourselves having the four big upstairs rooms & big verandah, where we sleep. There are four rooms downstairs unfurnished. A Dr. Dobson is expected to relieve Dr. Ewers. He opened the station, practically, 22 years ago. He is about 50. I wish you knew medicine. We have each a bathroom & toilet, i.e. one for Mother & me, & one for Dorothy. It is lovely. It has not been insufferably hot, & last night was almost cool.

We had a sheet & a white counterpane over us, & would have preferred a thin blanket. The houses are well screened & the mosquitos & flies are not bad. Getting here—the junk—was terrible for mother and Dorothy. I stayed on deck all night & tried to sleep, lying on some oil-cans. *I* did not suffer, but, really, for Mother, in that box, it was terrible. I am thankful she lived through.

“Well give our love to all the dear friends, & of course this letter is for them. Dear Mrs. Hill & Mrs.

Trigge, the Misses Gausby, & any others who you think may be interested. Also please send it to Somerville for

whom it is intended also. Ever so much love to you both & to Jean & the little ones.

Daddy.”

Aunt Dora was still at Victoria, but she was not well. Christopher and family (Jessie Hope had been born in Hamilton on 18 March 1919) moved there to take care of her, purchasing a house at 1759 North Hampshire Road. Old Dr. Malloch had just died, so Jean felt free to leave. They felt this was the first step towards China. Christopher worked at the Victoria Harbor Marine Drawing Office. He was offered a job at Prince Rupert, B.C., but turned it down because of the thought of going to China eventually. He also worked for Clark Printers, selling advertising.

(*Christopher*) Mother wrote us from Yeung Kong on 15 October 1919: “.... It sounds so nice to have a little place of your own on the mountain, but that wd. seem to be goodbye to China. If you are coming, it shd. be soon, for the longer you wait, the harder the language will be to learn. If Jean & the darling babes cd. be with us while you are learning, so much the better, but if you are going to labor in the North, it is of little use learning Cantonese. There is plenty to do anywhere in this vast country, but you must know the language. We have now been here nearly 6 weeks, & so far the climate is very pleasant; it has turned quite chilly & wet since Sun.—4 days now; the ther. was 66° this morning & we were glad of sweaters. Miss Wilcox complains of being bitterly cold, but I am much more comfortable. Bring all your blankets if you come & small kitchen necessities as spoons, egg beater, *mincer*, aluminum saucepans—not too many—a double boiler & good butcher knife. I told you salt cellars, mustard pot, yr. dinner set wd. be a great comfort if you mean to settle

down. We had to get a few things, but had some trouble as you cannot buy much beyond bowls of all kinds, & teapots and shallow dishes suitable for cake or fruit. They have plenty of crocks and cooking utensils in pottery. You cannot get an iron frying pan, which is almost necessary & you need a charcoal iron. There is one at Gordon Bay in the attic; I am sure you could get hold of it. A casserole is very useful, all kinds of chairs & wicker things are very cheap. Electricity is so dear, it wd. be no use bringing the iron or toaster, it added \$6 a month to Mrs. Thomson's bill when she heated the baby's food on the electric heater. Cocoa is very dear, coffee \$1.00 lb. Jam Isaiah 48e for a small can. You can get all canned goods in Hong Kong or Canton & I suppose Peking. You will need some vases for flowers, but the less you have the less trouble. The Chinese servants muddle along & you have to do all the tidying and dusting. Here the place hardly ever needs dusting, having no vehicles and no smoke from factories I suppose keeps it cleaner and then we are surrounded with grass & trees. There is a paved walk into the city, each block a foot wide—two blocks wide—we wd. call it a narrow country lane—hedges of cactus & other shrubs on each side, but it is really a much frequented road, & winds round among the hills to Canton.

“Daddy left us on Mon. to go for a trip with Mr. Thomson, Miss Pike & a Bible woman; they took bedding & plenty of tracts & Chinese Traveler's Guides; they went up the river by sampan & were to remain Mon. night & Tues. at the first place; there are a number of X'tains there, who are thankful for help & teaching, & they expected a good many heathen wd. come in to see the foreigners. Then they go on again to two other places & hope to be

back Mon. or Tues. We feel quite lonely for Daddy, but Dr. Ewers is still here. We are keeping house now; I like it much better, the' it is hard to make Ahoy understand anything. We have a nice new brick stove; it looks like an altar & has 4 holes at the top. You just make a fire under as many as you want. We have breakfast at 7 a.m. & tiffin at 12:30 and dinner at 6:30. I made a syrup pie on Mon. I had quite an amusing time collecting my material, but now I am beginning to know where things are. We have to bake in a tin steamer-like affair. The fire of charcoal is put on the lid & yr. pie on the perforated part. It is very expensive; wood costs about \$10.00 a month & \$20.00 for charcoal; then all the servants use your wood & electric light. "On Mon. Mrs. Thomson & I went to a feast at an Elder's home. It was very select; 3 pastors, all nice looking men, were there, Dr. Ewers & Gun Slin Shaang, the head of the boys school & two other men. They all looked very nice in their long blue robes. This was the best grand feast I have been at. As I am Li Shie Ti (Grandmother) I had the place of honor; it is a pity I cannot get a few gray hairs. We all sat at a round table on stools, everything was in bowls & we eat out of bowls with chopsticks. They told me to use the china spoon but I stuck to the chopsticks & I believe they were gratified. We had numerous dishes, birds nest soup, minced pigeon, fried sea slugs, tripe, chickens' heads & feet, duck soup, chicken livers, ancient eggs, fish soup, egg soup, ginger, preserved melon, & many more. The last was almonds boiled in sugar & water, quite nice, with it you eat a sort of rice cake, & dumplings with onion chopped up in the middle, & others with blue beans mashed with sugar in the middle. We drank tea & orange juice in tiny bowls. Dorothy stayed with the children."

(*Helen*) On Mother's birthday, 19 January 1920, while the family was living at the Presbyterian Mission Compound, a Chinese baby girl was brought in, the sixth girl in a family, which they felt they could not keep. Dorothy agreed to take it, Miss Wilcox the head of the Presbyterian School having taken three babies and Miss Pike, the evangelistic worker, having taken one. The Chinese father said: "You can have the baby but be sure to send back to me the trousers it is wrapped in"! She was named Hei Ling ("Happy Spirit") after me; the sounds to represent Helen.

(Letter to Christopher from Mother, Yeung Kong, 7 February 1920) "I wonder what you think of our plans as to my returning and your coming here in my place? My heart is fairly torn between Daddy and Aunt Dora, and it is hard to say which needs me most. But I feel that with Aunt Dora I may not have very long to care for her ... I was talking to Dr. Dobson about her. He thinks the first attack may have been brought on by some small blood vessel breaking due to hardening arteries and fears she may have a severe stroke finally I am sure she should be cared for by her own family and not left to strangers. I keep thinking of two verses: 'If any care not for their own, etc.' and 'If any man put his hand to the plough, etc.' There must be a way to walk through this labyrinth and we are promised that we shall hear a voice saying: 'This is the way, walk ye in it'. I do not think Daddy will remain in the Compound another year, though there has been less friction than I had dared to hope. True Christians do have grace to walk together. There has been a good deal of discouragement among the native Christians the last two weeks. One woman has sold a child entrusted to her care, as a slave for \$70.00 and two preachers have betrothed their children to heathens. One

case is particularly sad, that of Chiang Faat, the boy who preached at the teahouse 3 weeks ago. He knew nothing about it until everything was settled, so we cannot blame him. A betrothal is considered as sacred as marriage, so it cannot be broken off, and he is to be married next month. He looks about 17 and the Mission had hoped to make a preacher of him. He may be quite as well if he does not go to Canton to College, but it is hard to find employment for these half educated boys. Another boy belonging to the school was, so they say, attacked by his uncle and ten men, on Thursday night, who tried to kill him, but the noise was heard at the Yamen, which is nearby, and the soldiers came and preserved his life, but they had cut his arm and also stolen a great many things. The uncle claimed his dead brother's money, which really belonged to the son, this boy. He went to court, but judgment was given in favor of the boy, so he tried to make away with him. Did I mention the Christian woman whose husband was stolen away by robbers? She kept on praying and he managed to escape after some weeks in quite a remarkable way, and got home. All his money had been stolen, \$200, and he was very sick afterward, but he has begun to come to the services."

(Letter to Christopher from Mother, Yeung Kong, 24 February 1920) "We have had rather a trying day. I think we mentioned that Chiang (the King of the Amorites)⁹ asked us if Dorothy would be the adopted mother of his daughter's baby. We agreed and he said the ceremony would take place at the New Year, and it would consist in her giving the baby a present and the baby giving her a present.

9 (Helen) His name was Chiang Chai Hon. Mother connected this with "Sihon King of the Amorites". He was the only Chinese friend who spoke English and he and Mother became great friends.

So she sent to Hong Kong and got a small silver spoon for it. However, nothing more was said and New Year passed. Then we were asked to lunch and then again to a feast and we felt sure this must be the time. Then last Sunday, just as we returned from the meeting, a woman servant came with an enormous basket of cakes and a large dish of fried bean curd. Now you always return something when a present is sent, so Dorothy put two testaments in the baskets and the next day sent back the dish and the silver spoon. Later we were informed that...was the day chosen and Chiang said he had told Faan Slin Shaang about it and he would explain it to us. That was on Wednesday and all we were told was that it is an ancient custom and that we must give a bowl and chopsticks and a china spoon for the baby—that they would come over here bringing food and money. So we added to the money and sent it back and kept the food. Also that we must entertain all who came, servants and parents, etc. It seemed a great ordeal, but we bought a lovely little bowl and cakes and I made a big dish of rice and salmon. Then I suppose Faan's conscience smote him, for he came this morning when all was prepared and told Dorothy it was a thoroughly heathen custom and she should have nothing to do with it. The idea was to cheat the devil so he would not know whose child it was and that a great deal of idol worship went on in connection with it, though we were specially told that all we had to do was to pray for the baby. So poor Dorothy had to go over to the Lum House and tell them she could have nothing to do with it. She found the old mother-in-law and several other women and I think spoke to them very faithfully. They had consulted an astrologer as to the lucky day, so I am afraid their calculations were upset. Of course there was nothing

else to do, but the 'King' should have told us. He said he had 4 adopted children. I think being the only Christian in the family he has got accustomed to idols and does not feel to them quite as we do, for he is a very decided Christian and I also think he felt it might be a blessing to the baby. Dorothy said she was sure they quite understood. One of them asked if 'all the people in your land worship God?' Dorothy said that all professed to, but some only do it with their lips. Ye Chai¹⁰ said: 'That is the way with us. We worship idols outwardly, but believe in the true God in our hearts'. I shall be sorry if Chiang takes offense. We had him to dinner last night, also Faan, we told them it was a woioe gwawk (foreign) meal. First we had soup, then chicken pie and fried pork, Irish potatoes, corn, rice and water chestnuts, and ended with lemon pie and a sort of trifle. Chiang would not eat any rice and they both seemed to enjoy their dinner very much. Chiang pointed out to us several times how full he had got. Then he said: 'My abdomen is full of food; I can eat no more; I would like to eat all that is on the table but my stomach is too hollow'.

At the end he loosened the string with which he tied up his trousers—they are all made like the pair I sent Hope, and tied up with string and a good deal of hitching up goes on."

(Letter to Christopher from Father, Yeung Kwong, 5 March 1920) "As to Aunt Dora, it does not seem to be right that you should be detained in Canada, while we are able to return and take care of her. We are waiting a

10 (Helen) The daughter. When she was dying she called all her children and told them she had believed in Jesus for many years, but could not be baptized because of her mother-in-law. She told them they must all become Christians. Two have come to Hong Kong and were baptized two years ago. (1967)

reply to Mother's letter before deciding anything. The people here say they are all praying that it may not be necessary for us to return. If Mother has to go I think I will accompany her. The bank is nothing, and I do not feel that I should encourage them to put up new capital, both because it is not the Christian's business to be promoting the earthly and also because I am not able to give it the care that it requires. I have told G.D.T. I would help to wind up the old one but would have nothing to do with anything new... Should you come out it would be a good thing to bring a good Canadian ax. They use wood for fuel and a man needs exercise. I would enjoy splitting wood this weather. A couple of wedges would be useful, too." Our father had no more to do with the bank, but devoted himself to Gospel work.

(Letter to Christopher from Father, Yeung Kong, 21 April 1920) "The LORD—I think it must be He—has been bringing me in touch with a number of young men and boys. Today I had four lads come to learn English. Of course, one cannot say much, but it is a comforting, as well as a serious thought, that it is what we are that counts. On Sunday mornings a few lads have contracted the habit of coming for 'kung chai' (picture cards like Sunday School tickets) and last Sunday I made them learn a verse. They are to come again next Sunday. Then I have a couple of intelligent young men who began coming for English, but have advanced to book-keeping. These come at 12 o'clock and 4 o'clock. At 5 several others join and we take up English. Last Lord's Day afternoon, five or six of these came to read the Bible. We read the first five verses of Mark and the Lord gave them to understand quite a bit. 22 April—I had quite a good time with my young men. We

were learning the use of 'do want'. One said: 'I do want to learn book-keeping', another 'I do want to learn English'. So I asked them if they had ever heard of Paul, 'Poh Loh' as his name is when sinicised. So I told them of him—how he had seen that great light, brighter than the sun, and heard the voice of Jesus, and after that his desire was to be with Him. 'I do want to depart and be with Christ'. So, you see, in these simple ways, one can bring Him before them."

(*Christopher*) Father, Mother and Dorothy stayed the first winter in Yeung Kong at the Presbyterian Mission Compound. Dr. Dobson, the senior missionary, was away at the time. When he returned, he appeared to be opposed to their being in Yeung Kong. Since they were asked to leave the Compound and could not obtain a house to live in because of continual opposition, they lived on the little houseboat, the Fook Yum Shien ("Gospel Boat"), 28 feet long which Father had built. It was ready just as they were turned out. This was their home until accommodation on shore could be obtained—all through the summer of 1920.

(*Helen*) I came down from Peking and spent about six weeks with them; and our cousin Euphanel Graham, who was a nurse in Hong Kong, came in for two weeks. The food was very hard on Mother. On the boat we could not even have bread and almost the only meat was very tough beef. The pork was sweet and tender, but after seeing the pigs gobbling up all the refuse in the streets one did not feel much for it. There was good fish and plenty of eggs. The chickens were very scrawny. There was no butter but sometimes we made peanut butter. In the winter we grew some tomatoes and carrots. There were no apples or pears except Chinese pears which are just like wood. There were no raspberries, strawberries or blueberries. For breakfast we

had soft boiled rice with tinned milk and sugar or peanuts, eggs, bread and jam. Dinner was tough beef stewed with a sort of coarse radish. Supper often eggs or fish. We brought milk and other groceries from Hong Kong.

(Letter to Christopher from Mother, aboard Gospel Boat, Yeung Kong, 24 August 1920) "I was quite sick, really in bed or on it, for a week, and beforehand I was just dragging round. We had no medicine books and very few medicines, but when we got back to Yeung Kong Daddy got out the medicines, but it is hard to know what is wrong.

I could keep nothing down at first and then by taking only malted milk, sago and corn starch in small quantities, that got better, but I still feel constant nausea. I long for bread and butter and a potato and a drink of cold water. Yesterday I took some small doses of quinine and I think they helped me. However, I am slowly recovering and shall be all right very soon. I think the family are realizing that I cannot stand another summer in this climate, so you may, I fancy, look forward to seeing me, sometime before next June. But who knows? as Miss Bowden-Smith wrote to Helen: "I sail under sealed orders." When the time draws near the word will be given. Yet even Paul could write: 'Prepare me a lodging'. You will be glad to hear that we have really the prospect of a house-5 small rooms and 2 large ones and a chi fong (kitchen) about half the size of the Mansfield one. Then we have the three servants' rooms, which are close by, and A Hoi should be willing to settle down in them and I trust we can get an amah. We are to have it by October 1st. There is a large garden and a pond on each side. We shall have the house all to ourselves. The rent is \$16.00 a month and we are to take it for three years. 25 August—you will be sorry to hear the house has come

to nothing. The two lads Jo Che Lai and Jo Che Yin came over last evening to say a heathen nephew had turned up just as they were going to sign the agreement and offered to fight his uncle if he dared to rent it to a foreigner. There are so many people connected with each house that it is almost impossible to find a place where all are agreeable. However, why should we fear? 'Some trust in chariots and some in horses, but our trust is in the name of the Lord'.

"We have been seeing some striking instances of idol worship. We were told it was out of date, but it is far from that. The heathen quite accept the idea the idol is the devil and use the words interchangeably. First, last month, they built a matshed by the boat-building works. There they had a piece of wood which was worshipped with much feasting and drum-beating for three days to propitiate the devil and let them build good ships. Again at Pak Chaan last week, one dark night, a brass drum began to beat and fire crackers go off in great bunches. By the glare of them we could see a priest dressed in scarlet dancing about one of the fishing boats. There was a red flag too. The noise got worse and worse, bullock horns were blown and more and more crackers sent off. It lasted for an hour. Buk Yow said: 'They have an idol in the bow and they are trying to frighten the devil away. Funny,' he added, 'they must think he is very easily frightened'. Last night, up here, there was a ship. It looked as large as a Toronto ferryboat and was one mass of light, all incense burning for the devil. It burned on until 1 or 2 a.m. It seemed *awful*. Surely where Satan's seat is, how he must rejoice at being worshipped and made much of. No wonder he is trying all he can to get us out of the country, feeble and worthless as we are. At the same time there was a lurid light of burning quite near us and drums playing.

A very rich man had died and they were burning models in paper of everything he had used or could need: house, furniture, servants, friends, etc. etc. It was a great blaze and lasted a long time and they really believed this and think he should be a very happy man because he will have so much. Next Saturday is the day on which all relatives burn paper models for their departed friends, to last another year and they seem as a rule indifferent as to what comes after death: 'It is trouble enough to live here

"Think of dear little Hope, knowing her Granny's picture already. Do not be afraid of loving her; love is of God and is the only thing that resembles Him in this sad bad world."

(*Helen*) In the autumn, Chiang Chai Hon, whom we used to call 'The King', helped them get the house where they were to live for all Father's and Mother's remaining years. This house was considered to be haunted and was empty. It belonged to all the people on the street and was next to the temple. The rent had to be divided amongst all the owners — six dollars a month. They had hardly moved in before Dorothy came down with typhoid, probably from living on the river, and Dr. Dobson felt that he must save her. He was a very good doctor. In later years he became very friendly.

(Letter to Christopher from Mother, Yeung Kong, 22 October 1920) "We had a most exciting time yesterday. I was quietly teaching A Ming and A Wing. Dorothy and Faan were studying. Chung Yin's mother had taken their baby to the hospital, so we only had Sheti here, who was holding the poor sick baby. Suddenly we heard a rifle shot and another. Then a man in a long, blue robe came rushing in, exclaiming: 'The fighting has begun'. He rushed

hither and thither to hide, into Dorothy's bedroom and finally into the storeroom. Dorothy and Faan ran to secure the gate. The carpenter hurried out the flag and Dorothy and I secured the back windows with pillows. Sheti was uoved. Certainly grandmothers are the prop and support of Chinese. Whatever happens the grandmother is called in. Is a young man sick? His grandmother conveys him to the hospital and nurses him. Does he want to go to study? She works hard to earn the money. Does he want to travel? She carries his luggage and so on. Well, blue robe, who is a teacher in the Government school, hid behind Sheti and the baby. The little boys got very excited of course, as the firing went on just beside us. I was greatly relieved to see Daddy come in safely. He was in the Post Office, which was open for the first time, also the stores. As soon as the firing began everything stopped short and in a trice every door was barred again. Daddy had to walk right by the temple where she fun was, but saw no harm done. A man pointed a rifle at him but did not shoot. In about half an hour it stopped. By degrees we learned what had happened. This new General Lai, who has taken command and seemed to promise so well, sent a letter to the captain of the enemy band, Ong, asking him to come here and make peace, and fight under him. This seemed such a good solution to their troubles that Dr. Dobson signed the letter too, and of course his name gave weight to the letter. Ong and thirty men arrived and were put up in the temple close to us. Ong was invited to a feast to meet the other officers, seized and thrown into prison and the shooting we heard was the soldiers trying to get his men. They naturally ran and hid and the soldiers rushed round going into shops and houses hunting them. No one was killed. They say Ong

had refused to submit to Lai and had gone to a merchant in town demanding money and threatening to kill him. Dr. Dobson feels dreadfully at having unknowingly been involved in this treachery. Ong's followers, about 250 men, hearing what had happened, turned on the villages where they were and killed ever so many. Now they have escaped to the hills and will be a menace to all the villages round. Surely poor China needs the Gospel to turn them from darkness to light. Nearly every day Taam brings someone here who wants to know the Gospel. Daddy gives a testament and says what he can and surely the results will appear some day."

(Letter to Christopher from Mother, Yeung Kong, 30 November 1920) "I wonder if you got my letter of last Friday telling how sick Dorothy was?She took sick about 10 days ago and has had a pretty high temperature ever since. We tried the lady doctor, Dorothy's friend, who dosed her with quinine. As that had no effect she tried a sick Dorothy was? Peruvian bark. Of course Daddy tried his medicines but these oriental diseases are quite new to us; we should have a book about them. Well, by Sunday I was in despair, shut up day after day with her, constantly wandering and talking nonsense, so we decided to see if Dr. Dobson would come. I do not think him a good doctor but he does his best and I believe is better than these Chinese men who speak a language you understand not, so I sent a note by Sheti and he came over immediately and has been most kind. He examined her thoroughly and said he thought she had typhoid—it was very much about and A Hoi and Jung Yi had both had it. It certainly must have been a very light kind they had, as A Hoi was only three weeks in the hospital and seems perfectly well now.

This is Jung Yi's third week and she has had no fever for some days now. He ordered much washing with cold water and absolute quiet of mind and body. We have also two kinds of medicine. One is a kind of clay, which she makes a great fuss over taking every three hours, and the other is fluid with a bad taste, every six hours. Her temperature is reduced about one degree now, hovering between about 103 and 104, instead of 104 and 105. She has milk or baby food every three hours and all the orange juice she can take. Dr. Dobson was delighted to find us well set up with KLIM which he considers the best preparation he knows. So you see your KLIM was all ready for her, my dear boy. Chiang has just been in. He has been away. He says he found many men in the country with the high fever, but no one had died. I suppose it is a form of typhoid. I feel that the Lord had His own purpose in this and if it brings harmony between us and the Mission it is worth a good deal. Mrs. Thomson was here on Friday and Miss Pike. They came directly they heard Dorothy was sick. Mrs. T. was only in Yeung Kong four days. She just packed and settled up and went back yesterday. They sail for England via Suez on December 23rd She is so brave and true and said she felt she must come here before she went away and face it, and she wanted to sleep in her room alone in the house, but Slaam Shaam said she should not and came up and slept in her room. The little girl had rheumatic fever and it went at once to her heart. Dr. Dobson told her George would never be fit for China again but she does not believe him. They expect to be away about a year and 'when we come back,' she said, 'there must be an end of this and we must all the friends. Why should we be unhappy

because the men quarrel?’ However, the Lord may touch their hearts.

“The jam will be lovely but I must keep it till Dorothy is able to eat it. She slept so well last night that I went to bed and had a very good sleep. Dr. Dobson is very much pleased with her condition this morning and thinks the disease is lessening. He does not know about Daddy’s little pills, which I expect do more real good than the clay.”

(Letter to John Stanley from his Grandmother, Yeung Kong, 1 December 1920) “Our dining room window is high up. I cannot reach it, but there is a bank of earth outside it and numbers of children come to watch us eat. Sometimes big people come too. There is one little boy called Taam Lum. He is quite small, about 8 years old, perhaps, and he carries a big baby brother on his back all the time. Whenever we are eating, he and the baby come and sit on the bank and watch us. I sit opposite the window and whenever I look up, there is Taam Lum and big fat baby watching all I eat. Sometimes Granddaddy talks to the little boys and asks them what our food is called in Chinese. We have mosquito netting over the windows, so we cannot hand them any food. Some of the naughty boys threw stones at the netting and made two big holes, so the flies can come in. ‘You are bad, sinful children,’ Granddaddy said, but they all shouted: ‘I did not do it; I am not sinful.’”

(Letter to Christopher from Mother, Yeung Kong, 16 December 1920) “This is Dorothy’s birthday and she is sitting up today for the first time; is to have a ‘real good meal’ for the first time for nearly a month. Dr. Dobson said she could have anything she liked, but we decided nice stewed chicken and sponge cake pudding and sweet potatoes would be a good beginning and a fine birthday

dinner. She is wonderfully well, considering, but her back and legs feel very stiff and weak and she tires very easily. It keeps me busy keeping people out of her room, which you know opens off the reception room, and if they once get in, they have no idea of paying a short visit. Two Bible women have been this morning and now she is lying down pretty tired.

“Poor Daddy had a fresh supply of men in. We had about 15 for Che Chop (meeting), then I had 12 boys for English. Two men came while they were working and Daddy read with them. Then he had a little study and 5 or 6 more came and they had a little more Bible reading. Then he rushed to the meeting room for something and 6 more came in his absence. He had a few minutes with them and then dinner came on the table. We had asked Faan to dinner as we had an extra good one and we had nicely begun when the pastor from Puk Waan arrived and Daddy brought him in to ‘eat rice’. You should have seen how they enjoyed the pudding. As soon as dinner was over an old woman and five girls arrived and Jung Yi made them tea and tried to entertain them. When I went into the reception room at 3 p.m. he was reading with 3 men and had hardly said goodbye to them and returned to study when 4 more men came and are still here. So you see he has a busy life. Poor Faan sometimes helps, but he finds it rather dull without Dorothy and says he is praying that she may soon be able to study.

“We got rather a shock on Sunday when Jung Yi told Dorothy and A Hoi (told) Daddy that Dr. Dobson had sent for him and asked him to come and live with the Lewis’ in 3 months. I think he must have been a little surprised that we said nothing to persuade them to remain,

but really he has been so indifferent to our comfort for so long, seeming to think it did not matter what we eat and taking no trouble to make bread, that in that way we really did not feel he would be much loss. On the other hand I believe he is a really good man and honest, and a good economical buyer, which is a great matter. On Saturday we ate our last crust and I spoke about bread. Oh, he would make 'minbouji' (buns). He makes horrible buns and it is almost impossible to make good ones here, as the baking powder is always poor and we have not a hot enough oven. So I said: 'I loathe minbouji'. Of course he did not know what 'loathe' meant, but it seemed to strike him and he set to work to make yeast and had some beautiful bread by Monday night. Unfortunately he could not give up the minbouji idea and made a big pan full and Daddy and I are still toiling through them. He has taken much more trouble all the week and really made things very comfortable. Of course on the boat there was not much scope for cooking and ever since we came here, he or Jung Yi have been sick. It seems a pity after he had helped us through all our troubles and then we have helped him through all this sickness, that we should have to part. But we shall see what he decides. Meanwhile I am praying that he may be guided aright. He is anxious to do the right thing and he is very cautious and it worries him to see so many men being baptized without what he considers due preparation. Sometimes they keep them waiting a year at the Mission. They have to know the 10 commandments, the Lord's Prayer and answer many questions. Of course Daddy may err on the other side, I don't know. Life is very puzzling."

(Letter from Dorothy to Christopher, Yeung Kong, 25 December 1920) "Thank you both very much for the pretty

stuff for a dress. It is lovely stuff and I think it is very pretty, but the Chinese regard anything red as improper for young women, so I think I shall make it up-for Mother, who scorns all the ancient customs. Jean must be careful not to have red or yellow clothes; I don't suppose you have, Jean. Yellow is mourning and unlucky. Raw silk is the regular mourning color. After this I am just going to make plain skirts and sort of middy blouses or tunics. The Chinese consider them more decent and respectable than ordinary blouses belted in at the waist.

“— — —- tries to deter people from coming by saying that Lai Sin Saang is so old that he will probably soon die or have to go home, though after all, he himself is only a few years younger. This mean, horrid saying has not come to Daddy's ears, so do not mention it in any letter back. It is particularly inappropriate as Daddy is so well and happy and alert. He seems as well as he ever was, but of course he does get very tired at times. People are here almost all day long reading, talking and in the intervals he studies Chinese and in the evenings writes letters. Early in the morning he gets up for his own reading. So you would be a great comfort to him, and he would talk things over with you in a way in which he will not with us.

“Today at the matshed they have their usual performance, a sermon, then the school boys and girls sing hymns, and then the school boys usually act a play. This last is not on the program and is only tolerated by the authorities though much rejoiced in by the multitude. Jung Yi felt she could not miss the show, so set out early and A Hoi somewhat shamefacedly set out later, just to look at it he said. He came back rather low, not having seen anything; there was such a tremendous crowd.”

(Letter to Christopher from Mother, Yeung Kong, 8 March 1921) “Our new cook (Yee Goo) is a treasure. She gets all kinds of new vegetables. Whereas A Hoi never got anything but that hateful ‘choy’, we have had nice green peas twice already and only 6 cents for all we could eat. Then she makes very good bread and keeps us supplied with it and does not put quantities of lard in it, as A Hoi insisted on doing. He was and is a good, honest man and he would not have let anything harm a hair of our heads, but he took absolutely no trouble to make us comfortable. Foo Hing is struggling with the washing and ironing, which is quite new to her, and she manages to get the things clean. The collars are the bug bear. I never could iron collars, but I made a strong effort yesterday and managed to iron 2 out of 5 (with the big charcoal iron) so that Daddy could wear them. Foo Hing washed out the rest again, and we are trying again tomorrow.”

“We are in full swing of work again and I shall be very busy now I suppose till the middle of June. I have the boys from 9 to 10. I had 7 this morning. Those 2 or 3 who have come regularly have learned quite a bit. A Ming read this morning without any difficulty ‘Three ducks swim on the pond. A bad boy gets a big stone and throws at the ducks. The stone hits one duck on the head and kills it. The others swim away’. Of course it sounds silly, but it means a good deal of hard work to get them on so far. The others come and go. Two arrived today who have not been since I broke up the class when Dorothy was ill. They can barely read ‘Have you a cat, etc.’ so it makes it difficult to teach. Dorothy has drawn quite a number of pictures on big sheets of paper and we both use them. Then of course the covers of the Literary Digest, which Frank Gill sends us and

sometimes has objects like flowers, etc. At 10 my 4 little girls come. They now come alone, which is a great relief, as the mamas and elder sisters and slave girls were a great nuisance. They stay until 11:30—at least I dismiss them then—but they potter round until we have dinner. They brought me 10 eggs this morning. Meanwhile, Dorothy and Daddy study after Che' Chop (morning prayers), till 9 and then Dorothy does her housekeeping and washes her baby and at 9:30 goes to the boys school, kept by the nice big man who was saved and baptized about Christmas time. There she teaches English to about 40 boys. Daddy studies meanwhile. Three days a week she teaches at the Lum House from 1 to 2 and 3 days teaches boys from 4:15 to 5. Then we try to take a little walk before tea. Daddy gives a Bible lesson at the school every day at 2 p.m. It is a wonderful opportunity, as the school is in a temple and comparatively open, on a public street, so numbers of people come in to listen. The big man who runs the school has already taught all his little boys to sing 'Je so of gno' (Jesus Loves Me) and has not one idol in the temple. He often comes over to Che' Chop in the evening, bringing 2 or 3 boys, and Chiang comes bringing his little tribe, and a man who lives in one of the cottages round the corner and is a professed R.C. comes with his wife and 2 children. On Sunday we had 50 boys and 10 girls at Daddy's school at 9 am and Dorothy had 30 women and girls and 30 boys at 2 p.m. She had pressed Daang into the service and he taught the boys in the porch."

(Letter from A. F. Willis to Aunt Dora, Yeung Kong, 11 March 1921) "We have been having a great ceremony next door; beating of brass drums and blowing of bugles, sounding very weird, like bag pipes...quantities of

firecrackers going off. Chiang told us with a giggle that they were keeping the birthday of the idol—'not your neighbor idol but the idol in the next room; it is his birthday, so they get a musicker and music—is my sentence correct?' He is very funny, but it makes one feel the reality of heathendom and the gross darkness which covers the people, to see them going on in this foolish way. This morning many crackers were going off, so Dorothy and I looked out and saw a string of people, each with a bowl or basket, going into the temple. Each one had a child...they came out again with the bowl full of food. The idol celebrated his birthday by a big feast and now it was being divided. One day this week I was out with the baby when I met Taam Buk Was and he took me into one of the temples a little farther along the street (in my morning walk with the baby, which is not 1/4 of a mile, I pass 5 temples). There were life size figures of generals, I think, near the door, one holding the reins of a white pony. Farther in the building was a man all dressed in sackcloth and other figures in gold and scarlet, all very clean and fresh. We passed through various rooms occupied by the soldiers who are quartered there, dining room, kitchens, etc., all mixed up with shrines and incense and idols. At last we came to a very large room. It had what you might call a broad counter down each side, with a railing in front. Behind the counter were niches, 5 on each side and each one contained 3 idols, small life size. In each case one of the three had an animal's head and horns (sheep, goat or cow). On the counter were innumerable figures, all symbols I am sure. The predominating feature was torture. Dorothy said it must have figured the tortures of hell. There was the representation of a burning pit and a bound man at the bottom and a devil carrying another

man, in the act of throwing him in. On the other side was a man being dragged along in chains. Then there was a tree and two men being hung on it and a man in the stocks, another being sawn in half, another being flayed and so on. There was another tree with a serpent coiled round it with a woman's head. It was the most fearsome place you can imagine, the expression of the faces was so wonderful. The figures were each about a foot high, all very bright colors. It was a most creepy place, but I want Dorothy and Jack to go and see it; it was the most extraordinary place I was ever in.

“We are hoping to get the ship off on a little missionary tour with some of the native helpers and we are also considering a school in that new village where the 28 men sent to ask for help. We have a school teacher in view. If it comes to anything he will rent a very small house and teach the children in the day time and the grownups in the evening. ‘How can they believe on Him of Whom they have not heard?’“

(Letter to Christopher from Mother, Yeung Kong, 7 April 1921) “Daddy has probably told you of our excitement last night, or rather this morning, when She Tai and Yee Goo waked up and found the ladder against the wall. Such a chattering and laughing and gesticulating and the baby enjoying the excitement kept cheering them on. It was quite dark, about 5 a.m. and they waked Dorothy up and Chiang Foon and after a long time we found out what had happened. It was really Sheng Chung Lai's fault. He ... is a very normal schoolboy with a warm heart for the Lord's things and an immense admiration for your father. He took the ladder into the garden to pick the tree melons and left it there. The garden has a high wall and a hedge in front facing the street. There was a big hole made in the

hedge. Then the ladder was against the wall between us and the garden. A roof slopes down from the wall, over the verandah and he had made a ladder of 2 bamboo sticks and some boards across, fastened with the clothes line. This he let down on the court side and visited our rooms, taking quite a few of our clean clothes, including all our 3 night gowns, which were nearly new, the pick of handkerchiefs, Dorothy's and my slip waists, a shirt of Daddy's and Dorothy's and Daddy's under flannels, a skirt of mine and 3 good linen towels. The basket was at the foot of Daddy's bed on a little table. Daddy's watch was hanging in his vest just above it. His trousers with several dollars were close by and my watch and spectacles were on the bureau. The clock was on Daddy's bureau by the basket and I suppose its ticking led to its capture. The only thing taken in Dorothy's room was her watch, which was really no good. Of course the excitement waxed higher and higher as the men and boys came to prayers and everyone had to examine the ladder and the footprints and the hole. I expect we shall be overrun with puppies, as at least 3 people have offered to provide us with a dog. Yee Goo had gone into the street as soon as it got at all light and found 7 handkerchiefs, a bib and Dorothy's slip-waist, scattered along the road. I wish he had dropped my skirt or Dorothy's good blue flannelette night gown. But 'they took joyfully the spoiling of their goods, having a *better* and *enduring* substance'. Taam Buk Was brought a civil official, who took a list of the things, made out by Faan and measured the footprints. Later Chiang Chai Hong sent the head of the police to investigate. You need not feel at all worried. These petty thieves abound and of course we shall see that the ladder

is not left there again, and Daddy is thinking of building a wall in place of the hedge.

“We have been much interested in the grave decoration which took place on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. All the schools had holidays and we managed to get a few less classes. But the great thing was the giving of tracts. About 3 or 4 thousand were distributed by Daang and Taam and 2 or 3 more. *We* went out on Tuesday. The people were just flowing along like a stream, carrying the remains of their picnics in baskets. Daddy stood at one point where a very narrow path crossed between two fields full of water, and gave tracts as fast as he could hand them out. Only one man refused. He gave 1000 in about an hour. We also took advantage of having soft water and a sunny day to wash our mosquito nets, which was a great business. We got a woman to come with a bundle of branches on the end of a long bamboo and sweep all the inside of the roof, in case any more centipedes were there. She brought down much dirt and various insect nests, but no centipedes. After this we had a ‘personally conducted sweep’ of the floors, moving boxes and finding spiders and white ants, etc. So now we feel very clean and really I was very tired.”

(*Helen*) In July, 1921 Mother felt that she should return to Canada to be with Aunt Dora, who had had another stroke and was depressed and lonely. She arrived in Victoria in early August.

(Circular Letter from A. F. Willis, after arriving in Victoria, B.C. from China, 15 August 1921) “Just a week ago today I arrived here, after a voyage of about 19 days from Hong Kong. We had a good trip and fair weather most of the way, with the exception of a typhoon as we were passing Formosa. There were a number of missionaries

on board, some very earnest Christians, and we had some interesting, and I trust profitable conversations. We (Mr. Willis, Dorothy and I) spent some time in Kowloon before I sailed, in a small flat. Kowloon is just opposite Hong Kong, on the mainland, Hong Kong being on a large island. Ferries run constantly between the two points. In Kowloon, as everywhere, there is an open door for the gospel. Mr. Willis went out nearly every evening and spoke a few words on the street, and distributed tracts, which were eagerly received. He was joined by a Mr. Winter, a young man who is working on the Boat Mission in Canton; he and his dear wife were having a little holiday, and staying almost next door to us. It was a great pleasure to meet two such bright earnest young Christians, so deeply interested in spreading the Gospel. We spent a couple of days in Canton and visited the boat where the Mission is carried on. It would be difficult for anyone to imagine the number of boats on the Canton River. It is quite wide but is so full of boats it is difficult to steer between. In each boat one or two families live altogether, very seldom going ashore. The able bodied men work, as a rule, on the large boats, carrying cargoes, and the wives and children live on the small family boats and earn their living by carrying passengers and freight from place to place. Each boat, however small or poor, has its little shrine and incense burning before it. Their possessions are few, a couple of pots to boil rice or fish, a small earthenware stove, a few bowls and chopsticks, a pillow of china or leather and a warm quilt. The small children are tied by ropes to the side, and if they own a cat, it is treated in the same way. Often they are intensely ignorant, hardly one can read, though those working amongst them find them intelligent and responsive. The

Boat Mission is very small, and the members of it receive no remuneration, but turn entirely to the Lord for support, and during the five or six years they have been at work all their needs have been supplied. At present there are five workers, three in Canton and two others on boats in other rivers. Of course, as everywhere, the language is the great difficulty, but it is wonderful how these young people have mastered it. In Canton they have three good sized boats. One is used for a girls' school, another for a boys' school, and the third the three missionaries live in, and here they hold Gospel meetings, though the work is carried on, I think, largely by visiting the small boats. The schools are taught by native Christians. The hardships and difficulties are very many, but all are happy and rejoicing in the many souls being gathered in, and receiving Christ. It was very refreshing to meet Christians, who were so desirous to be entirely guided by the Scriptures, and believed every word of the Bible to be inspired. One longs for them to be led on and see the place of separation fully. While in Hong Kong, our younger daughter joined us from Peking, and was to return to Yeung Kong with her father and sister next day. The journey takes, as a rule, about three days.

“We spent two very interesting weeks on our own little boat just before leaving Yeung Kong. The first week we visited our old boatman's village “Gow Tow”. Unfortunately most of the people were away in Yeung Kong at the Dragon Boat Festival, but some of the old women and children gathered round and listened to the ‘old, old story’. One woman in particular, who could not get into the boat, stood at the side listening through the window. She was very old and very poor, and for many years had been a vegetarian, which is a strict form of the Buddhist religion, adopted by

many who feel the burden of their sins. She asked many questions, 'What is sin?' 'How can it be got rid of?' 'Who is Jesus?' 'How can I reach Him?' 'Will He bear the sins of a poor Chinese woman?' 'When the truth of the gospel really penetrated into her heart, her whole expression changed. 'I understand,' she said, 'it is a heart affair, I do believe in Jesus and trust Him'. Her whole expression changed. It is at such times heat and weariness and loneliness are entirely forgotten, and one has a little taste of the joy so graphically described in Luke 15. The second night we spent at a small village called Bak Shik (White Stone) and had a little meeting. Adjoining this village is Hak Shik (Black Stone). Here Mr. Willis met a young school master who was anxious to be baptized and begged for forty gospels that his scholars might be taught from the Bible rather than Confucius. Our next stop was Gap Teang, which is as far as our boat will go up the river. Here a little company of five Christians have been gathered during the past year. They have been down to Yeung Kong many times and were baptized there and now were very anxious to remember the Lord. Mr. Willis had several meetings with them during the few days we were there, and was much encouraged. We were obliged to return to Yeung Kong for Sunday, and had work there all the week, but left Chung Shuan Foo, the native Evangelist there. The following Friday we set off again for Gap Teang, leaving about four p.m. It was a beautiful moonlight night and the men took us a long way up the river. However, during the night a heavy storm came on, and by morning the wind and current were directly against us. We tried to pole against them but were blown ashore, and finally anchored. Collecting the men, Mr. Willis had reading and prayer, and prayed that we might be able to go

on our way to Gap Teang. When we had ended, old A Yik, who is a very experienced boatman, remarked that when the wind got into that quarter, it was usually days before it changed. The words were hardly out of his mouth when it changed to the desired quarter, the sail was hoisted and we reached Gap Teang before supper time. The men were amazed and said: 'It is the hand of God'. Dorothy writes as to our arrival. 'That evening there was to be a meeting at seven p.m. and we wanted some of the women to come and sit in the room behind, but they are as scary as rabbits. Mother and I herded five of them to the door and then a little boy balked and his mother could not get him to enter. Daddy carried him in bodily and fearful shrieks ensued, which were drowned by a hymn. They had just found their places to read, when a man came running in to say there was a band of soldiers trying to force open the gate. Gap Teang is a market town and has a wall and a tower. At the news of the soldiers, all the men and most of the women fled at once. There was a great uproar of shouting, etc. and presently of course the soldiers got in. They were Yeung Kong soldiers marching up the country to fight—not enemies—but soldiers are apt to be disorderly here. There were sounds as if one of the huge fat pigs that are always lying about the streets of Gap Teang was being killed, but otherwise I do not know that they did any harm. Presently most of the men came back to the hall and the meeting began. We felt the power of Satan was very evident, first in trying to keep us from coming, and then in constantly disturbing the meeting. And doubtless he was very averse that the Breaking of Bread should be begun in this village, where until last year there was not even a Christian man. Well, Daddy and Chung S.S. had quite a nice meeting and

decided who should break bread the next day, in spite of constant interruptions from people who came in to say the soldiers were entering such and such a house. Meantime it was pouring rain, and the hall leaked in several places. After the meeting was over, we still waited for the rain to stop, and Chung Slin Shaang ("Mr. Chung"), to entertain the people, told them the story of Moses. He had not got very far when someone shouted that a centipede was running about the floor. General consternation! And as they could not find it, they all sat with their feet up apprehensively looking about.

"At last we borrowed umbrellas, and got safely to the boat. We had not been asleep long when we were awaked by a jerk. Up here we are almost at the head of the river, where it branches into different streams, and perhaps it is on this account, that when it rains hard, the water comes down all at once with a rush. The water getting suddenly deep the anchor chain was too short, and would I suppose have pulled us down, but the men at once rushed to the bow and let out more chain. Then with great difficulty they poled to another place to anchor, and during the night they were twice up again, looking for a better anchorage. The little narrow river expanded almost to a lake, covering great banks and flats of sand which lie on both sides. Next day, Sunday, it gradually went down and by evening was quite normal. Sunday morning at eleven was the Breaking of Bread, and a very sweet and solemn meeting. There were ten of us altogether present, of whom five were Gap Teang men. One of them, Mr. Poon, is a very earnest, intelligent man. He was talking to us this morning, saying: 'The Bible certainly is good. The doctrine is very deep. The characters, of course, I know, but the doctrine has many mysteries.

At night I light my lamp and read, and my heart is very happy'. Daddy was turning to the passages telling what the Word of God is: Milk, a Light, a Sword, Seed. When we came to Seed, 'Ah,' said Poon Slin Shaang, 'that is the 13th of Matthew; I was reading that a few days ago'. It is so very seldom that the Chinese Christians know where a passage is."

"I have got to know several women here. One of them, a Mrs. Liu, is very intelligent and bright and has had me in the house a great deal, to talk the doctrine. She calls in the neighbor women, who want to hear, and ejects as well as she can the men who talk and distract. She has two naughty, cute little boys whom she hammers with her fan, when they make too much noise. Nearly everything I say she repeats in case the hearers should not understand. Altogether she is quite the 'Master of Ceremonies', and quite a help, though also at times rather trying. Her husband also believes, and I hope they both will soon be baptized."

"We visited Die Baat on the Tuesday. The river had risen very high and had to be forded twice. Dorothy and I were in sedan chairs, but my husband had to walk through the water up to his waist—you can imagine how wet he was. On reaching Die Baat, he managed to get some dry trousers, and we had a meeting of about twenty Christians and a few others. Later on he baptized six more in the river. About three o'clock we returned to Gap Teang by a small boat. The next day, Wednesday, the boats began to collect for the market, which is held every five days. Nearly 100 boats were moored close to the shore, which is a long broad strip of sand. Mr. Willis and the native Christians had a meeting on the shore, which was well attended. Dorothy

was busy too with the women in Mrs. Liu's house. Five or six told her they wanted to be Christians, and in the evening twenty men said the same thing. These enquirers will need much teaching. On Friday we returned to Yeung Kong, did our packing and started early Tuesday morning for Hong Kong. In spite of pouring rain twenty or more of the dear native Christians came to see us off, and brought us presents of fruit and eggs. On the Monday we had a meeting at the meeting room to commend us to the Lord on our journey, and the brethren served us tea and cakes, and we participated in our first Yeung Kong tea meeting. It was a very happy season and it was hard to say Goodbye. Each one asked the same question: 'When are you coming back?' I am afraid this is a very long letter, but there seems so much to tell, and my heart is much in China."

A few weeks after Mother returned to Victoria, Christopher and family left for China. The baby, Frances Mary, was a few months old.

(Christopher) The ship sailed from Vancouver and it was, I think, about one o'clock in the morning before it reached Victoria. Mother came down to see us off. There was a note from Mr. Stanley McDowell with \$200 in it, which was most welcome as we had almost nothing left after paying our passages and various expenses. Mother went back alone to the hotel and there sat down and wrote the following poem, which she gave to me long afterward:

ON CHRISTOPHER SAILING FOR CHINA

(The name Christopher means "Christ Bearer") Joyfully, gladly, my son I give to Thee; And still I deem him Thy choice gift to me, What Thou hast given, with joy, I give again, And yet what pain in joy and joy in pain.

The Move to China

Speak not my heart to me of utter loneliness; I have a Friend, whose every touch is tenderness; Say not I miss the shelter of that strong young arm; Not only is my Lord a Sun, but shield from every harm. Lord, Thou didst weep on earth, forgive these tears, Speak comfort to my heart, allay a mother's fears. My firstborn son, my Christopher, I send thee forth, Show out in heathen darkness what that name is worth. When first a winsome babe upon thy mother's knee, Thy parents gave that name of "Christopher" to thee, 'Twas with the ardent wish that thou shouldst serve the Lord,

Shouldst carry forth to needy souls this blessed word. And, Lord, Thou hast given to me my heart's desire, I see my boy go forth, his heart with love afire, With love to Thee, with love to souls in direst need. O Lord, I thank Thee, thank Thee with my heart indeed. Thou wilt preserve them all, the little ones, the wife, Who have gone forth in faith, alone, to this unequal strife.

Wilt keep those left behind, Thy promise wilt fulfill, E'en to hoar hairs, to carry those who seek Thy will.

Victoria, B.C., October, 1921.

After Christopher and his family had left for China, Mother brought Aunt Dora east to Toronto, and it was arranged that she should board with Mabel and Bertha Sydney at 39 Melville we. The Sydneys were old friends and Mabel a practical nurse, which ensured she would receive suitable care. They spent a very happy summer at Swallows' Nest together in 1922.

(*Somerville*) Mother and I took a small apartment next door to the Sydneys. We furnished it with what remained of the family furniture in storage in Toronto and Montreal and spent a quiet winter there. I was at the time working

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at the Harris Abattoir and was out from 7:15 a.m. till after 6:00 p.m. and often later. However, Mother was able to spend most of her time with Aunt Dora, which was a great pleasure to her. Both were extremely grateful to Mr. Fleck, who picked them up every Sunday for the morning meeting at Gladstone Avenue. For me it was a unique privilege to have Mother “to myself”.

Christopher and Family Move to China

Chapter 72.

Christopher, Jean and the three children reached Hong Kong in the autumn of 1921 and were met by his father and Dorothy and Helen. They had brought two valuable goats to provide milk for the children. While living in a flat in Sham Shui Po, Kowloon, waiting for a steamer to Kong Moon, the goats were stolen. After a few days the family got to Kong Moon safely.

(Christopher) We had to spend a little time there waiting for a junk to Yeung Kong. The kind missionaries of the Boat Mission took us in and we slept on their boat. We had

no mosquito nets and the mosquitoes were awful. It was probably there the seeds of malaria were sown.

The junk to Yeung Kong was very crowded, so we decided to put the three children to bed on the after deck. There was a great pile of goose baskets up there, perhaps ten or twelve feet high, but plenty of room for us. During the night we were towed down the Kong Moon River, which was perfectly smooth, but before daybreak we reached the open sea where the waves were high and it was not long till the pile of baskets fell over, just missing the heads of the three children. I suppose another six inches and it would have killed them all.

Through the mercy of God we finally reached Yeung Kong safely and settled in. My father had had a little gallery built in the room we occupied and here the children slept, while we had the room below. The rats were terrible, but we finally caught two big ones in one trap and that helped for awhile. It was November when we reached Yeung Kong and we started to study the language: "Yum, yum, yum, yum, yum", over and over again, each "yum" having a different tone and each meaning something quite different to the other "gums".

I think it was Christmas Day that John went down with his first attack of malaria and he was quite sick with a high temperature, but came around fairly soon. About a month later he waked us one morning before five with screams of fright. I hurried to him and took him in my arms. He was burning hot and having the most terrible dreams. The room where we stayed was next door to an idol temple, with only a thin brick wall between, and he could hear the idol worship going on, and as he passed the temple in the daytime he could see the horrible idols. He dreamed

that these idols were trying to get hold of him. I got the thermometer and it shot up to 105. I did not wait for it to go higher; all the house was awake by now and I got them to bring a cold bath and I put him into this and my father sent a man to go to the city gate near the hospital, so that the moment it was opened he could go out and call the doctor. The doctor had a bicycle and came as soon as he was called (the gate opened at six). As soon as he came in he said: "Take that child out of that bath; you'll kill him".

Then began a long hard fight. Every eleven hours and a half his temperature would go up and when it reached (I think it was) 103 he would see these horrible idols coming after him again. It was not long before Hope went down with relapsing fever, I think the first case the doctor had had of this disease. He had treated her for malaria but the quinine had no effect and one injection turned into a great abscess. Fanny had developed whooping-cough and had it very badly, almost strangled with the cough, but not only that—the powdered milk we had for her acted like poison to her and we could find nothing that she could digest. Hope was frightfully ill and when awake would only lie in my arms and I would watch her and wonder with each breath if it was to be her last. And yet, through all, we had a sort of sheet anchor that we fell back upon. We had come to China in the face of the most bitter opposition from my wife's relations, who insisted that all the children would die. This had driven us to the Lord in very earnest prayer as to whether or not we should give up all thought of China. The Lord (I have not a doubt) gave us that beautiful verse: "And those children whom ye say shall perish in the wilderness shall inherit the land... .Your little ones, which ye said should be a prey, them will I bring in". And

we felt the Lord could not go back on that promise, nor let our opposers triumph.

I think it must have been the latter part of March that Dr. Dobson, the doctor at the Presbyterian Hospital, told us that we must take the children away to the hospital in Hong Kong. He told us of a hospital, "The Matilda", that took in those who were poor, free of charge. And there was no doubt we were poor. The dear Chinese saints were so kind and good. They had a special meeting to commend us to the Lord the morning we sailed, and how well I remember one of the brothers giving out that hymn: "Take the Name of Jesus with you, Child of sorrow and of care". It was like balm to our troubled hearts. When we got down to the mouth of the river where we usually got on board the junk to take us to Kong Moon we found that this trip there was not to be a junk but a real little steamship, with a tiny cabin to ourselves. I never remember such a thing happening again; it must surely have been the Lord's tender care of us, for He saw we were near the end of our tether. In spite of being held up by pirates in the Kong Moon River, we reached the ship for Hong Kong ten minutes before it sailed.

When we arrived in Hong Kong, the doctor at The Matilda Hospital refused to take the children in, because we had no letter from Dr. Dobson, and we waited on a boat in the harbor. Finally they were admitted, but each day the doctor thought would be their last.

Our funds were exhausted and we lived in a cheap room in Sham Shui Po (Kowloon), but the doctor insisted that we move nearer to the children (the Matilda Hospital is on The Peak on Hong Kong Island). The little meeting at Gordon Bay had sent a draft that met the cost.

We could not return to Yeung Kong and the doctor at the Matilda Hospital insisted that we take John and Fanny north on the next boat. Hope, he felt, was too ill to travel.

On our way out to China we had met Margaret, the daughter of our old friend Mr. J. L. Duff, who was traveling with us on the Canadian Pacific "Empress of Japan".

When the ship stopped at Shanghai en route to Hong Kong we met her father, Mr. J. L. Duff, starting a friendship of many years. Mr. Duff had said that he was sure the children would not stand the climate of South China and asked me to cable him and he would have a place for the family on Kuling, a mountain resort above Kiukiang on the Yangtse River, in Central China.

So I cabled Mr. Duff and booked passages for the whole family, including Hope. We had with us a Chinese nursemaid (amah), Ah Mo, the widow of a fisherman lost at sea, who had worked for the Presbyterian missionary families in Yeung Kong.

When we reached Shanghai we did not know where the Missionary Home was, so we took rickshaws and the coolies pulled us there. We met Miss Spurling for the first time. She sent a man with us to the Yangtse boat, took care of all our baggage, did everything that could be done.

I suppose we traveled Chinese style, first class. Ah Mo was with us and between us all we could not speak one word of Mandarin, so you can guess what a fix we were in.

We reached Kiukiang (the port for Kuling) about 2 a.m. and got the family all out on the floating dock that was anchored there, with all our baggage. It was pitch dark, you could not see your hand in front of you and the narrow walk way round the covered shed on this pontoon was only about three feet, maybe four feet, wide. I was terrified

one of the children would fall in. Mr. Duff had assured us someone would meet us, but there was nobody. I was at my wit's end. A Chinese came and poured out a volley of talk; I had no idea what. However, finally he took possession of our baggage and I supposed it was a brigand going off with our possessions. Then he insisted we go too. There seemed no way out, so we did so, down a gangway after him. We found all our baggage in a sort of big punt and we got in on top. We started down the Yangtse but soon turned off into a sort of dark, narrow creek—no doubt leading us to his hideout! But soon he beached his boat, signaled us to get out and follow him, and he led the way to a respectable looking house. We were very puzzled. He banged on the door and shouted "K'ai men, k'ai men" (open the door, open the door). And in time somebody did open it and our kind "brigand" brought in all our baggage and we discovered this was "The Rest House"; a very pleasant introduction to this excellent system. We had a nice, clean room upstairs to ourselves and soon had beds on the floor for the children. There were iron beds with wire springs, but we had neither mattresses nor sleeping mats, so the floor was best.

I got up fairly early and went out to find Mr. Duff's house. I wandered about till I was hopelessly lost. I tried to ask, but nobody understood and I understood nobody. I was standing at a corner, completely and hopelessly lost, not knowing what to do next. Just then a nicely dressed young man came up to me and asked in perfect English: "Could I help you?" "Please, I want to find Mr. Duff's house," said I. "That is easy. I work for him and am on my way there now." And so it was not long till we were sitting down to a sumptuous breakfast, all our baggage brought to us and soon after we were packed into a motor car for the drive

of 12 or 14 miles across the plain to the “foothills”. Then there were chairs for Jean and the children and coolies for the baggage, and the long climb up the mountain started.

The air grew cooler and beautiful flowers began to appear and in time we saw Mr. Duff himself coming to meet us. The mountain was beautiful and when at last we passed through “The Gap” and the whole beautiful valley opened before us, the sight seemed too beautiful for words. It was April 27th 1922, our sixth wedding anniversary.

Mr. Duff led us to a comfortable, roomy flat, with a verandah overlooking all this beauty and at the other side the Recreation Ground and the British School. What a relief from the strain of the last few months. The children could go out and play without having to be watched. John came in to dinner next day, his cheeks glowing, ‘Daddy, I’ve played all morning with a little American boy and do you know, he speaks English quite well!’

Mr. Duff got us a young man to teach us Chinese, but he was rather a failure, for he found it impossible to keep awake while he taught us, but I suppose we learned a little. The good, cool, clear air of the mountain top restored us all to health and in September I was well enough to go back to Yeung Kong, leaving Jean and the children in Ku ling.

Days of My Pilgrimage

Never a Dull Moment

Chapter 73.

(*Somerville*) Mother's intention had been to return to Yeung Kong in the late summer of 1922, but towards the end of May we heard from David that he was in hospital in Timmins, Ontario. He had just completed his second year in Engineering at McGill University and had taken a job with the Timiskiming and Northern Ontario Railway on a survey in preparation of an extension of their line from Cochrane to James Bay, following the course of the Abitibi River. Shortly after joining the party, however, he cut his knee cap when sharpening a stake. The cut did not appear serious, but the head of the party immediately sent him out by canoe for treatment at the hospital in Timmins.

The trip took a couple of days and by the time he reached Timmins the cut had become infected. The doctor sewed up the cut, which naturally made drainage impossible, and the infection spread both up and down the leg. David wrote at first cheerfully, but after a few days he told us he was in great pain and felt that the treatment he was receiving at the hospital was wrong. As soon as we heard this, Mother and I decided that we should go to Timmins and left immediately.

On our arrival we found David in worse condition than we had been led to believe. He was running a high temperature and the wound had begun to discharge both above and below the knee. Yet the doctor did nothing about it and all the matron of the hospital (a Roman Catholic Sister) could recommend was prayer. Against the protest of the doctor we determined that we should bring David to Toronto without further delay, and did so by the next morning's train. The 24-hour journey was a serious ordeal for him and when we finally got him to the Toronto General Hospital, the doctors found the infection had traveled from groin to ankle. Tubes were inserted, but in the days before antibiotics it took a long time to reduce the infection. Indeed the first time he was allowed to leave the hospital was for Christmas dinner. My future wife, Mary Fleck, was taking her medical training at the hospital at this time. She visited David frequently and did much to keep up his spirits.

(*Helen*) I had come south to Yeung Kong in 1921 to be with Dorothy when Mother returned to Canada. It was during the summer of 1922, that the second Chinese baby arrived. One morning when we were at breakfast, some women came to the door and said: "We've been given this

baby to drown. It's such a nice little baby that we didn't want to drown it. Will you take it?" So we sent it to the doctor to see if it was healthy. It hadn't even been washed; it had been born at cockcrow and brought to the door at breakfast time. The doctor tidied it up and we took it. She was named Tien Chei ("Heaven's Gift") after Dorothy ("Gift of God").

After Mother's return to Canada, Father became increasingly lonely without her. In the summer of 1922 he returned to Canada and went with her back to Port Hope.

(Christopher) I left Kuling during the autumn of 1922 and went down to Yeung Kong to help with the work, my father being away in Canada. Conditions around Yeung Kong were very unsettled and the brigands were very bad. Large bands of them used to roam the country, stealing and burning and carrying off people for ransom. That winter they got bold enough to attack Yeung Kong itself. There were quite a few Government troops in the city and they put up a certain amount of good fight. The brigands made their attacks chiefly from a point outside the city walls about opposite our house, which was on Nam Moon Gai (South Gate Street). Many refugees came to us for shelter and we built barricades with boxes of books across the front of the "T'ing", or living room which had an open front facing the city wall.

We were reading in the Psalms in our morning reading at that time and the refugees in our house all attended. We were about at the 31st Psalm and as the days went by we had the 32nd, 33rd, 34th and other Psalms before us. These seemed to fit so well: for instance, note Psalms 31:21, "Blessed be the Lord: for He hath showed me His marvelous loving kindness in a strong city". And Psalms

31:24, “Be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart, all ye that hope in the Lord”. And Psalms 33:16 to 19, also Psalms 34:7, “The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him and delivereth them”, and other Scriptures. We had some of these verses written out in large Chinese characters on red paper and pasted up outside on either side of our door, as is the custom in China. I believe these posters gave a certain confidence in the true God to many.

The battle grew fiercer and at last our garrison decided it was time they left. The brigands were massed opposite the South Gate, so the soldiers collected what they could carry and went quietly, after dark, to the North Gate and departed. Soon the rumor came to us that all our garrison was gone and I decided to go and see if this were true. I found the street leading to the North Gate littered with various articles that our soldiers had thrown away in their haste to get away, just like the army of the Syrians in 2 Kings, chapter 7.

The scaling ladders of the brigands were placed against the city wall exactly opposite our house. My sisters, our old cook and I sat at the closed door, as we supposed our house would be the first one they would come to when they got into the city. We had a good watch dog who would usually bark furiously if a stranger came near the house. We prayed to the Lord to keep the dog quiet, that he might not attract the attention of the robbers, and we prayed that they might pass by our door. It was not long till we heard feet coming down the path from the wall, and as they got near the house we could hear the loud whisper, “Mo pa, mo pa!” (No fear, no fear!). The dog did not bark and not a soul touched our

door; they rushed along down the street to the South Gate, to open it and let their comrades in.

Meanwhile the old cook prepared tea and when in course of time they came beating at our door we opened at once and begged them to come in and “Yum cha” (drink tea). But they politely excused themselves, on the ground that they were too busy. Our old landlord was one of the wealthy men in the city and one of the first they would seek, so he came to us and hid under the bed in the innermost room. It was not long till we could see fires being started in various parts of the city and again we resorted to prayer, and again the Lord heard and answered.

When we first came to Yeung Kong from Canada we had to have some furniture made—cots for the children, etc.—and my father and I went down to the street where most of the carpenters were located and quite at random went into one of the shops and ordered what we needed. When I returned alone from Kuling one of the brothers said to me one morning: “I’ll take you out to visit the Christians”. I had learned to know and love them during the few months I had been there when first I came, so it was very pleasant to renew our acquaintance. After a bit we went down to the street where the carpenters were and in due course to the very shop where they had made our children’s cots. I said to the brother: “I did not know this carpenter was a Christian when we bought the furniture from him”. He replied: “No, he was not, but do you remember when you paid your bill you gave him a copy of ‘The Traveler’s Guide’ in Chinese? He read it and became a Christian and came up to ask to be baptized. Now he is one of our most trusted Christians”. What an encouragement!

Christopher returned to Kuling in April, 1923, where his fourth child, George Christopher, was born on 8 May 1923. Then his father and mother, having spent nearly a year in Toronto and Port Hope, returned to China. Christopher went to Japan to meet them while Dorothy and Helen, with their two Chinese babies, stayed in Kuling with Jean. Christopher returned to Kuling with his father and mother. Shortly afterward Dorothy returned to Canada to care for Aunt Dora and Helen accompanied her father and mother south to Hong Kong en route to Yeung Kong.

However, at Hong Kong they heard that there was fresh fighting in Yeung Kong and had to spend a month waiting. Eventually they got back to Yeung Kong in the early autumn of 1923.

(Helen) That was the time we traveled with a party of nuns, headed by the Mother Superior, a very large, stout person visiting from New York. The nuns occupied the women's cabin, which could be reached only by crawling through a hole under the table in the main cabin and dropping a distance of about three feet. In the morning the Mother Superior emerged, like a cork out of a bottle, saying thinly: "I shall never travel on a junk-ship again!"

On reaching Yeung Kong we found that there were disturbances all round it and at one time they thought the city was going to be besieged again. The house was filled with refugees. Father and Dr. Dobson went out to interview the opposing generals. Anyway, the place settled down and they went on with their regular work all that winter.

In June Somerville was married. We did not know the exact day, but about 2 a.m. Mother awoke with them much on her mind. She prayed earnestly for them. Later we found that was just the hour they were being married.

I have a vivid mental picture of Mother sitting quietly on a low chair in the “ting”—the open sitting room—with her Bible on her lap. She read and meditated much and occasionally dropped words of great wisdom. She could not speak Chinese, but she spoke by kind words and looks and worked by her prayers. Father and Dorothy had learned the language and had a school and Sunday School in addition to meetings. Then we had “The Factory”. The women all had to help support their families. They used to do handwork connected with idolatry, but had to give this up when they were baptized. So we had them do embroidery. Some of them could do lovely work, mostly on the native hand woven grass linen. Then we sent it to Canada and different ones were very kind about selling it. But it was a great labor drawing out the designs for them. The older women used to twist the hemp into thread and then we called in a weaver and he would make up about 100 yards of cloth at a time.

The Summer of 1924 we went up the river in the Gospel houseboat and managed to reach for the first time the city at the headwaters, Wong Nai Wan. We distributed tracts and preached in many market towns and villages on the way back. But after returning to Yeung Kong Father was taken very ill with malaria and finally Mother wrote to Christopher to come down from Shanghai. In Hong Kong he purchased a comfortable iron bed. We had only one bed; the rest of us slept on canvas cots or Chinese bed boards—very uncomfortable when ill. But Daddy insisted upon Mother sleeping in the bed. Christopher came overland and sent the new bed by sea. On the way it was captured by pirates, but eventually reached us.¹¹ It was such

11 See “Tales From the Middle Kingdom”.

an unheard of thing for any cargo seized by pirates to be recovered, that the merchants of Yeung Kong would not let us pay any freight, or any charges for the expense of rescue. "It was on account of your bed that your God protected all the cargo", they said.

(*Christopher*) The day after I arrived Helen came down with typhoid fever. The doctor said that she would never have survived except for Mother's careful nursing. He said that they must not continue to sleep on the ground floor of the house, so she was carried out to the summer house in the garden and I took the roof off the house and proceeded to build an upstairs, adding a chimney. This was the first chimney of its kind in Yeung Kong and I watched it being built, brick by brick, because when the chimney had been built at the Roman Catholic nunnery the workmen had failed to make an opening into it from the fire place and the smoke had filled the room. The Willis chimney drew perfectly.

Dorothy came back from Canada, and just before Christmas Mother and Father and Helen went out to Hong Kong by junk. Helen went on to Canada and Mother and Father returned to Yeung Kong.

(*Helen*) When I landed in Vancouver on Christmas day, 1924, David met me there. He was on his way out to Hong Kong, and was there for two or three years: during 1925 as advertising manager for the *China Mail*, and then accountant with a Hong Kong construction company.

Christopher had moved his family from Kuling to Nanking, and they had hoped to start work in a town of inland China. But when he returned to Nanking from Yeung Kong there was increasing trouble in China, and they decided to move to Shanghai. He hoped to be able to

carry on the book room work there which he had started in Kuling. They had very little money, but the Lord gave him the verse “I have commanded the ravens to feed thee there” (1 Kings 17:4) The family stayed a month at the Missionary Home, and its head, Miss Spurling, provided him with a little room, about six foot square, for a book room. One of the young brothers from Yeung Kong, Chung Chun Lai, came up to help him. And so the Christian Book Room began at 3 Quinsan Gardens in January, 1925. And “having obtained help of God” it “continues unto this day”.

Days of My Pilgrimage

No Certain Dwelling Place

Chapter 74.

(*Helen*) During the winter of 1925 two more little Chinese baby girls were added to the Yeung Kong household. One day two old women came to the door with a baby—just skin and bone. It weighed only a few pounds but had all its teeth. They said the father had died and the baby had been born after the mother had been married off to another man who did not want it. The baby had been given to a woman who brought up babies as if they were kittens or dogs or pigs. She grew tired of this baby and gave it to the two old women to drown. They had heard that the foreigners in South Gate Street took babies. The servants, who were all Christians, said: “If you’ll only take it we’ll

do all the work". The poor little creature didn't know how to smile and did not dare to cry and would hardly eat. She was named Tien Fook ("Heaven's Blessing").

Soon afterward a baby girl was born to a family just down the street. They were determined to get rid of it, so Mother took it (she and Daddy had been able to return to Yeung Kong by this time in early 1925). The child was called Be Booye ("Precious").

There were now four little Chinese girls in the household, and that seemed enough. But three or four years afterward we were told of a baby whose mother was dying, and the father did not know how he could keep the baby. She was a particularly attractive baby three months old, and was a great joy to the family. That baby was Hei Mong—"Happy Hope"—who grew up to be a most precious and beloved daughter, now a nurse in Canada.

(Letter to Somerville from Father, Yeung Kong, 29 May 1925) "We have been to Kwong Mei again and I have seen and heard for the first time a person talking to a mud idol. She was telling it about some person she hated and requesting it to put him out of the way, and the visage of the idol was such as to give one the impression that he would have much pleasure in granting such requests. She was diligently fanning it (I was going to say 'him') all the time and talking in a most insinuating manner. I listened for some time before she knew I was there, and when she turned around and I told her the thing could not hear, she only laughed, not in scorn, but as though she really knew it was so. He was only an attendant idol. His superior was seated between him and another, both standing. I shall never forget the picture—that ugly, senseless thing, his garments fluttering in the air from the fan and the woman

also ugly and senseless and both of them vindictive—both idol and woman. This happened in a temple near a small market town. The shops and a few people are still there, but the business has all removed to another place about a quarter of a mile distant. We sang that hymn, ‘Nothing but the blood of Jesus’. In Chinese it says ‘Precious Blood’. I was led to a striking illustration or demonstration of the preciousness of living blood in general. I offered a 20 cent piece for one drop, with no takers; then 40 cents and then 100, but no one dared. How precious was His, Who poured forth all—and all for me, a poor vile sinner. I never realized more than I have of late how absolutely it must be of grace if one is to be saved.

*“Were I with the trespass laden, Of a thousand
worlds beside, Yet by that path I’d enter Heav-
en—
The Blood of the Lamb Who died.”*

It was not long before increasing unrest in the Yeung Kong area, indeed in much of South China, caused the family to move to Hong Kong again. They arrived there for the general strike. They stayed in the flat David had rented for them from Mr. Arrowsmith, Rector of St. Andrews, while he was away for the summer. They brought Hei Ling and Tien Chei and our faithful cook Yee Koo with them. The two little ones were left in Yeung Kong with the old nurse, She Tai.

(Letter to Helen from Mother, Hong Kong, 5 July 1925) “We are all so tired and it is so hot, we do not feel equal to much. Then the general nervous excitement rather tells on everyone. No one knows what is likely to come next. Shameen (Canton) is regularly besieged and no food

is allowed to come into Hong Kong. Everyone is doing the best they can. Hardly any eating houses are open, but the Hong Kong Hotel, where the general manager and his wife are working in the kitchen. Some boys have refused to leave, but in some cases the men have left good positions, giving up their chance of a pension even. Yesterday the post office men walked out and the garbage men. The garbage cart came however this morning and mercifully we do not need a coolie here, there being proper water works. Yee Goo is very good with the children but it is hard to impress on her that cleanliness is next to godliness. Dorothy feels she is no use but I am thankful we have anyone, so many have not. Mr. Smith's last servant went yesterday and poor Miss McGill is very weary with cooking and cleaning. They have no one at the Diocesan Girls' School and 10 girls still there. A, good many of the missionaries at the St. George are going to Canada on the Empress of Canada next Thursday. They work their way over and it is cheaper to live in Canada than here, and nothing could be much more uncomfortable than the St. George; dirt and discomfort, no attendance, not even sheets for your bed and a tremendous bill to pay—\$14.00 for Dorothy and me for the bare room for two days. But a person has to be housed. David is living at the office and catering for hiefl, but he has to go on paying for his room... Most of the servants would be glad to stay on in their places, but these Bolshevists intimidate them. Mr. Smith says they force them to remain in Canton at the point of the bayonet. Thousands have left here. The ferry is now being run by sailors and they have a great time getting it up to the wharf. The Navy men had just got in the way of it but had to go off to Canton. There are a number of gunboats there now. Today a demonstration was declared,

but we have seen nothing of it. David is looking very large and fat and prosperous. He has gained 20 lbs. and shows it. On Wednesday there was a holiday so we 4 went to the H.K. Hotel and had a good dinner, meals having been very scant hitherto. After dinner we all felt revived and Daddy and Dorothy went back to the St. George and got the children and we took the motor bus to Repulse Bay. It was a lovely drive and then we sat on the beach, a beautiful sandy beach, and the children played but Tien Chei would not go into the water. All Thursday we were busy moving into the flat. We got coolies but then had to get passes for them and for Yee Goo and Chung Lai. On Friday we unpacked and settled and yesterday went shopping. Food is rather hard to get and very dear... An American gunboat went to Yeung Kong to get the missing nuns, but no word can be got out yet, that is the gunboat has not returned. "I am glad we did not have to run away, but came out decently and in order, but I wish we had brought the medicines and the steamer rugs."

(*Helen*) Mother and Daddy could not get back to Yeung Kong, so in the autumn they went up to Shanghai. Dorothy remained in Hong Kong with the two children. She moved into a room in Shamshuipo (Kowloon) at \$8.00 a month Hong Kong money, and furnished it for \$10.00. She obtained a position as teacher at the Diocesan Girls' school.

While I was in Canada Aunt Dora died, in May, 1925. As I had gone there specially to be with her, there was no point in my staying a whole year, so I returned in the autumn. I came back on the same ship as the Arendt family; I stayed in Shanghai for a week or two, before going up to Peking to teach again at Pei Hua school for a few months.

Mother and Daddy moved into the Missionary Home in Shanghai. It was during this period that Mr. and Mrs. Stanley McDowell and Dr. Dashwood visited. I am afraid they were shocked by the dirt and did not enjoy their visit.

When we all got back to Hong Kong, I also got a position at the Diocesan School. Mother cared for the house and the two little girls. Tien Chei was especially devoted to her, and we used to say

*Granny had a little kid,
Her hair was black as ink;
And everywhere that Granny went you'd find
that little Chink.*

Daddy found work among the sailors from the British naval ships, and they enjoyed long walks on the hills (Extracts from the diary of Helen Willis, Hong Kong)

2 Feb. 1926 "The Maritimes Customs has blocked the West River and they say Canton is practically in a state of siege. The strikers interfere with cargoes before they pass customs. No boats are going up and down. There is a strong anti-British feeling in Pakhoi, where a British lady missionary was not allowed to land. Education directors have been appointed to the different districts of Kwangtung and all private schools have or are to be closed.

26 Feb. 1926 "The blockade is lifted, for the strikers submitted.

1 Mar. 1926 "Daddy has definitely, and he says finally, decided to return to Canada April 2. A miserable lookout it seems and less and less chance of returning to Yeung Kong. They have been having a very trying time in Kong Moon. The pickets keep coming onto the Compound and threaten them; their servants are terrified and can get food

with difficulty, the Asiatic Petroleum plant was seized but retaken; the men supplying coal to the gunboats were attacked but those strikers were soon settled by the captain.

6 Mar. 1926 "This afternoon we had a 'peripatetic meeting'. We cut up quantities of salmon sandwiches and bread and jam and cakes. About four o'clock, the four Braga boys and Maud arrived, and D. E. Wood, and we went up into the hills a lovely walk by gorges and through pine woods. We returned and ate a great deal, and Mrs. Braga and Paul arrived. Mrs. Braga says that a bath in water in which fish have been washed and scaled will take away insects. David to tea and spent the evening.

9 Mar. 1926 "Daddy is full of the idea of having a mission here, getting Taam Heang Ch'i (one of the Yeung Kong Christians) down to carry it on in the shop downstairs. 11 Mar. 1926 "Peking and Tientsin quite cut off by fighting at Taku. In Canton they have taken over the Canton Hospital—at least forced the workers to strike.

17 Mar. 1926 "There seems tension in the north over the firing at Taku and talk of an ultimatum. All direct communication has been cut between Pakhoi and Hong Kong.

18 Mar 1926 "This evening Daddy has gone on board the Empress of Canada, which sails at daylight tomorrow. We went over with him this afternoon and put his things on board, but Mother was feeling poorly, so she and I came back. David came to tea and went over with Daddy. It has been raining all afternoon and evening and the roof still leaks like a sieve. Tien Chei announced that she would call one of her dolls Bluebell and the other Dinner bell. They are both so jealous. Dorothy remarked to Tien Chei: 'You are such a nice soft person to spank', and Hei Ling at once

asked: 'Aren't I nice to spank too?' The northern trouble is settled.

1 Apr. 1926 "Have just returned from seeing Mother off on the Empress of Russia, cabin 560. David came up to supper (pig's feet) and took us down in a motor. The babies slept through, or rather Tien Chei did and Hei Ling was awake when we left. This afternoon we went down to the boat with the trunks and came back by a second hand book store, where we laid in seven stories for Mother to read.

9 Apr. 1926 "Letter from Slai Po (Yeung Kong) that people had tried to break into the house and had stolen from the garden, so they want to get Wan Chik Yi to guard the property."

The Final Years

Chapter 75

(*Helen*) Mother and Daddy returned to Canada in the spring of 1926 and had a very happy summer in Port Hope. Miss Agatha Reid spent some of it with them. They got in touch with some of their old friends: Mrs. Cumberland, Mrs. Wickett and Mrs. Trinbeth. Somerville and his wife Mary joined them, with their son Michael, who was then three months old.

(*Somerville*) I have a vivid recollection of spending a delightful week with them in the cottage they had rented for the summer in Port Hope, on the north side of Ridout Street slightly west of Bramley Street. Aunt Dora had passed away the previous summer. Mary and I had been

married for two years and Michael had come to us in June, 1926. He was a small infant when we went to Port Hope. We went by train, as at that time there was only a gravel road between Toronto and Port Hope. Indeed one of the highlights of our visit was a trip Dad took us on by motor as far as Oshawa, which left an indelible impression of miles of road under construction and billows of dust.

The cottage was quaintly old-fashioned, without cellar or refrigerator. We took Michael's bottles to the butcher store at the corner to have them kept cool. The week was delightful, one of those oases in life's journey. Mother had always treated Mary as a daughter and rejoiced that she and I had come together.

Later on Mother and Dad stayed with us at our bungalow on Arlington Avenue in Toronto, but my memories of their stay there are not nearly as distinct as those of the week together in Port Hope.

They left in the late autumn for China and I shall never forget our parting on the train. As Mother said goodbye she said she expected this would be the last time we would see each other. When I replied that there was no reason to think so she looked at me with tears in her eyes and said she knew it to be so. She always had an uncanny ability to foresee the future—a kind of second sight—arising, I suppose, from her extraordinary understanding of people and of life.

(*Helen*) Christopher and his family had moved into a house on Deut Road, Shanghai. One day a mad dog came into the garden, ran past little John, savagely bit the little boy he was playing with, and jumped six or seven feet through an open window into the house, where it bit little Fanny and was only prevented from killing her by

the bravery of the amah, Ah Mo, who fought it off with a chair. After the anti-rabies injections Fanny was very ill and the doctor advised that the family should go on leave. When the school term was over, Dorothy and I went up to Shanghai with the two Chinese babies, Hei Ling and Tien Chei, with our faithful cook Yee Goo to help, and Christopher and his family went up to Kuling.

There was very little business in the Book Room at that time. If a single customer arrived in the course of a day there was great excitement. But we did have some sales. We did not know how to keep accounts. I thought the receipts should be entered on the right hand side of the ledger and Dorothy thought they should be entered on the left hand side. This annoyed Daddy because of the hopeless muddle.

David was in Shanghai for some reason, on business. I don't know whether he was still reporting or whether he had by this time joined the Swedish Match Company.

In the autumn of 1926 the Principal of the Diocesan Girls' School died and I was invited to come down to Hong Kong to help out until somebody else could be found. I had just had dysentery but managed to crawl onto the boat. After teaching there for about a month, Dorothy and I went on to Yeung Kong and had a very good time there. But conditions were strained. Just before Christmas the city elders came to us and said: "There are going to be riots at Christmas time and there will be special attacks on the foreigners. (There were just ourselves and the Roman Catholics inside the city and the Presbyterians just outside it.) We think you ought to go". There was a junk in the harbor, so we just gathered up what we could and with the two older Chinese children went down and boarded it. During the troubles that followed the Roman Catholic

nunnery was stoned. The nunnery had taken in many abandoned Chinese babies. It was said that because all of these had died there was a lot of feeling against the Roman Catholics. When they came to attack our house, some of the students whom I had taught at the Government school persuaded them to leave it alone.

That winter Daddy and Mother had hoped to get back to Yeung Kong and were on their way from Canada when the doctor advised Christopher that Jean should return to Canada for medical care. Therefore Daddy and Mother stayed in Shanghai and I went up to meet them there, while Dorothy stayed in the flat in Hong Kong with the two children and Yee Goo.

It must have been in January, 1927, when Christopher and family left for Canada. A few days before they left we got word that the missionaries were being turned out of inland China because of increasing political troubles. Christopher went down to the Yangtse River boat and brought back Mr. and Mrs. Savage and their children and Miss Taylor and Miss Featherstone. The Deut Road house was full. When Christopher and his family left a day or two later the Savages and later the Duffs took over the house. I remember Miss Featherstone showing me the verse on her Scripture calendar for the day they had to flee down the river: "O Lord, if the Lord be with us, why have all these things happened unto us?" They had lost everything; I don't think they had anything. I think Miss Taylor had only the things she stood up in. The Savages had their boxes.

Daddy, Mother and I moved into rooms on Boone Road, Shanghai. Missionaries were pouring into the city from inland China. British troops were everywhere and there was good Christian work done amongst them.

One night, in the middle of the night, there was a knock on the door and there was Mr. Ruck with Elsie Ransom. They had brought a Dutch nurse to the hospital who was very ill with T.B. Elsie stayed with us and we grew very fond of her. Mother used to say that she much preferred boys to girls but she always won the girls. Young girls and women turned to her when they were in trouble and lonely. She comforted them and helped them. They used to call her their mother and Elsie was one of these.

In the spring of 1927 Mother went down to Hong Kong to visit Dorothy and then brought her and the children back to Shanghai. By this time Elsie Ransom had gone to Europe escorting the Dutch nurse. They finally managed to get a passage on a German freighter but were put off at Singapore. Finally they managed another passage. Sister Joan nearly died going through the Red Sea but eventually got back to Holland. The following year Elsie returned to China and married Mr. Wilhelm Koll.

During the summer of 1927 Dorothy and Daddy went back to Yeung Kong, leaving the two children with me and Mother in Shanghai. That was the first time I really had responsibility for the Book Room and it was very interesting indeed. When Daddy left for Yeung Kong he said, "I have paid all the bills, and the daily receipts will be enough for the daily expenditures". We took in about \$10.00 a day. But he had forgotten one bill, and it came in just after he left—\$100.00 for Bibles. We never went into debt, and I did not know what to do. As I looked up from the invoice, my eyes met a text I had hunted up for a missionary: a robin singing on a bare bough in the snow, and the words, "My God shall supply all your need". Next day a business man came in and ordered \$50.00 worth of

tracts to be sent to a hospital up river, and paid cash. The next day some one else bought \$50.00 worth, so the Bibles account was settled. The sales went back to \$10.00 a day!

We were expecting Harold Collier, who was coming out from Canada to help in the work. We were all set to receive him but he didn't turn up. Then we received a postcard which amused us very much from one of the brethren in Japan: "Why the deuce doesn't Mr. Collier come?"

(Harold Collier) When I got to Ottawa and had bought my ticket right through to Shanghai, I got a chill, having just come north from Atlanta, Georgia. I was laid up for several months. When I had paid all my doctor's bills my money was gone. I went to Montreal and thanked the ticket agency that had refunded my passage money when I took ill. The agent was very friendly and told me that he had a ship leaving San Francisco in six days' time. I didn't have any money but I told him I'd think it over. I was walking down the street towards Beaver Hall Hill when I heard my name called. It was Mr. David Taylor. He asked me if I was still interested in going to China and I told him that I had just been given the offer of a passage on a ship leaving in six days but that I must wait and see what the Lord would have me do. He invited me to his office. He was called away immediately but not before he had written a check that more than covered my expenses to Shanghai. To me that was indeed the Lord's leading! At the prayer meeting that night others gave me more money, so that when I finally arrived in Shanghai I had almost as much as I had saved before my illness.

Shortly after arriving in Shanghai, on the advice of my brother in Canada, I was vaccinated by Dr. Marsh, who was Christopher's family doctor. He had said: "Now you're safe

for two years". But a few weeks afterward I fell ill. I had been romping with Hei Ling and Tien Chei one evening, although I felt rather miserable. I went to bed without my supper. On waking next morning I took a hot bath and found my body covered with blisters. Dr. Marsh was called and exclaimed: "You've done it and I didn't think you could". "Done what?" I asked. "You've got smallpox. You've got to go to the Isolation Hospital right away." So I went. There were two other Europeans there with smallpox, a Russian woman who had not been vaccinated for seven years and the baby of an American couple who did not believe in vaccination. They both died but I was well again at the end of a month.

Mr. J. L. Duff, who was an old friend to the whole Willis family, advised me to go down to Yeung Kong for my convalescence and offered to go with me. He was a great help. He knew so much about China and we all enjoyed his visit very much. We traveled with him on the Gospel houseboat, the Fook Yum Shien, and had a delightful time preaching in the villages.

(*Helen*) Early in 1929 Christopher and his family were planning to return from Canada to Shanghai and Mother and Daddy were hunting for a house for them, the Dent Road house being no longer available—or possibly pulled down. They found a house in the Presbyterian Mission Compound. They lived in two rooms downstairs, while Christopher and family lived upstairs.

About this time Somerville wrote to say that Mary was expecting a baby and was not well. Mother didn't want to leave Daddy, so it was arranged that Dorothy should return to Canada. Daddy and Mother and I returned to Yeung Kong and carried on the work there as usual into that

summer. Mother was always teaching. She taught music in the Government school in Yeung Kong and had boys to whom she taught English, using large pictures of the various Bible stories.

Towards the end of June, 1929, Mother took ill with a high fever and we did not know what was the matter. The American missionary doctor had gone, so there was no one to call in. We thought it was dengue fever but on hunting through the book of tropical medicine, we found that the symptoms corresponded exactly to those of sunstroke. Nothing we could do helped. She became unconscious and I think did not suffer. She passed away with a gentle sigh at five o'clock on July 1st .

(*Christopher*) When the cable telling that my mother had gone to be with the Lord was handed in, we were singing the last hymn at the close of our regular weekly prayer meeting. The hymn was, "How good is the God we adore" and we were singing the line, "Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home". In Chinese it is, "Whose Spirit shall guide us safe to the Father's House". I could not but think how beautifully it told the news that in some respects was so sad.

Next morning I went in to tell the friends in the Missionary Home, for she and my father had stayed much at the Home and were greatly beloved there. The first I met was dear old Dr. Lowry, who had been a special friend of my mother. He was old and just about blind. When I told him, his whole face lit up with joy, and exclaiming, "How lovely for her!!!" he gazed up with the most rapt expression, as though he could see right into those heavenly mansions above.

I stood and watched him, a little hurt he gave me no word of comfort, for indeed he had quite forgotten my presence. Then he remembered, and coming back to earth (as it were) he said, "Oh, I suppose you expect a little word of sympathy". I wrote and told my father, and later he told me that this had brought him more comfort than anything else.

Harold Collier was up the river at the time, but one of the brothers in the meeting went after him and he returned immediately. One of the sisters in the meeting helped me to dress the dear body and we carried it downstairs. Next morning when we went in, the expression on her face had changed from the perfect peace of the evening before to the happiest, merriest smile. Her face had relaxed into the natural expression of her happy spirit. It seemed to say: "If only you knew: if only you could know the delights I am enjoying now".

Crowds flocked in all day, not only the Christians but all our neighbors and many leading people of the city. All remarked on her expression. One woman had been a Bible woman but her only son had got in with the Communists and persuaded her to give up her faith. She came, and she told me afterward that the sight of "Lai Shi Tai's" face had convinced her she was enjoying the presence of God. She was restored in soul.

My father had a metal inner coffin prepared so that the body could wait for burial or be sent to Canada if her children wished it. But we all agreed that a good soldier is buried on the battlefield where he falls. With Harold's help Father had a tomb built of blocks of stone, with a slab of slate in front bearing in Chinese the inscription and

the verses: "Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her.

"Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellent them all. (Prov. 31:28 & 29)

"And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them." (Rev. 14:13)

The funeral was in September when Dorothy and Somerville arrived from Canada. Harold Collier had gone up to Shanghai to manage the Book Room while Christopher came down to Yeung Kong. A great procession marched singing through the streets, the coffin borne by eight bearers. On the way it passed a heathen funeral procession, the mourners wailing and worshipping dumb idols. What a contrast!

(*Somerville*) I was in St. John's, Newfoundland, when I received a cable telling of Mother's death. It was shortly after we had lost our little boy, James D'Arcy. The events are inseparable in my memory. Her last letter spoke of her loss of little Elizabeth. Her sympathy was the only comfort I received. Her intuitive perception of the right thing to say at the right time exceeded any other person I have ever known.

(*Helen*) After the funeral my father and I went up to Shanghai and lived at the Missionary Home and helped in the Book Room. In February, 1930, we got a cable that Dorothy and Harold were engaged. We came down almost at once. Dorothy and Harold came out from Yeung Kong and were married on 25 March 1930 and went to Singapore and Bangkok for their honeymoon.

Later Daddy and I returned to Shanghai and Miss Spurling asked him to supervise the Missionary Home while she was away. Dorothy Dear, a young sister from Hamilton, Ontario, one of Christopher's Sunday School scholars, had come out to help, so the Book Room was well staffed. I think it was that autumn that Christopher and his family moved out to Brennan Road.

When Miss Spurling returned to Shanghai in the spring of 1931, my father and I and Tien Chei left for Canada. Just before he left he fell and broke his wrist. We sailed 3rd class on the "Empress of Australia". There were several missionaries on board and my father at once began a Bible study group.

We were in Canada over a year and in October, 1931, sailed for England, where we had a very happy visit and got back to Shanghai in February, 1932. There had been the Japanese attack on Shanghai and the Book Room had taken a large house down the street (Quinsan Gardens) to house the printing presses, which had been mercifully preserved when the north end of the city was burned. My father and I lived in this house throughout 1932.

We returned to Yeung Kong in the spring of 1933. During this year Harold Collier was not well. He had an operation for appendicitis and in January, 1934, he and Dorothy left for England on the "Benlawers". Christopher's son John came down to Yeung Kong and we went up the river to Wong Nai Waan on the Gospel houseboat and had good attention in the villages. On our return John returned to Shanghai, Daddy going with him to Hong Kong.

In November, 1934, we made another trip up the river to Wong Nai Waan. My father caught cold. This developed

into pneumonia. We got him back to the hospital at Yeung Kong but he died there a week later, on 5 December 1934.

Marjorie Hayhoe, who had come out from Canada a year before, was there and she looked after the house and the children while I stayed at the hospital. She was a great comfort. We cabled for Christopher. My father was pleased to hear he was coming, but was gone before he arrived. My father had said he wished to be buried under ground and was so thankful that he would be laid as close as possible to his wife: "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death they are not divided".

Dorothy and Harold had reached England on 30 March 1934. They returned to Canada in April or May and started back to China in November, visiting along the way. They were in Winnipeg when they received the news of Daddy's death.

(Christopher) When word came of my father having been called Home, or rather that he was so ill, it was the busiest time of the year in the Book Room for us. However, through the Lord's good ordering, our brother Ruck was in Shanghai and immediately offered to stay and help with the work. I was able to get a boat leaving that very day for Hong Kong and soon after reaching Hong Kong another boat to Kong Moon. My cable to Helen reached Yeung Kong before my father was taken and it brought him a measure of comfort on leaving Helen and Majorie alone there.

My sister used to read my father a Psalm each evening and the Psalm for that last evening was the 16th. After reading the 11th verse: "Thou wilt show me the path of life: in Thy presence is fullness of joy; at Thy right hand there

are pleasures for evermore”, my father remarked “How lovely!” and those were his last words.

I could not get a boat out of Kong Moon, so pressed on overland to Yeung Chun, a city northwest of Yeung Kong, hoping to be able to get a sort of bus that had been started from there to Yeung Kong. But there was nothing available that afternoon and it was not till morning that I could get away. I arrived after my father had left us.

He had been intensely lonely after my mother left him and rarely smiled, but he found great comfort and pleasure out of our children, and when visiting us or staying with us, his whole countenance would change to one of relaxed pleasure. When I finally reached him, I was charmed to see that his face bore just that look of peace and joy, as though to tell us “I’m at Home!”

The cemetery was a little piece of land that I had been able to buy some years previously for burying the saints, as the Lord gathered them Home. I think perhaps the first to be buried there was Slai Po’s little boy, a child I loved dearly. There might have been about an acre in the bit of land and it was completely surrounded by a hedge of wild pineapple and almost impossible to break through into it. There was a gate, which was kept closed. It was on a gentle slope at the side of a hill and was the only land we owned in China at that time.

The funeral was, as I recall, the next day. Many attended it and there was much real sorrow shown. As far as I remember, Leviticus 21:1,10 and 11 were spoken of at the funeral, telling us that Heaven is a place of unsullied holiness and untainted joy and that is where our dear ones are now abiding.

(*Somer ville*) Dad told me on his last visit to Canada that he would not have exchanged his years in China for all the years before. They fulfilled his life long desire to serve as an ambassador for Christ amongst those who had had no opportunity to hear of Him and His saving power.

(*Helen*) Mother wrote to me that all her life she had wanted something—she was not sure what. But that desire had been fully satisfied on coming to China. In those early years there was much discomfort, poverty, deprivation, poor food, cold and heat. But it was well worthwhile.

“At Home”

*Her eyes are opened now,
She can see the Son of God,
The Friend she walked with all the way
As she trod this thorny road.
Her ears are opened now,
To hear the song they sing,
Glad songs of praise to Him she loved,
Her Saviour and her King.*

(Found on a scrap of paper in her own handwriting among the papers of A.F.W. “his” changed to “her”)