

CT

310

H45A3

1937

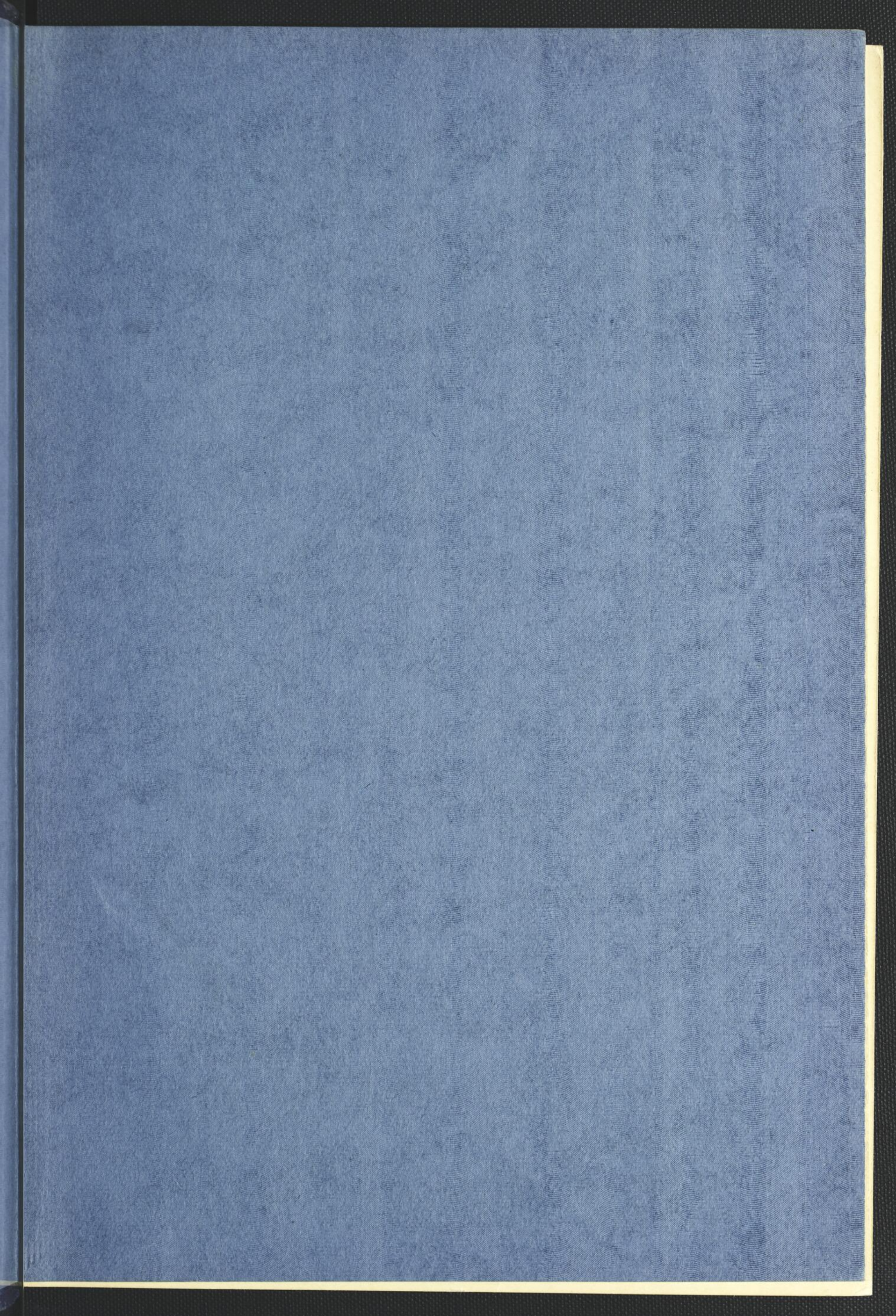
+ MEMORIES OF
MY EARLY YEARS

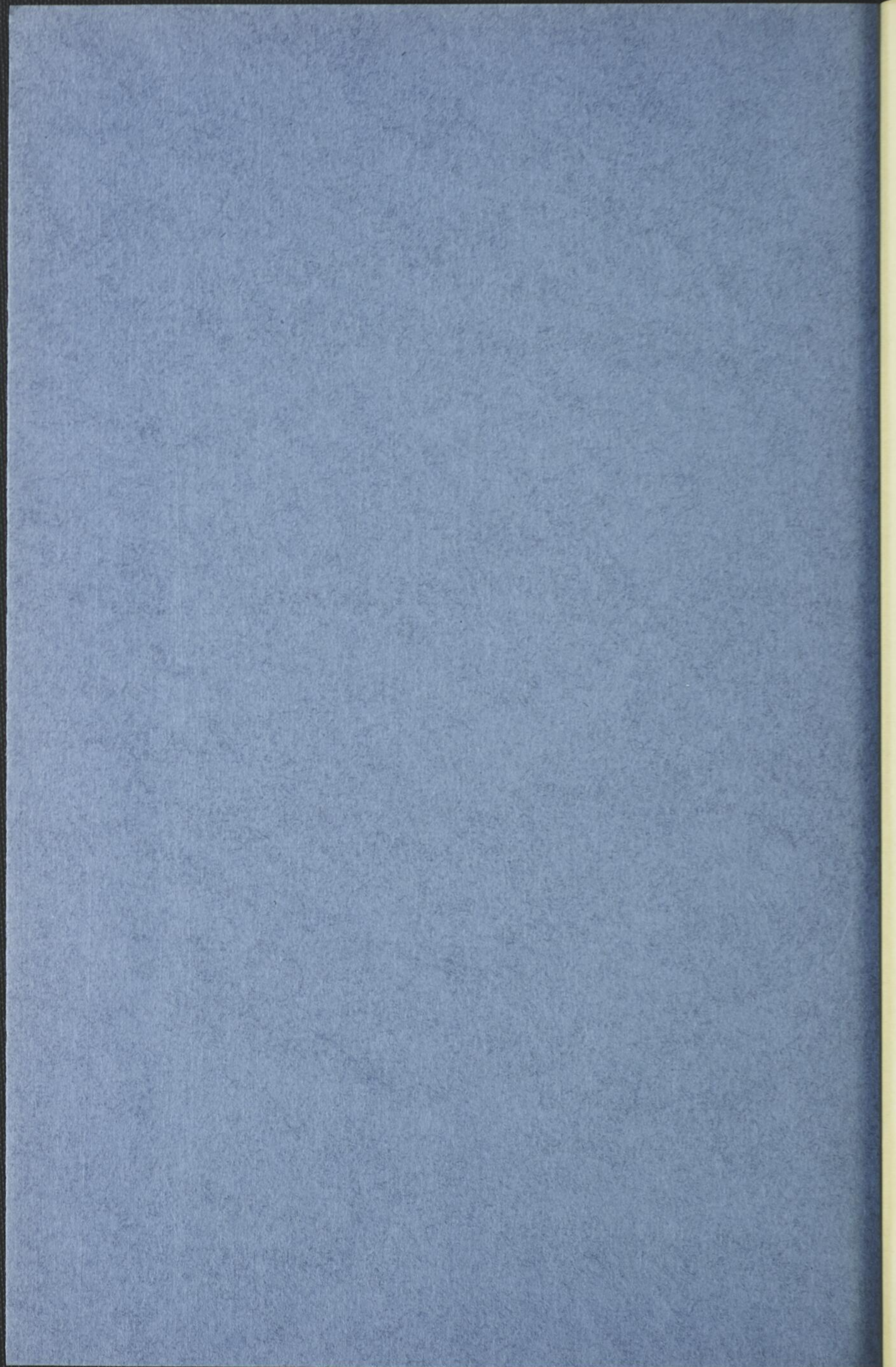
By Mary Gillespie Henderson

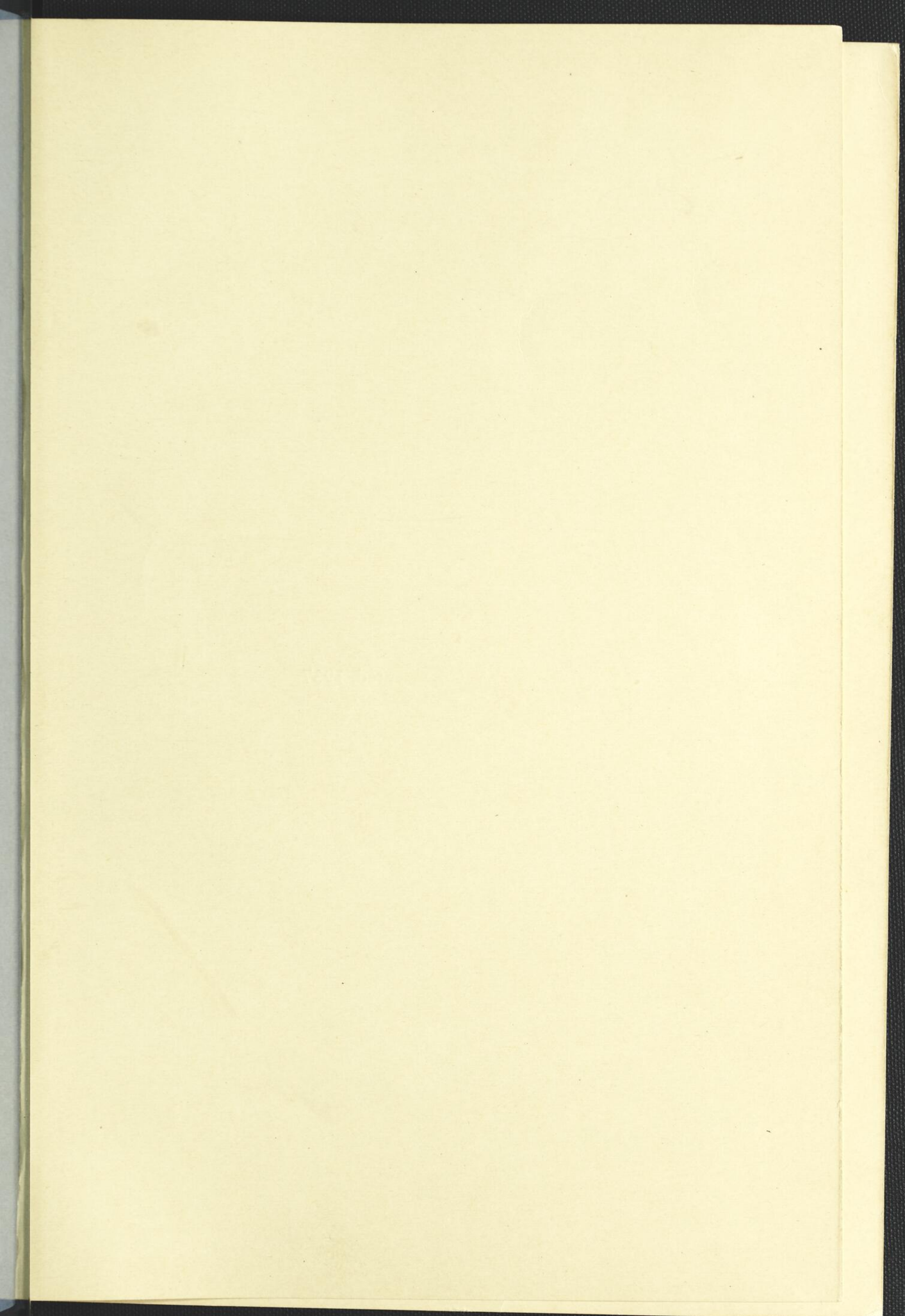




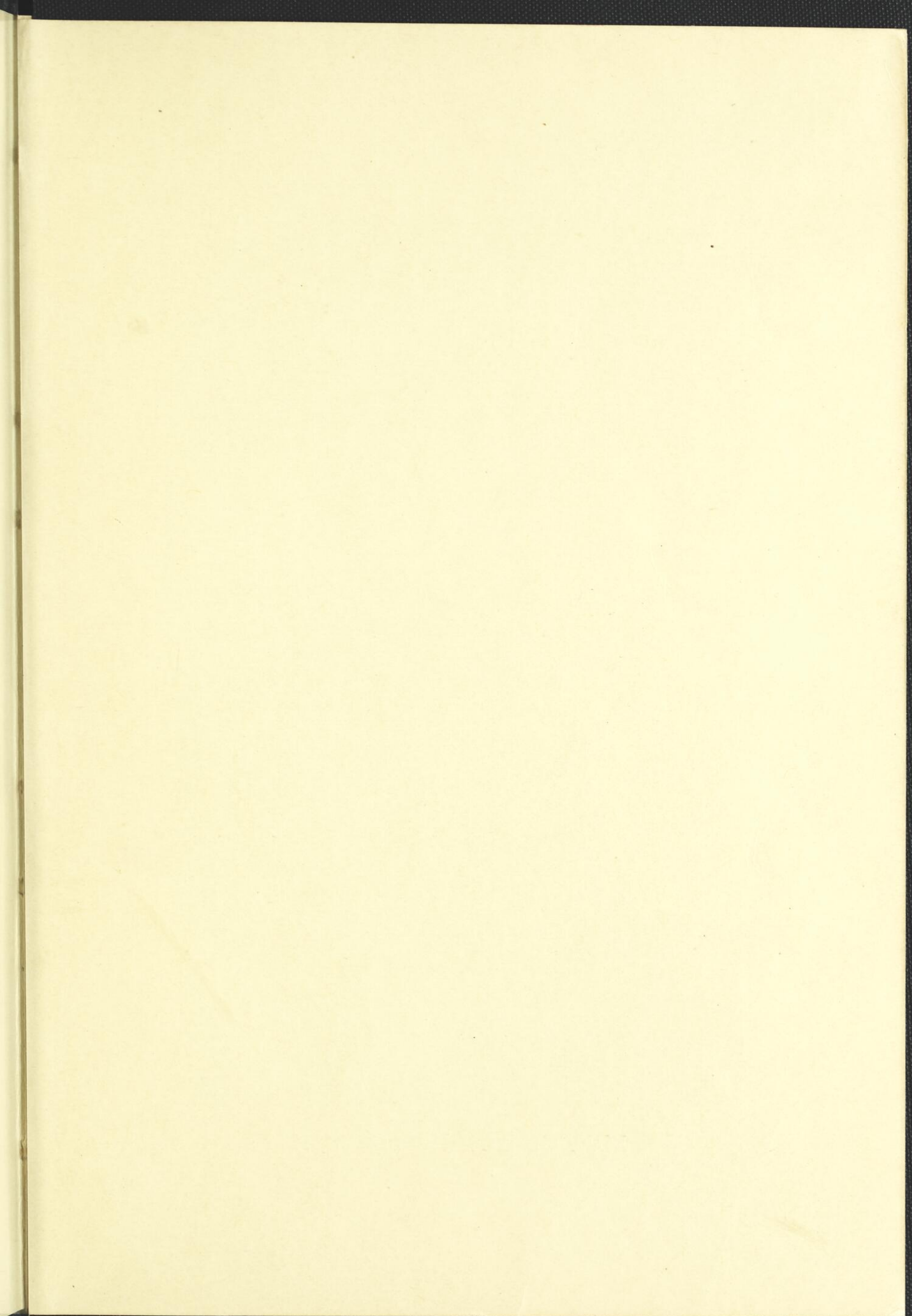
Bibliothèque Nationale du Québec







Copyrighted, 1937





MARY GILLESPIE HENDERSON, 1919

50,
10 1975

MEMORIES
of MY EARLY YEARS

By
MARY GILLESPIE HENDERSON

With an INTRODUCTION by
A. E. & J. E. LEROSSIGNOL



MONTREAL
Nineteen Hundred and Thirty-seven
Charters & Charters Limited

CT

310

H45A3

1937

Introduction

THE story of Mother's early life, as here told, speaks for itself, so we hesitate to add anything, lest we should mar the simple record. And yet, as it is all too fragmentary, being based upon occasional statements and some notes made from time to time, a few supplementary comments may not be out of place.

A good story, for example, could be told about Mother's household economy, for she was well versed in that important art. Going to market in old Quebec was one of the chief pleasures of her life, and it was interesting to see how, in bargaining with habitants and hucksters, she was able to get the most at the least expense. "*Combien les patates?*" she would ask of one seller of vegetables, and when the price was mentioned she would often say: "*Trop chère, trop chère,*" and go on to the next, making the circuit of the market, perhaps, only to return to buy from the first habitante, though at a more reasonable price. They knew her well, liked her friendly ways, and loved to play the game. Her sister, Auntie Aggie, we may add, does the same to this very day.

Having bought to advantage, Mother fed her family well, and the clergy even better. The Pater used to say, in his jovial way, that he had been caught with bait of bacon and eggs for breakfast and juicy roast beef for dinner. He might have mentioned also rice pudding, deep apple pie, and excellent plum cake, for they were important items in her culinary repertoire. There was abundance in our home, but no waste, for the parable of the loaves and fishes was well understood, although, in a family of six plus, there were few fragments to be gathered.

Another theme which one might expand was what the Pater called "the Gillespie obstinacy," and with a certain plausibility, as it really was a characteristic of Grandfather himself, and has descended, in some cases, unto the third and fourth and fifth generation. But in Mother's case, and possibly in the others as well, it was not any perversity of an obstructed will, but rather the firmness and strength of character of one who, when sure she was right, could not be turned from the straight and narrow path. It expressed itself in various ways: in unswerving adherence to truth; in absolute honesty that would not defraud anyone of a penny or a pin; in the prompt payment of the few bills that were incurred; in requiring of her chil-

dren obedience and polite behavior; in the punishment of sinners lest, in sparing the rod—innocuous leather tawse—she should spoil the child; in administering and demanding justice in all the relations of life; in strict observance of the Sabbath and regular attendance upon the means of grace.

Possibly, her rule may have been a trifle too rigid and Puritanical in that card playing, dancing, smoking, the theatre, and the circus were taboo and anathema, and even the reading of fiction was discouraged until the Pater himself bought a set of Scott's novels, which broke the ice. But, of course, as members of a minister's family, we were expected to be exemplars of all the virtues, both negative and positive. Needless to say, some of us fell short of the ideal, especially two of the boys, who were more or less addicted to fighting. And Mother herself was occasionally criticized by a few of the ultra pious brethren and sisters as being too fond of dress. But when we came to the city there was no more of that.

Although Mother was very reticent and far from loud in her profession of religion, she was singularly adapted to the position of minister's wife in that she was helpful, hospitable, charitable, tactful, and never indulged in gossip or spoke evil of

anyone. On the contrary, it was her custom to speak well of people or to say nothing about them. So also in the home where, though undemonstrative to a fault, she treated everyone with unfailing patience, consideration, and loving care, and, in so far as we can remember, never lost her temper or used harsh words. She knew when to be silent, and when she spoke by way of gentle remonstrance or reproof, it was like oil on troubled waters. Which calls to mind an old song she loved to sing: "Kind words can never die."

Mother seldom spoke of her own religious thoughts and feelings, but simply lived, from day to day and year to year, as in the presence of God. In her early years she was much concerned for the salvation of her brothers and sisters and all her friends, and when she had children of her own she brought them up "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." Every day, after reading the Bible verse aloud, and singing hymns, she would pray with her children, taking us more than once into a dark room, as though in obedience to the command: "When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut the door, pray to thy Father which is in secret." And yet, strange to say, she would neither pray nor speak in prayer meeting. Was she following the advice of St. Paul that women should keep silence in the

churches? The Pater, who was always poking fun at people, used to accuse her of sleeping in church, as now and then her eyes were closed, but she averred that she was only praying for the preacher.

Certainly Mother loved the Church, and could truly say: "I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord." Often, in her later years, she would ask to have a sermon or a prayer read to her, and when the radio came it was the Church Hour that pleased her best. Of an evening, too, especially on Sunday, she would gather her diminished family in the drawing room to sing hymns, while Annie played. And her last words, on Sunday morning, December 15, 1935, were in a whisper to Mary: "Are you going to Church?"

In Mother's last years, although she had lost her eyesight and had other disabilities so patiently borne, there was no cloud upon her spirit. She had a vivid memory of the past, but remembered also recent events and took an extraordinary interest in the doings of the day and all that concerned her many friends, especially the numerous members of the clan down to the latest baby. It was a pleasure to talk with her of things new and old, to catch a flash of quiet humor now and then, to share her abiding peace, her faith in God, and her hope of the eternal world. She loved life,

wished to attain her hundredth year, but was ready to go when the call should come. Once, after an illness, she said: "I'd like to live a little longer; life is very good."

All of which calls to mind the last chapter of the Book of Proverbs and the immortal description of the virtuous woman whom Mother consciously strove to emulate—and with what success! Her special verse was the thirtieth — her birthday in April—but the two previous verses also might have been written for her:

"Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also and he praiseth her. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all. Favour is deceitful and beauty is vain, but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."

A. E. and J. E. LERROSSIGNOL.

January 20th, 1937.

“A LITTLE STORY OF MY LIFE FOR THE
BENEFIT OF MY CHILDREN”

MY father, James Gillespie, born at Skarnagirra, County Monaghan, Ireland, was the son of John Gillespie and Sarah Woods, his second wife. John Gillespie, farmer and small manufacturer, whose father came from Glasgow, Scotland, was well known in the county and was instrumental in raising a company of volunteers for Lord Charlemount in the Rebellion of 1798. He lived to the great age of 100 years.

My mother, Mary Jamieson, was one of four daughters of Arthur Jamieson and Mary Orr, who had a farm about five miles from Armagh. She had a good voice and sang in the choir of Lisnadill Church, her father being precentor. Father and mother were married in that church on December 31st, 1835, he being then employed on the Estate of Lord Beresford, Primate of All Ireland. He remained there until the spring of 1837 when he and his young wife sailed for Quebec.

When attending Sunday School at Lisnadill church mother received the prize of a Bible, which

she valued highly and always used at family worship. One evening a candle fell on it and scorched it a little. I had it repaired and newly bound and gave it to Mother on her birthday. Years later when I was married I asked for the Bible and a little soft pillow which I liked, and nothing else. The rest of my trousseau I paid for myself, except that Father gave me a bureau which I have still. The Bible, unfortunately, was lost in the wreck of the *Propeller Ocean* when we were moving to Toronto in 1891. Aunt Aggie had another book of Mother's, a nicely bound prayer book, which was left some years ago in a church in Quebec and was never found.

Mother's mother was Mary Orr, so there have been at least six Mary's in succession: Mary Orr, Mary Jamieson, Mary Gillespie, Mary LeRossignol, Mary Ruth Dawson and Mary Aimée Bruneau, of whom four are still living.

My mother's brothers, John and William James Jamieson, came to Quebec. Uncle John worked for Father for a time, then went to West Winchester, where he bought a farm and where many of his numerous descendants still live.

Uncle Robert, brother of my Father, worked for a time for Mr. Andrews, a lawyer, on the other side of Scott's Bridge, then went to Michigan, married and settled near Gaines. His son Alex-

ander came to visit us, fell in love with my sister Sarah and took her off to Michigan. They had a large family, all now married. The numerous Gillespie clan in Michigan have a reunion every year in August to which they always send me an invitation, but much to my regret I have never been able to accept it.

Uncle William Woods, brother of Father's mother, came to Quebec before him. When I knew him he was buying and selling real estate, also collecting rents. One of his sons was Alexander and another Henry and he had a daughter Rachel who was a great friend of our family. Alec was for a time member of the firm of Hossack and Woods, wholesale grocers, and also one of the aldermen of Quebec. Later Mr. Woods and his family moved to Winnipeg, where he died. He had five sons, two of whom are living: Sidney Brown, a lawyer in Edmonton, and the Hon. Lieut.-Col. James Hossack Woods, of Calgary, both influential and highly respected citizens.

I was born at Little River, near Quebec, on April 30, 1840, in a farm house now occupied by Mr. Robert Hossack. It stands on the left side of the road about a mile and a half from Scott's Bridge, and has not changed much since our day. The River St. Charles flows at the back — a lovely stream. In this river my brother John was bathed



MARY GILLESPIE'S BIRTHPLACE

by order of the doctor in the month of March, because of a slight swelling behind his ear. This scattered the trouble which settled in his knee, causing shrinkage of the leg and lameness from which he never recovered.

When four years old I went to a school kept by Mrs. Story, a lady from Ireland, to whom Father gave the use of a cottage next to ours. The children of the neighborhood came to this school. This teacher was succeeded by a Mrs. Evans, a very cultured lady, who remained with us for some time. When she was leaving, she gave me a card of merit which I still possess. I have been told that I would not learn my letters, but began to spell, and at five years of age I could read quite well. Indeed, I could read the Bible when I was four. Once, when Dr. Cook was visiting us, he stood beside me as I read, moving his finger across the page, and I read as fast as his finger moved.

I used to go to Mr. Langlois' Sunday School at his home near Scott's Bridge. He always gave us a card at Christmas indicating the number of verses we had committed to memory and repeated at the Sunday School. When I was four I had repeated eight hundred verses. The next year I learned six hundred, and the third year only four hundred verses. I kept these cards until they were lost in the wreck of the *Ocean* in 1891. Mr.

Langlois was a Jerseyman, very active in the Methodist Church, a class-leader and trustee. We went four years to his Sunday School. After school he used to take us to the garden and gave us currants, gooseberries and other fruit. Mr. Langlois' daughter married a Mr. Bell, and the house, I believe, is still occupied by one of the family.

Another neighbor across the river was Mr. Dupont. Others near by or up the river were the Wests, Connolys, Maguires, Delaneys, Jacks, Hosacks, and Buchanans. About this time we moved to a farm near Scott's Bridge. As the house on the farm was rather old, our landlord, Mr. Hamilton, allowed Father to apply the rent toward building a new one. This house was built of brick and is still standing. It had a door in the middle, a fine hall, and double parlors, with a dining-room back of one and a bed-room back of the other. It had a basement kitchen and good rooms upstairs. While we were in this house a great comet appeared in the sky every clear night for a long time, the biggest one I have ever seen. While the house was being built a brick fell on Brother James' head and he was unconscious for some time. Father sat up all night putting cold applications on his head and otherwise caring for him, so that he recovered.

The next school we attended was that of Mr. Thomas Duncan, south of Scott's Bridge. He was

a friend of Father's from Ireland, well read, and a very fine man in every way. He could write, as we say, like copper-plate and taught several of his pupils to do the same. (Mother's handwriting was like that.—*Editors.*) The three R's were the chief subjects taught and we were well grounded in them. We must have attended Mr. Duncan's school for several years before we left the Hossack house, as I remember what a long walk we had and how cold it was in winter when the wind blew across the fields. In stormy weather Father used to drive us in the carriage to and from school, when we were well wrapped up in buffalo robes.

After these years Mr. Duncan went to Montreal and was succeeded by Mr. Planche, an Englishman, who did not remain very long. Mr. Duncan was burned out in Montreal and returned to Quebec to teach in a school near Wolfe's Cove, maintained by Mr. John Gilmour, the well-known timber merchant, chiefly for the children of his employees. I boarded with Mr. Duncan and attended the school on the hillside for some time. My greatest pleasure was listening to the conversation of Mr. Duncan, who was a clever man. We used to attend the little English Church down in the Cove, as it was too far to go to St. Andrew's Church.

At Christmas time I joined St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, after having attended Dr. Cook's

catechumen class, preparatory to communion, held at the Manse every Friday after school hours. I was then permitted to partake of the Sacrament—my first communion. Before the Sacrament Dr. Cook used to give an address to communicants, called "fencing the tables," which I used to enjoy very much. One day when I was returning to Mr. Duncan's from the class I passed near Mr. Gilmour's house where several dogs were out and barked at me. Fearing them, I went into a deserted house, but they stayed about, so I ran out and down the hill. They followed me and one of them tore a hole in my shawl, though they did me no other harm.

While living at the Hamilton place an incident occurred which impressed itself very much on my mind. It was the burning of our barn full of hay which I had helped to pack. The barn doors were open to let the hay dry, and there was a pile of straw left by a maid near another door. Two of my little brothers had some matches and lit the straw. The fire spread into the barn and soon the whole place was in a blaze. The horses were saved with difficulty, though some of the cattle were lost, but all the hay was burned—almost our whole crop, valued at about four hundred pounds, with no insurance. It was a serious loss and kept Father back for a long time. Dr. Cook suggested that St.

Andrew's congregation might help him in this difficult time, but he declined with thanks, as he said he would not like it cast up to his children later on.

In summer Father used to employ French-Canadians to cut the hay, which they were able to do before their own ripened. He found it very awkward not to have anyone to interpret for him, so he sent me to the house of Mr. Legaré at St. Ambroise à la Montagne, fifteen miles from the city, to learn the language. I was eleven years old at the time and spent a year there going to school. I was very lonely at first, especially on Sundays, when after Vespers they spent the rest of the afternoon playing cards, a pastime that was never indulged in at my home, and one we disapproved of very strongly. In summer they often danced on the green, when I would retire to my room and read my Bible.

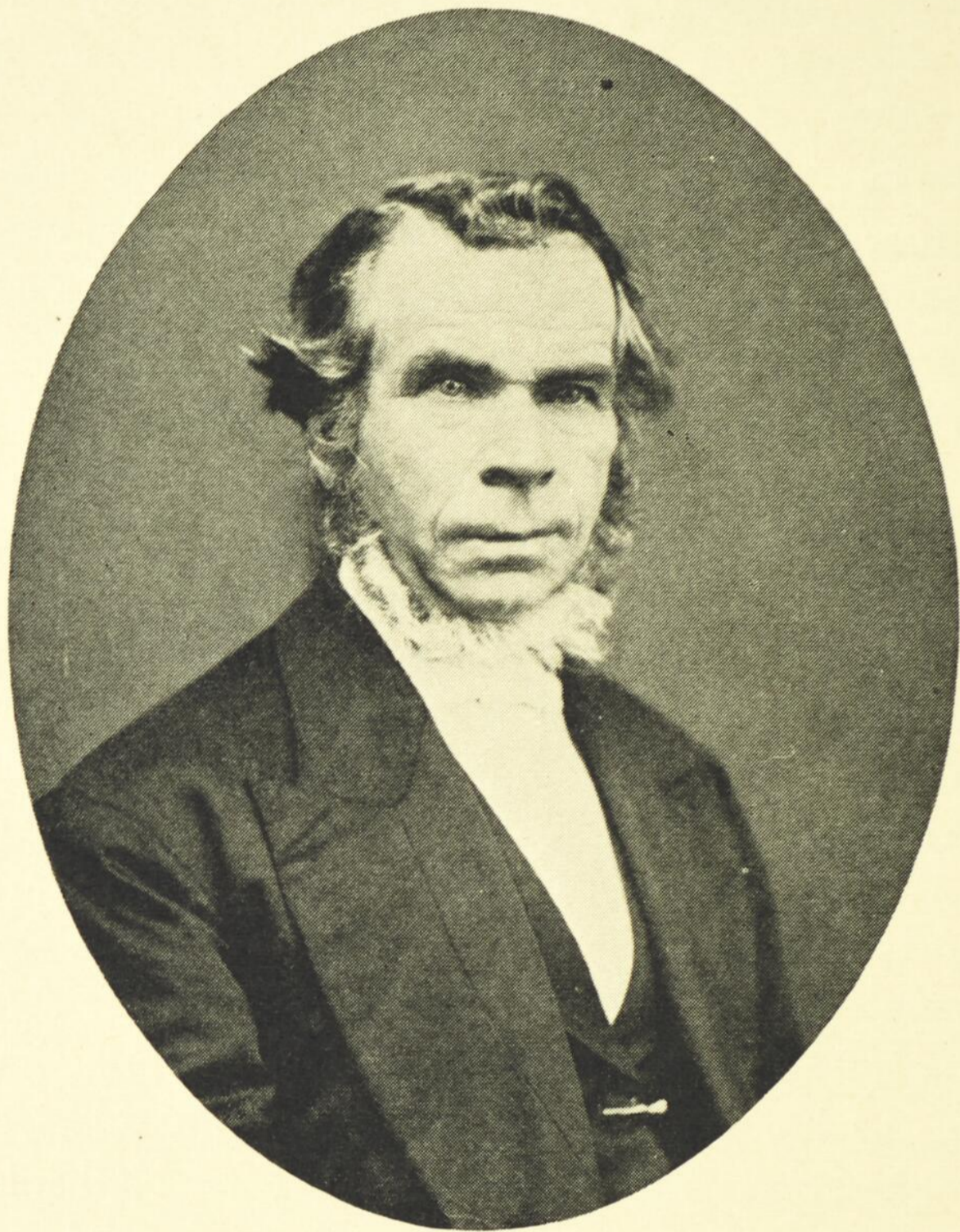
We had very simple fare, usually pea soup, dark bread, rather poor potatoes, salt pork, and molasses. They always made big preparations for Christmas, which was a treat to me, as the regular fare was not what I was used to and not much to my taste. Then they had quite a variety and abundance of food: roast pork seasoned with garlic, very tasty ragout of small knuckles of pork, potatoes, onions, and other vegetables, meat pies, apple pie, raisin pie, and other good things. Of course, when they

killed a pig they had the usual black pudding and sausages. There were no alcoholic drinks, as the Legarés were temperance people and had a temperance card hanging on the wall.

When Father first came to this country he found that the neighbors used to drink and even get drunk, so he got a pledge book and passed it round, inducing a number to sign. He used to speak sometimes at temperance meetings. He started a Sunday School in St. Roch in connection with St. Andrew's Church, had a class there, and Mother used to lead the singing. She had a sweet voice and when visiting the neighbors would sing to them. At family prayers she always read the Bible, chapter by chapter, from Genesis to Revelation, including the genealogies and many other lists of hard words. After the chapter we all knelt down to pray. Father's prayers, though extempore, never varied much. One sentence was always there: "Lord, increase our faith, confirm our hope and perfect us in love." Sometimes before the prayer was ended, the little children would fall asleep. Father was a very religious man, devoted to the Church, and would never do anything on Sunday but works of necessity. He would rather let his hay spoil than bring it in on the Sabbath. My sister Aggie says that on Sunday morning she loved to lie in bed in Mother's room to watch

father dressing for church: white kerseymere underwear and fine white shirt stitched by Mother's clever fingers, as there were no sewing machines in those days. Then the white collar with high points and the white stock wound around twice and tied in front, and lastly the black broad-cloth suit, well brushed and pressed. Of course, the boots were all polished on Saturday.

Father was a fine looking man, with wavy, dark hair, clean shaven lip and chin, and a round whisker like Gladstone's. After he was dressed and the carriage at the door Mother would appear in her black silk gown, shawl or mantle, and bonnet, and the children in their Sunday best, and all would drive the three miles to St. Andrew's Church, where Dr. John Cook was minister for forty-seven years, from 1836 to 1883. He came to Quebec one year before Father and Mother arrived. Father soon made friends with Dr. Cook and used to bring him to the house quite often. He was an elder for thirty-five years, and he and Mr. Nathaniel Nathan Ross were the only elders who did any visiting. When Father was absent from the service one Sunday Dr. Cook hired a calèche the next day and drove out to see him. Father was very kind to the Methodist minister as well as to Dr. Cook, and would sometimes drive him out on a week night and after supper have a prayer-meeting



JAMES GILLESPIE

in the house with the family and neighbors. One afternoon, as he was driving Mr. Squires out, the cutter upset and both were thrown into the snow. Clambering up from the drift Mr. Squires said: "Mr. Gillespie, let us kneel down and thank God!"

So they had a preliminary prayer-meeting then and there.

When I was a little girl, perhaps eleven years of age, Eliza Jane, Mary Walsh and I used to attend revival meetings at the Methodist Church. We knelt at the penitent bench and professed conversion, signing our names. The evangelist was the Rev. James Caughey, quite noted in his time, and crowds attended the meetings. One of the helpers at a meeting told Eliza Jane that if she did not become converted she would go to hell and never see her parents again. This had a morbid effect upon us, as we were always thinking of our sins and wondering if our hearts were right with God. Some of the letters which we wrote each other when I was at Legarés' and which I still possess, show how our poor little minds were affected by this extreme type of evangelism.

To Mary Gillespie, from Elisa Jane Gillespie, at Scott's Bridge, to the care of William and Mary Gillespie, in the Mountain.

March 5th, 1852.

Dear Mary:

Dear and ever-beloved sister, I take up my pen to tell you when I received your letter I was very much affected with it and thought of myself what a sinner I am and went into Mamma's bedroom and

knelt down and prayed to my heavenly father which seeith in secret and shall reward us openly. O that we were good that we could serve Him in truth. Lord pardon us sinners for I know I am a sinner. Lord pardon me for Christ sake. I often pray in secret and pray for a new heart. Lord give me a new heart. O that we saw our sin we would acknowledge Him more. James was so much affected with your letter that he cried plenty and Mama asked what ailed him. He said that it was the letter you sent and he sends his love to you in the kindest manner. No more at present, from your ever affectionate sister, Elisa Jane Gillespie.

To Mary Gillespie.

From Mary Gillespie, to her dear Mama living in the country.

March the 15th, 1852.

Dear Mamma:

I received your kind and affectionate letter with a great deal of joy and was much affected by it. Dear mama I can not at this present time tell you the state of my heart. I know I am a great sinner and I often feel the working of God's Holy Spirit within me and I sometimes go and kneel down and pray for a new heart and for to pardon my sins. I hope God in his wise and kind power will grant these my few and simple prayers for Jesus Christ sake. Dear mama I do often pray for you my

Dear parents and for my Dear brothers and sisters and for to spare you yet a little more over us, and I often think how kind our Heavenly Father is that he has given us such kind parents over us and that we are placed in such a pleasant land where we have the Gospel and where we have churches to go to and schools to instruct us. Give my love to papa and brothers and sisters and all the family and to all the Sunday school children and my dear teacher and to the other teachers. I am quite well at present and I hope you are in the same. I think this is about the last letter that I will write to you being soon time to return home. I wish you would ask papa when will it be time to return home and to send me word the day I will get my clothes ready, but Dear mamma I do not only ask papa's permission but yours to. I am still your ever affectionate daughter untill death.

Mary Gillespie.

In spite of the mistakes of his helpers Mr. Caughey did much good in Canada. Many useful members of the Methodist and other churches, some of them afterwards ministers, became interested in religion for the first time at his meetings. Mr. Caughey was a widower at this time, but later married a worldly woman who did not approve of his preaching, so he gave it up after a while.



MARY GILLESPIE MARY JAMIESON MARY WALSH

My friend Mary Walsh was an orphan who, with her brother Joseph, came to live with us until she was almost grown up. Uncle Woods looked after the property of the Walsh children and Father was their guardian. Later, Mary learned the millinery business with the Misses Husband, one of whom worked in our store until she married Mr. Baller. After a time Mary Walsh married Mr. David Smith. The Ballers and Smiths were great Plymouth Brethren, who were very active in Quebec, and quite a few of Dr. Cook's members became interested, among them Mr. John Gilmour. They got acquainted with Father and he brought them to our house. One of the leaders, Captain Scott, a retired army officer, used to hold meetings there. Lord Cecil, the head or founder of the sect, came to Quebec and we attended his meetings. They were very narrow in their views. One of them would not go to his father's funeral because it was in a church. They were antinomians, "not under law but under grace." One of their favorite hymns I remember well:

"Nothing now remains to do,
Nothing, sinner, no:
Jesus did it, did it all,
Long, long ago.



MARY JAMIESON GILLESPIE

My mother was of a kindly hospitable disposition, but sometimes she would object to Father's bringing so many people to the house who had no claim on us, but liked to be well entertained, which gave much extra work to the housekeeper. Mother was a very busy woman with a large family and a large dairy to look after, yet she found time to do many kind deeds, nursing her neighbors in sickness, visiting those who were in trouble and cheering them with her sweet singing. She had a good deal of musical ability, which was inherited by some of her children and grandchildren. She was also clever with her needle, making beautiful little garments for her babies, and this artistic faculty has also been passed on to her daughters and granddaughters. She was a pretty woman in her youth, with good features and beautiful fair hair with a reddish tinge. But an attack of malaria caused it to darken and grow thin, and when not more than fifty-five she began to wear a cap of white muslin at home and black lace with mauve ribbon bows when she went out for tea. Eliza Jane, Sarah, and Margaret Cook — Maggie, we called her — had fair hair and looked like Mother, while Aggie and I took after Father.

She worked long hours in the dairy, as Father supplied the Officers' Mess in Quebec with butter, all made into quarter pound prints with a thistle

stamp. On account of the dampness she had an attack of rheumatic fever which affected her heart and she died at the early age of sixty-six. But when I was at home she was well, very active, and full of fun, though at times she found fault with Father for being too liberal with the money she helped to make by so much hard work. He used to give generously, not only to St. Andrew's and to other Protestant churches and charities, but to the Roman Catholics, French and Irish, when religious sisters came to collect for some good cause. He and Mother were much interested in the Protestant Home, which they used to visit on Sunday afternoons.

After leaving Mr. Duncan's school I stayed at home for a while, as there was no Protestant school at Little River. But I was not idle, as in our large house and farm, where we kept twenty cows, there was plenty to do for the three older daughters as well as for the general servants. When we wanted workers we used to go down to the ships and employ newly arrived immigrants, whom we called "passengers." We used to pay maids, fine looking young women, \$2.00 a month with room and board. They would milk, do housework, work in the fields, as in Ireland, and prepare vegetables for market.

Before long my father sent me to St. Andrew's

School, which was connected with the Church and taught by Mrs. Drysdale. Mr. Jones, a curate, was assistant at Mrs. Drysdale's school and I attended his classes in Greek and Roman History. Many years afterwards I met him in Toronto when he was rector of an Anglican church. Mrs. Drysdale's daughter, Mrs. Home, had a fine school for girls on St. Louis Street, which my daughter Annie attended. Her daughter Josie, wife of Senator A. J. Brown of Montreal, is still a friend of the family.

I went later to Mrs. Kendall's school and about Christmas time took an examination for a teacher's certificate. I came first on the list of candidates and obtained an Elementary School Diploma. Afterwards I took lessons in mensuration, linear drawing, geometry, and algebra at the home of Dr. Daniel Wilkie, Rector of the High School, and obtained a Model School Diploma. Dr. Wilkie would charge me nothing for these lessons, so I gave him a pair of embroidered slippers. I paid about \$6.00 for the canvas, Berlin wool, and shoemaker's work.

There was only a French school near Little River at the end of the town, although there should have been an English teacher, so Father got consent of the Protestants of Little River to establish a Dissident School. He rented a small house for

that purpose on St. Valier Street, about a mile from our home, and I was appointed as the first teacher. The school was supported partly by the Protestant tax of Little River Dissentient District and a small provincial grant, and partly by the tuition fees of fifty cents a month, or one dollar a month for those who took French as an extra study. My brothers, James, John and George, attended the school, as did my sister Agnes. James and John lit the fires and swept the floor. The maximum attendance was twenty-seven, and the pupils' ages ranged from five years upwards, most of them English speaking, but a few French Canadians. On the whole, the scholars were well behaved, though leather tawse had occasionally to be used. I taught there for three and a half years from the age of eighteen to twenty-two, when I was married. I taught reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, grammar, and French. The school inspector's report twice a year was always satisfactory. In my class book, still treasured, may be seen a record of my pupils with their standing. I have since corresponded with some of them: Mary Kerr, now Mrs. Thomas Wilson, of Stratford, Ontario, and Adeline Watt, later Mrs. McNair, of Winnipeg, who died in the year 1931.

If you look in my class book you will see several "remarks" by the inspector. Here is one: "1861,

8th May. Examined the school in the different branches of instruction provided in it, viz. Reading, Writing, Orthography, English Gram., French, Hist. of England, Script. Hist., Arithmetic, Geography and Roots of Words. The results were highly satisfactory. The following prizes were given R. G. Plees, School Inspector.”

While teaching school I paid for all my clothes and bought a lamp for Mother. Before that we used candles, most of which we made ourselves from tallow run into moulds with a wick in the center. I also bought a piano for \$14.00, small and very old-fashioned, with thin legs, that would be a valuable antique at this time. I learned to play from Mrs. Ritter, whose children attended my school. After I was married we bought another piano, a Collard and Collard, which I kept until we left Levis. I sent the old piano to a second-hand dealer to be sold, but before the auction took place the building and my piano were burned, and all I received in compensation was a silver-plated cruetstand. The school-house was burned some years later and a new one was built near Scott's Bridge. At one time my niece, Alice Gillespie, taught there. (Auntie Aggie says Mother was much beloved by all her pupils and when she went away to be married they all cried, including Mother and Aunt Aggie herself. *Editors.*)

Before we left the Hamilton place, in 1857, my eldest sister, Eliza Jane, was married to Alexander Buchanan, a tall, handsome man, but one whom she had not known for very long. We were great friends and I missed her sorely. She was very lonely, leaving her parents, to whom she was devoted, and the home where she and her sisters had such a happy time with their young friends. At St. Giles there were few Protestants, so she was happy when they moved near Quebec at Cap Rouge, a lovely place, and later to a farm on the Little River Road opposite the Hossacks. She was near home again, but with a large family to care for and a dairy to manage she had little time for visiting.

Some time after Mother's death they moved to the Eastern Townships near Stanstead, where her daughter Maggie, now Mrs. Louis Schwab, attended the College. From that place they moved out to Michigan, where my dear sister died when only sixty-four. Several of her eight children are still there near Flint. Mary, the eldest daughter, remained in Montreal, living with us in the St. James' parsonage, and when we moved to Toronto her sisters, Maggie and Aggie, lived with her while attending Normal School, until they secured Model School diplomas and began to teach.

About the time of Eliza Jane's marriage I visited

West Winchester with Father to see Mother's relations. He "walked" in the Orange procession there on July 12th with a lot of other men in carts, carriages, or on horseback. Father rode a white horse and wore his regalia, including a sash made by Mary Walsh. He had been a member of the Orange Lodge in Ireland and used to speak in familiar terms of King James, King William, the Battle of the Boyne, and the Siege of Derry, as though they were events of yesterday. On Orangeman's Day he decorated himself with an orange lily or bow of orange ribbon, yet on St. Patrick's Day he wore the green.

I was always greatly interested in the story of Sir John Franklin and the various expeditions sent in search of him by Lady Franklin after his last voyage of 1845. I was much impressed by a poem called "Song of the North," by Elizabeth Doten, written in April, 1853, telling of the death of Sir John Franklin before it was confirmed. It almost seemed as if she had "second sight," what we now call telepathy. I believe in telepathy.

One of the prominent men in Quebec in my day was Dr. James Douglas, superintendent of the Beauport Asylum. He used to visit at Mrs. Kendall's school when I was there. He seemed to be an admirer of her daughter, and was very popular with the ladies. He was the father of the cele-

brated mining engineer, Dr. James Douglas, of Douglas, Arizona, later of New York, who made such generous gifts to Queen's University and McGill. He was the great grandfather, if I am not mistaken, of Dr. Lewis William Douglas, a member of Congress in the States and for a time Director of the Budget under President Roosevelt.

Another local celebrity was Colonel Conrad Gugy, proprietor of the old De Salaberry Seignory at Beauport, a very remarkable man about whom many stories are told. He engaged in a long and almost ruinous lawsuit with a neighboring landowner about the mill-stream rights and other matters in dispute. His daughter, Mrs. James Geggie, still lives in the old Manor House on the Beauport Road. She is much interested in woman suffrage and in temperance, being president of the Quebec W.C.T.U.

An important event in the year 1860 was the visit of the Prince of Wales, who later became Edward VII. The day he arrived Father drove us in his carriage right to the wharf and the Prince passed near us. He stood up to respond to the applause of the people. I noticed that he was a nice looking man with a prominent nose. When he was going away, I gave the children a holiday. I stood on Mountain Hill and he passed close to me in his carriage. The French people called him,

"Le Petit Prince." I remember too when "General" Tom Thumb visited Quebec, also the celebrated Swedish singer, Jenny Lind. Tom Thumb was so tiny that one of the ladies put him inside her muff. But the muffs were rather large in those days.

When I was teaching, the Rev. Dr. William Morley Punshon came to Canada that he might be allowed to marry his deceased wife's sister, which was against the British law at that time and for many years longer. He remained for some years in Canada and induced the Methodists of Toronto to build a representative church, the great Metropolitan, of which he was the first pastor. He gave a lecture in the Quebec Methodist Church, for which I sold tickets at fifty cents each. It was a wonderful lecture. People were just carried away by his eloquence.

While we were still on the Hamilton Place, Mr. Peter LeRossignol of Quebec brought his wife to our house to stay for a while, as she was in poor health. She had four children, all of whom died young. Mr. LeRossignol had been owner and captain of a schooner trading from Jersey to Gaspé, Quebec, Italy, and other places. At Quebec he sold the ship and worked for a time as clerk for Mr. William Whithall, ship-chandler. Later he married Rachel Lenfesty, who with her sister had

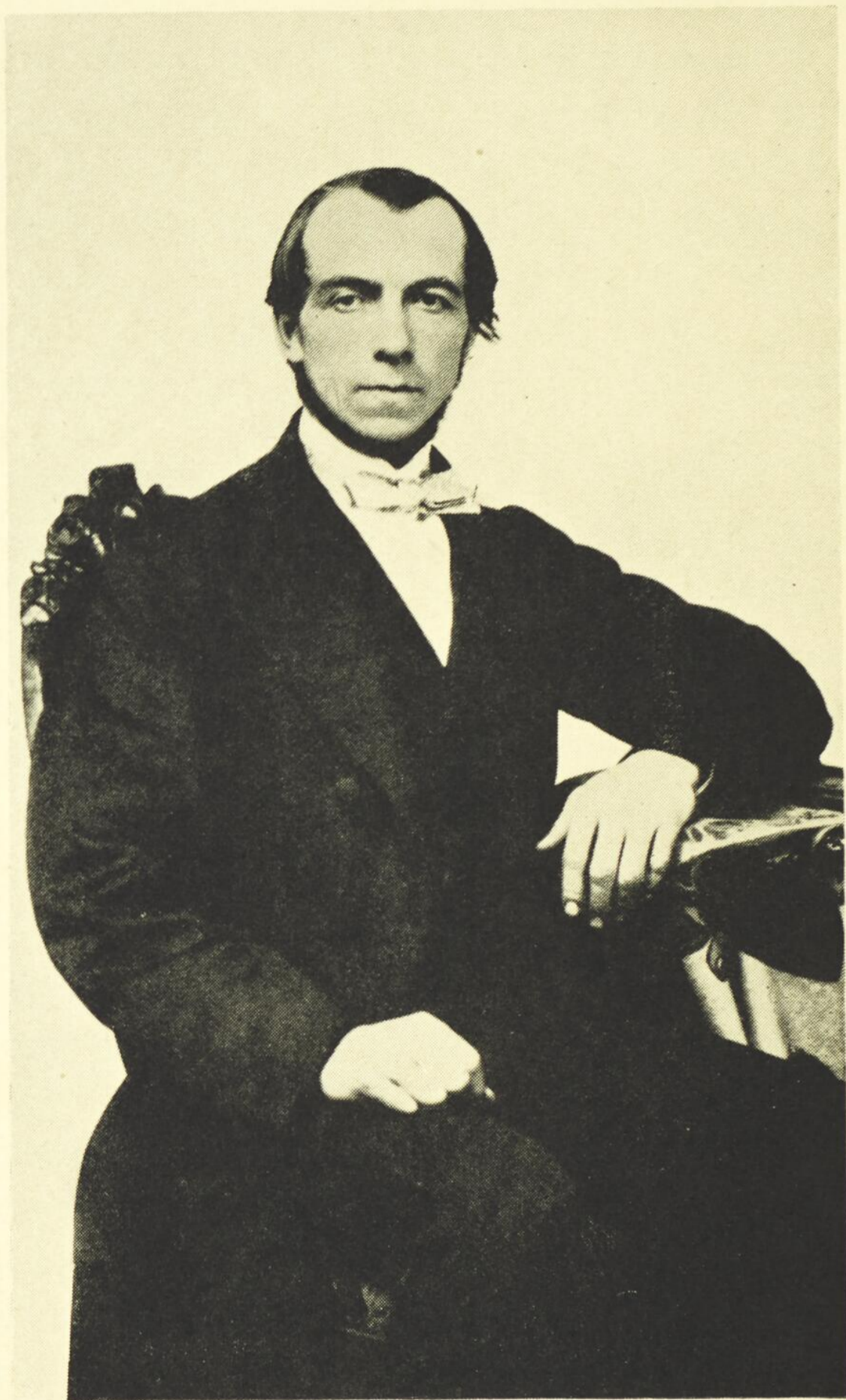
a dry-goods store on John Street near St. Matthew's Church. The business was running down when he married, so he retained his position with Mr. Whithall for a time, working in the store in the evenings. After his wife's death her sister married Mr. Davidson, a retired minister, so Mr. LeRossignol sent to Jersey for his sister Mary to keep house for him. She soon married Philip Touet, another Jerseyman, and moved to Victoria, B.C., where they engaged in farming and sail-making. They had three children, the two daughters married brothers of the name of Jeune, and the family still live in Victoria.

Esther LeRossignol came out from Jersey after Mary's marriage and lived with her brother for some time. But she became ill and used to come to our house for a change and to enjoy Mother's rich buttermilk and other good country diet, which helped to restore her health. She finally returned to Jersey and lived to be eighty-five years old. Mr. LeRossignol brought out his nephews, John and Edward Esnouf, sons of his sister Elizabeth, whose husband, Capt. John Esnouf, died of yellow fever at Rio Janeiro. They also found the climate and the confinement in the store trying and had to go home, John dying on ship-board, but Edward recovered and lived happily on his farm at St. Mary's

until 1911. All these used to visit at our house, Father and Mother being very kind to them.

When I was about twenty Father bought a farm from Mr. Prendergast, which his grandson James Gillespie still owns. It had a frontage of three arpents on the St. Charles River and extended back towards Charlesbourg for almost two miles. A double row of tamarack trees, planted by Father, edged the inner side of the fence and another row ran along the top of the long field. Across the farm ran a little brook, where my little son James often fished for minnows, practising the sport in which he became an adept in later years. Walter also used to fish there, at first with bent pins and later with regular hooks. The side fences were lined with choke-cherry, rowan and petit-poire trees, giving many a feast to the children.

The house was an old-fashioned one of the picturesque French Canadian type with steep roof, the sloping eaves forming a roof for the long gallery. In the centre was a door opening onto a narrow hall. To the left of this door was the parlor and behind that a bed-room and to the right a large dining-room which we used when company came. At other times we took our meals in the large kitchen below the parlor, off which was the store-room. Upstairs we had four bedrooms. I remember this house so well because there Mr. LeRos-



PETER LE ROSSIGNOL

signal used to visit me quite often and we were married in the parlor on May 24, 1862, when I was just past twenty-two. It was a double wedding, as Mr. David Smith and my foster-sister Mary Walsh were married at the same time by Dr. John Cook.

After our marriage we kept the old Lenfesty store for a couple of years, and there Annie was born. Then we moved to a larger store on John Street nearer the Gate. It was a fine stone building of four stories, the two lower ones fitted up for business, the third and fourth as apartments in which we lived. The building is now occupied by a store owned by a Mr. Roy.

I spent much time in the store, selling goods and keeping the books. I counted the cash at night and put it up in rolls ready for the bank. We used to open the store about seven o'clock in the morning and closed it at nine or nine-thirty. On Saturdays and holidays we opened it at six o'clock and kept it open until ten at night. No short hours then. At first we had two prices, the counter price and a private mark for the cost price. The people liked to bargain, so we had to have some leeway. Here my knowledge of French came in handy as many of our customers were "habitants." When Mr. Davidson came into the business we established the one price system. I did a good deal of

bargaining at market too, as our family was large. Often I went to the Upper Town Market near the Jesuit Barracks with my basket on my arm. But when I went to the Champlain Market at the wharf I had to take a cab or calèche up the hill.

When I married Mr. LeRossignol I became a Methodist, although he had belonged to the Anglican Church in Jersey. I joined a class conducted by Mrs. Middleton, whose husband was editor of the *Quebec Gazette* for many years. She was a very fine woman, a good speaker and President of the Women's Christian Temperance Union for the Province of Quebec. A fountain has been erected to her memory near St. Louis Gate. Later the class was conducted by Mrs. George Young, wife of our minister, who was a noted missionary to the Indians of the North West, and one of the early pastors in Winnipeg, who did much to establish the Methodist Church in the West. He was present when Thomas Scott was killed in the first Riel Rebellion. Dr. Young settled in Toronto after retiring from the active work, much loved and respected.

The Methodist Church was a beautiful grey stone building, on Cook Street, at the corner of St. Stanislas Street, with a large auditorium and a gallery round three sides, and a choir gallery above the pulpit. In our time the church was often filled

to capacity, and the membership included many of the prominent families of the city. I remember the names of Louis, Holt, Renfrew, Webster, Dinning, Jones, Woods, Withall, Wakeham, Douglas, Murray, LeMesurier, Dawson, Middleton, Storey, Jarvis, Dunlop, Banks. There were also members of the military then stationed at Quebec. In St. Andrew's the soldiers sat in the gallery opposite the one where our pew was and we girls admired their red coats and military bearing. Others attended the Cathedral. At that time Protestants formed a substantial minority of the population; now they have sadly decreased, though the churches still bravely carry on.

I was getting ready to go to church one evening when I noticed smoke coming up from the store next door. I ran down to our store, got the books and money, wrapped them in a quilt and took them to a neighbor's house. The place was full of smoke and firemen broke the plate glass windows. The goods were damaged by water and smoke, but our loss was fully covered by insurance. The fire occurred in July or August, 1866, when Mr. Le-Rossignol was down at Cacouna taking a vacation. We wired him and he came up at once. We rented a store inside John's Gate and had a sale of damaged goods. Great crowds came so we had to keep the people out while those inside were served.

Then we took a store in St. Roch while the other was being repaired. After this experience I was very tired, so we went out to Father's for a rest. He and Mother were kindness itself, and there James was born on October 24th.

Father was very fond of children and they of him. The babies would kick and crow with delight when he danced them to a funny little tune he sang or let them pull his hair. Whenever he came to our house in town, after James could talk, he would run to climb on his knee and cry "Grandpa! Tell me a story." And when Grandpa would say "What shall I tell you?" He would shout, "Tell me about Job!" So Father would graphically relate the story of Job, the loss of his oxen and his asses, his sheep and his camels, his servants and his children, and how he got them all back again, while the little boy listened with red cheeks, open eyes and mouth, never tiring of the wonderful story. My children loved to spend long summer days on the farm, gathering eggs in the barn, riding up the fields in the hay-cart, eating raw carrots and turnips after washing them in the rain-barrel, with no disastrous results; picking strawberries along the fences and raspberries in the big patch in West's field. This life in the country was a welcome change from the monotony of walking along St. John Street with the nurse pushing a

baby carriage or sleigh. As they grew older they could walk to Durham Terrace and play there in sight of the river, filled with ships and ferry boats, with the city of Levis beyond. There was the Esplanade also, where the youngsters had great fun rolling down the glacis or playing around the old cannon and piles of cannon balls.

Christmas Day we always spent at the old home. Father would drive in for us with the carriage or berline¹, plentifully supplied with buffalo robes under which the children would snuggle. Mother and my sisters would have a great feast ready of turkey, goose, ham, plum-pudding and other good things. The hungry children found Grandfather's special grace rather long at such a time, but sometimes we would sing:

“Be present at our table, Lord;
Be here and everywhere adored;
Thy creatures bless, and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with Thee.”

After dinner there would be games and sliding on the hill right over the river, and when supper was over a tired and happy family would drive home, the little ones asleep under the buffalo robes.

After this digression I must resume my tale of business affairs. When the building on John Street was ready for occupation we moved in with

¹ French for carriage or sleigh.

a new stock of goods. At this time Mr. Ninian Davidson came into the business, when the firm name became LeRossignol and Davidson. Later Mr. John Horan joined it. Both of these gentlemen had been clerks with Glover and Fry on Fabrique Street.

When we lived on John Street our house was the rendezvous for Jerseymen, mostly relatives. Among these were Philip Touet, who married my sister-in-law Mary; Captain John LeGros, an uncle, and his sons, Captains Peter, John and Thomas LeGros; the Rev. Edward De Gruchy, a cousin; Rev. Joseph Pinel, Philip Ahier, and Miss LeBoutillier. When Peter LeGros lived at Esquimault Point, his wife, née Elise LeBoutillier, came to our house, where her daughter Alice was born. She is now Mrs. Horace Bichard and lives in Jersey with her daughter Doris. John LeGros settled at Point Peter near Gaspé, where he kept a store and fishing station. Mother took Annie and my son Peter there one summer, as the latter was not well and the doctor advised sea-bathing. He was there another summer with his Aunt Maggie, who stayed with us for a while after my brother James took over our farm. She and Annie went to Miss Patterson's school above St. John Street and there Annie mastered the multiplication table with the

help of her friend Carrie Borland, after she had some difficulty with seven times seven.

After Mr. Davidson joined the business my husband opened up a branch store on Passage Hill, in Levis, in a large building three stories high in front, almost all glass, and four stories at the back, on account of the hill. It was well equipped, but cost a good deal to heat and maintain, and I do not think it ever paid an adequate return. Uncle and Aunt Smith kept house for us there. She was Father's sister Sarah, and they had come out soon after him and settled at Bourg Louis, but were glad to leave that rather desolate place and take a position with us, she as cook and he as gardener and man-of-all-work. They were a fine couple and well liked by every one who knew them. We had a millinery and dressmaking department of which Miss Kinsella was manager, with Miss Winfield as assistant. My sister Agnes, who had studied with Mr. Duncan and wrote a fine hand, kept the books. The three girls had rooms on the top flat and boarded with us when we spent the summer there, Aunt Smith looking after them in the winter.

It was an ideal place for the children, who had a large nursery on the top floor, with a fine view of the river, the city with the citadel above, the Island of Orleans to the east, a glimpse of Montmorency Falls, and the Laurentians beyond. At the north

side of the house was Uncle Smith's beautiful garden, where the children were forbidden to do any damage, but they could run along the paths and play in the summer-house. Lower down was the vegetable garden and at the back of the house a large yard through which a stream ran, crossed by a wooden bridge leading to the gate. On the west was the long hill where they would venture to slide in winter when a policeman was not on watch. On the south side the back gallery lead to a gravelled yard, used for storing empty packing cases, where the children used to play hide and seek.

Across the long hill was Shaw's Grove with many tall oak, maple, and pine trees. There was a swing and wooden benches, and below was the cliff with little pathways down which they would venture to gather wild strawberries and red columbine. This open air life did much to improve the health of my children, as they often caught cold which developed into croup with James and Walter, which always alarmed me. Annie had a bad attack of bronchitis when she was about two, and at eight congestion of the lungs, but they all grew strong at Levis. I always had a nurse to help take care of them. One—Louisa Gray from Bourg Louis—was with us for nearly eight years, and we were very fond of her. Miss LeGallienne, from Jersey, sewed for the children and also helped me

teach them. They were all able to read before I sent them to school when seven years old. They loved Miss LeGallienne and cried when she was married in our parlor one stormy Hallowe'en, to Mr. Philip Ahier, and went to live at Esquimault Point near Labrador. Adjoining our grounds were those of Mr. Moses Cass, with whose girls and boys, Lizzie and Gertrude, Percy and Sydney, ours used to play. We were always good friends in Levis and later, when we lived in Montreal.

A few years after my wedding some important events took place at my home. In 1867 my sister Sarah was married to her cousin Alec. Gillespie and went to Gaines, Michigan. In 1869 my brother James married Alice McWilliam, a beautiful girl whom we all learned to love. She had a sweet voice and some musical training, so from both father and mother the children inherited a love for music and three of them developed decided vocal talent. Father and Mother stayed on the farm for a few years longer, until it was bought by my brother James, when they rented the adjacent farm. Father got this into fine shape and he and Mother lived comfortably there until she died in the summer of 1880. My sister Maggie was with them for several years, but in 1876, when only seventeen, she married James Jack, who owned the farm between ours and Scott's Bridge. She was fair,

like Mother, and rather tall, full of life and courage, which nothing daunted, though she was left a widow with four young children at the age of twenty-four, Mr. Jack having died of typhoid fever. Three years later she married Robert Neil, who died in 1928. She is the mother of thirteen children: four boys and nine girls, all married but two, good looking and with families of their own, yet she is as youthful in spirit as ever. She used to find time, however busy, to nurse her neighbors as Mother used to do, and kept well herself. She is youthful in appearance too, her abundant light brown hair scarcely streaked with grey.

My brother George, who had received a good education at the High School, under Dr. Daniel Wilkie, wrote a fine hand and was quick at figures, did not care for farming, so went into the employ of John Gilmour and Company, timber merchants of Gilmour's Cove, Quebec, and Indian Cove, near Levis. He was almost six feet tall and fair like Mother's brother John. He was attracted by the military and joined the volunteers of the Eighth Royal Rifles at the time of the Fenian Raid. Though never called into action he always considered himself one of the veterans. When the Gilmour Company moved to Ottawa he went with them, took charge of their lumber yards at Hull and Ironsides during the summer, and in the

autumn for several years went up to Lac Desert to oversee cutting operations. He married Sarah Graham of Ottawa in May, 1883. He was in the Gilmour Company for fifty years and afterwards with the International Paper and Power Company, with which it was merged, and is now in Ottawa, still vigorous at the age of eighty-two.

In the early years of our business Mr. LeRossier bought goods from the wholesalers in Montreal, but after a while he used to go over to England every year for that purpose. He once visited my relatives in Ireland, and on his last trip he went to see his sisters and other relatives in St. Mary's Parish, Jersey. This was in 1871, after he had undergone an operation in London made necessary by an accident on shipboard and his far too strenuous life. As he was not well, his friends advised him to return home, which he did in October. We stayed in town that winter and the following summer went over to Point Levis. There my daughter Mary was born. She was a pretty little girl, with brown eyes, rosy cheeks and a sweet disposition. We returned to town in the autumn, leaving Walter with Aunt Smith and the girls, as he was a stirring little fellow and I had the care of my husband and of my second son Peter, who was not well. Walter had a wonderful time with Aunt and Uncle Smith and the others, who did their best to spoil

the merry, brown-eyed youngster. During the winter of 1873 my husband made arrangements for the sale of the business to Messrs. Davidson and Horan and in the spring we moved over to Levis permanently. There my husband died on October 13, 1874, at the age of fifty.

He was a very generous man, giving largely to the church, to needy people and to other causes. On one occasion he gave a large sum to the Rev. H. F. Bland for missions, chiefly in Japan. I went to the Quebec Bank, drew out the money and put it in a bag which he handed to Mr. Bland. He gave a still larger sum to the Pointe Aux Trembles School, but did not wish anyone to know about it. I think he was following the injunction of Jesus: "Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them."

He was a man of great ability, energy and ambition, planning and working all the time, far too much for the good of his health. He was very popular with the customers, especially with the habitants, whom he used to clap on the back, telling stories and asking about the various members of their family, often very numerous. But he could get angry too when things went wrong. He had his faults, of course, but he was a good man and I revere his memory.

After my husband's death Messrs. Davidson and

Horan continued the business in Levis for some years, retaining the services of Aunt and Uncle Smith. I gave up my parlor on the second floor to the young ladies, also the large dining-room, and kept house in a suite of three rooms on the first floor, with my large bed-room on the first story, and the nursery above, using coal stoves to supplement the heat of the furnace, so we were quite comfortable. We had a nice little maid from Bourg Louis, and my niece Elizabeth LeRossignol helped me with the children. They went to Mrs. Alexander Duncan's school and afterwards to one kept by Miss Phillips, a lady from Montreal.

My sister Agnes was pretty and lively, and had many admirers, among whom was George Burton Ramsey, a fine young man in the office of the Grand Trunk Railway in Levis. They were finally engaged, and were married in our parsonage at Prescott on October 29, 1882, by Mr. Henderson. They were active members of St. Andrew's Church, Levis, and afterwards of St. Andrew's, Quebec, when Mr. Ramsey became assistant manager of the Dominion Steamship Company's Office, merged later into the White-Star Dominion Line. Aunt Aggie and Uncle George, as the family called them, kept open house for their relatives, friends, and the ministers in the old family way, and were interested in every good cause. Their three sons

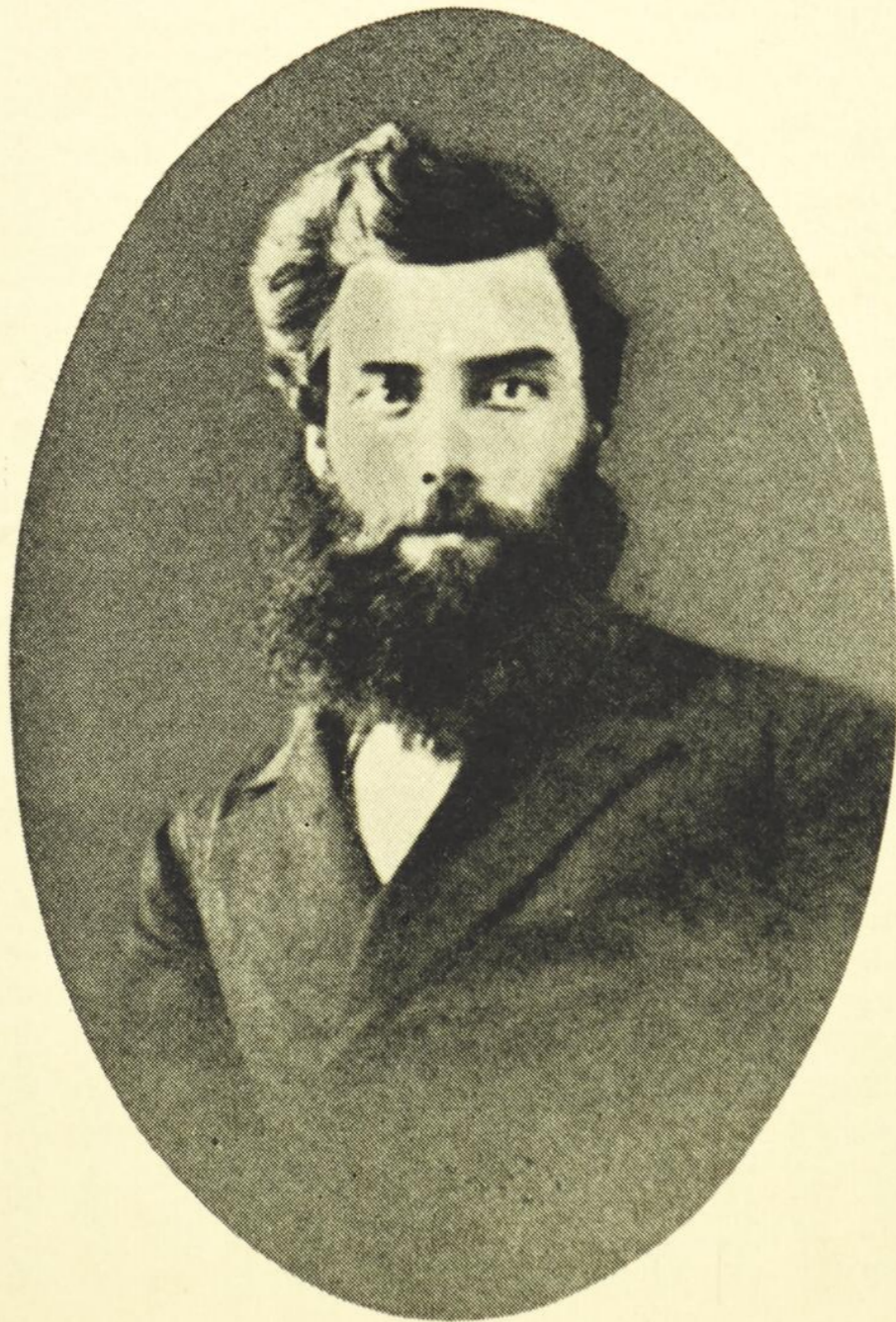
and three daughters have shown marked ability and have done their share in the world's work.

The summer of 1875 we spent at Cacouna on the Lower St. Lawrence, where we rented a habitant house. During the summer a Mrs. Mitchell, of Montreal, and her daughter held religious meetings at the hotel, which the children attended, and where many of the young people were deeply influenced. They used to sing Moody and Sankey hymns, which were new at the time, and quite different from the old-fashioned hymns and psalms. Josie Home was among those who were interested in the meetings. She and her mother lived just across the road from our place in a picturesque French Canadian house and the children used to play croquet on their lawn. Both houses, I understand, are still there. We did a good deal of sea-bathing, sometimes twice a day, especially at high tide, though the river was rather far away and the water quite cold. It was a lovely place, with many fine summer homes owned by people from Quebec and Montreal, and an Anglican Church in the village which we used to attend. I remember especially the beautiful sunsets over the broad river with the Laurentian mountains beyond. How I would like to go there again!

On our return to Point Levis, James Henderson was there as minister of the little Methodist Church

on the hill opposite St. Andrew's, as well as assistant to the Rev. H. F. Bland in Quebec. His predecessors in order of time had been Mr. Lewis, Mr. James Allen, Mr. Forster, and Mr. Blades. He was a very handsome young man, with black bushy hair, long beard, and brilliant color. He was a most eloquent preacher, reminding me of the Rev. Morley Punshon. The congregations were very small on Sunday mornings, but larger in the evening, when many Presbyterians used to attend. One cold morning in winter there were only eight persons there, of whom our family must have numbered three or four, and the Powells and Mr. Gershom Davie the rest.

Mr. Henderson boarded with the Blands in the parsonage on Ste. Ursule Street, but when the weather was stormy he used to spend Sunday night at our house and greatly enjoyed his meals. We enjoyed his company, as he was a most companionable man and a brilliant conversationalist. Presently people began to talk, as two of his predecessors had married members of the Levis congregation. One evening, when Mr. Henderson was at a tea-meeting in our large dining-room, he said to a friend of his, another young minister: "Do you see Mrs. LeRossignol there? That is the lady I intend to marry." His friends in Quebec tried to dissuade him from marrying me and my five children,

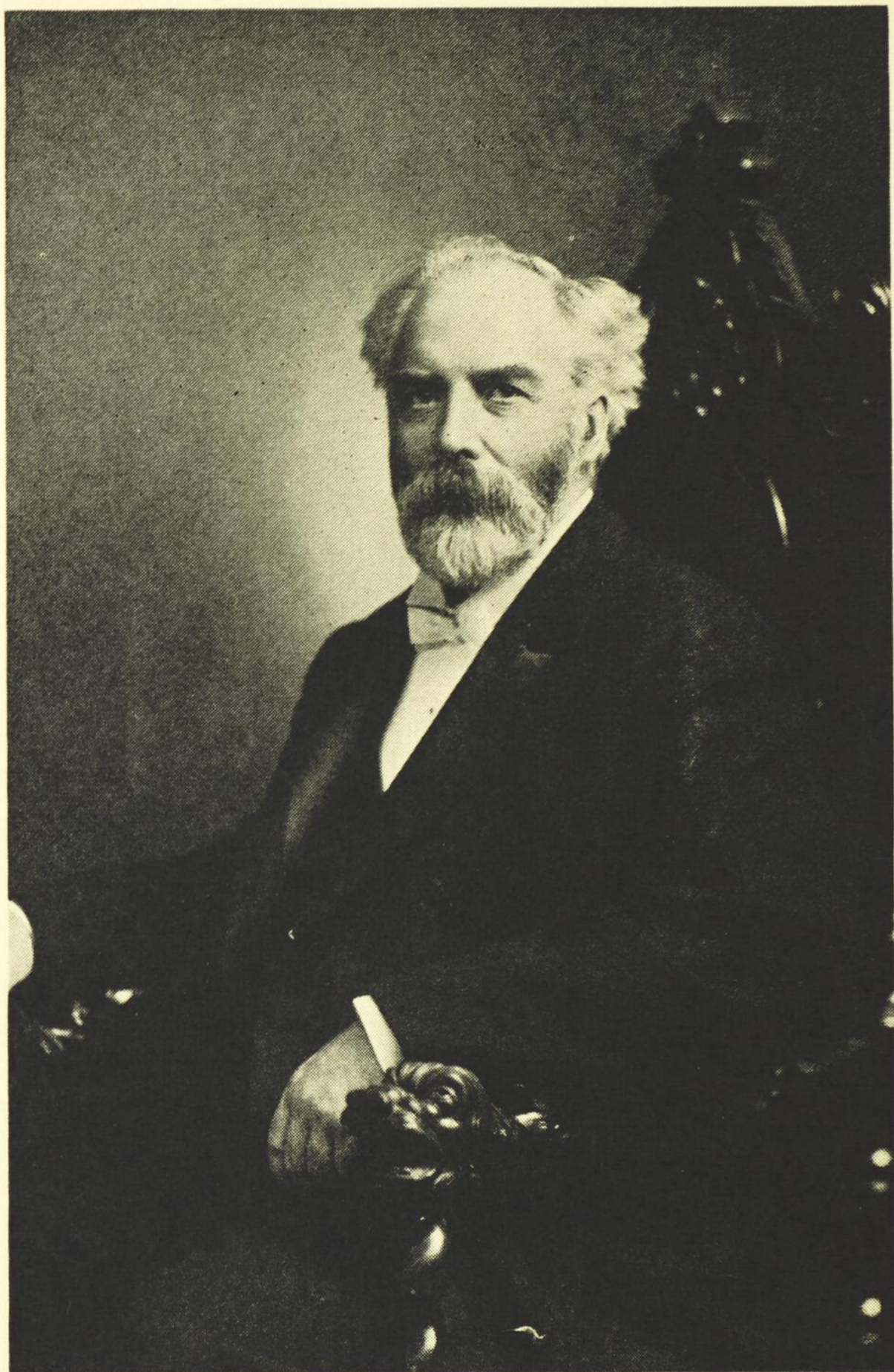


REV. AND MRS. HENDERSON AT THE TIME OF THEIR MARRIAGE

but he would not listen to them. Anyway, he often said he had never regretted the step and would take it again.

We were married at Metis by the Rev. H. F. Bland, on August 14, 1876, when my sister Agnes was bridesmaid. We spent a year at Levis, my husband still acting as assistant to the Rev. H. F. Bland, after which we moved to Cookshire in the Eastern Townships. I shall say nothing about our happy life in the Methodist ministry, as that has been brilliantly and sympathetically told by Dr. Salem G. Bland, in the Biography of James Henderson, D.D., with many references to my children.

But I would like to say how proud I have been of the success of all my children at school and college. For years I used to celebrate my birthday, April 30th, by attending the Convocation of McGill University and seeing them receive medals, scholarships and degrees. I think the most thrilling moment I experienced was when my second son Peter Henry came up slowly to the platform to receive his degree of Bachelor of Science, with prizes and other honors. Although handicapped by spinal trouble he had never been absent nor late all through his five years course at Senior School and University, gaining high averages in all the examinations. In kind recognition of his achievements, the members of Convocation, headed by Sir William Dawson and



JAMES HENDERSON, 1907

Dr. W. I. Shaw, rose to their feet, followed by the audience, and the students cheered. After a year or two as assistant to Dr. Shutt, chemist at the Experimental Farm, Ottawa, he had to resign on account of failing health and left us on November 13, 1894.

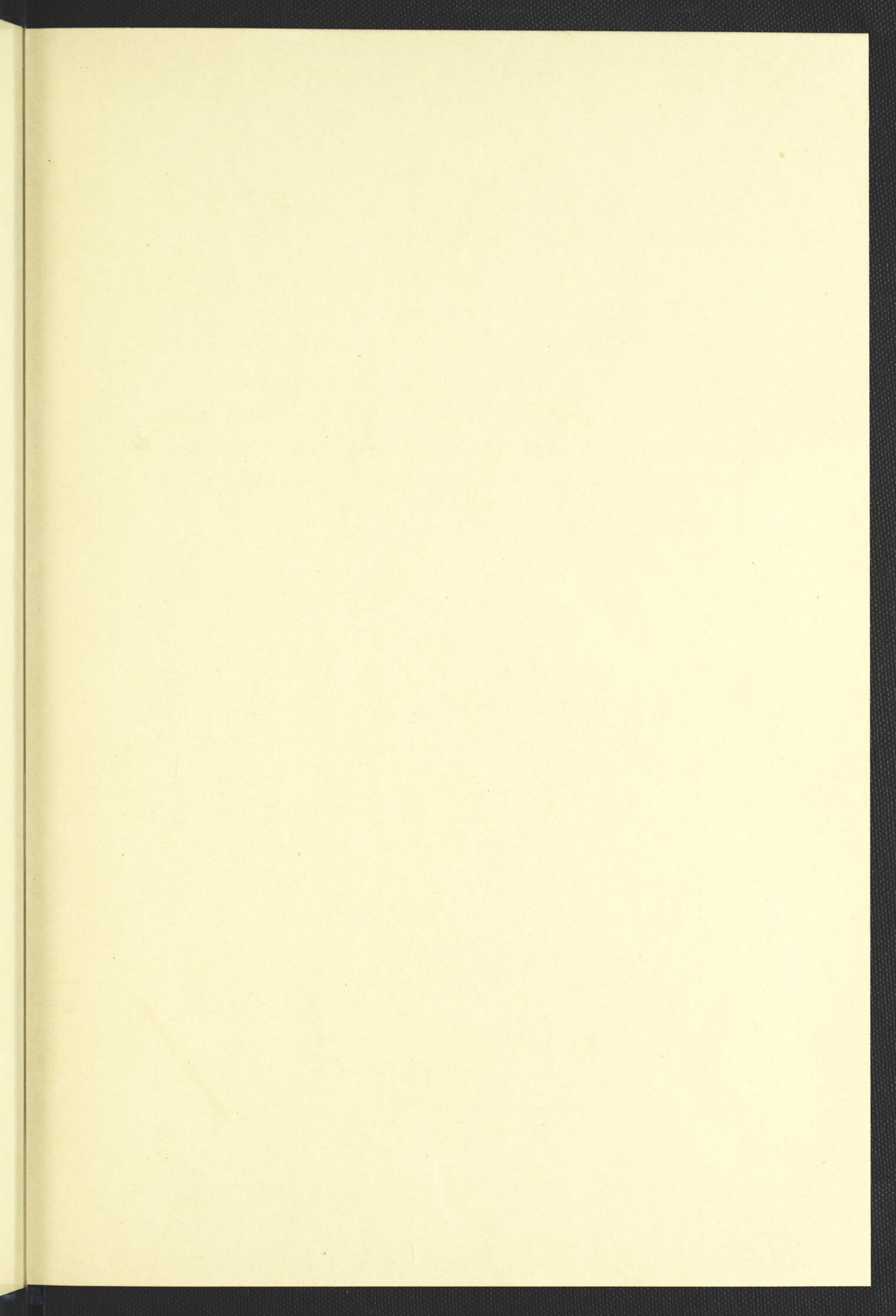
In October 1923, I had the misfortune to lose my eyesight, and a year later I suffered a greater loss in the death of my dear husband, who had been such an inspiration to me and all the family for so many happy years.

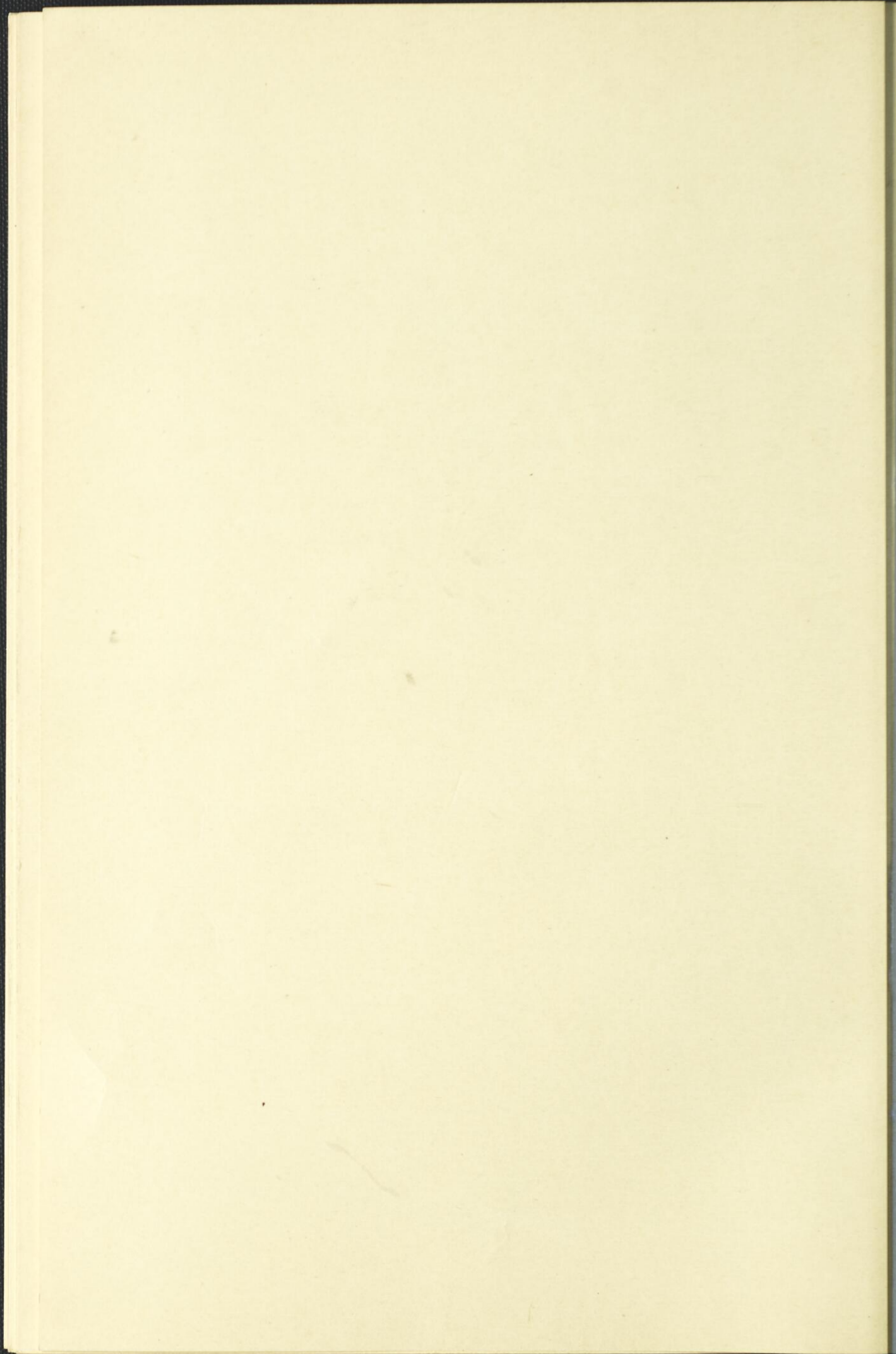
For eleven years I have not been able to see the faces of those I love, but I can hear their voices and feel the pressure of kind hands, and even hold the little ones in my arms—my great-grandchildren. I am surrounded by every comfort in my own home and many kind friends visit me. I owe special gratitude to Miss Margaret Webster, who taught me to read by the Moon Type and to write letters on a grooved pad, affording occupation for otherwise weary hours. Also to Mrs. W. R. Allen, who for many years has come two or three times a week to read interesting books in her clear voice; and to Miss Laura Palmer, the busy teacher, who every Thursday afternoon throughout the school year came to take me for a walk up Grosvenor Avenue and along the Boulevard, returning for a reading of *The New Outlook* and a little chat. So

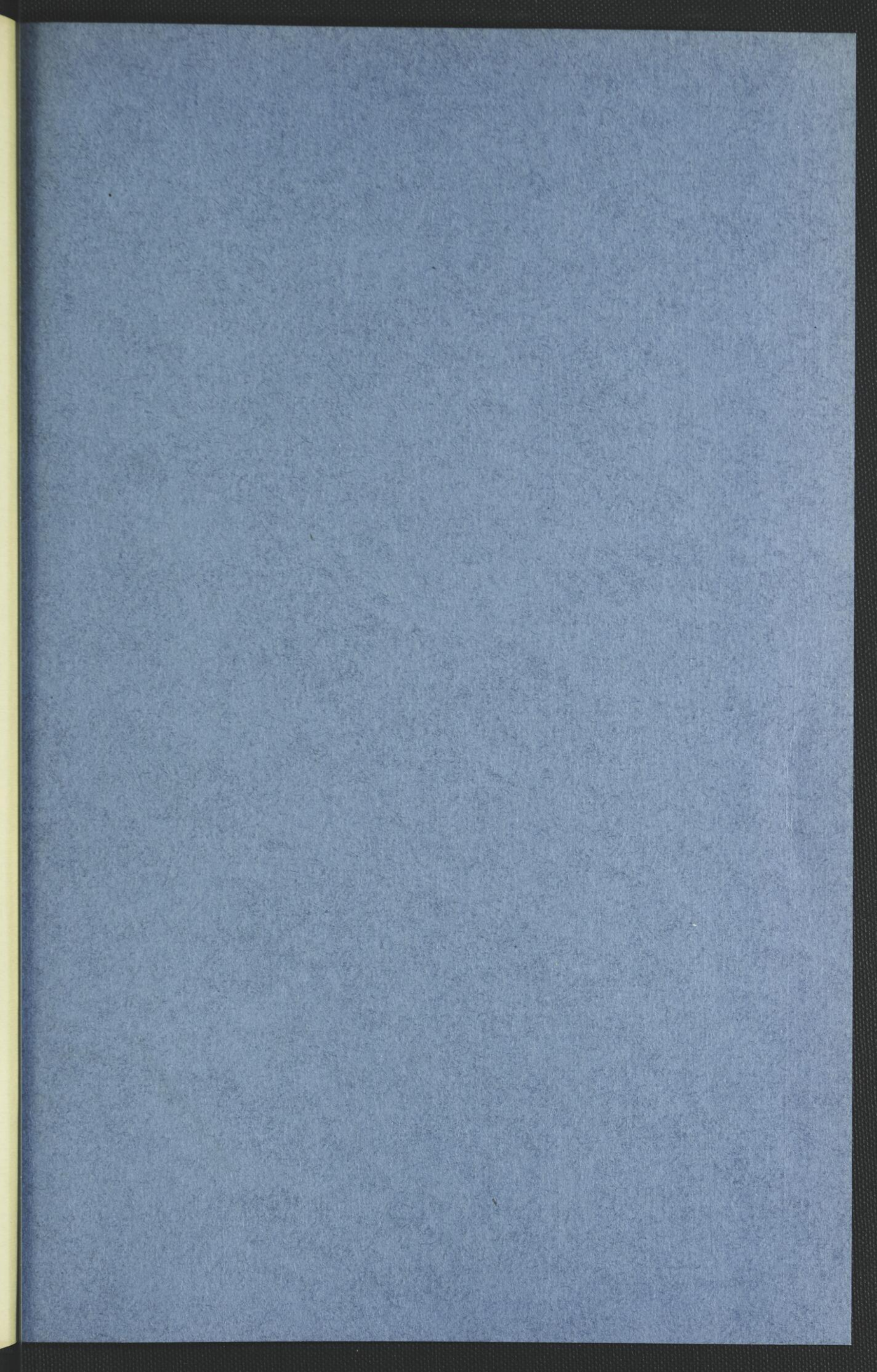
I have had many compensations for my loss of sight, and, even at ninety-four, I am looking forward to a few more years of life.

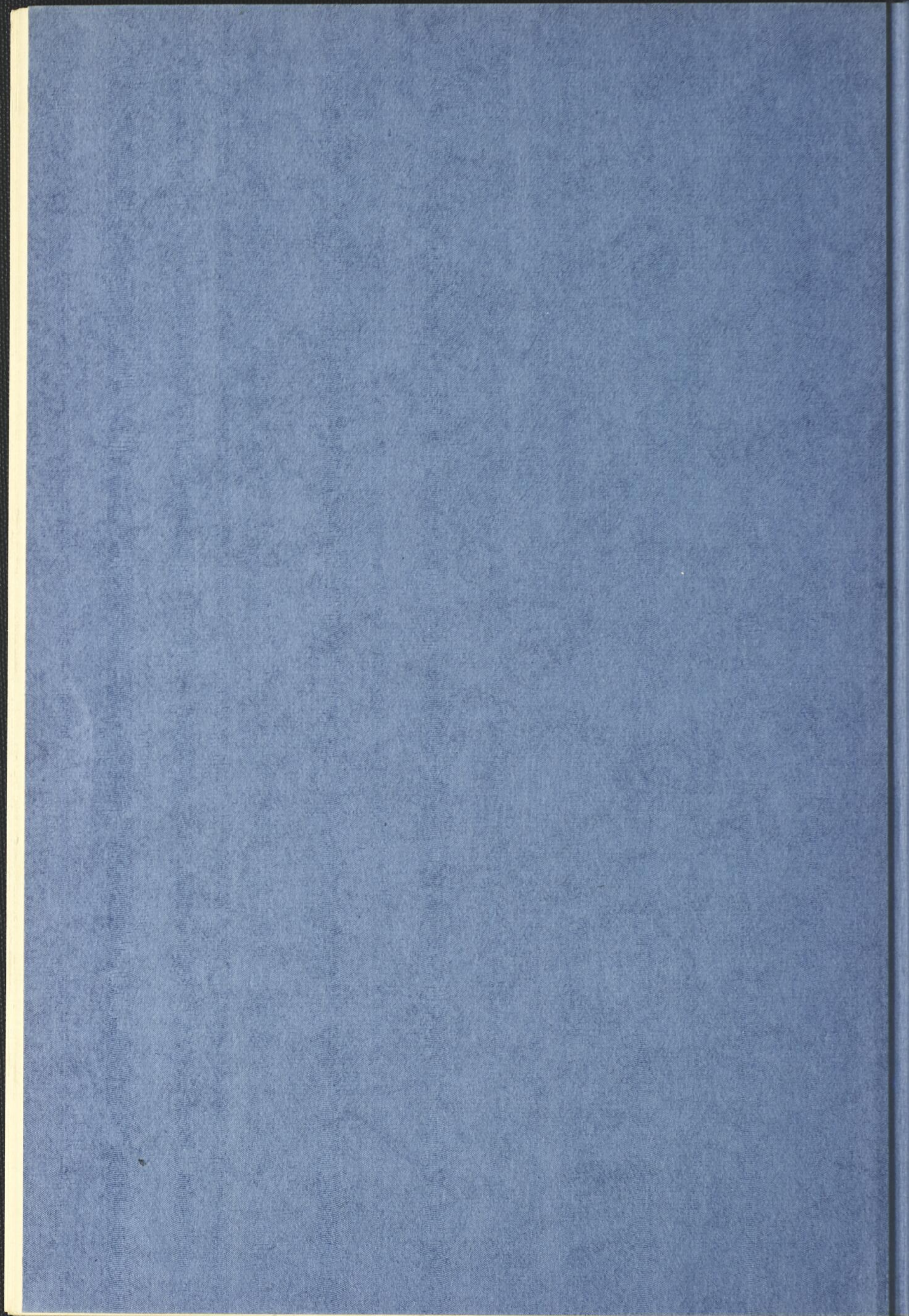
I hope that those who read these memoirs will not accuse me of making out all my geese to be swans. But I can say that the different members of our large family have more than a modicum of good looks and ability, for which they may thank the ancestors who bravely started out on the great adventure of crossing the Atlantic to found a home in the New World.

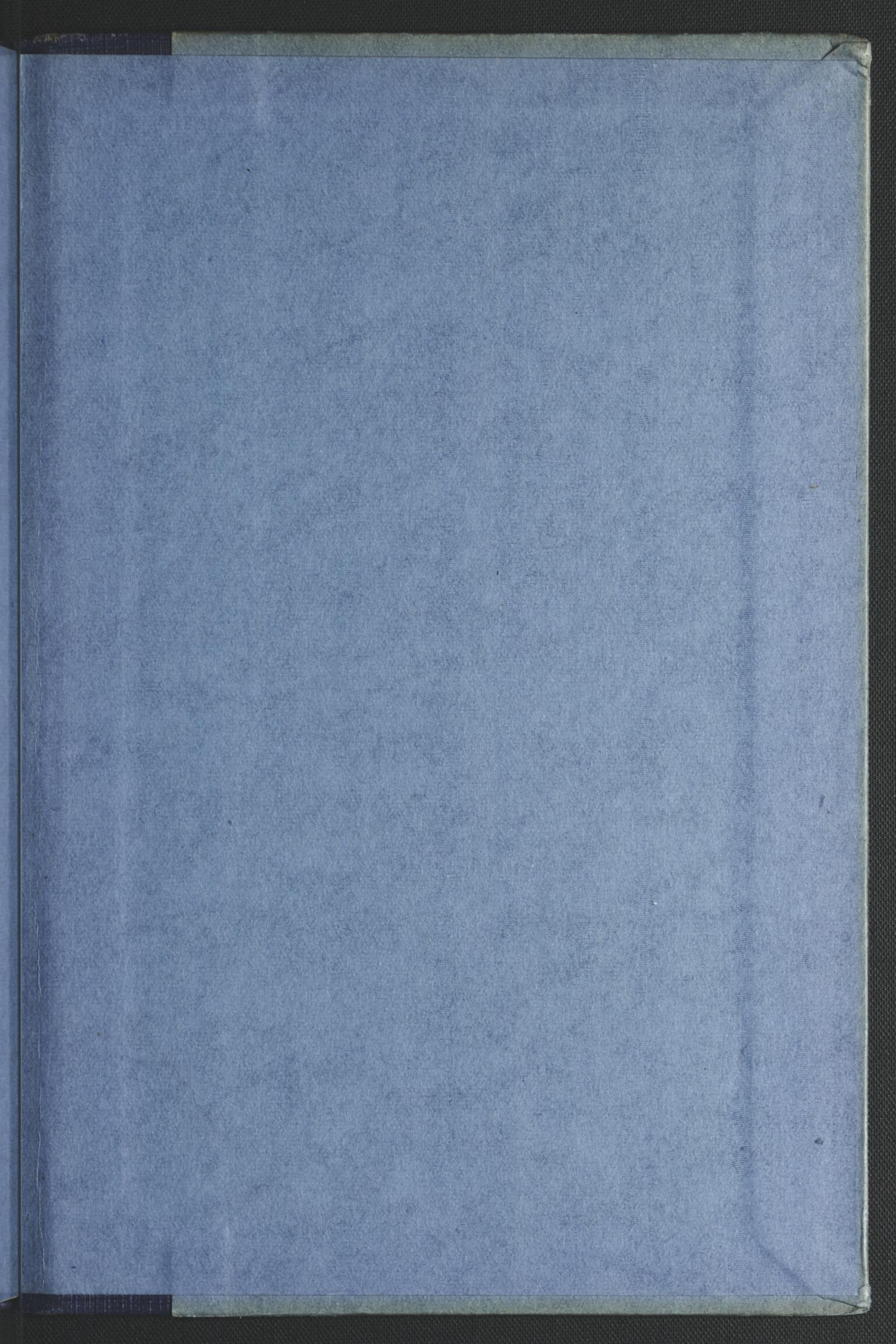
September, 1935.











BNQ



C 000 144 061

144061