Gifts and Graces

PROFILES OF CANADIAN PRESBYTERIAN WOMEN

Volume 2

Edited by John S. Moir

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COMMITTEE ON HISTORY
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Foreword

TO MARK BOTH THE MILLENNIAL YEAR 2000 and the 125th anniversary of the formation of The Presbyterian Church in Canada, the Committee on History produced two volumes of Canadian Presbyterian biographies. The second of those volumes, *Gifts and Graces*, was a collection of short profiles of Canadian Presbyterian women active in various walks of public life. *Gifts and Graces* proved to be such a popular success that the Committee responded to requests for more such biographies by planning this second volume on the same theme.

Once again various people were asked to suggest women who deserved inclusion, and again the result was such a deluge that only a small fraction of the names could be included here. Again the supervising committee - the Rev. Drs. T. Melville Bailey and John A. Johnston, and the Editor - faced the task of selection from this embarrassment of riches. To all those who suggested names, and to those named but not included here for lack of space, we offer our humble apologies for the inevitable omissions. It is our sincere hope that the biographies included here will be interesting, enlightening, entertaining and provocative, and a further record of the contribution by "the distaff side" the Church and to Canada.

The "Profiles" in this book were deliberately written in an informal style and our thanks go to each contributor for the work they have done. We wish to express our appreciation to Ms. Kim Arnold, Archivist of The Presbyterian Church in Canada, and her Assistant, Bob Anger, for their help with the photos used here, as well as for the essays they have written. I am indebted personally to Howard and Verda Todd. for preparing several manuscripts as computer texts, and to Jennifer Seebeck for assistance in copy editing. Finally, as with all these historical projects, I am pleased to record publicly once more my thanks to Drs. Bailey and Johnston for their constant and conscientious involvement and encouragement in every phase of the preparation of this second volume of *More Gifts and Graces*.

John S. Moir
Editor

Contributors

Bob Anger, Assistant Archivist of The Presbyterian Church in Canada..

Kim Arnold, Archivist/Records Administrator of The Presbyterian Church in Canada.

T. Melville Bailey, well-known historian and Minister Emeritus of The South Gate Church, Hamilton, and Archivist Emeritus of the Presbyterian Church in Canada.

Druse Bryan, an elder of Westminster Presbyterian Church in Pierrefonds, Quebec, has served on numerous committees of the Presbyterian Church and is president of the Provincial Council of Women of Quebec..

Peter Bush, minister of Knox Presbyterian Church, Mitchell, Ontario, has been active on the General Assembly's Committee on History and is the author of *Western Challenge: the Presbyterian Church and Canada's Mission on the Prairies and North, 1885-1925*. (2000).

Catherine Calkin, minister of Avonton Presbyterian Church, St. Paul's, Ontario

Jean G. Campbell, for fifty-five years a members of the Presbyterian WMS, past president of the Winnipeg Presbyterial and Manitoba/North Western Ontario Synodical, contributing author/editor to A Lively Story (the WMS 1864-1989).

Joyce Davis, an ordained minister works in team ministry with her husband Glen at Agincourt, Ontario, and were colleagues of Beth and Jack McIntosh for fifteen years in Japan.

Geoffrey D. Johnston, retired professor of Presbyterian College, Montreal, author of several books on Canadian Presbyterian missions.

John A. Johnston, Minister Emeritus of MacNab Street Church, Hamilton, active in the National Museum, History Committee and Archives of the denomination.

A. Donald MacLeod, minister of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Trenton, Ontario, and author of the forthcoming biography of W. Stanford Reid.

Richard D. Merritt, MD, FRCSC, an opthamologist practising in Niagara Falls, past president of the Niagara Historical Society and Friends of Fort George, and an elder of St. Andrew's Church, Niagara-on-the-Lake.

John S. Moir, Professor Emeritus of History, The University of Toronto and author of numerous books and articles on Canadian religious history.

Iain Garden Nicol, retired professor of Systematic Theology at Knox College, Toronto.

Walter Stewart, of Fenelon Falls, Ontario, journalist, editor and broadcaster, and author the author of twenty-five books.

John P. Vaudry, minister of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Wingham, Ontario.

David B. Vincent, minister of St. Giles Presbyterian Church in Calgary.

Lady Aberdeen

Lady Aberdeen

by JOHN S. MOIR

SHE WAS DESCRIBED by the famous Canadian scientist Sir Sandford Fleming as "a noble-hearted and cultured woman," and by another friend as "one of the greatest women in the world." Ishbel Maria Majoribanks (Marshbanks) was born in Britain in 1857, the youngest daughter of the first Lord Tweedmouth. Her family divided their time between Scotland and Brook House in London, where Ishbel met and absorbed the ideals of Prime Minister William Ewart Gladstone and other members of Britain's ruling Liberal party. Early in life Ishbel dedicated herself to a life of humanitarian service and to Presbyterianism. A handsome, dynamic and statuesque young woman, deeply conscious of her responsibilities to family and society, she was just twenty years old when she married John Campbell Hamilton Gordon, first marquess of Aberdeen and Temair, ten years her senior.

As a wife Ishbel saw herself not as an appendix but as "Johnny's" full partner. She would ensure that Lord Aberdeen, deeply religious but slight and shy, would always have private time and peace in his home, but in public affairs she would try to be his fighting helpmate, not just a figurehead. Beyond these responsibilities, however, Ishbel's energies were directed by her unofficial motto of service and betterment for all of God's people. A born organizer, she soon "displayed great activity in philanthropic and other good works, more particularly for the amelioration of her sex," by becoming president of several societies: the Scottish Mothers' Union, Women's Local Government Society, the Women's Liberal Federation of England and Scotland, and the Irish Industries Association. One of her early projects was the Onward and Upward Association to promote more compassionate relations between women of different classes, especially mistresses and their female servants. In Scotland she promoted hospital and nursing services, soup kitchens, correspondence courses, recreation groups, and classes in history, Bible study and needlework. She founded the Haddo House Association to coordinate these activities, enrolled 800 girls in the first year of operation and started a women's magazine with a children's section, *Wee Willy Winky*.

Lady Aberdeen brought the Church of Scotland and the Free Church into closer contact, while Lord Aberdeen was named High Commissioner of the Church of Scotland's General Assembly from 1881 to 1885. In 1886, however, Gladstone and the Liberals returned to power and Lord Aberdeen was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The move to Dublin offered an irresistible challenge to Ishbel who organized the Irish Industries Association to promote the development and sale of Irish home manufactures internationally. Although the Aberdeens were replaced in Dublin six months later when the failure of Gladstone's Home Rule bill caused a change of government, for many years Ishbel continued her efforts to expand the Irish economy.

By 1890 Ishbel's hectic work pace and some financial concerns had brought on such a serious nervous condition that her doctors prescribed a long holiday and change of scenery. The Aberdeens decided to visit Canada which they believed offered great opportunities to British immigrants. Making Hamilton their home base, they travelled west through the Rockies to the Pacific coast, and on this first visit to the Canadian West the Aberdeens fell in love with it and became convinced that it had a great future. They were so impressed by the grandeur of the scenery that they bought a 480-acre fruit farm in the Okanagan Valley, sight unseen. Ishbel, however, was so shocked by the physical hardships and cultural isolation of western pioneers that she formed the "Lady Aberdeen Association for Distribution of Literature to settlers in the West." Branches of the Association, collecting and forwarding papers, magazines and books, sprang up not only in eastern Canada but in Britain as well, and both the Allan steamship line and the Canadian post office assisted the Association by arranging reduced rates for distribution. It had been a memorable trip, and in 1893 Lady Aberdeen published an account of their travels entitled *Through Canada with a Kodak*.

Later Lord and Lady Aberdeen were in Chicago, where the World's Fair was to be held in 1893, arranging not merely an exhibit of Irish products but the construction of a full Irish village, with workers producing and selling their products on the spot. En route to Chicago the Aberdeens met Theodore Roosevelt and Wilfrid Laurier with whom she discussed issues of Canadian independence. After Chicago, while the couple holidayed in the Okanagan Valley they bought another farm, a 13,000-acre ranch with 2000 head of cattle, that they named "Coldstream" and fondly thought of as their Canadian "home."

In 1892 another British general election returned Gladstone's Liberals to power, amid speculation that the Aberdeens would be sent back to Dublin. Instead Lord Aberdeen was made Governor General of Canada. It was September 1893 when "H.E.," (His Excellency) as Ishbel always called him in her diary, reached his new posting along with Ishbel and the youngest two of their four children. During the next decade Canada would be immersed in controversies about provincial rights, trade with the rest of the Empire, Canada's relations with its giant industrial neighbour, the United States, and with its definition of "Canadianism" in the face of "racial," linguistic and religious tensions. As Canada entered the revolutionary age of industrialization and urbanization, of poverty and exploitation in the midst of plenty, the country was a battlefield ready-made for the energies and enthusiasms of Lady Aberdeen.

At Rideau Hall, the vice-regal residence, Lady Aberdeen was the ever-busy hostess of formal banquets and informal dinners, garden parties, balls, sugaring-off parties, "open house" days for the public, and the "Household Club" of Rideau Hall with parties and social evenings for all the staff. In addition she incessantly entertained political, cultural, educational and religious visitors, as well as groups such as female factory inspectors and police matrons. This made for a dizzying round of daily activities involving public visits to various institutions and social events. She was also fond of sports, both as an observer and a participant. Riding, curling, skating and walking were among her favorite pastimes. As many as three hundred people would crowd Rideau Hall's skating rink on "open house" days, and after some trepidation Lady Aberdeen became a fan of tobogganing down the Hall's slopes. Canadians, however, spent so much time on sports that Ishbel felt some of those hours might be better applied to useful occupations. As for ice hockey, played by both men and women, she abhorred the violence of the game, especially in an age when protective gear was virtually nonexistent.

At Lady Aberdeen's insistence Sunday was always a day of quiet when the family normally attended morning service at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church on Wellington Street, opposite the Parliament buildings. At their own expense the Aberdeens had a small chapel built and an organ installed for their private use in Rideau Hall. There, morning and evening devotions were conducted by "H.E.," or by the Rev. W.H.Winfield, a former Anglican priest who had joined the Presbyterian church and now seemed to be a private chaplain to the Aberdeen family. When the Presbytery of Ottawa enquired why the Aberdeens occasionally attended services in Anglican

churches, they explained that the Queen belonged to both the Church of Scotland and the Church of England and, as the Queen's representatives in Canada, they were likewise constitutionally bound to both churches.

Beyond their firm adherence to Presbyterianism, however, the Aberdeens, and particularly Ishbel, had no reservations about attending or supporting any Christian church or denominational project that might reduce religious tensions in the country. The same was true for their interest in Canada's west and northwest. Father Albert Lacombe, that remarkable missionary pioneer of the prairies, was a treasured friend and frequent visitor to Rideau Hall, and when the renowned Rev. James Robertson, superintendent of Presbyterian western missions, explained mission policy at a service in St. Andrew's Church, he immediately won Lady Aberdeen's undying admiration.

Just six weeks after her arrival with "H.E."in Ottawa, Lady Aberdeen launched another ambitious and successful venture, Canada's National Council of Women. Soon she had enlisted the support of the leaders of the major religious denominations, had created a network of provincial and local Councils across the country, and as president of the national Council became the visible and vocal champion of children's and women's rights. The first full meeting of the Council attracted no less than eighteen hundred persons. At that time Lady Aberdeen was reluctant to make votes for women part of the Council's platform, but she was firmly convinced that Canada's women were the country's greatest untapped resource. Within the young Council her most immediate problem was the demand of some women from southwestern Ontario that all Council meetings open with the Lord's Prayer. Lady Aberdeen had attracted both Christians and Jews to the Council ranks and was determined that this humanitarian movement should transcend religious and denominational lines. Her solution to this challenge was to urge "silent prayer" instead, and eventually, but not surprisingly, Lady Aberdeen won out over these forces of division.

Lady Aberdeen's second important enduring achievement was the founding of the Victorian Order of Nurses in 1897 to commemorate Queen Victoria's diamond jubilee. Lord Aberdeen became patron of the organization and Lady Aberdeen its president, but once again she encountered opposition – this time from a clique of doctors in Toronto who feared competition from the proposed "Home Helpers" who would provide basic medical services to isolated rural areas. Lady Aberdeen faced her opponents head-on by going to Toronto and personally inviting 200 doctors to a dinner at which the workings of her proposed nursing service were

explained and won the total support of the formerly hostile group. In May of that year, when a V.O.N. meeting was held in Kingston, Lady Aberdeen was the first woman to receive an LL.D. from Queen's University and the students serenaded her with, "For she's a jolly good fellow."

Sir John A. Macdonald, Conservative Prime Minister of Canada since 1867 except for five years, had died in 1891, and his successor, John S. Thompson, soon found the party torn by internal regional factions that pitted anglophones against francophones and Roman Catholics against Protestants. The immediate cause of these tensions was a Manitoba law of 1890 that abolished public funding for Roman Catholic schools. A court decision had upheld this law, but at the same time confirmed that the federal government could pass remedial legislation to restore moneys to those schools. The political leaders knew, however, that any measures were bound to deepen the political crisis. Politically the Aberdeens' stay in Canada was dominated by this one intense and lasting crisis of the Manitoba Schools Question.

Throughout those years Lady Aberdeen tried privately and persistently to reconcile the religious and linguistic tensions that beset Canada. Although a Governor General was expected to remain strictly neutral in local political matters, Lady Aberdeen did not hesitate to become involved semi-privately in what she called "the game of politics." She was convinced the best leader for Canada would be the bilingual Liberal Wilfrid Laurier who reminded her of Gladstone (whose picture she had hung in every room of Rideau Hall), and her favouritism towards Laurier was no secret. The simmering crisis over the Manitoba's ban on Roman Catholic schools became centre stage when Prime Minister Thompson died suddenly at Windsor Castle during a visit to meet Queen Victoria in December 1894, "a black day indeed for Canada" as Lady Aberdeen told her diary.

Lady Aberdeen had found Thompson "a kindred soul" on the subject of remedial legislation for Manitoba, but one year later Sir Mackenzie Bowell, Thompson's successor as Conservative leader, resigned when half of his cabinet quit over the issue of restoring Manitoba's RomanCatholic schools. Both Lord and Lady Aberdeen had intervened in the cause of religious and political peace by interviewing members of the cabinet, and now even back-bench members of the House of Commons called at Rideau Hall to consult Lady Aberdeen. As a diversion from the political crisis and the severe winter of 1896 Lady Aberdeen organized a gala ten-act costume show of dances illustrating different periods in Canada's history, all to be performed in the Senate Chamber. In her diary Lady Aberdeen commented frankly on

Canadian affairs as she saw them. The Conservative party was now in such disarray that when the newest Conservative Prime Minister, Sir Charles Tupper, called a general election six months later, Laurier and the Liberals won a clear majority, to the satisfaction of the Aberdeens who remained close friends of Laurier for the rest of his life. Ironically, however, Laurier avoided and postponed the Manitoba Schools question by relying on what he called "sunny ways" of conciliation rather than legislation, and that infamous school question was not resolved until the 1970s.

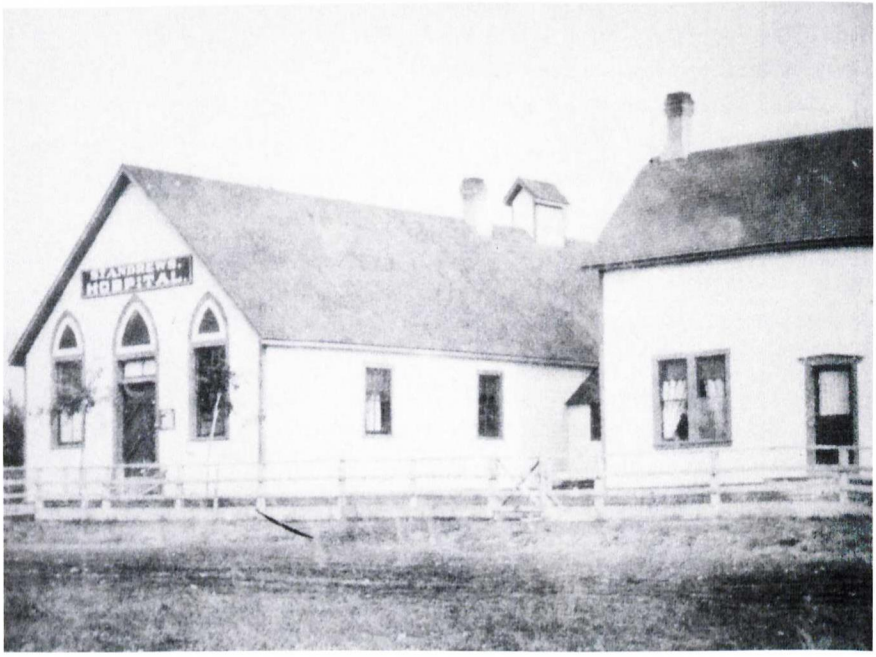
Lord Aberdeen's seven years as Governor General of Canada ended late in 1898. As the date of their departure approached the Aberdeens made a final summer tour across western and central Canada, ending at Quebec City. Three weeks later, after a busy round of social and public appearances, they sailed for Britain. Farewell gifts were exchanged with Canadian leaders, and among the gifts received by the Aberdeens was a full dinner service of china, decorated by members of the Women's Art Association with pictures of Canadian flora and fauna and historical events. At the Aberdeens' last Sunday in St. Andrew's Church, the Rev. William Herridge (who had conducted "most beautifully & fittingly" a private memorial service in Rideau Hall chapel when Gladstone died earlier in 1898) spoke "wonderfully kind words" about the Aberdeens. Lord Aberdeen replied briefly, and then all the members of the congregation shook hands with the couple as they left the church. To Ishbel St. Andrew's had been "a real haven of refreshing strength & we shall often long that we were back there in our own pew."

After their Canadian sojourn Lord Aberdeen served another ten years, 1905-1915, as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and was active in several large business corporations, while Lady Aberdeen pursued with relentless energy her involvement in a wide variety of social causes. She wrote a three-volume history of Ireland's fight against tuberculosis and was awarded a medal by the French branch of the International Council of Women for her work against that disease. Lord Aberdeen died in 1934, and Lady Aberdeen in 1939. In a tribute to Lady Aberdeen the Irish poet William Butler Yeats wrote,

To tread the walks of life she stood prepared,
And what she greatly thought she nobly dared,
For she has journeyed far in wisdom's ways,
Has scorned delights and lived laborious days.

FURTHER READING

Lady Aberdeen's diary of her six years in Canada, "the most important single manuscript for the mid-1890's," has been edited by John T. Saywell and published in 1960 by the Champlain Society.



Nursing at Atlin

Nursing at Atlin

The pioneer years, 1899-1906

By CATHERINE CALKIN

"THE WORK OF THE NURSES for one month has done more to make the people believe we have the spirit of Christ, than a year's preaching could. I have no words to tell the church how glad and thankful I am for this beginning in Atlin." (25 August 1899 letter of the Rev. John Pringle, in *The Presbyterian Record*, October 1899).

It was November 1898, the Klondike Gold Rush was in its second fevered year, and in northern British Columbia the lure of new fields beckoned. With thousands of eager prospectors pouring into the region - five thousand claims had already been staked out around Atlin - the Rev. John Pringle, then stationed at Glenora, British Columbia, predicted a rush on Atlin that winter. By March 1899 Pringle himself was in Atlin staking a claim for the Presbyterian Church in Canada, and by August he could write of the women he called cheery, consecrated and efficient, who had been sent as nurses to the Atlin field. They were Elizabeth Hope Mitchell and Helen Bone. Together with their immediate successors Kate McTavish, Katherine Smith and Mary Burgess, they established one of the most effective means of witness for home mission in the Canadian Northwest: St. Andrew's Hospital in Atlin, British Columbia.

The situation that confronted Elizabeth Hope Mitchell and Helen Bone in the summer of 1899 demanded a pioneering spirit. The early hospital was adapted from a log cabin with a roof of mud and a floor of sawdust. The building had one window, which would not open, and so insufficient was the space that a floored tent was pitched next to it to handle the overflow of patients. The tent proved adequate during that first summer, but the following winter it leaked and provided only minimal protection against sub-zero temperatures. Elizabeth Mitchell remembered water dripping inside the tent as the snow melted on the canvas and having to move the beds about to keep them from getting wet. There was no kitchen, and the nurses relied on the jail kitchen for the preparation of some food. The privations and the attendant sacrifice of personal comfort by Mitchell and Bone during those first eight or nine months were extraordinary. Thirteen years later the missionary A.C. Justice, who had arrived in Atlin in 1910, called the pioneer period at the hospital a history of hardship and heroic endeavour.

By early spring 1900 a one-ward hospital and a nurses' residence were built, entirely by volunteer labour, with the cost of materials being raised by home mission supporters in the East. Helen Bone described the hospital as a wooden building with a large ward, a bathroom, and another small room which they used either as an operating room or as a private ward. Although it was plain, Bone called the hospital comfortable, bright and airy. The kitchen was in a tent at the back. After the ice broke up on Atlin Lake in April 1900, blankets, sheeting, pillows and pillowcases arrived from a church in Victoria. In 1902 a second ward was added. Intended to be a women's ward, it was occupied in early August and named The Charlotte MacDonald Ward in memory of the late president of the Atlin Nurses Committee, Mrs. J. K. MacDonald.

During those early years of 1899 to 1902, Mitchell and Bone frequently treated frostbite and scurvy, and amputations of frozen fingers, toes, or feet were common. There were accident cases too. George Pringle, who was filling a summer mission charge in his brother John's territory, recalled a man who had his face slashed by a broken bottle in a bar-room fight and was brought to the hospital in August 1900. At that time, he also noted, the hospital was well filled.

Mitchell and Bone were more than nurses, although this was calling enough in the rough-and-ready environment of the Klondike. By serving as representatives of the gospel, their ministry promoted Christian faith and values in many areas of community life. During their first Christmas in Atlin in 1899, Mitchell and Bone arranged for the town's first Christmas tree and provided special entertainment and gifts for the children. The event became an annual tradition, and by 1903 the twenty-three children who had been present for the inaugural Christmas party had swelled to over sixty. Mitchell and Bone also organized a makeshift library as soon as they arrived. Although there were few books, publications such as *The Westminster* and *The Presbyterian* offered reading material for the people of Atlin. Among a transient population from a diversity of backgrounds, the nurses reached out with a message of healing and hope for body and for spirit.

When Mitchell and Bone retired from St. Andrew's Hospital in 1902, The General Assembly Report for Women's Home Work that year described them as "two earnest Christian women, trained nurses, who have given themselves with rare devotion and self-denial to the work, and have been instrumental, under God, in ministering to the sick in that lonely outpost." The ministry they accomplished, despite long hours, great fatigue and primitive conditions, was spoken of in glowing terms by everyone acquainted with Mitchell and Bone. In Atlin, the secretary-treasurer of the local Hospital Board of Trustees was so impressed by their selfless work that, when

he too retired in 1902, he ordered from Edinburgh as a parting gift for the hospital a set of first-class surgical instruments. The satisfaction for Mitchell and Bone of seeing a permanent hospital facility established from the ground up was great, and their letters from Atlin speak with pleasure and pride of the improvements to the wards and the nurses' home. Their personal sense of witness was also great. Let us, wrote Elizabeth Mitchell in a 1903 retrospective article in the Women's Home Missionary Society *Home Mission Pioneer*, aim to "heal the body and to save the soul." That they were so highly esteemed by the Church, the people of Atlin, and the patients they tended and befriended, speaks of their own love of Christ. Atlin was a better place because of their service.

Kate McTavish and Katherine Smith succeeded Mitchell and Bone in the autumn of 1902 and were soon known for their practicality and concern for their patients' welfare. Smith stayed for two years. When she left in 1904, McTavish recruited one of her nieces, Mary Burgess, who remained in Atlin until McTavish resigned in 1906. As head nurse, Kate McTavish clearly possessed gifts of organization and was a skilled manager as well as a full-time nurse. Her financial report for January 1905, for example, reveals a woman not afraid to be candid about fiscal concerns. The expenses that month, particularly for fuel, totaled $378.65, but the cash taken in amounted to $36.50. The hospital's head nurse had no hesitation in calling the discrepancy "not encouraging," while explaining that the men's wards were also not warm. Kate McTavish possessed extensive abilities, and St. Andrew's Hospital thrived under her direction.

Accident cases continued throughout the district. In the spring of 1906, the ward was occupied by a man whose eyes had been damaged in a blasting accident and by others injured by falling rock or broken cables. Nor was Atlin without episodes of infection - the winter of 1905 was especially severe with cases of tuberculosis, hemorrhage and something like grippe. Maternity cases were common. McTavish's annual report for 1904 indicates that the hospital served 111 patients that year (an increase of twenty-six over 1903), among which were ten births. Of the seventy-eight patients served in 1905, six were maternity cases.

As their predecessors had discovered, there was more than nursing care to be provided in a pioneer hospital. McTavish, Smith and Burgess did a vast array of housekeeping, including the annual spring cleaning, a task they hoped could be done during a period of lighter nursing. Although the hospital was wired for electric light in 1903, when Atlin was almost destroyed by fire in June 1905 the electric plant perished in the blaze. Permanent gasoline lighting was not installed until 1908. The hospital would have appreciated a regular housekeeper, but could not afford a competitive wage.

St. Andrew's Hospital paid thirty dollars per month towards housekeeping, but the hotels, restaurants and camps offered a lucrative one hundred dollars monthly, and a charwoman cost five dollars a day. Often, therefore, the nurses waxed the floors and scrubbed the sheets. Colourful Atlin may have been, but glamorous it was not. In her letter of resignation in late spring 1906, McTavish recommended that the new nurses be versatile, as they would have to wash, iron, bake bread, cook, scrub, sweep and dust. When she returned to Atlin in 1907, after a year in which the hospital had seen three nurses come and go, Kate McTavish took with her a new sterilizer, mangle and washing machine.

The nurses helped to keep the hospital financially viable. During this time St. Andrew's Hospital was maintained by The Presbyterian Church in Canada and by an annual grant from the Government of British Columbia. The Ladies Committee in Toronto, in co-operation with the Home Mission Board, was responsible for the nurses' salaries and for incidental expenses, and the latter were not insignificant. Heating the hospital during the long northern winter without the benefit of modern insulation was costly and, situated as they were on the front line, the nurses did what they could to raise monies. Often they trekked along the creeks selling hospital tickets, a kind of private medical insurance. For five dollars a month, the ticket holder was guaranteed free health care at the hospital; the idea was popular among the miners, who purchased five or six months' worth at a time.

In September 1904 Katherine Smith sold hospital tickets in and around Discovery, a settlement eight miles from Atlin and closer to the gold creeks, and noted Discovery's six or seven saloons where one might drink, gamble and find recreation. Here again the presence of Atlin's nurses and hospital set a tone of respectability, which distinguished the town from wilder Klondike communities. That same year the women of Discovery were trying to start a reading room as an alternative to the saloons - an attempt that had been made before but had failed. The stewardship of values remained an important aspect of the nurses' calling in Atlin, where their professional work and their personal conduct spoke in tandem of the Christian gospel.

Early in McTavish's tenure, the local Hospital Trustees built a new nurses' home and converted their old cabin into a kitchen. In the summer of 1905, following the town fire, a local merchant donated paint for the hospital, and in the autumn the trustees laid a new floor and closed the walls around the men's ward. Storm windows were installed in January 1906, prompting Kate McTavish to remark in the WHMS *Home Mission Pioneer* that the hospital was as comfortable as possible, by which she meant it was considerably warmer and more easily heated. Also in 1905 the prospectors along the creeks showed their appreciation by raising enough money to

telegraph Victoria for a Morris chair for convalescing patients. A new operating table arrived in the spring of that year.

By 1906 the Women's Home Missionary Society, which had evolved out of the Atlin Hospital Committee in 1903, maintained four hospitals: Atlin in northern British Columbia, Teulon in Manitoba, Wakau in Saskatchewan, and Vegreville in Alberta. Atlin was always fondly remembered in WHMS publications as *Our First Hospital* and, like most people who survived in the Klondike, the Atlin nurses were pioneers. As nurses, housekeepers, financial campaigners and stewards of Christian faith and values, their resourcefulness and self-sacrifice constructed the St. Andrew's Hospital. A combination of medical calling and missionary spirit, as well as a genuine desire to improve the quality of life in a pioneer outpost, motivated these initial nursing teams in Atlin. Let the Church remember with thanksgiving the resilient women whose sense of adventure, whose professional dedication, and whose personal commitment to Christ compelled them to go to Atlin as medical home missionaries during the Klondike Gold Rush.

Janet Carnochan

Janet Carnochan

by RICHARD MERRITT

JANET CARNOCHAN WAS BORN ON NOV. 13, 1839, in Stamford (now part of Niagara Falls, Ontario), daughter of James and Mary (who had emigrated from Ayrshire, Scotland nine years earlier). Fortunately for Niagara, when Janet was two years old, the Carnochan family moved to the Upper Canadian town of Niagara (now Niagara-on-the-Lake) where her father continued his trade as carpenter and cabinet-maker. Thereafter on Sunday mornings, the Carnochan family of seven would be ushered to their regular box pew at the back of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church. In 1850 the Rev. John B. Mowat was appointed minister at St. Andrew's. With great Christian zeal, this young minister revived the spiritual and financial affairs of the church and his particular interest in the young people of the congregation apparently greatly influenced young Janet.

After attending the common and Grammar school at Niagara, Janet obtained her Certificate of Qualification as a teacher at age sixteen and served her three years of apprenticeship in the Niagara Public School. Upon graduating from Normal school in Toronto in 1859, she taught at a rural school near Brantford and then for six years at Kingston and Peterborough. In 1872 however, Janet returned to Niagara to accept the principalship of the Niagara Public School. Back in Niagara, which would be her home for the rest of her life, she also taught Sunday school and became a persuasive fund-raiser for various community efforts. Her many abilities were soon recognized and in 1878 she was appointed assistant to the high school principal.

With her career secure, Janet embarked on a summer transatlantic trip to her family's homeland the following year. Two days out of New York, while practising hymns in the ship's saloon for the Sabbath service the next day, the ship ran aground just off Sable Island. Most passengers, including Janet, were rescued but nine people perished. The castaways spent a week exploring the island until they were rescued and able to continue with their voyage. Janet wrote an account of her adventure which was eventually published - her first known literary attempt.

With the exception of the short summer tourist season, Niagara was now a very quiet community but there were still many challenges for "Miss Janet" as she was now affectionately known by the locals. During her twenty-three-year career as high school teacher, her great teaching skills and infectious enthusiasm were recognized by parents, students and fellow educators. Moreover, she had now acquired an interest in accumulating local artifacts. The story was told by her former students that a few military buttons dug up at the old Fort George site, and handed over to Miss Janet,

would excuse them from minor misdemeanours: trading in a cross-belt plate would cancel a major truancy! Many of her students went on to successful professional careers. Her great organizational skills would be used to organize high school reunions. During her teaching career she also became very involved with the local library, and served as secretary to the Board for over twenty-five years.

Her beloved St. Andrew's Church remained a focal part of Miss Janet's life. She assisted in starting up the Young People's Christian Union in 1887 and was also a charter member of the Women's Missionary Society. Appointed the first female member of the Board of Managers she was particularly active in preserving St. Andrew's heritage. When the board proposed to modernize the church by replacing the magnificent high pulpit and box pews Miss Janet spoke out against the proposal. Today, St. Andrew's retains its original 1831 interior. Another proposal to sell off a portion of the church property was soundly defeated thanks to Miss Janet - the original four lots granted in 1794 remain intact! But when she moved that electric lights be installed in the sanctuary, they were installed! Her stature in the church was recognized in 1925 when she was given the honour to cast the first ballot on church union (St. Andrew's continued as a Presbyterian congregation).

At the centenary of the arrival of the Loyalists in 1784 there was a growing interest in local and Ontario history. Miss Janet had been recording reminiscences of the children and grandchildren of some of the original local pioneers. She was an early member of the Lundy's Lane Historical Society founded in 1887 and had written a paper on Niagara's history for the society in 1892. At the end of the paper was a poem of sixteen stanzas which confirmed her creative and imaginative abilities as well. She was also a member of the Pioneer Association of Ontario. Later this association became the Ontario Historical Society of which Janet eventually became vice-president (and would have been president had it not been for the 'glass ceiling' that tacitly kept women out of senior positions). The OHS now sponsors the annual Janet Carnochan Award.

In 1892 Janet was commissioned to write a small book, *St. Mark's Niagara 1792 - 1892* which was well received. Two years later she published an even more ambitious centennial book for St. Andrew's. One journalist commented that she was now "the expert on centenaries." In December 1895 a small group of citizens met in the old courthouse and founded the Niagara Historical Society - now the second oldest in the province - to preserve and promote the history of the area and to preserve relics, with Miss Janet as President. She would hold this position honourably for thirty years. Within one year 250 artifacts, including General Isaac Brock's hat, had been collected. Regular meetings were held with the inaugural speaker the military historian, Capt. Ernest Cruikshank. A regular column on local history was written for the local newspaper. The first of a long series of pamphlets on various aspects of Niagara's history was published. The Society

spoke out successfully against development of the town's public common land, and erected stone markers at certain sites of local importance - all under the determined and persuasive leadership of Miss Janet.

In 1901, now retired from teaching, she was appointed Curator of the growing collection, a position she held until her death. With the collection outgrowing its small room in the courthouse, and with a fervent desire to commemorate the founding Loyalist families, construction of a museum building was proposed. Under the direction of Miss Janet, who had "the happy knack of making people do as she desired," the necessary funds were obtained from the provincial and federal governments as well as high school alumni. By 1907 the first building to be constructed as a museum in Ontario, Memorial Hall, was completed on property she had donated.

In the midst of all her curatorial duties (she would also write up to 270 letters per year in response to historical enquiries) she was writing her monumental, published in 1914. Considering that she had never had any formal training in historical research this was a remarkable book for its time. Meanwhile, as her biographer, John Field remarked, "there really wasn't much that Janet couldn't do." When not at her museum throughout the week, or sitting in her church pew on Sundays - she had to move closer to the front because she was now hard of hearing - she was knitting socks for the soldiers, golfing on the links on the military reserve even in her seventies or watching the local boys play hockey on the outdoor rink.

Janet Carnochan now enjoys even wider recognition. An IODE chapter in Toronto had been named in her honour; she was presented to the Prince of Wales in Ottawa in 1919 and her portrait was commissioned by the prominent portrait artist, Wyly Grier. She continued correspondence with many prominent citizens of the day.

In March 1926 she peacefully slipped away. As a mark of respect she was the first to have a full funeral service in the church. The pallbearers, former students and family members laid the gentle silver-haired lady to rest in the family plot behind the church she had so fervently fought to preserve.

Miss Janet was commemorated with a brass plaque in St. Andrew's Church as well as a provincial government plaque at Memorial Hall. However her lasting legacy is the collection of historic sites which under her determined leadership were preserved: the two forts, the commons and Paradise Grove, Navy Hall, Butler's Burying Ground and of course, St. Andrew's itself. The activities of the Niagara Historical Society and its outstanding museum, with a collection of early local artifacts unparalleled for its size in Canada, are testimony to this remarkable woman.

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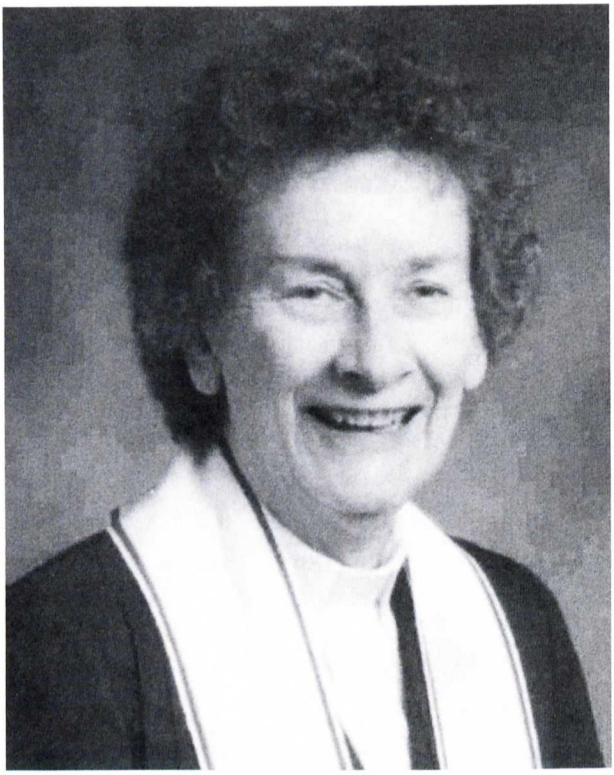

Rosemary Doran

Rosemary Doran

by DRUSE BRYAN

What does the Lord require . . . but to do justice . . . love kindness . . . and walk humbly with your God (Micah 6:8)

She listens!

SHE HAS THAT RARE QUALITY OF REALLY LISTENING to people as they talk with her. This is how a friend of Rosemary Doran expresses her feelings when asked what she admires most about Rosemary. This attribute is also one which endeared Rosemary to the gentleman whom she eventually married. On their very first outing together he noticed that she listened to what he was saying, as well as contributing her lively wit to the overall conversation.

First impressions – with her lilting accent she is obviously from Ireland. Her delightful sense of humour is quickly apparent. Before long, anyone meeting Rosemary for the first time would be quickly aware that here is a woman with a solid faith, firm convictions, strong opinions, and a good command of English, her first language. She has a love for people – and this is specially evident in her love of her husband and family.

Rosemary was born in Belfast, Northern Ireland, and received her schooling there. She was born into a Christian home, attended the local Presbyterian church which featured largely in her early family life. On finishing high school she attended Trinity College, University of Dublin, and received an Honours degree in English and French. After graduating and while teaching in Ireland, she travelled to Italy one summer to take a course in Italian, a decision which was eventually to lead to a momentous change in her status, her country, and her career.

A young Presbyterian minister, native of Montreal and graduate of Presbyterian College, who was serving in Calgary after ordination, decided to take a year travelling around Europe, seeing new places and learning new languages – French in Paris, a little German in Austria, and why not some Italian in Italy ? And so, in the summer of 1961, Gerald Doran of Montreal, Canada, met Rosemary Allen of Belfast, Ireland, in Viareggio, Italy. The rest, as they say, is history!

The idea of becoming a minister's wife was not an entirely new idea to Rosemary, though not one that occupied much of her thoughts. The church had always been an integral part of her life from her early years and certainly the seeds of service and commitment to her faith had been sown in her

formative years by her parents. But if she thought of her future at all, it also included training as a nurse, perhaps as a missionary, or as a teacher. The field of education was particularly attractive and so, after finishing her degree in languages, she took a post at a local high school, teaching English and French. Then came the fateful three weeks study course in Italy in 1961 and the Canadian minister. Before returning to Canada, Gerry took an extra week, visited Belfast and met the family. The following Easter, Rosemary travelled to Montreal to inspect at least a small portion of what was to become her new home. She remembers, even now, that it was not an easy decision to leave Northern Ireland and, like many immigrants to Canada, she still finds herself talking about "going home for a visit."

Gerry and Rosemary were married in Belfast in September 1962 and after the wedding flew back to Canada where Gerry had set up house in the manse at Beauharnois, Quebec. It was while in Beauharnois that Rosemary became active in the Women's Missionary Society, an association which has continued to the present. She identifies her involvement in the Society as one of the factors in the deepening of her faith journey and her desire to increase her knowledge of Christian theology. The seeds which had been sown were now being stirred and nurtured.

Rosemary was brought up in a Church with strong Calvinist tendencies and an emphasis on the God who rewards and punishes. While at university she encountered people from different religious backgrounds, which broadened her understanding of God and the Christian faith and stimulated her interest in ecumenism. With the strong instinct of service to others she also joined The Samaritans, a volunteer organization which offered a listening ear and a helping hand to people in need. This last experience was yet another block in the building of her eventual calling.

The first years of marriage, of being a minister's wife, of settling in her new country, and of being the proud mother of a baby boy, passed quickly. While in Beauharnois, Rosemary did some supply teaching, was active in the WMS, and along with her husband was involved in ecumenical work in the area. In the mid-sixties, the Dorans accepted a mission charge at L'Eglise des Cantons de l'Est in Melbourne, Quebec. This was a French congregation with all services conducted in that language. The women there had a busy WMS group to which Rosemary belonged and, despite the fact that her family now numbered three children, Andrew, Barbara and Ruth, she managed to do some supply teaching again. Those years of learning and teaching French were being put to good use. She did translation work and also helped with the first bilingual and ecumenical World Day of Prayer in the area. Women from the two Roman Catholic parishes were invited for the first time to participate, which they did. The event was a great success.

The next move was in 1972 to Richmond, Ontario, a two-point charge with Stittsville. Again Rosemary put her many talents to use to enhance the

lives of the congregations - as Superintendent of the Sunday school, she held classes in the manse at 9.30 a.m. before the church service, then travelled to Stittsville for the later service where she played the organ. Early Sunday mornings at the manse must have been hectic! She was a member of the local WMS and also became active in the Ottawa Presbyterial. In June, 1975, Rosemary, as President of the Presbyterial, took part in the celebrations of the Centenary of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. After a worship service in St. Andrew's Church, Ottawa, the congregation joined other worshipers in a march to Parliament Hill for an occasion of public worship and recognition. From there they marched to Knox Church for a reception and closing service of Thanksgiving. During the celebrations Rosemary was received by the Governor General and Mme Léger and, being fluent in French, was able to converse easily with them.

Rosemary calls her time with the WMS in Ottawa very significant. It was while there that she realized her talent for speaking in public. Through her early years at school and college she had often been picked as spokesperson for the group but had always agonized over the task. Her experience as President of the Presbyterial, with its many calls for speaking in public, made her aware that this was something that she could indeed do. She also found she quite enjoyed it, although to this day she has never lost the touch of excitement, and even fear, that most good public speakers have at the moment when they begin to speak. She found also that, as she progressed, her written words were coming together more easily and, most of all, that she had things she wanted to say. Those early seeds that were sown back in Ireland were once more being nurtured and were starting to flourish. It was in Ottawa that Rosemary had the first inkling of her greater destiny - but the time was not yet right - not with small children and stretched finances.

After five years in the Ottawa area it was time for another change - this time to Windsor, Ontario, where Gerry had been called as minister to Knox Church. Rosemary found this an unsettling move and, although involved again with the WMS at both local and Presbyterial level, she was feeling slightly adrift. Following some health problems, it was Gerry who suggested that she take some classes at the University of Windsor. After some soul searching she enrolled in the late 70s in courses leading to a Certificate in Religious Studies. This proved to be a wonderful experience and in her own words, " I discovered that I still had a brain." She received an Honours B.A. in Religious Studies, and encouraged by her husband and family as well as members of the University, she embarked on her Master's degree.

Half-way through her course of study, while standing in her own kitchen one day doing some housewifely task, it all came together and she knew then, and forever, that she was called to the ministry of Word and Sacrament. With this knowledge came a sense of wonder and of fear, and it was some time before she could declare to Gerry and the family what she felt

called to do. Even now, she speaks of the sense of wonder, amazement, joy and privilege that ministry gives to her. But in true Rosemary fashion she likens it to the wonder, joy, amazement and privilege that motherhood brings. She sees her family as a ministry, and this sense of ministry spills over into her dealings with other people that she meets in her accepted vocation. In 1985 Rosemary travelled to Montreal to study for a year at Presbyterian College. She laughingly recalls that year and tells how the family replaced their mother with a microwave oven and a telephone-answering machine! Meanwhile mother was living in residence at the college and speaks of her year with affection. It was exciting and she found a welcoming atmosphere there which helped to lessen the feeling of separation from her family. She emerged at the end of the year with the College's Diploma in Ministry.

After graduating from Presbyterian College she returned to Windsor and over a period of time supplied at United Churches in Chatham and Windsor, as well as at a Presbyterian Church in Chatham. At the same time she was teaching some classes at the University of Windsor. Then Riverside Presbyterian Church in Windsor fell vacant, and Rosemary served as interim minister for eighteen months or so before being called by the congregation. She served as their minister for ten more years until her retirement, which proved to be an ideal partnership.

Rosemary's strong commitment to service and to people, as well as her talent for listening, was exactly the right combination needed by that particular congregation at that particular time. Her style of preaching is uplifting - she likes her people to leave church after a Sunday service with a positive attitude. Part of her success in preaching is that she talks to people where they are in their lives. During an interview she stated that even St. Paul's words are of no help to people if the words do not connect them to their particular circumstances! The telling of the Story needs to be relevant to people's experience, otherwise it is not heard. She uses instances and examples that people understand, something that she had long appreciated in Gerry's preaching.

At various times while in Windsor she served on Presbytery and Synod committees, was Moderator of Presbytery and Co-Convener of the Life and Mission Committee. Rosemary is much in demand as a speaker, especially by women. Her long association with the WMS and the many occasions where she has been guest speaker at conferences, congresses, council meetings, synodicals, presbyterials, attest to this popularity She has an instinct for the right words at the right time and puts these words together very skillfully. Part of her success is that she really loves words, enjoys composing, and even has fun doing it. For a number of years she was a contributing writer for the *Presbyterian Record* as well as writing numerous articles for *Glad Tidings*. Some of the poems that have appeared in *Glad Tidings* have been from her pen and while at Riverside she wrote hymns for congregational use.

When, as part of their five-year plan, the WMS embarked upon a project to publish a comprehensive history of the Society, Lois Klempa was asked to write the early history - a daunting task requiring much archival research - and Rosemary was approached to write the history from 1972 to the present. For her part, Rosemary has said that she enjoyed the academic exercise and the research necessary for the task. Again, as she herself has stated, she regards writing as part of her ministry.

Her long association with, and commitment to, the Women's Missionary Society led to the fitting position of President of the Society in 1995 and 1996. Her congregation at Riverside, though without a WMS group, were most accommodating and supportive during her two-year presidential term. At that time the Society was in the process of taking a long hard look at itself, its past and its future - and initiated a program called "Threatened with Resurrection." Out of this evolved the five-year plan, and numerous changes and modifications to programs, staffing, etc. were suggested.

Not the least of these suggestions involved increased publicity for the Society within the Church, with the soon-to-be published history book as one of the results. Throughout her presidency Rosemary demonstrated her grasp of procedures, her organizational skills, her people skills, and her listening skills. She also showed an appreciation for the history of the Society, but emphasized the "sharing of ideas and experimentation as we let go of who we were and get on with who we are."

As President, she served on various church committees, including Assembly Council and Life & Mission Agency. During her term of office she visited China as the Presbyterian representative of an Ecumenical Study Tour organized by the Canada China Program. On her return, she wrote a series of articles on her trip for *Glad Tidings*, examining the re-emergence of churches and congregations after the end of the Cultural Revolution in 1976. Rosemary retired from Riverside Church in August 2000 - Gerry had retired a few years before and now it was time for the Dorans to move once again - this time to Mississauga. Rosemary found the move to be traumatic. Suddenly she had plenty of time to pursue her own interests but, with her deeply ingrained sense of service to others, this did not feel right. As so often happens in life, as one door closes another opens. Rosemary was called to St. Andrew's Church in Brampton as Associate Minister for Visitation, part time. Any worries the family may have had about their mother were dispelled when they saw her face at the moment when she was confirmed in her appointment. She radiated joy. Those few hours a week spent in the service of others made everything right again. And so Rosemary is enjoying her "retirement." She never ceases to be amazed that God has chosen her!

Catherine Gillespie

Catherine Gillespie

by PETER BUSH

CATHERINE "KATE" GILLESPIE was the first woman in Canada to be the principal of a Native Residential School. A gifted administrator and an effective teacher, Gillespie never lost sight of the primary mission of the Presbyterian Church in its work among Native people ~ the proclamation of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Catherine was born in 1866 near Teeswater, Ontario, the daughter of William Gillespie and Janet McAuley. In the mid-1880s, her parents and four siblings joined the many Ontarians who were heading west to seek their fortunes as settlers in the new land that was being opened up by the expansion of the railway. The Gillespie family settled fifteen kilometres south of present-day Balcarres, Saskatchewan (near Fort Qu'Appelle). Kate, who was already teaching at this time, remained in Ontario for a couple of years before she too headed west in 1889. She taught four years in various communities in south-eastern Saskatchewan.

In 1894, the Rev. C. W. Whyte, missionary for The Presbyterian Church in Canada on the Cote Reserve (near Kamsack, Saskatchewan) offered her the position of teacher in the Crowstand Native Residential School. It was her responsibility to teach the thirty-four pupils enrolled in the school, ranging in age from seven to sixteen years, all in one classroom. By the time of her departure three years later there were forty-one students in the school.

Gillespie took a basic nursing course in the summer of 1897. She recognized that, if she was going to continue teaching in Native residential and day schools, basic medical knowledge would be invaluable. That summer Gillespie moved from the Crowstand to the Mistawasis Reserve (near Prince Albert, Saskatchewan), where she became the teacher of the day school. In the 1898-1899 academic year there were thirty students in the school, twenty of whom were Native children.

The weather had a great impact on the students' attendance at school. On bad weather days, when no students showed up, Gillespie donned her winter gear and headed out to take school to her pupils. It so happened that all the students lived along the same road. Starting at the first house that had pupils, she set lessons for the children living there to do, and then moved on down the road assigning lessons as she went. She usually accomplished this task for all her students by lunch time. After lunch at home, she would again make the round of her pupils' homes, this time taking up the assignments given out in the morning. Gillespie found this process tiring and

discouraging; she much preferred the traditional school model where students came to her. She had, however, discovered a way to do schooling in a manner appropriate to the climate and the culture. She had shown her willingness to adapt to the context.

The Mistawasis Reserve has had a long and healthy relationship with The Presbyterian Church in Canada, going back to the ministry of the Rev. John McKay, one of the first Native ministers in the denomination. Gillespie arrived on the reserve at the same time as a movement of the Holy Spirit was underway, a number of young people had confessed their faith in Jesus Christ. As the school teacher to some of the newly converted, Gillespie sought to nurture their faith in Jesus Christ. She noted of these students, "Their Christian zeal is still conspicuous."

The summer of 1899 brought a number of changes to Gillespie's life. Her mother died. Her sister, Janet, who had been living with their parents moved in with Kate at Mistawasis, as did their father. Kate also made a decision that summer about how to address the attendance problem. The two-storey house in which the three Gillespies lived was transformed into a boarding house. The Gillespies lived in three small rooms at the front of the house on the ground floor. The children who boarded with them from Monday through Friday lived in two rooms upstairs that were set up with bunk beds. In 1900, seven children boarded with the Gillespies. At the back of the house on the main floor there was a large kitchen in which Janet cooked the meals, did the laundry, and the many other things involved with keeping a household of ten functioning.

By the spring of 1901, however, Kate Gillespie realized that she could not continue living the way she had been - the boarding programme was too successful, the house too small. There had to be changes. She had a plan: the wife of the missionary on the reserve was a trained teacher who was already home schooling her own children, she could take over the day school. The widowed daughter of the Rev. John McKay needed a means of supporting herself and her family, and who better to take over the boarding house? Gillespie proposed this plan to the Foreign Missions Committee and after some hesitation they adopted it. In proposing the plan, Gillespie showed two characteristics that would be crucial in her next educational venture. First, she was able to recognize gifts and skills in others, including native people, pushing them forward to places where they could use their gifts. Second, she thought outside normal patterns, and was able to convince the decision makers to whom she was responsible to let her try her ideas.

So it was that in the spring of 1901 Kate Gillespie was looking for a job. Through the grapevine she heard that the principal of the File Hills Residential School was resigning. She decided to apply for the job. File Hills was close to Balcarres, so her father would be back in the neighbourhood of his friends and could work as the school's maintenance man. Since File Hills

was a residential school her sister Janet could become the Matron of the school. It all made perfect sense, the only problem being that Gillespie was a woman, and no woman had ever been the principal of a residential school. After much back-and-forth negotiating, Gillespie was offered the post, but she soon discovered that she was being paid less than any other Presbyterian Residential School principal, and less than her predecessor had been paid. She wrote to the Committee describing herself as "piqued" by this discovery.

File Hills was a perfect match for Gillespie's skills and personality. As principal of the school, not only was she responsible for overseeing the school, she was also to ensure that there was Sunday worship at the school and at the small native Presbyterian church on the reserve. Through her ability to recognize the skills and gifts of others, she found a male teacher for the school who was also prepared to lead worship on the reserve every Sunday. Her sister and father led worship at the school with students who were present. And Kate herself went out each Sunday morning in her horse-drawn buggy or on her sleigh (depending on the weather) to gather together small groups of native people in homes or other places for worship. She would lead worship and speak the gospel message in any context in her commitment to the evangelistic work of the church. As an aside, it is worth remembering that none of these individuals who were leading worship and preaching was ordained as a minister.

Gillespie spoke Cree well enough to be able to lead a simple worship service in the language that was spoken on the File Hills reserve. In her first letters to the Foreign Missions Committee after becoming the principal, her constant refrain was, "Please send me some Cree hymn books." When she was finally told that there were no Cree hymn books to be found, she expressed not only her own disappointment, but also the frustration of those to whom she ministered. This gives an important insight into Gillespie's thinking: the classroom was taught in English and the graduates of the school were expected to worship in English (the school teacher led worship in English), but Gillespie understood that to reach those who had not been through the residential school system it was essential to use Cree. She sought to bridge the language barrier, not by imposing English on her listeners, but by learning Cree to be able to minister in the language of the people. Her rudimentary medical knowledge and her functional Cree got her into places on the reserve where few other missionaries had ever been.

Gillespie was committed to nurturing the faith of the young leaders who graduated from the File Hills School. The school became a place they visited regularly; each Sunday supper the Gillespie's dinner table was host to three or four of these young men. Gillespie was not just a supporting ear, she was also a spiritual director praying with these future leaders, a nurse sitting with them when they were sick (a shocking number of gifted young native Presbyterian leaders across the prairies died young or were severely hampered

by chronic illnesses), and a matchmaker, acting as go-between for the young men and the young women they had their eye on. Gillespie understood that if the future leaders of the native people could be formed by the gospel message, then the gospel would have a chance to impact the File Hills Reserve as a whole, and beyond that to other reserves in the region.

Gillespie was a capable administrator who was prepared to challenge the Indian Affairs Department in Ottawa. Under her principalship the enrollment at the File Hills school grew: by 1905 there was no room for the oldest boys to sleep in the school building. Gillespie had no choice but to buy tents and pitch them next to the school for the boys to use as their dormitory. It took two years of constant appeals to the Department of Indian Affairs to get any action. Finally, only when Gillespie confronted the Deputy Minister with the fact that students for whom he was responsible were spending yet another prairie winter sleeping in tents was funding made available to build additional accommodations. Gillespie was so committed to the students of her school that she used her connections and forceful style to obtain the very best welfare for the young people in her charge.

The File Hills community was an interesting place to be in the early 1900s. On each reserve the Indian Affairs Department in Ottawa had an appointed representative, the Indian Agent. The Agent was the first place to which all plans in regards to anything taking place on the reserve had to go. The File Hills Reserve Indian Agent was W.H. Graham who had seen many students go through the residential school system, return to their reserves but then take no steps to promote their personal or their reserve's economic improvement. Graham's plan was to create an economic incubator ~ he called it a colony ~ where students graduating from residential school would be provided with a quarter section of land and appropriate equipment to farm the land, in exchange for limiting their ties with reserve life. He hoped to create an economic elite who would lead the native people into a self-sustaining future. Although the plan had significant flaws, Graham did attract a group of gifted, entrepreneurial young men to the colony, many of them former students of the File Hills School.

In 1905 the Governor General of Canada, His Excellency Earl Grey, visited the File Hills Colony. He stopped in at every house and farm to see for himself what was taking place and to encourage the project. Earl Grey was surprised at what he saw at the Colony, it gave him a very different view of native people than the one he had gathered from his discussions with government officials in far-off Ottawa. He was impressed by the economic progress that was being made. This visit confirmed the conviction of those involved with the "Colony" project that they should continue their efforts. To that end, Gillespie used her contacts on the Foreign Missions Committee of the Presbyterian Church to find funds to erect a church building on the Colony. Through a loan from the Committee, building materials for the

church were purchased, and in 1907, Wanakapew (Angels Sitting) Indian Church was opened, having been built by the native people themselves. Gillespie saw the loan as the Presbyterian Church's statement of "trust in our young people." A year after the construction of the church building, worship attendance was up by twenty per cent and some people from the reserve, who had never before attended church services, were now in regular attendance.

Gillespie understood that the school was simply one part of the broader mission of the church among the native people at File Hills. As the principal of the school, she knew she was also to be evangelist, church planter, and spiritual director. In short, she was to be a missionary of Jesus Christ on the reserve. That vision put her work at the school in its proper place and gave it a deep spiritual meaning.

On August 26, 1908, Catherine Gillespie and the Honourable W. R. Motherwell, Saskatchewan's Minister of Agriculture, were married at the File Hills School. Besides family members and a few close friends, the only wedding guests were the students of the school. Gillespie's marriage meant the end of her official connection with the File Hills school, although she remained deeply interested in the school and the progress of her former students. This was Motherwell's second marriage, his first wife having died three years earlier. Kate became step-mother to Alma, Motherwell's sixteen-year-old daughter. In the autumn 1908, Kate was instrumental it starting the first Women's Missionary Society Presbyterial in the Province of Saskatchewan. Kate Motherwell took her role as the wife of a politician seriously, favouring universal suffrage and an increase in women's economic rights. In 1911, she shared the stage at a Saskatchewan-wide women's convention with Nellie McClung and Cora Hind. W.R. Motherwell ran for the Liberals in the 1920 federal election, becoming federal minister of agriculture in the first two Mackenzie King cabinets (1921-1930). In 1940, the Motherwells left public life, retiring to Lanark Place (now Motherwell National Historic Park) near Abernethy, Saskatchewan. W.R. Motherwell died in 1943. On July 6, 1952, Catherine Gillespie followed. She was remembered by Eleanor Brass, a former student, in the following way:

> [Catherine Gillespie] was a gentlewoman of the highest type. Her success in gaining the confidence of the Indian people was due to her genuine interest in their general welfare. She spared neither time nor effort in her missionary work on the reserves. She was an excellent horse-woman and drove a spirited team of horses in all kinds of weather, through blizzards and muddy roads to bring the Gospel of love to her flock.

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Dorcas Gordon

Dorcas Gordon

By IAIN G. NICOL

FOR THE FIRST WOMAN PRINCIPAL OF KNOX COLLEGE every day begins very early in the Gordon household in Newcastle, Ontario. At least part of the day is already mapped out with usual routine items and ongoing matters. There are deadlines to be met: perhaps a class to teach, meetings to be chaired, visitors to be welcomed, a report to be completed, and perhaps an evening function to attend. But each day also holds its unexpected surprises: the interruptive telephone call, the unannounced visitor, the unanticipated set of circumstances that threatens to dominate the day's agenda and throw the best laid plans into complete confusion. En route at 6:30 am, usually on the GO train for the eighty-kilometre trip to the college, Dorcas uses the time to write, perhaps a brief memo to the college administrator, or some notes relevant to an important meeting agenda item, or even a few lines of a sermon for the following Sunday at a church to which she has been invited to represent the college.

For many people the mere prospect of such a crowded day ahead would be sufficient to induce mental and physical paralysis. For Dorcas, on the other hand, God's call is "new every morning." Each new day is received as a gift and a task, as God's call and as God's commission. This particular morning is no exception. As she will readily and gladly admit, for her God's call is the overarching reality, the source from which she draws courage and strength. It is this call that enables her to view the future in a positive light. New every morning it summons her to hope.

Born in Northern Ireland, Dorcas's family moved to Canada in 1955 where her father served as minister of congregations in the presbyteries of Lindsay, Peterborough and West Toronto. She completed an honours degree in history at the University of Toronto in 1969. Thereafter she studied at Knox College from which she received the M.Div. degree in 1972. There she met Noel Gordon, and they were married in Knox College chapel in 1971. After graduation they soon moved west to St. Albert, Alberta, where Noel served as minister at Braeside and Dorcas continued to pursue her studies at Newman Theological College in Edmonton. A lone but not lonely Protestant in a community of Roman Catholics she graduated from Newman in 1977 with the Th.M. degree in Interdisciplinary Studies. It was also during this period that three of the four Gordon children were born. Although Dorcas may not have fully realized it at the time her experience at Newman and that of raising a young family together with Noel was to prove invaluable for the future. The former enabled her to enter fully into the spirit of ecumenical encounter and dialogue, an aspect of ecclesial life to

which she is still very deeply committed. The latter, given the insistent demands of raising a family combined with further study, inevitably required her to develop the discipline and practice the art of calmly keeping as many items as possible in the air at the same time!

Returning to Ontario in 1978, Dorcas's academic, administrative and ministerial formation continued. In 1980 she embarked on a doctorate in Biblical Studies at the Toronto School of Theology (TST). Specializing in New Testament studies she graduated with the Th.D. degree in 1991. During this period she lectured in New Testament and taught New Testament Greek at Knox College, was ordained to the ministry of Word and Sacraments in 1984, and together with Noel embarked on a team ministry at St. David's Presbyterian Church in Scarborough, Ontario. In 1994 she was appointed Director of TST's Doctor of Ministry programme. After a five-year term in this position and having had the opportunity to gain yet further teaching, administrative and ecumenical experience she was appointed Principal of Knox College and assumed the faculty position of Associate Professor of Biblical Interpretation. With all their inherent inter-institutional administrative complexities, it is difficult to imagine a more fitting preparation for a principal of a theological college placed in the academic context of the UofT and in the federated ecumenical/academic context of the seven theological colleges that comprise TST.

A brief note of some of the many committees and associations of which Dorcas is a member will give some further impression of the range of her interests and commitments. She continues to serve on many committees of The Presbyterian Church in Canada. As a member of its Accrediting Commission she is closely involved in the work of The Association of Theological Schools in the USA and Canada. She continues to hold membership in the Theology Committee, Caribbean and North American Area Council of the World Alliance of Reformed Churches. She recently completed a three-year term as Vice President of the Canadian Council of Churches. Somehow she has found time to author a book, several academic articles, numerous publications of a pastoral nature, and to present papers on various themes at ecumenical conferences in different parts of the world. And not least, as a person who is very much committed to maintaining her relationship with congregations, she rarely misses the opportunity to conduct Sunday worship and preach when invited to do so.

Minister, scholar, educator, administrator, feminist, ecumenist and much more – as Dorcas understands it, all of these roles can be listed under the comprehensive rubric of God's one call to ministry. This one call is well expressed as follows in the Preamble to the ordination questions in The Presbyterian Church in Canada's *Book of Forms*:

> All ministries of the church proceed from and are sustained by the ministry of the Lord Jesus Christ . . . . All members of the church are called to share the Gospel with the world, and to offer to the Father the worship and service that are due to the Creator from the creation.

Among other things these statements clearly imply that just as there is one Spirit from whom we receive many gifts, God's one call to be engaged in God's mission in the church and in the world is dispersed among God's people in a variety of different ministries or vocations. Similarly, God's one call to any one person can be understood as involving one in a plurality of ministries, as a call to be practically deployed in a variety of callings. As Dorcas understands her present role and responsibilities as Principal, this one call may be said to assume at least a threefold form. Sourced in the one call of God, she is called to the ministry of Word and Sacraments, to the ministry of administration, and to the ministry of teaching.

We may let Dorcas speak for herself. With reference to congregational, pastoral ministry she notes: "While my primary ministry at present is teaching and administration, I enjoy every opportunity to minister within local congregations. It is here that my faith and call to ministry continue to be challenged and renewed." We shall see that this form of ministry is one that she also practices in the context of the Knox College community. With regard to teaching and administration she says: "I bring a teacher's love of learning to the administrative tasks of a learning institution." This same conviction is one that she can sometimes express rather differently, for example: "My understanding of my primary role as Principal arises from my understanding of my role as teacher." Or again, with a bright smile: "I enjoy administration, but I love teaching."

The distinctions are important and have some equally important implications for Dorcas's understanding of her ministry. Two points may be noted. First, they express "the Canadian way," the way that she naturally prefers above any other, namely, that unlike their presidential counterparts in seminaries in the United States, principals of theological colleges in Canada are engaged not only to administer but also to teach. Secondly, though different and distinguishable from one another these forms of ministry are not necessarily at odds with each other. Of course, in the heat and haste of practice, now one will take precedence, now another. They have to be juggled, bearing in mind the fact that the inability to do so has precipitated the demise of many a principal or president. But they are not in conflict primarily because they are to be construed not as distinct ends in themselves but as essentially interrelated and interdependent. So understood, they are also subject to the stated values that shape Knox College as a community of theological learning and teaching, a community which in its own turn and according to its own mission is also subject to God's call "to equip the saints for the work of ministry, for building up the body of Christ." (Eph. 4:12).

What, then, are the fundamental persuasions that inform Dorcas's vision for theological education and the convictions that shape her understanding of her role in this enterprise? The following words of wisdom, with their original context in the philosophy of the game of baseball, certainly sum up one of them, probably the most basic one: "The future ain't what it used to be." For some people this statement might be interpreted as

a counsel of despair, for others as an invitation to mire ourselves in nostalgia for the past. For Dorcas the fact that the future is not what it used to be is again a summons to hope, a hope that inspires the three forms of ministry to which she is presently committed.

First, with regard to pastoral ministry, in her 1998 submission to the search committee for a principal Dorcas writes: "Gone are the days when students, the majority white, male, young, single lifelong Presbyterians, lived in residence and came together regularly over meals and at worship." The college (and many congregations of the Presbyterian Church in Canada as well) is called to re-vision community with a view to creating one that intentionally acknowledges and embraces diversity, differences of race, culture, gender, theological opinion, sexual orientation. With the advent of this new situation what form should community take? How does a college most appropriately respond to and embody the call to be an inclusive community in which "we are members of one another?" – by seeking "to nurture relationships of trust and respect," and by each affirming the other in his or her individuality and freedom.

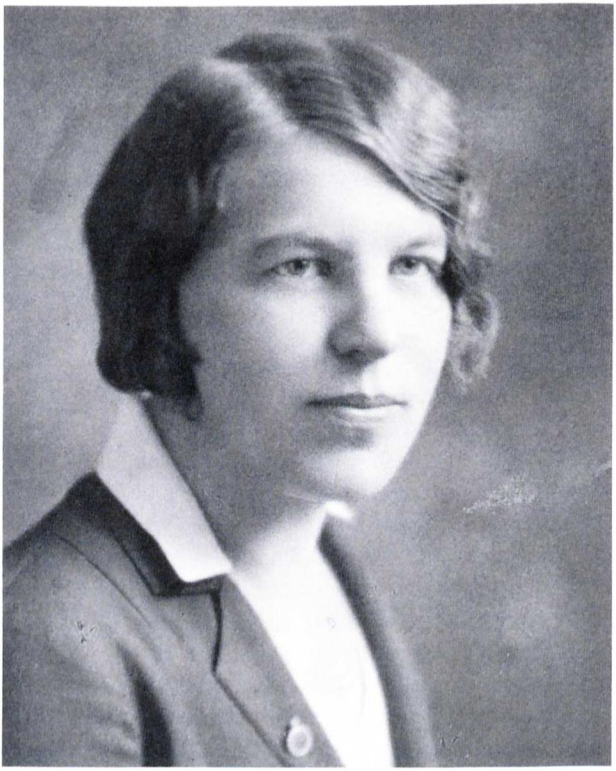
It is primarily in response to this situation that Dorcas's role as minister/pastor comes to expression most clearly. She understands that this calls for person-oriented rather than goal-oriented strategies, one that requires caring policies and procedures. Of the theological *rationale* for such Dorcas notes for example: "Community involves relationships which encompass the divine, the self and others." On the basis of this understanding the college is called "to provide the place where all of us recognize the unique manifestations of the divine not only in our individual selves, but also in those we meet." As a teaching, learning, worshipping and conversational community, she adds, the college is the place where "students share their diverse life experiences, and 'hear' each other into personal and spiritual maturity in the midst of the 'how, what and why' of ministry education." For any theological school characterized by such diversity there are no quick fixes and there is certainly no sense of having "already obtained." Nevertheless, in the strength of convictions such as these there is every encouragement to "press on" in hope. (Phil. 3:12).

It has already been noted that it is difficult to imagine a more complex web of inter-institutional relationships than that in which she exercises the ministry of administration: Knox College, TST, UofT, The Presbyterian Church in Canada. Whether it is a matter of curriculum, courses, budgets, students' learning and financial needs, or academic or church politics, in one way or another the agendas of all of these constituencies impinge upon the life and work of Knox College. Hence, for Dorcas and her administrative counterparts, life has to be lived "in the fast lane."

Like most competent administrators Dorcas is fully familiar with the moves that are essential to making sound administrative judgements and decisions: gather the facts of the situation, organize them, consider the

problems and opportunities they present, select and determine your goals, anticipate criticism and debate, make your proposals, and so on. This conjures up the image of the lonely leader, toiling away at some intractable administrative problem in her or his respective obscurity. This is not a caricature but an essential part of the task of administration. That role is made tolerable, or more accurately from Dorcas's point of view, becomes "enjoyable" when the power of decision-making is understood to be a shared power, and when boards, committees, faculties, assume common ownership of whatever decisions have to be made. Given these assumptions one's leadership style, as Dorcas understands and practises it, has above all to be collaborative, collegial and consensual. It involves extensive consultation, listening with respect to different points of view. But she fully realizes too this is not necessarily always the end of the process. Difficult decisions still have to be made when no clear consensus is evident, and as she readily admits, this can mean "making such decisions in the midst of ongoing ambiguity accepting responsibility for them if they are the wrong ones, and learning from that failure."

We can also ask: *why* does she do it? The short answer to this question is that she does it and enjoys doing it because administration is to be understood as one form among others of hope in action. It is not an end in itself but a means to effect change. The same can be said of her approach to teaching – the aim of good teaching should be transformative learning, or more precisely, mutually transformative of both student and teacher. The occasion when such learning happens, the "Aha" moment brings the realization that she has taught well, and leaves her with a deep sense of satisfaction. Dorcas readily gives credit for this insight to Parker L. Palmer's book *The Courage to Teach*. Here Palmer analyses three models of education: the therapeutic which makes intimacy the highest value in human relationships; the civic which assumes that truth is to be decided by majority vote; the marketing model that believes the customer is always right. These models contain insights that education needs, but if education is to be genuinely transformative it has to disconcert, provoke, even subvert. The trouble with all three models is that in different ways they effectively prevent this. Palmer notes: "students who have been well served by good teachers may walk away angry – angry that their prejudices have been challenged and their sense of self shaken. That may be a sign that real education has happened." Such teaching is "teaching from a heart of hope." For those who know Dorcas the description fits perfectly. On the subject of hope St. Augustine says: "Hope has two beautiful daughters. Their names are anger and courage; anger at the way things are, and courage to see that they do not remain the way they are." Dorcas's courage is not in question. Asked if she ever gets angry Dorcas says: "Watch my eyes!"



Hildur Hermanson

Hildur Kristine Hermanson

(Miss Wash)

by DR. A. DONALD MACLEOD

SHE WAS A WOMAN OF MANY LANGUAGES AND MANY NAMES. Her language of birth was Swedish, her language of adoption English, her language of ministry the Taiwanese dialect of Chinese. And to those three she added a fourth under compulsion – the language of the conqueror, Japanese. Her names were many also: Hildur Kristine Hermanson in her language of birth, Ho Gan Yu among the Taiwanese, "Hermie" to everyone, and "Miss Wash" to those who loved her and whom she served with devotion.

Hildur Hermanson was born in 1901 in Hasjo, Jamtland, Sweden, one of a family of ten, seven boys and three girls. Her father, Herman, immigrated to Canada when Hildur was a small girl. The family homesteaded in Buchanan, Saskatchewan, a small community thirty miles northwest of Yorkton. From her farming childhood Hildur developed a strong work ethic and a great deal of practical common sense. She went on to Saskatoon and studied nursing at St. Paul's Hospital, graduating as a Registered Nurse in 1929. She then worked at the "Hugh Waddell" Hospital in Canora, sixteen miles from home. The "Hugh Waddell" Hospital, opened in 1913, was one of a number operated by the Presbyterian Church in Canada's Women's Missionary Society (WMS) for non-Anglo Saxon immigrants, primarily Ukrainians, who would otherwise have been destitute of medical care. Of all these WMS hospitals the "Hugh Waddell" was the largest and most impressive, a five-storey building with sixty beds.

It may well have been this experience that put Hildur in touch with the Presbyterian Church and its Women's Missionary Society. She applied for an overseas posting under the WMS in 1931, was appointed to the Mackay Memorial Hospital in Taihoku (as Taipei was then called, reflecting its Japanese colonizers). Hildur then came to Toronto to take a mandatory six months of study at the Missionary and Deaconess Training School and was then sent on to Queen Charlotte's Hospital in London, England, where she received a diploma in midwifery. This qualification was suggested by the Formosa Council because the Japanese Government was granting a diploma in midwifery to graduates of Mackay Hospital, and they wanted a second nurse to be properly certified. At an impressive service at St. Andrew's Church, Saskatoon, on December 16, 1931, Hildur Hermanson was designated for missionary service in Formosa. She sailed from Vancouver on January 16, 1932.

Mackay Memorial Hospital had been established in 1880 by a generous gift from the widow of a Captain MacKay of Detroit, an operator of boats on the Great Lakes. George Leslie Mackay, pioneer Canadian Presbyterian in Formosa, described it as "a great blessing to thousands of people." A nursing school, connected to the Hospital, had been reopened in 1925 and Hildur's assignment was to be a backup to another WMS appointee, Miss Chisholm.

Hermie soon found herself involved in a physically draining activity. In her annual report for 1935 she described it as "a very, very, busy year. "Although I was very tired often, the joy of working for our Master helped me on. The Formosan nurses have been a wonderful help to me and so patient with my meager Formosan language." Hospital work had a definite spiritual component. The Bible woman at Mackay Hospital, Po-Sian-Koa, had been telling "the story of joy and peace." On discharge, patients were followed up by the local pastor, or in the city itself, by a Bible woman. "I always hope to have the time some day to go with Po-Sian-Koa when she visits, but so far I have been far too busy with quite commonplace tasks. Perhaps the Master meant me to do these ordinary tasks and so in my small way do my part in this great work."

When Miss Chisholm left on furlough in 1936, Hildur was appointed Superintendent of Nurses at Mackay Hospital. She was being stretched to the limit of her professional and physical capacity. These demands, the Formosa Council reported to the church at home, "she has carried in a happy, cheerful and efficient manner." Her stamina was amazing and her commitment to the medical work was always of the highest order. But her main concern was the evangelistic aspect of medical work. "Lately," she wrote in a 1936 letter, "we have heard of several cases of people who have heard the Gospel in the hospital and on returning to their own district have continued their study of the Story until they have at last accepted Christ." In August of 1937 she left for her first and well-deserved furlough, "after a very strenuous year of selfless service." She spent that furlough upgrading her nursing credentials with a six-week course at the University of Manitoba, and made a special study of recent advances in tubercular work.

On January 21, 1939, she sailed from Vancouver on the *Empress of Russia*, not to Formosa but to Tokyo where she spent the next year advancing her knowledge of Japanese which was now essential to work in the Empire. By now Japan had invaded China. After that year in Japan she returned to Formosa, but only briefly because in November and December of 1940 all expatriate missionaries had to leave the Island. The evacuation was not without its benefits for the indigenization of mission work. In May that year the three northern presbyteries of the Presbyterian Church of Formosa had already been organized into a North Formosa Synod, and by November a Formosan doctor became superintendent of the Mackay Hospital under a committee appointed by the new Synod. The Mission Report noted that, "Under the new order in the Japanese Empire today the government authorities are opposed to any foreigners being at the head of any institution."

Hermie's return to Canada proved to be providential. In Alberta the Rocky Mountain House Hospital of the WMS required an experienced Superintendent to replace Irene MacRae who had left in February of 1941 to be married. There was a substantial administrative responsibility to Hermie's new position: a staff of three nurses and general help, over 600 inpatients a year, and 150 out-patients, with x-rays and about a hundred obstetrical cases. During her time at the hospital Hermie improved the facilities and never lost her commitment to its spiritual ministry. She accompanied the medical treatment with a generous distribution of Bibles and other religious materials.

The Presbyterian Church ceased operating Rocky Mountain House Hospital at the end of the War. After eight years, it was reported to the Church, "the Presbyterian center for all the surrounding country, bringing not only medical but also spiritual help to people of all nationalities, in July 1946, was taken over by the municipality." By then Hermie was back in Formosa, having sailed on April 29 on the *Marine Falcon* for Shanghai and then caught a plane for the flight ("just three and a half hours") to Taipei (as it was now called, the island having reverted back to China at the end of the war) on June 20. She was under appointment to the China Relief Committee, seconded for a year by the WMS.

The city was in a terrible state when she arrived. The Hospital, and the neighbouring mission compound had been ravaged during the War. American bombers had scored a direct hit on the air-raid shelter next to the Hospital and knocked down a wall, with several casualties. Hermie reported to Canada that, "Our Hospital is practically empty, what the Department of Public Health did not take away when they came the soldiers who have occupied the place have either broken or sold. I felt quite ill after seeing it." James Dickson, a missionary on the east coast, had more positive news about an amazing swing to Christianity among the aboriginal tribes people while the missionaries were absent. Dickson eventually got the soldiers to leave, and men came in to repair the hospital. Within a few weeks the Out-patients Department was opened. Of the eighty beds that they had left in the building only sixteen remained. Newly converted aboriginal women were being encouraged to come from each village to study basic nursing skills and then return to teach others.

Hildur was also working with UNRRA, the United Nations relief agency. During the summer of 1946 there was a cholera epidemic and the agency's doctor and nurse asked her to translate.

> *I had never seen cholera before, and I do not wish to see any more! It has increased terribly in the south because of the lack of proper quarantine at the ports from China and also because of the ignorance of the people. They have not had cholera in Formosa before and the ordinary people do not know what to do about it. They keep the patients at home until it is too late to do anything and, of course, during this time they use no precautions. Last week so many died each day that it was terrible.*

Hermie set about with Dr. Hirschy, the UNRRA doctor, to disinfect the Isolation Ward at the Tainan Hospital,

> *bringing basins, pails and brushes for cleaning and started a cleaning campaign. I've never worked so hard! We cleaned one ward and with everyone's help we did manage to get the three sickest patients washed and to bed the first day. The first four nurses who came did not appear the second day as they were too tired, but we finally got them back, the idea being to have the same groups over each day and teach them properly, instead of going through the business of having a new set each day. The Mayor was to arrange transportation for the nurses and feed them, but it seemed he had to be reminded each day.*

Hermie attended the mid-week prayer meeting of a local church and afterwards had the Formosan nurse with her speak of the danger of cholera and of the precautionary methods. Hermie also visited Happy Mount, the other Canadian Presbyterian medical ministry. The Leprosarium had not been as badly damaged as Mackay Hospital.

> *We are hoping to get some Promin for the patients, as that apparently has a better effect than the Chaulmoogra oil. I stayed for the afternoon injections, then walked back to the river and crossed over to Tamsui in time for a later dinner. All the patients work in their gardens, tend their rabbits and ducks, and clear away weeds on their grounds. Even the one who is most crippled does gardening with his poor stumps of hands!*

Following her year with UNRRA, Hermie resumed her work as Director of Nursing at Mackay Hospital. Back in Canada in December 1947 for furlough she returned twelve months later to a China going through dramatic military and political change. By October 1, 1949, Mao Tse-tung had declared the new People's Republic of China. Taiwan was now the sole refuge of the Kuomintang under Chiang Kai-shek. There was no respite to the demands made on the Hospital as mainland Chinese poured into the Island, refugees using every possible means of escape from the Communists. Among those evacuated were two Norwegian nurses who greatly relieved the strain Hermie was feeling, and a young relocated English medical missionary, Donald Dale, who had responded to the call for a resident physician at Mackay Hospital.

For Taiwan 1951 was described as "the best ever for opportunities in Christian work." The first General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Taiwan met, but at Mackay Hospital it was a different story: "The Hospital had a record year in its medical service and also a record year in internal problems of administration." The report continued: "a skeleton missionary staff carrying an almost impossible load of responsibility in addition to the ceaseless round of normal daily duties and oft-recurring problems." Donald Dale resigned in June for a private practice in Taipei, as did the two Norwegian nurses, and in December Hildur Hermanson drew to a conclusion almost twenty years of service at Mackay Hospital, interrupted only by the war.

Hermie's remaining missionary service won her the name "Miss Wash." She was now free to pursue her interest in combining health and faith, hygiene and Christianity, and explained her vision in a 1953 field report. "Classes in Hygiene and Health in the Home" were started in the women's groups in the church.

These classes are in a series of six lessons, and were held in 23 groups . . . . At each class there was time for a devotional period and in new places, for an evangelistic service which was usually given by the ministers. These classes are bringing the women together in fellowship and study. The talks were prepared primarily for women, but in many places men and young people also attended. Where there were Aborigines and Mainland Chinese, the talks had to be translated into those languages. The hospital Bible Woman visited all the nearby groups after the series was finished, encouraging them and also taking some members of the groups to visit ex-patients in each district and invite them to the church.

It was particularly those people in the mountains who Hermie was anxious to reach. On one such trip, accompanied by a nurse and the wife of a business man who spoke the tribal language, Tyal, she was driven as far as a car could travel, then the three walked on to the village.

I had some medicines to give out so after my talks we did treatments. The little church, holding about 250 people, was filled so we were very busy, talking from ten to eleven o'clock, then clinic until lunch. We met again at half past two, another talk, the aborigines did one of their dances for us in costume and then clinic again until seven o'clock - and was I tired!

From late 1953 to early 1955 and again in 1959 to 1960, Hermie took two furloughs in her final period of missionary service. The compound, now consisting of four buildings, had been occupied since the first decade of the century. The whole property was now very valuable and in the heart of a bustling metropolis. Hermie's house had been known affectionately for many years as the "Hermie-tage." Later the property was taken over by the Hospital and the "Hermie-tage" became a polio rehabilitation house, much to Hermie's delight.

On June 30, 1966, Hildur Hermanson officially retired, but her home ministry was just beginning. Visitors to her Vancouver apartment found her a continual repository of stories, reminiscences and - above everything else - laughter. Hermie could always be counted on, with her familiar words "Let's have a party," to bring out the positive when everything might appear negative and dark. She was a supportive member and elder of West Point Grey Presbyterian Church. In 1990 she received a long overdue honour as she was granted a doctorate of divinity *honoris causa* from the Vancouver School of Theology at the University of British Columbia. On June 19, 1992, in her ninety-second year she passed peacefully away. She was a unique gift of God to her church and to the people of Taiwan. Even today, when the name "Hermie" is spoken, it is with a smile and a sense of gratitude for having known a remarkable human being who loved her Lord, lived to make others happy and never thought about herself or her own comforts.

Alexandra Johnston

Alexandra F. (Sandy) Johnston

The Church's Loss Was the Church's Gain

By WALTER STEWART

SHE MIGHT HAVE BEEN A MINISTER, but the rules did not allow it. When Sandy Johnston - more properly, Professor Alexandra F. Johnston, Ph.D. - was faced with crucial decisions about her future, back in 1961, the ordination of women had not yet been passed by the Presbyterian General Assembly, so that was out. However, the church, never wanting to waste talent, has been able to enlist her as a worker, organizer, administrator, elder, steward and, most recently, Clerk of Session of her own church, over a span of more than three decades. It has been a mutually beneficial arrangement; she has given much and received much; her brilliant academic career and her church work have complemented each other, and today, she says, "I have sometimes wondered how my life might have gone had that option been open to me." But she has no regrets, only curiosity.

Sandy Johnston was born in 1939, in Indianapolis - by accident; she notes. "We lived in Brantford, but my mother was visiting in Indiana when I came along a month early." Her father, Geoffrey Deane Johnston, was a Presbyterian minister (as his father had been) and served the same church in Brantford for more than four decades. "My grandfather was descended from Scots Presbyterians who settled in Ireland in the seventeenth century. His church in Dublin was burnt in the riots of 1916."

Geoffrey Deane Johnston, minister, met Alexandra (Sandra) Sherwood, a beautiful young American, in Belfast, when Sandra was on a visit in 1927, and that was that. They settled in Ireland at first, but "My mother didn't take to Ireland too well, and my father said there were already too many Johnstons in the Irish church." So they came to Canada in 1932, "My father definitely did not want to go to the United States," and landed in Brantford, Ontario. "During the Second World War, Dad served as head chaplain to the Fifth Canadian Division. After the war, the chaplains were the group who became leaders of the church. Dad became chairman of the Board of Missions in 1948 and as a result I grew up with a father up to his eyes in national church politics."

Steeped in the faith, and the lore, to say nothing of the politics, of the church, she was always able to combine two busy lives in church and academe that often overlapped. After high school in Brantford, she went to Toronto in 1957, to enroll at Victoria College, and join an honours course in English that included Margaret Atwood and Dennis Lee.

It was when she had completed her B.A., in 1961, that she had to decide where her future lay. She was then, as always, active in the church, but at that time it did not offer the kind of career a brilliant, ambitious young woman sought, so she determined on an academic life as a professor of English. She took her M.A., and then a PhD., which she earned in 1964, when she was twenty-five.

Her dissertation was "The Christ Figure in the Four English Cycles," the Cycles being the sequences of related scenes in religious dramas, usually acted in turn by members of the various trade guilds of such towns as York. That done, the new Dr. Johnston went to Queen's University to teach because "Kenneth MacLean, then chairman of the English department at Victoria, told me I could not be hired here straight from school." She needed ripening. She got it in three hectic but happy years in Kingston, and nearly stayed there. Might well have, but for two things. The first was that in those days Queens would never consider a woman in a senior administrative position, and the second that she was summoned back to Toronto and Victoria University.

"Kenneth was a dear Yankee, with infamous handwriting, and he sent me a little scrawl of a letter, which I read and tossed on the desk. Nearly tossed out. Two days later I looked on the other side, and it was the offer of a job."

Back at Victoria, she rose like the Daemon Fairie Queen popping up through a trap door; she became, in turn, Assistant Professor, tenured, Associate Professor, and Principal of Victoria (1981 to 1991).

At the same time, she was rising through the ranks in the church. She supported the reform that brought about the ordination of women as elders and ministers in 1966, served as a member of the Life and Mission Project (LAMP) which proposed extensive organizational changes to the national structures of the church in 1968-69, and then was named to establish the Board of Ministry, to implement the LAMP reforms. She became, in due course, Vice-Chairman, then Chairman (1981-84) of the Board, while serving in 1981 as Commissioner to the General Assembly, and as a member of the Special Committee on Freedom of Conscience and the Ordination of Women.

This became a key post since a movement had grown up determined to reverse the dictum on the ordination of women. "I worked with both sides, and came to have a great respect for some of the people, with whom I did not agree, but to whom it was a clear matter of conscience that women should not be ordained . . . . We managed to conclude that ordination was now a matter of church law."

Oh, yes, and she sang in the choir. Not a small point, because, while all this was going on, her academic career was also proceeding apace. It was while she was still an Associate Professor at Victoria that she took her fateful sabbatical to York, in England. Remember the choir.

One day while she was working in Yorkminster library, in 1971, a librarian tossed a document across the table and asked, "Would that be of any interest to you?"

"I could not believe my eyes. What I was reading was a previously unknown 1433 description of the elaborate wagon set for the Last Judgement play performed by the York Mercers." (Mercers were textile merchants).

Two weeks later, after a lot of back and forth, she was being whisked (in a chauffeur-driven Jaguar) to the Mercers' Hall in Fossgate, to gallop through the archives there. Another scholar, from Australia, Margaret Rogerson, had also asked to see the Mercers' pageant documents, but she knew nothing of the 1433 find. (Which, incidentally, showed that many of the suppositions about how these plays were put on were, in a word, bunkum).

"My first and entirely reprehensible instinct was to say, 'Hide it!'; instead I made the best decision of my life and asked for her address, invited her to dinner and proposed that we share the discovery."

That was the first step towards REED, Records of Early English Drama, a project "to find, transcribe and publish external evidence of dramatic, ceremonial and minstrel activity in Great Britain before 1642." (1642 was the year when the Puritans closed the theatres). The two scholars rounded up others, corralled financial support, and in the blink of an eye, which is to say, by 1979, REED was up and running. It is still humming along, and has produced twenty volumes of research so far. Thirty scholars are currently at work on other projects.

It is because of Sandy Johnston, and a small band of stalwart, if overworked, colleagues, that the world centre for the study of early English drama lies, not in London, or New York , or even old York – the city usually associated with this branch of knowledge – but in Canada. Much of it, in fact, lies in the head and hands of this unassuming woman.

Early English drama is not one of the hot buttons these days; billions of dollars do not flood through the portals of the Internet in search of e-commerce shares in *The Woman in the Moon* or *The Second Shepherd's Play*. Corporate donors are not lining up to exchange million-dollar pledges for their names, blazed out in neon, over the portals of the nondescript REED office on Charles Street in Toronto; and it could be argued that, in this hustling, globally fixated, bottom-line world, which now includes and indeed absorbs the universities, this is all a monumental waste of time and money, even if it does not cost a lot, and much of the work is unpaid. The chance that a REED scholar will discover the miracle material to fashion a new kind of cookware, or patent a new drug, may be regarded as remote.

However, as Dr. Johnston says, "It's not a question of something that cures cancer or builds a bridge. We are driven by a passion to get the facts straight." We call that scholarship; it is at the heart of what universities, all faculties, all disciplines, including church discipline, is about. Early English theatre begat most western theatre, begat much of our culture. Hollywood's

latest horror flick owes a debt here, as does the Stratford Shakespearean Festival, as do the myriad Christian pageants that add so much to our lives and culture. It is nice, it is essential, to know exactly how it all began.

Before REED, this was mostly based on assumptions and guesswork, sometimes bum guesswork at that. Now, it is based on an ever-increasing body of verified fact that has drawn the interest of scholars, both church and lay, all over the world.

Until 1951, it was forbidden to depict any person of the Holy Trinity on the public stage, which barred re-staging of nearly all "Mystery" plays. The ban was lifted as part of the Festival of Britain, and the York Cycle was performed for the first time since 1569. Since then, these early dramas have become increasingly popular, and, Dr. Johnston says, "I have played the Virgin Mary, an angel and an abbess." She adds, "The word 'player' can refer to music or acting; we do a lot of music. Music is fun."

Her role as an abbess rose out of other work she was doing at the University of Toronto. "I got a phone call from a friend who was working on some of these modern re-enactments, who seemed to be asking for help. I said, 'Right, you want someone who can sing, knows this material and is willing to work hard.' I sang that role four years in a row."

As her church and academic careers reinforced each other, she became Principal of Victoria College, and during the hectic decade when she held that job life was full of meetings. "But I had one rule. No meetings on Thursday nights. Thursday nights have always been for choir practice." There were some rolled eyebrows, but she stuck to her guns.

In 1991, the year she was able to put down this huge academic burden, she took up another burden. She had been a member of the Task Force to Restructure the national offices of the Presbyterian Church, and was working as Convener of the committee to implement these changes, when she was named as a delegate to the World Council of Churches. Her first meeting in this capacity was in Canberra, Australia.

The experience of global church politics was "absolutely fascinating." Eastern Europe was emerging, with a generation of people who had no Christian education at all. "What I was able to bring was a deep knowledge of the late Medieval church, all the visual arts, the plays, the pageants from that period which were the chief tools of Christian education. All the same things needed to be done in the 1990s, with different media, of course - television rather than roving plays - but the same things."

She was also fascinated to discover both in Canberra and at the World Conference on Mission and Evangelism in Brazil in 1996, that among the African delegates,

> *some of the most powerful and impressive people were the women, and we all learned from them . . . our tradition, among the nineteenth century missionaries, you had to become a European, in effect, before you became a Christian. That was the way people thought, and it led to some dreadful results. The sort of things*

that happened in residential schools in Canada happened everywhere. Now we know that it's okay to retain your own culture while becoming a Christian, and there is a gain on both sides.

The World Council of Churches work, which continued, led inevitably to the Canadian Council of Churches, first as Coordinator of that body's Study on Gospel and Cultures, and then, from 1994-97, as President. The Roman Catholic and Dutch Reform Churches became full members of the Council during her tenure; they had been observers before.

"One thing my work in both church and academics had taught me was that we have to get to know each other to work together, and I emphasized that." Canada has large populations of many Orthodox groups among her immigrants, and Dr. Johnston made it a priority to work with these groups, as well.

> I have learned that it is always illuminating to try to understand the point of view of someone else, even if you don't share it. The Presbyterian Church is built on the parliamentary model. Where there is a dispute, you arrange a debate, you thrash it out, come to a conclusion, and that conclusion is applied to the whole group. It often leaves a lot of disaffected people. But that is not the only way to do things. Our aboriginals, for example, and many other peoples, work by consensus. You keep going until everyone is satisfied. Other cultures think we're out of our heads to work the way we do, and in many ways, they are absolutely right. My basic premise is that we all accept the Lord Jesus Christ as our Saviour, and let's go from there.

As an academic, she is accepted for her scholarship; as a trained administrator, she is able to help organize the chaos around, and as a church member, she is able to give meaning to every part of her life work.

Dr. Johnston was a member of her father's church until after his retirement in 1972, although she lived in Toronto and attended Rosedale Presbyterian Church, where she became - again, of course - a member, an elder, then chairperson of many committees, and now Clerk of the Session, the key lay post in the church. She is still, naturally, a member of the choir.

She has never married. "Who had time?" Sigh. "Of course, there have been many men I wanted to marry, but unfortunately, they were all married to friends of mine."

When she is not reading, translating from Latin, teaching, writing, commentating, editing, organizing conferences, serving on a score of committees, running REED, or trying to subvert Victoria's United Church populace into Presbyterians. She admits that "My record as a missionary is not very good." Dr. Johnston likes to travel, sing, cook, do needlepoint and work in the garden of her house on Elgin Avenue, just up the street from her office. And don't ask me where on earth she gets the time; I have no idea.

What is clear is that, while Sandy might have made a great minister, both the worlds of scholarship and worship have gained enormous benefits from the way things worked out.

Helen Kinnear

Helen Alice Kinnear

by T. MELVILLE BAILEY

FOR OVER A CENTURY, women have fought to stand as tall as men in their freedom to choose a profession. Women were not regarded as persons. In general, Canadian female suffragettes were forced to wait until 1910 before gaining a modicum of recognition.

Not so in the practice of law. After the founding of the Law Society of Upper Canada in 1797, the first woman to enter Osgoode Hall arrived to begin her studies as early as 1894. By 1905 only one more female was added. In the following generation, Helen Alice Kinnear would not need to wait at all!

The Kinnear family in Canada traced their roots far back into Scottish history. In the mid-nineteenth century, James Kinnear courted a young lady of Huguenot extraction named Augustine Lucieux. They were married in the British Embassy, Paris, before emigrating to a neatly-laid-out community on the Grand River near Cayuga, Ontario. From their eight children came Louis, the father of Helen.

Louis chose teaching as his profession, rising to High School principal. Later, he entered the University of Toronto, which led him to Osgoode Hall where he was called to the Bar in 1902. Moving to nearby Port Colborne, Louis practised law until his death in 1924.

Daughter Helen, born in Cayuga on May 6, 1894, inherited her father's intellect. Yet, all during her studies as an honour student in University College, University of Toronto, she gave no hint of a chosen profession. Only following the chance remark of a fellow student to choose law did Helen reply that it sounded "like a good idea." When her father was informed, Louis was both surprised and dubious.

It was wartime in 1917 when the twenty-three-old Helen enrolled at law school, along with a host of young men. Three years later she graduated with honours, standing twenty-first in a class of a hundred and forty seven. How thrilled she was now to read a sign over their law office in Port Colborne: "Kinnear and Kinnear." That made her the first woman barrister in the Niagara Peninsula. To feel better equipped in her profession, Helen drove to California to observe law practices there.

With only a few accounts of Helen's early life available, one is left to surmise some details. Diminutive in stature, the "young girl," as she became called, must surely have applied herself to the profession, working in a

predominantly male field, with little social life. Nevertheless, by her dress and knitting she displayed a very feminine nature. However, Helen never was much of an active homemaker. Someone discovered that her oven had hardly been used, with its label still attached! Chance remarks about Helen reveal that she was as much at home with children as with clients and other adults. A name that remained long with her was the "taffy lady," for the sweets she lovingly supplied to children.

Religion had always been a strong element in the young lawyer's family, beginning with her grandparents' involvement in the founding of Port Colborne's First Presbyterian Church. Through her mother, who told Bible stories to the infant girl snuggled on her lap, the teenager Helen later related the same lessons to a class of her own in the Sunday school.

The barrister's generosity in good causes were felt throughout the communities wherever she lived. Churches gratefully received her generous gifts; and, later as a Judge in the law courts, she demonstrated her charitable nature. When violators of the law stood before her, both old and young, Helen demonstrated her true Christian nature. This "learned in the law" Judge was always ready to temper justice with mercy, giving young offenders a chance to learn from their mistakes. Sometimes, she made their attendance at church or in Sunday school a condition of their probation. Her concern for the well-being of others served them as a pointer of what to expect from her, especially when her counsel was sought as a result of society's concern for the insane and sex pervert.

Helen's little day-by-day acts of kindness were commonplace, though seldom known. When her office secretary badly needed a warm coat to keep out Lake Erie's winter blasts the "boss" supplied one. Helen and her sister were active in providing similar help to many townspeople, too.

Early in her law career, opportunities presented themselves which, when "taken at the flood," brought Helen local and international attention. One day in the 1940s, following a few years in practice with her father, he asked if she would be attending that night's Liberal political meeting, held locally. Her immediate answer was in the negative. Without hesitation, he berated her thus: "If women like you don't take an interest in politics, how do you expect women as a whole to do so?" The admonishment worked!

Helen's attendance that night sparked her involvement in a series of important party positions. Now, she became either secretary or president of groups in the Ontario Women's Liberal Association, located in Port Colborne, Toronto and Hamilton. Politicians usually were on the lookout for people who would promote their plans. Soon, her political-judicial background became a good hook on which they hung their coats.

Proof of her ability came in 1934, when Helen became the first female to plead a case before the Supreme Court of Ontario. There, Mr. Justice William Logie suspended proceedings long enough to welcome her "as the first modern Portia" to appear before him. Helen successfully reduced her client's fine from five thousand dollars to five hundred. Later, commenting modestly on that case, she called it: "A reasonable success under the circumstances." The "little girl" now stood on the first rung of a ladder that would take her into larger national focus. Although it took nine years to happen, politics and not the law brought Helen's name to much wider attention.

In 1942, following the death of a sitting member for Wentworth County, Helen was nominated as the Liberal candidate. But, prior to the actual election, she surrendered her chance of victory to Humphrey Mitchell, a reputable party mover (later the Minister of Labour). In return, Helen was appointed a King's Counsel, the first woman in the British Empire! Helen's reaction was partly disappointment. She found it a difficult decision to make "especially in view of the fact that the women of Canada had worked for 20 years with little success in gaining representation in Ottawa." However, *fate* was now ready to step in.

The linch-pin in Helen's career-axle held firm, allowing her to maintain the pace, until a few years later when she was federally elevated to a County Judge – again the first woman in the British Empire.

At Helen's installation in Cayuga on June 23, 1943, more than one hundred notables from all walks of life gathered to mark the important occasion. These included seventeen women lawyers, five judges, prominent provincial political leaders and the Honorable Ellen Fairclough, the first woman to become a cabinet minister in the federal government. Judge E.S. Livermore summed up the important occasion: "If a mere male judge were to be sworn in today, it would be very ordinary. But this event marks a milestone in a long and sometimes furious struggle to achieve the utmost in female endeavour." Here was the chance to show the public her swelling heart.

Helen's most recent appointment proved to be an "Open Sesame" leading to major events. Her duties included Judgeships of the High Court for Haldimand County. Judgeship was an office that now utilized and honed her major talents. It was a road down which few women had travelled. In all things, wisdom was one of her great gifts.

Not all the decisions given by Judge Helen were earth-shaking. One case, that interested people throughout southern Ontario, concerned a farmer who had shot a neighbour's dog for molesting his calves and snapping at him. He was duly convicted and fined. Helen was appointed to preside over

the appeal. She needed all her expertise and common sense. She set aside the former magistrate's judgement, stating that the convicted farmer had been charged with an offence not known to criminal law. In her reply, Helen wrote a fourteen-page judgement on the case. Court costs amounted to twenty-five dollars!

More important was Her Honour's expertise in the subject of the rights of the insane and criminal sexual psychopaths. The Federal Government appointed Helen to a royal commission to make amendments. Their findings resulted in a second enquiry into the Law of Canada relating to the subject. Five years later she was appointed to MACTO, the Minister's Advisory Council on the Treatment of the Offenders. Some of her judgements appeared in law reports.

Beyond the public's eye lay Helen's happy relationship with fellow lawyers and judges. In Cayuga, when junior lawyers found difficulty in finding former rulings to be used as evidence, she pointed to books where they could be found. Prominent lawyers gave her such praise as "She has the logic of a man and the intuition of a woman." Another male judge remarked: "That is one of the best judgements I have ever heard."

Judge Kinnear advocated the appointment of more women to the Bench, and her delight was to learn in 1951 that the Ontario Government had also given women the right to serve on juries. Her words were: "I had to pick the name of men for jury duty for nine years. I got a bit tired of it." In her lifetime, women had been given the right to argue as lawyers, and as judges to pass sentence.

What were some of the activities that filled the cracks in Helen's every-day life? They included membership in the Children's Aid Society, the Kappa Beta Pi International Legal Sorority, the National Association of Women Lawyers (U.S.A) and the Canadian National Institute for the Blind. More mundane interests were: making home movies, playing bridge, travel, horticulture, motoring, and genealogy.

Whether as an early lawyer, or afterwards as a judge, the maturing Helen increased her popularity with all people and her reputation in the Law grew steadily. Had anyone seriously bothered to challenge her title "A Woman of Firsts," they would not have known of Helen's achievement in 1935, when she became the first woman lawyer to plead before the Supreme Court of Canada! There, she succeeded in having an appeal against a previous judgement disallowed in favour of her client.

Of all the good qualities that enabled Helen to enjoy life one was her zestful determination. In her mind, when a goal was won, modesty and achievement must walk hand-in-hand. When writing a newspaper item about Port Colborne's gigantic industries, there appeared at the head of her article a two-line couplet which read:

You can't judge an engine
By the size of its whistle.

No one can ever claim that Helen boasted of her achievements!

Meantime, institutions were quick to add their laurels to Helen's head, with such honours as Doctor of Laws from the University of Toronto, for her eight years on their Senate. She received the first medal given to a woman by the John Howard Society for her humanitarian services with prisoners. All such activities and honours were partly the result of her boundless energy and humanitarian regard for both individuals and public causes. They formed the bright thread that bound together the parts of her dedicated life. Unfortunately, after her death Judge Kinnear's once-renowned place as a specialist in legal affairs lay sadly in eclipse. Was this because her records had been poorly handled, as reported? It took twenty-three years before an event occurred that made her name glow again!

On International Women's Day in 1993, Helen's name was resurrected. This time, it was to become known far and wide! Canada Post introduced four 43-cent postage stamps, honouring four landmark-women. Among the four who had blazed a trail in Canada was Helen Alice Kinnear. The postal event also occurred on the fiftieth anniversary of her federal appointment as a judge. Now, her handsome face shone out brightly for the universe to behold!

Port Colborne's reaction was immediate! Plans were made for Helen's portrait to be hung in Osgoode Hall. A writing of her biography was discussed. An exhibit was mounted in the building known as "The Helen Kinnear Children's Centre," which had been developed earlier from funds left by Helen at her death in 1970. Helen's importance took on fresh meaning when Hamilton's McMaster University gave a symposium in her honour. The Law Society of Ontario created an exhibit of Helen's career. It was entitled "Crossing the Bar: A Century of Women's Legal Experience: Upon the Rough and Troubled Seas of Legal Practice' in Ontario." Today, the same Society presents a medal in Helen's honour to first-year students who complete the Bar.

Canadians need to build on Helen Alice Kinnear's achievements, for much still remains to be accomplished. A fitting assessment of her career already lies enshrined in the New Testament text from Saint Matthew 11:19, "WISDOM IS JUSTIFIED BY HER DEEDS."

Caroline Macdonald

Applied Christianity

Caroline Macdonald and Misson in Tokyo

by JOHN VAUDRY

A VISITOR TO THE CEMETERY at Wingham, Ontario, might be puzzled by the inscription on the north side of the large, ornate, Celtic cross that surmounts the Macdonald family plot. It reads:

A. Caroline Macdonald
BA LLD
of
Tokyo, Japan
Oct 15, 1874- July 18, 1931

In her day, Caroline Macdonald was one of the best-known foreigners in Tokyo, highly respected and beloved for her mission work among the poor and the despised of society. This extraordinary woman, whom diplomat Hugh Keenleyside described as "one of the great Canadians of her generation," worked for over twenty-five years to bring Christian influence to both individuals and society.

Born in the small western Ontario town of Wingham, Annie Caroline Macdonald was raised in a strong Presbyterian family that was greatly interested in overseas missions. Her home congregation, with its Free Church of Scotland heritage, instilled in her a faith rooted in the liberal evangelicalism of the late nineteenth century. Margaret Prang, in her fine biography *A Heart at Leisure from Itself: Caroline Macdonald of Japan*, comments that this faith "was fundamentally individualistic, being grounded in a sense of personal sin and the need for Christ's saving grace, but it provided the basis for commitment to social transformation and the creation of Christian societies both at home and abroad."

After graduation from the London Collegiate Institute, Caroline enrolled in the University of Toronto, only thirteen years after women were first admitted as students. Many women of that time avoided science in favour of more "feminine" subjects. Caroline decided, however, on a major in physics and mathematics, with a minor in English. Although economics was not one of her subjects, Caroline entered an essay contest about "Banking" (of which she knew nothing). Due to her diligent research and good writing, she carried off the prize, much to the dismay of the other contestants who thought economics a male preserve! In 1901, this brilliant student graduated with honours but refused a fellowship for further study in physics.

While at university Caroline had become active in the Young Women's Christian Association. It seemed natural that on graduation she should take up a position with the YWCA in London, Ontario, and later in Ottawa where she became the first general secretary of the Ottawa "Y" to have a university education. There she led a Bible class and a Sunday evening "gospel meeting," while giving weekdays to social service among young working women. The fact that she gathered the members of her board to meet for an hour of prayer every Tuesday morning indicates something of the spirituality underlying her ministry.

After a brief assignment touring Canada on behalf of the Student Volunteer Movement (whose famous slogan was "the evangelization of the world in this generation"), Caroline heard Annie M. Reynolds of the World's Committee of the YWCA appeal for a secretary to help establish the YWCA in Japan. Reynolds and others felt Caroline was the person for the job, and it seems she accepted the invitation without any hesitation.

When Caroline Macdonald arrived in Tokyo in 1904, Protestant missionary work in Japan was only forty years old. Caroline found herself in one of the most difficult mission fields in the world. Many Japanese were extremely hostile to Christians, believing they were subversives allied with foreign powers and bent on overthrowing the nation. Some even portrayed missionaries as practicing cannibalism and infanticide!

At the beginning, much of her time was spent "grubbing at the lingo," as she put it. With the brilliant teacher Matsumiya Yahei as her tutor, Caroline immersed herself in the Japanese language, eventually becoming so proficient at the spoken language that some said that, "if you closed your eyes, you wouldn't know the difference."

Macdonald began her work with young middle-class women. She established hostels where university students could live in safety and where they might be exposed to Christian influence. English classes were offered, as well as Bible classes, although it was made quite clear that attendance at the latter by non-Christians was voluntary. Caroline also contributed to the solution of the "housing problem" by almost always having some young women staying in her own home. In 1905, she became National Secretary of the National Committee of the YWCA of Japan, and in the autumn of that year accepted a position teaching English literature for two hours a week to the graduating class at Tsuda College.

In 1910, Caroline went on furlough, returning to Canada to visit family, and then going to Europe to attend a YWCA conference in Berlin. She was also present at the historic World Missionary Conference held in Edinburgh under the leadership of John R. Mott. While in Scotland, she was able to spend a term, studying theology in the United Free Church College in Aberdeen under such notables as David Cairns and James Stalker. Macdonald and Cairns became friends and he and his family later visited her in Japan. After her death, he remarked that she was "the most distinguished student our college had during my time." For her part, Caroline cherished a romantic interest in the widowed Scottish professor.

Caroline's ministry took a new direction in 1913 when Yamada Zen'ichi, a young man who had attended her Sunday evening Bible class for two years and had been baptized, murdered his wife and two sons, then went to the police and turned himself in. Caroline and Annie West, an American Presbyterian missionary, visited Yamada faithfully in jail and stood by him through his trial, witnessing to the truth that "God has shown . . . that his love extends deep enough to cover it all." Through their words of comfort, not only did Yamada come to experience a "marvellous sense of God's forgiveness," but other prisoners and even prison guards were converted. One guard stated, "*having seen the agony of our friend*, I have recognized my own sins, and am repentant and wish to follow Christ." Soon Caroline could write (alluding to Paul's Letter to the Philippians), "The whole praetorian guard of this 20th century place are being mightily moved by the spirit of the Living God."

Macdonald and West continued to visit prisoners as they felt that God had guided them providentially into this ministry of personal evangelism and would grant "the means whereby to live & do it all." They had the joy of seeing people become Christians in response to their "direct" personal applications of the Gospel.

In 1915, Macdonald resigned from the YWCA to become a freelance missionary to prisoners, trusting that God would supply her needs. From work mostly among women students, she had now turned to outreach with men in prison and their families. Her financial support would come from well-to-do friends and churches in Canada, Britain and the United States. The Women's Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church in Canada supported her as did that of the United Church of Canada, though she was not officially a missionary of either denomination. Caroline identified fully with the Presbyterian Church of Japan and was proud of being an ordained elder in her congregation.

Although Caroline maintained that her concern was "not to reform prisons, but to reform prisoners," she became increasingly interested in the whole question of prison reform. Late in 1915, she spent some time visiting American prisons and conferring with leading criminologists and prison reform advocates. Some idea of the extent of her activity (and of her sense of humour!) is seen in a letter written about this time. She wrote of:

> Making speeches in two languages on various & sundry topics, teaching English literature, holding audience with all and sundry in [my] own house, visiting friends (mostly gentlemen!) who find it inconvenient to come to see me, hunting up their wives & families & trying to straighten them up to be worthy of straightened up husbands, giving advice on everything under heaven from the management of a husband & the bringing up of children (being a specialist along these lines!) to the interpretation of *The Hound of Heaven* to a group of college graduates, a lecture on prison reform to a group of rather elegant Japanese ladies who had probably until that moment thought it not quite proper to think there was such a thing as a prison.

Macdonald's prison ministry became famous through the story of the conversion of Ishii Tokichi, one of Japan's most notorious criminals who had spent, off and on, almost twenty years in prison. In 1915, he was again imprisoned in Tokyo. While there he learned that a man was going to be hanged for the murder of a geisha. The truth, however, was that Ishii was the actual murderer. As he reflected on the innocent man's suffering, Ishii decided to confess his guilt in the matter, as well as the fact that he had killed a husband and wife in a robbery attempt in Yokohama.

Ishii, who had been such a hardened criminal, then experienced deep spiritual anxiety. "What would happen if I should die just as I am? Was there such a thing as a soul? I did not know, but if there were must mine not go to hell?" At this point, on New Year's Day 1916, Ishii received a gift of specially prepared food sent by two strangers, West and Macdonald. A few days later, they sent him a copy of the New Testament along with two Christian books. As he read the story of Christ's crucifixion, he was stunned by the words, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." Ishii later wrote of this experience:

> I stopped: I was stabbed to the heart, as if pierced by a five-inch nail. What did the verse reveal to me? Shall I call it the love of the heart of Christ?... I do not know what to call it. I only know that with an unspeakably grateful heart, I believed. Through this simple sentence I was led into the whole of Christianity.

Caroline continued to visit Ishii on death row to share the comfort of the Scriptures with him. The short poem he left behind testifies to his triumphant death:

My name is defiled
My body dies in prison
But my soul, purified
Today returns to the City of God.

Ishii left Caroline "all he possessed - one sen, a copper coin worth a penny. For the rest of her life she wore the coin on a chain around her neck."

Following his conversion, Ishii wrote an account of his life and of his experience of the grace of God. Through Caroline's efforts, *The Scoundrel Who Became a Saint* was published in Tokyo on Christmas day, 1918, less than six months after Ishii's death. In 1922, an English translation by Macdonald appeared entitled *A Gentleman in Prison*, with a foreword by a noted Scottish liberal evangelical minister, John Kelman. The book (which went through three English editions and was translated into six other languages) is a powerful expression of simple trust in Jesus Christ.

Through her studies and her relationships with prisoners and their families, Caroline came to believe that "the cause of crime is the neglect of children." She saw first-hand the "horror" of life in the slums of East Tokyo. She saw the need for Christians to work to create better social conditions in order to prevent crime. As Margaret Prang puts it, "Increasingly the

questions she sought to answer concerned the relationship between the salvation of the individual and the transformation of society. More and more she believed they were inseparable and that to attempt the one without the other was futile."

Caroline tackled social problems on several fronts. She continued to welcome recently released prisoners to her home when they had no other place to go and no one who would trust them. She would then help them re-establish themselves.

Wednesday night meetings in her home for fellowship and discussion began to focus more on the application of Christianity to social problems. This "salon," attended by a wide diversity of people, was possibly "the most egalitarian gathering in Tokyo."

Caroline was concerned about the plight of the working class. Industrialization had brought about inhuman conditions. Evangelism could not succeed when poor people had no time to attend religious services. She lamented the situation in an address to missionaries: "If you and I . . . worked in a factory 16 hours a day or even 12 at the minimum, seven days in the week, practically 365 days in the year, year in and year out, till we fell at our task, and were then pushed aside for another unfortunate to take our place, how much backbone would be left in you and me?"

Another aspect of Caroline's ministry was work with young offenders. She sometimes provided overnight accommodation in her own home for boys just released from prison or reformatory, and gave counselling to boys and their parents. "The work with juveniles" says Prang, "could have consumed all of Macdonald's time."

Following the First World War, Caroline came to sympathize with the aims of the labour movement through her friendship with Matsuoka Komakichi, one of its leaders. Her concern for workers led her to intervene in a strike in 1927, and took her to Geneva in 1929 to act as interpreter for the Japanese delegate to an International Labour Conference. Perhaps her most significant achievement was the founding of a "settlement house," Shinrinkan ("The Home of the Friendless Stranger"), in Tokyo to provide the poor with better opportunities for education, health care, recreation and religious activities.

Caroline was awarded the Sixth Order of the Sacred Treasure by the Emperor of Japan in recognition of her social work. In 1925, she became the first woman to receive the honourary degree of Doctor of Laws from the University of Toronto. In spite of these honours, she remained unpretentious and down-to-earth, a friend to all sorts and conditions of people.

Early in 1931, Caroline became ill with lung cancer and returned to Canada to be with her family. Just seven weeks after leaving Japan, the gifted and dedicated woman known to many as "the White Angel of Tokyo" died in London, Ontario, in her fifty-seventh year.

Beth McIntosh

Clarabeth "Beth" McIntosh

Samonim ~ "Honourable Pastor-Mother"

By JOYCE DAVIS

DAVID MCINTOSH, son of Beth and Jack, offers this moving testimony to the qualities of his mother:

"She has always been the smiling, loving, giving, singing, cooking mother and samonim (Korean for pastor's wife) I've known her as. I use the word samonim deliberately, for it literally means 'honourable pastor-mother' which I think neatly captures both her persona and many roles."

What nurtured and produced this remarkable woman? When asked what the inspirations in her life had been, Beth pointed first to her warm and loving family and her mother's bright spirit and deep faith demonstrated in a special letter "setting us free" with her blessing to go to Japan.

On the occasion of being honoured by Knox College in 1987, Jack referred to the early influences in their lives: "Both my wife, Clarabeth, and I owe a great deal to God's practical presence in family and friends in Guelph during our early years of awakening and responding, and to the many colleagues who have been our life models in this Presbyterian Church of which we are a part."

In Grade Eleven, when Beth was Vice-president of the Y-Teens group (YWCA), she capitalized on a rare opportunity to invite a date for their Sadie Hawkins Dance. Part of the fun event was a mock wedding, complete with an "official" Certificate of Marriage. Written in L'l Abner language, it decrees that Clarabeth Maffey and J. McIntosh were "hitched" by Marryin' Sam. That night, Nov. 10, 1951, marked the beginning of their fifty-year walk together. Beth thoroughly enjoyed her years in university, being President of Queen's Women's Association, the Levana Society in her final year, and graduating from Queen's with an Honours B.A. in English and Latin in 1958. While she was teaching at Bloor Collegiate in Toronto from 1958-60, she took courses during the summers of 1958 and '59 at the Ontario College of Education earning her the Ontario Secondary School Teaching Certificate.

On August 22, 1959 Clarabeth married her high school sweetheart and classmate, John (Jack) Henderson McIntosh, then a student for the ministry at Knox College, Toronto. In December 1960, two weeks after David was born, Jack came back from a mission weekend and asked Beth, "What would you think about applying for overseas service?" "Yes," she replied. "Let's try the waters." So they applied to the Board of World Mission of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. "Right from the beginning it was a sense of call to both of us. Always, during the forty years, we have had a strong sense of being in the right place and at the right time. Because we did, the children, too, felt secure."

They received confirmation of God's call to them by the Board's decision to send them to work among Koreans in Japan. Jack was ordained to the ministry of Word and Sacrament at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church in Guelph, on May 25, 1961 and they were designated together as missionaries to the Korean Christian Church in Japan. After orientation, they flew to Japan in October where they were introduced to the cramped style of Japanese living and the warm welcome of Korean Christians.

Moving to Japan not only involved the obvious challenges of learning to like the food, to be comfortable with a simpler life style such as sitting on the floor for many activities, and struggling to understand and be understood in the difficult Japanese language. Underneath all this were the subtle assumptions of oriental gender roles which delegated a wife to a position of subservience to her husband. However, this does not appear to have fazed Beth. She continued working alongside Jack in whatever way was needed, and the quality of their teamwork developed as God shaped their ministry together.

The following year, 1962, they moved to Kyoto for nine months where Janette was born. From September they spent six months in Seoul, Korea, at Korean language school. Returning to Japan, they settled into a large mission house in Osaka, which became not only their home but also a center for ministry. During those early years in Osaka, while the children attended Japanese school, Beth encouraged their fluency in English using Ontario correspondence materials. An hour of English lessons, begun with David in grade two, became the expected pattern for Janette, Mira, and Gwyneth in turn. Mira, aged three, joined the family in 1969 after completion of adoption procedures in Korea and legal requirements in Japan. Janette remarked that Beth, in the midst of everything else she did, was always a dedicated wife and mother.

Early in their ministry in Japan, they decided to live close to the Korean community. Jack worked with the newly-formed Laity Association as their vision for a community-based Korean Christian Centre (KCC) grew. For that reason, in 1969 they decided to move further into the Ikuno community, the most densely Korean populated district in Japan. A compact traditional Japanese house in Oikebashi became their home for the next twelve years. It was here that Gwyneth was born, and that Mira, Janette, and David played and went to school with neighbourhood children, Japanese being their first language. The whole family shared together in the joys and difficulties of their ministry as people young and old, Korean and Japanese, were welcomed into their home at any time of day.

Looking back on those years, Beth explains further:

> It was living in the Ikuno ward where 50% of the residents were Korean that soon gave us a feel for their daily life struggle, their human rights and identity issues, and their inability to realize their dreams. Over the years there grew an amazing network of caring folk, Japanese and Korean together, who helped establish 20 group homes and sheltered workshops for the mentally and physically challenged members of many of the area's families. In many ways, we left our hearts there ~ all of us McIntoshes.

In 1974 for the first time "the Missionary Wife" was approached as an individual and requested to fill out an annual report. It asked her to give a brief description of her main responsibilities. She listed:

> homemaker for the family and hostess for numerous interesting guests; English teacher for our three school age children; teaching English conversation and cooking informally at home to neighbourhood women and children; teaching Western cooking at the Korean Y; liaison between Canadian contacts and the Osaka-based International Cultural-Athletic Exchange Association for Children; member of the Zion Women's homemaker for the family and hostess for Chorus of the Kansai area Korean churches; active at presbytery and local levels of the KCCJ Women's Association.

She adds that a new interest that year was rousing neighbourhood women to action on issues of pollution control and methods of co-operative marketing.

A big move occurred in August 1982 as Jack and Beth began ministry elsewhere in Osaka, at the newly established Tatsumi House of Reconciliation, with Jack as founding pastor. Beth reports that life became "even fuller than before, with the organization of a church school program here, and attempts, through English and cooking classes to reach new neighbours," as well as community co-operative ventures with the YMCA, cooking classes, and a monthly soup kitchen in a neighbouring slum.

In 1985 and '86, Jack, then Beth, refused to submit to fingerprinting, standing in solidarity with their Korean community in its fight against the dehumanizing Alien Registration Law, that required all aliens to be fingerprinted every three years. It was the plight of the Korean teenagers, most of them third or fourth generation residents of Japan, which convinced them that the time had come to take their stand alongside the growing number of protestors, refusing to be fingerprinted yet again.

Jack stood firm, with the result that he could not leave Japan for eleven years. Beth supported him as he filed his civil suit against the Japanese government in 1987. He charged Japan's Minister of Justice with abuse of discretionary powers for refusing to renew his missionary visa, or to issue him a re-entry permit to Japan.

Jack and Beth's stand against the oppressive Alien Registration Law helped to focus the international community's attention on this despicable practice, thus bringing increased pressure on the Japanese authorities to revoke these procedures. By the year 2000 the fingerprinting requirement was completely abolished.

While Jack stayed on at Tatsumi, Beth was able to be in Canada on May 13, 1987, when both she and Jack were awarded honorary doctorates by Knox College. These degrees were presented in recognition of the "sterling worth" of their quarter century of Christian ministry within the Korean Christian Church in Japan and their energetic advocacy of human rights.
The ministry at Tatsumi continued to grow, beginning each day with congregational prayers at 6.00 a.m. The McIntosh habit of holding "open house" whenever people wanted to come, (to eat or sleep!) was well known throughout their married life. It reached its pinnacle in "the House of Reconciliation" with the church in the downstairs portion of their home. Their lives became thoroughly interwoven both with their church members

and Japanese and Korean neighbours. They broke down ingrained mistrust between many Japanese and Koreans by their indiscriminate love and service to the community.

Looking back on her wide-ranging activities of 1991, Beth reported that the women's discussion group on Monday mornings "is more demanding now, as we complete our book outlining Japanese women's concerns, social and personal." In that book, she says that the discussion group on women's issues is the one which has provided the greatest personal challenge during her twenty-five years in Japan. "In that atmosphere of mutual acceptance, we have been nourished, and drawn forth to take creative risks in sharing our discoveries, our hopes, our deepest concerns."

There continued to be tension caused by Jack's periodic court appearances and Jack's health became a growing concern. The McIntoshes struggled to discover God's priorities, while living in the midst of such uncertainties. Once the decision was made to carry out his needed surgery in Japan, they both had a "sense of peace." His ensuing surgery and following set-back was a very low point in their lives, but the support, visits, and prayers of Korean, Japanese and Canadian colleagues, friends, and family were an immeasurable comfort.

Although Jack's health was returning to normal, they realized the need to slow their pace. Making the difficult decision to bring their pastoral relationship with the Tatsumi Church to a close in February 1994, Beth comments:

> Saying good-bye to this church house and neighbourhood represents a small death, for our 12 years here have enabled the weaving together of the threads of all our most meaningful life relationships of work and friendship since our arrival in Japan in 1961. . . . Being a part of the birth and growth of that little community of faith drew out of each of us our utmost, hopefully for His highest.

During that last year in Tatsumi, Beth experienced "a heightened intensity of relationship with each one. . . . At our present stage of life, serious illness and even death have bonded us more deeply." She concluded with a joy-filled comment: "The opportunities to share my own deep conviction as to the difference knowing Jesus Christ has meant in my own life come almost daily now, and I find deep joy in the signs of response after years of seeming indifference, in the lives which answer 'yes' to our Lord's call."

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Finally, in 1994 the court case was concluded, Jack's missionary visa was restored, a re-entry permit granted, and they were able to return to Canada together for a one year's home assignment. In June, at the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, they were both honoured with the E. H. Johnson Award "for service on the cutting edge of mission."

An important thread running though Beth's years in Japan is her growing role in the YWCA, serving on the Peace Committee, representing them at a symposium entitled " Asian Peace and the Role of Women," and representing the Osaka Y at the International Women's Summit in Seoul, Korea. She comments that "participation in the Seoul event deepened my own appreciation for the contribution made by YW/YMCAs around the world towards the empowerment of women through leadership training and supportiveness."

Another big shift occurred in their lives with their move to Kitakyushu in Southwestern Japan in July, 1995. The old Kokura church, including the manse, became their home. With Jack appointed Director of the Seinan Korean Christian Center (SKCC), Beth, in her usual energetic fashion, found many auxiliary roles similar to those in Osaka. Here they included a Friday night soup kitchen for the homeless, building ecumenical fellowship and solidarity with growing numbers of street and park dwellers.

The influence of Beth's many years studying women's issues alongside Japanese and Korean women quietly bore fruit during this final period in Beth's life in Japan. Even without official responsibilities at either presbytery or national levels of the KCCJ Women's Association, her active presence at study conferences, retreats, and annual meetings served as a rich catalyst for broadening women's thinking. She reported that "our ongoing studies in assessing the changes needed in the KCCJ Constitution and reading the Bible from a woman's perspective, mark this as a very important stage in the development of awareness and personal preparation for new roles in the wider church community."

A highlight for Beth in 1999 was to be present with Jack at the KCCJ General Assembly "where, for the first time, eight non-ordained members of the church Women's Association were welcomed as commissioners ~ a temporary measure to compensate, in part, for the disproportionate numbers of men and women presently exercising decision-making

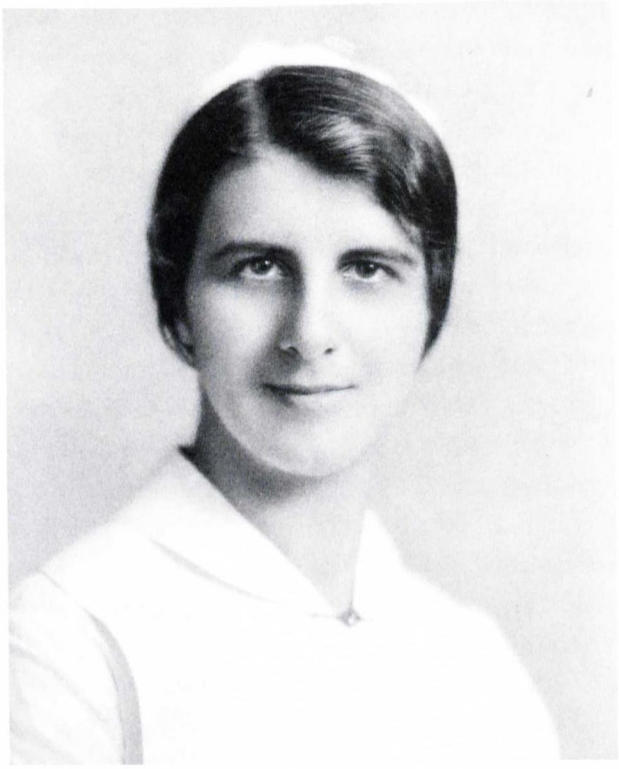
responsibilities in that august body." Only God knows the great extent to which Beth's work in stimulating women in the KCCJ to read the Bible from a women's perspective, led to this astounding development in a culture which is still very male dominated!

Jack and Beth report on the year 2000 as "the year of the McIntosh team act." Jack's weakened health condition led to a reapportioning of duties between them. Jack worked primarily as program facilitator of the Seinan Korean Christian Center, while Beth's involvement increased to include committees and conferences which Jack could not attend.

Summing up the years in Japan, Beth speaks of the deep satisfaction experienced from an interweaving of concerns:

> peacemaking, human rights, the enablement of women in church and society, particularly in the fields of responsible decision-making and action, Christian community service, and leadership development. Both church circles and the YWCA have threaded their way through these 40 years in an unforgettable fashion.

In March 2001, they returned to Canada for an expected life of retirement, still overflowing with ideas for mission and ministry. However, in God's timing, Jack's work on earth had reached completion, and he was "called home" on June 7th. In God's great plan, Beth is enjoying a new home in the Vancouver School of Theology where she serves as Community Co-ordinator for the townhouse community at St. Andrew's Hall, which houses families of married students from Korea, Japan and other parts of the world. Thus she remains closely connected, not only to her immediate family, but to that wider family which she loves so deeply and continues to serve so faithfully.



Bessie MacMurchy

Bessie Margaret MacMurchy

Healer and Adventurer

by KIM ARNOLD

BESSIE MACMURCHY BEGAN LIFE ON 24 AUGUST 1903 in Collingwood, Ontario; a picturesque town set beside the shores of Georgian Bay at the base of Blue Mountain. She attended the local schools and received a commercial diploma from Collingwood Collegiate Institute. Despite this early training, the business world was not to be her destiny, rather, she decided that medicine was her true vocation. Bessie had always achieved first class standing and was accepted into the elite nursing programme at the Montreal General Hospital. She trained successfully and graduated from nursing in 1931.

The MacMurchy family had strong roots in the Presbyterian Church in Collingwood and so it was perhaps a natural progression for Bessie to enroll in the Presbyterian Missionary and Deaconess Training School in Toronto to prepare for overseas service as a missionary nurse with the Church. Upon graduation, the Women's Missionary Society (WD) appointed her to the Bhil Region of India in the Canadian Presbyterian Mission Hospital, also known as the Jobat Christian Hospital.

The Women's Missionary Society's staff handbook stated that their purpose was to: "unite the women, girls and children in prayer, study and service for the advancement of the Kingdom of God at home and abroad." Women suited for overseas mission work needed to be of "strong and mature Christian faith, good physical condition, educated, emotionally mature and tolerant of other cultures and religions." A suitable candidate in all respects, Bessie sailed for India in September 1932 and began her duties at the Jobat Hospital in October 1932.

A significant transition in lifestyle awaited Bessie as her new career would prove both exciting and challenging. The Bhil Region is situated in Central India in an isolated, rural setting. There were no railway lines nearby and market towns were distant. Agriculture was the mainstay of the local

economy. The landscape consisted of a collage of farm fields, hills, flowers and fruit trees, situated beside dense jungle replete with predators. Due to the extremes in temperature, the Bhil area could be experienced as either arid or lush, depending on the annual rainfall. Clean drinking water was a necessity, but not always readily available. As a new resident of this country, Miss MacMurchy was especially sensitive to these surroundings. Her personal papers reflect both the pleasure and pain this environment would create for the community over the years.

At the time of Miss MacMurchy's residence, India's population consisted of eighty-five per cent villagers living in adobe hut compounds. Homes did not have sanitation facilities, running water, proper ventilation or electricity. Pestilence was rampant as was pollution caused by an accumulation of refuse. All these factors created illness and disease. Although missionaries were relatively well off in terms of housing, medicines and diet, Miss MacMurchy herself suffered with malaria on a number of occasions. At the best of times, the locals' diet was sub-standard; lacking in vitamins and proteins. Dependent on weather conditions, starvation could ravage them one season yet an over abundance of corn could plague them the next.

Conversely, Bessie marvelled at the dramatic geography and personal opportunities India provided to her. She appreciated the plentiful and fresh fruit that grew outside her door – most especially the mango trees. Her papers detailed the beautiful yet difficult terrain she traversed in her work and the dramatic weather conditions that accompanied them. She loved the community picnics; enjoyed music of all sorts and late evenings with friends watching the colourful array of sunsets. Her writings display an acute awareness of the landscape and personalities that were her environment.

The Jobat clinic first opened in 1926 as a simple dispensary funded by The Presbyterian Church in Canada's General Board of Mission. Other doctors in residence included Dr. John Howie, Dr. Effie Winchester and Dr. W.R. Quinn. It was Dr. Quinn who, working along with Bessie, managed to expand the practice, make great improvements in the facility, and attract greater financial support from the government and church. By 1933 the hospital had electric lights and running water. In 1935 the Louise Henderson Maternity Ward was completed. In 1936 the Mary Broadbent Training Home for Nurses was built as an arm of work assumed by the Jobat

Hospital. The number of beds for in-patients grew to sixty. By 1941 the Hospital had a staff of eighty and demand was on the increase for even more trained medical staff of all levels.

The students had hands-on responsibilities in the hospital as part of their overall training requirements for graduation. The first graduation from the nursing school took place in 1945 with the Bhil graduates numbering one male and four females. This ceremony was a special one for the community and Bessie wrote that "the light of Jesus was with the Bhil people" on that day. The ceremony was held in Zion Church in Jobat. It was also an occasion for personal tributes including ones for nurses Isabel McConnell and Bessie MacMurchy, who were compared to Florence Nightingale in their selfless dedication to the villagers.

Western medicine was regarded with suspicion by many of the natives. Their traditional medicine was provided by a village witch doctor or "barwa." Evidence of the barwa craft was seen in the strings that they tied on patients wrists, ankles and necks; supposedly containing a form of medicine for the various ailments. More often than not, patients came to the Hospital as a last resort once they realized that the witch doctor's medicine was not working. These desperate medical cases put added strain on Bessie and the staff. Many needless deaths occurred as a result of the barwa medicine. Patients travelled to the Jobat Hospital from as far away as 200 miles. By 1954 this facility served 6,679 out-patients as follows: Bhils 4282, Hindus 955, Mohammedans 541 and Christians 900. Forms of treatment included: sixty-four maternity, fifty-seven major operations, 152 minor operations and 144 teeth extractions.

Hospital evangelists would preach the gospel in the waiting area of the out-patient ward and a daily service was held for the in-patients. Volunteer Christian women's groups assisted the hospital workers by providing Bible study time, teaching the women handicrafts, making clothes for the poorer families and new babies, creating communion clothes for the patients; and preparing bandages for the use of hospital staff. One of the hospital's more faithful Indian supporters was quoted in a letter to Bessie comparing Jobat Hospital to "the Taj Mahal; in which is entombed Christian love." He continues, "this superb and splendid memorial to your kindness and love is a tower of light, hope and life to many a ship-wrecked soul – a haven of hope to the discouraged and needy."

Miss MacMurchy played a significant role in the development of Medical Mobile Clinics in the Bhil Region. They became necessary because of the growing population and the chronic need for improved public health. Mobile clinics and dispensaries were just part of the answer to this problem, consequently she advocated the need for larger permanent clinics for rural India. Rampant infections such as smallpox could quickly wipe out an entire village if not checked. Vaccinations were available in urban centres but villagers tended not to make this journey as they likely would have to travel a great distance by ox-cart over poorly maintained roads, to reach the closest clinic. During times of famine, numbers at church services and clinics were lower because robbers, desperate for food, would attack the vulnerable who left their secure dwellings. Travelling evangelists would also accompany the medical staff at the mobile clinics. By 1953, there were seventeen mobile clinics serving 4,990 patients coupled with eight Christian congregations and ten preaching stations where regular services were held.

Evangelism in the Christian faith was quite prevalent throughout India at this time, largely because of the growth of Christian colleges resulting from mission work. Lay missionaries served the large population's needs and were in much greater number than ordained ministers. The Christian Medical Association had committees that monitored upgrades in medical facilities, registered medical missionaries for legal practice in the country and researched the issues of disease prevention and control. Government support of higher education for women resulted in more applicants for nurses training and more professional nurses in the field. Despite this move forward, Bessie often lamented in her correspondence that nurses were paid too little for their work. Poor pay contributed to this tendency. Only the very dedicated women would return to the mission fields as nurses, especially after they had sampled the opportunities available to them through the university and the modernity of city life. Throughout the years more public aid came forward but the ongoing leadership in this area rested with the Church, their resources and initiative. The Indian government continued to display a certain wariness towards the Christian influence over Indian society and in 1954 a Committee of Enquiry was struck to investigate this trend. In the end, these government officials were actually won over by the good works that the church community had achieved, and thereafter, an

increased use of Christian sponsored services was documented. The government as a whole came to accept and even value the Christian influence on their people. This recognition came in an official statement from the Indian Board:

> A special reference should be made here to a national need which the high schools are called upon to satisfy in the near future. . . . In addition to the needs of the teaching profession, any comprehensive scheme for developing the social services will involve a vastly increased supply of doctors and nurses.

The government wanted an improved level of education for their women, as well as for their young men. The old regime regarded education as a threat but this new attitude acknowledged that an educated populace would benefit the future quality of Indian society.

Bessie was one of the leaders touting better education for those in the medical field. She valued any progress made but the rate of improvement was never significant enough for her. Nurses still held no professional or social status in the community. Bessie was a union supporter and felt that this system would ultimately serve the medical profession in India. Her regular reports to the Women's Missionary Society office not only reflected the dichotomy of her love of India, but also her frustration with the system.

One of Miss MacMurchy's concerns was the lack of birth control available to men and women. Cultural factors have always been a determinant in this area of our society. Of cholera, smallpox, infections, starvation and malaria, death in childbirth was the sixth highest threat to human life in India during Bessie's time. One out of every ten women died in childbirth and the average number of surviving children born to a woman was six to seven, but this did not include those that died prematurely or through abortion. A chronic shortage of female doctors and nurses in a culture which stressed that girls could only be examined by other females exacerbated the problem. Theories that suggested self-control or imposed sterilization as means of population control were summarily dismissed by Bessie as she saw the difficulty in policing and funding these methods. The cost of voluntary birth control would have to be reduced and its availability from reliable clinics would have to be increased, especially to the poor villagers.

In 1949, Miss MacMurchy left Jobat to serve on staff with the Christian Medical College Hospital in Vellore, South India, a facility that the WMS financially supported. This sophisticated international medical centre was designed to do research, develop preventative medical policies, train those for service in rural areas of India, and foster a Christian attitude towards medicine in students and staff. During Bessie's tenure it served as the base for 260 mission hospitals and 500 dispensaries. Miss MacMurchy taught graduate and undergraduate level students in nursing at Vellore. These courses were taught in the Hindi language, which she had already mastered. Significantly, she was the only teacher in graduate studies for nursing in India at that time.

By 1952 Bessie MacMurchy had taken her third furlough trip home to Collingwood. As one of her responsibilities as a church missionary she travelled across the country talking to Presbyterians and also at nursing schools about her work as a nurse in India. Keen to spend more time with young people, she also accepted leadership positions in church camps. Experiencing summer camp, especially in a Christian setting, has often been considered the foundation of a young person's spiritual awakening. Bessie was aware of this responsibility and her papers reveal great pleasure in being part of this process. "Faith in nature" was a sentiment found in a number of her letters. Life was not all work; missionaries were also entitled to holiday time. Bessie travelled extensively during her career and relished each new adventure. Her love of India was evident as she often elected to remain there during her vacation period, so that she might experience other parts of the country.

In 1955 she returned to Canada to attend the School of Nursing at the University of Western Ontario where she earned her Bachelor of Science in Nursing. She returned to London in the 1960s to begin a Master of Science of Nursing. She completed the course work but passed away suddenly on 16 June 1963, prior to actual graduation. Her thesis forms part of her personal papers. It is entitled, "Factors Which Favour Participation of Registered Nurses in the Activities of Their Professional Nursing Organization." She professed value in unions, professional ethics, and improved salaries and living conditions for medical staff in Canada and overseas. Her thesis might be summed up in this simple quote related to a proposed national organization for nurses:

such national association shall be non-political, shall embrace all religious faiths, and shall work together for the purpose of promoting the health of nations, improving the care of the sick, advancing the professional and economic welfare of nurses and enhancing the honor of the nursing profession.

Once, before returning to Canada, she had managed to spearhead a province-wide professional association for nurses in Jobat. The aims of this association echoed those in her thesis: professionalism, education, public health, fund raising for medical institutions, and government awareness. Attention to all these are required in order to make strides in overseas health care.

Throughout Bessie's career she received testimonials praising her dedication and skill. These are found in her personal papers and praise her abilities in medicine, finance, administration; but also her compassion, confidence, "sparkling brown eyes" and Christian faith. There are notes of thanks from patients, letters of support from colleagues and requests for money from the needy. When one examines Bessie MacMurchy's contribution to the people of India it seems they encompass all possible categories of overseas work: medical, educational, leadership and social service. Included in her correspondence is found a portion of the Prayer of St. Richard of Chichester, which is a testament of her faith and work:

Thanks be to thee, my Lord Jesus Christ,
For all the benefits thou has won for me,
For all the pains and insults thou has borne for me,
O most merciful Redeemer, Friend and Brother,
May I know thee more clearly,
Love thee more dearly,
And follow thee more nearly:
For ever and ever.

Mary McQuesten

Mary Jane McQuesten

By JOHN ALEXANDER JOHNSTON

Be Ye Steadfast...Ever Abounding in The Work Of The Lord

BIDE A WEE BY THE MASSIVE OAK DOORS OF MACNAB STREET PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, HAMILTON. Let your gaze rest on the stone wall across the street which separates this Scottish Gothic edifice from Whitehern, the home of the McQuesten family for one hundred and fifty years. Or climb the stately sanctuary tower, rung upon rung, and marvel at the massive clockworks which a McQuesten had rescued when, generations later, the old Post Office was demolished. Its golden face is clearly visible from the donor's residence. Today, Go-trains shunt between these two symbols of Hamilton society but not before the church had been awarded generous compensation for this intrusion, a court case argued and won by a McQuesten.

To examine the place and influence of the McQuesten family, particularly that of its matriarch, Mary Jane McQuesten, is to reveal a micro-etching of Scots/Irish/Presbyterian Enlightenment in a changing world. Mary Jane Baker (1849-1934) was a child of the Manse, an only daughter by a second marriage of Commander, The Rev. Thomas Baker, R.N., who had served King and Country with distinction in the Napoleonic Wars. At one time he commanded the largest British naval vessel on the Great Lakes. A strict Calvinist and a man of high moral standards, he studied for the Congregational ministry following his discharge. His pastoral labours are recorded in the annals of Kingston, Paris, Brantford (where Mary Jane was born), Newmarket and Toronto.

Thomas Baker demanded the same strict standards of his congregations and his family. To examine his correspondence is to see reflected the accuracy, form and content of a strong willed man-of-the-cloth. His was an upper middle class family man, intensely supportive of the monarchy and the well-being of the common man. In the volume *Thomas Baker McQuesten*, the author, John Best referred to Baker's daughter, Mary Jane, as one who

was "bolstered up in life by her deeply held religious beliefs and by her enormous strength of character, both of which were the legacy of her father." Her biographer continues, stating that from childhood Mary was raised to see herself as the embodiment of his Christian ideals as a missionary at home and a supporter of missions abroad. A woman of aristocratic beauty, self assured and often domineering, she was eulogized in 1934 by her minister of thirty years "as one of the brightest most courageous and most charming Christian ladies known to him."

Yet how it chafed Mary to be a woman in a world controlled by men where she was not able to vote, simply because of her gender. By personal lobbying and prolific correspondence, however, she was recognized as a force with which to be reckoned. Never could it be said that she was without opinion or that she was reticent about expressing her strong views.

In her era, Mary Baker would have been considered well-educated. Waltshmidt's *Latin Dictionary* was presented to her on her eleventh birthday, inscribed as a reward for diligent attention to her Classical Studies. As a sixteen year old in 1865, at the Newmarket County Grammar School, she displayed competency in Latin, Greek, French, German, Euclid, Philosophy, Geography, Mathematics, History and English. Four terms were spent at Mrs. Burns Ladies Collegiate Institute in Toronto, a well-established and highly recommended finishing school for young ladies. A number of the books from the very extensive library in her childhood home were later deposited on the Whitehern shelves in Hamilton.

Mary was indebted to her father for her lifelong support of the rights of women. Thomas Baker strenuously opposed the limitation of female opportunities in both the church and the secular world. As to the former, while he might not have been ready to open the pulpit to women, he was known to quote Latin and the Church Fathers in support of their participation in the business of the denomination. His interests included the commencement of women's classes at McGill University in tandem with the Montreal Congregational College in 1883.

Mary met her future husband in Toronto. Isaac McQuesten was a successful young lawyer, graduate of Upper Canada College and Osgoode Hall, with a Master of Arts Degree from the University of Toronto. A law practice in that city was followed by a partnership in Hamilton with William

Proudfoot who later became a Justice of the High Court of Ontario. William's father, incidentally, was a leading figure in Secession Presbyterianism and was principal of its theological college in London, Ontario.

In many ways, Mary Jane was the turn-of-the-century symbol of woman's liberation. Her support for women's rights was strengthened, not only by her father, but by initiatives of Dr. Calvin McQuesten, her father-in-law. He had been instrumental in founding the Hamilton Wesleyan Ladies College, where any woman, irrespective of her denomination, could earn a degree. He also served as the college's vice president until 1872 and as its president until his death in 1885.

Dr. Calvin McQuesten was acknowledged as an influential and wealthy Hamilton businessman with liberal learnings, a pioneer in the foundry industry, producing ploughs, stoves, weighing scales and threshing machines. He retired at the age of 55 in 1857 to devote his life to furthering the mission of the Presbyterian cause in Canada, taking with him a fortune estimated at the rather astronomical figure of $500,000.00.

Following her marriage to Isaac in 1873, Mary dropped her middle name Jane and therreafter signed her correspondence with her maiden initials M.B. The young couple moved from Toronto to Whitehern, the family home in Hamilton that his father had recently vacated. They had seven children between 1874 and 1885. Unfortunately, family difficulties, health problems and business reverses all contributed to Isaac's sudden death in 1888, leaving a grieving and penurious young widow with her small children. Bankruptcy meant financial ruin. Gone were the spinning mills in Hespeler, the mines of Marmora and a myriad of other interests. Only Whitehern, several small investments and a rental property nearby remained of the once vast fortune.

Thus begins the story of a matriarch, determined to hold her head high in the face of all adversity. Mary McQuesten, in spite of her straightened circumstances, was determined to maintain her place in society and to provide her offsprings with an upbringing worthy of an upper class Christian family. One wonders how often she resisted the temptation to sell her only temporal asset, stately Whitehern, the visible sign to the world to what she considered her rightful place in society.

Across the street from her home stood the thousand-seat MacNab Street Presbyterian Church established in 1854 by her husband's father. In many ways it became her fortress and her guide, a spiritual life-line in times of trouble. Attendance at both morning and evening Sabbath services of worship was scrupulously observed. Sunday letter writing was frowned upon. Family devotions were *de rigeur*. The spacious property with flower beds and orchard hosted congregational garden parties and teas. A local Hamilton newspaper credited Mary McQuesten with influencing the development of parks and horticultural projects far beyond the borders of her home and city. An ingrained propensity for evangelism resulted in the use of her home for classes in English and religious instruction for Chinese immigrants. Later, when women in various communities were prepared to join together in coordinating their missionary endeavours, Mary McQuesten was one of fifty ladies who gathered in Knox Church, Toronto, to form the Women's Foreign Missionary Society.

Through the efforts of Mrs. McQuesten and others, missionaries were commissioned to serve overseas, especially in countries where the lot of women was degrading. It was largely thought the efforts of similarly dedicated women that Canadian medical schools began to open their doors to female students. If women were not allowed to practice medicine in Canada, there was a place for them overseas.

In 1882, Mrs. McQuesten was elected to the Board of Management of the all-embracing Presbyterian Women's Missionary Society (WMS), raising funds and enrolling members in local branches. As president and later honorary president, countless journeys throughout Ontario, and on occasion, across Canada, were undertaken by Mrs. McQuesten while at the same time raising her family in a strictly Christian atmosphere.

When the Yukon Gold Rush attracted its hordes of fortune hunters, a Home Missions program was organized to provide them with spiritual and medical support. Mrs. McQuesten helped organize local branches including one in Hamilton. In 1906, she delivered a paper to the annual meetings of the national WMS in Winnipeg, along with the well-known Ralph Connor, author of *Glengarry School Days*. Later she travelled by horse and buggy from Minnesota to Regina to visit a missionary school.

In 1910, when the Home and Foreign Missions organizations joined together, Mrs. McQuesten was elected the First Vice-President of the Ontario Provincial Society. Her duties included addressing groups across the province whose interests now turned in part to the spiritual and material needs of thousands of immigrants who were flooding the land. Bales of used clothing were collected. Church-run schools and hospitals dotted the prairies. Colporteurs were supported in their distribution of Bibles. Deaconesses received training prior to appointments among the native peoples especially in the north-west corner of Ontario. English-language classes were organized. The McQuesten home was opened to Jewish immigrants. It is interesting to note that in 1904 when a particular individual was converted through her efforts, she did not invite him to join her own MacNab Street congregation, but directed him to nearby Philpott Tabernacle whose members were considered to belong to a lower strata of society. Her leadership in WMS presbyterial, synodical and national endeavours, continued until her death in 1934.

Mary McQuesten was intensely proud and supportive of her children, who generally spent much or all of their adult life within the confines of this close knit family circle at Whitehern. Whenever the children were away at school, working or holidaying, letters were written to them twice weekly, sharing the family news and exhorting them to live as faithful Christians. Ever aware of how her husband's life had suffered from drink, no alcohol or cigarettes were to be seen under her roof. None of her children ever married. Had Mary McQuesten been overly protective? Did mother consider suitors unworthy of them? A trait of mental illness in several generations of the family may have been a contributing factor.

Ruby was the only daughter to have a career outside the home, being on staff at the Presbyterian Ladies College, Ottawa, until tuberculosis claimed her life. Calvin, the elder son but in many ways the baby of the family, displayed a brilliant mind at university. At one stage he worked as a *Globe* newspaper reporter. A second career proved less than successful. As a missionary at Rocky Mountain House and Banff, he showed himself more adept at photography and the sale of prints of tribal people in full regalia than in customary pastoral responsibilities. Health disabilities dogged him throughout life, and for many years he ascended Hamilton Mountain as chaplain, and later as a volunteer at the Sanatorium.

How mother basked in the world of her other son, the Honourable Thomas Baker McQuesten. Following in the family tradition, Tom studied law and then entered politics as a Hamilton School Trustee and alderman, ending his political career as Ontario's Minister of Highways in the cabinet of Premier Mitchell Hepburn, and in the process re-established liquidity of the family finances. Tom is credited with developing Ontario's first system of divided highways, the Niagara Parks Commission, a "bridge builder" and early environmentalist. Yet he was always his mother's little boy, constantly being exhorted and advised as to his Christian responsibilities. "To whom much is given," she would say, "much is expected."

Mary McQuesten was an ardent liberal in politics. In spite of, or perhaps because of her upper class viewpoint, she was prepared to support the workingman's cause. Her letters, for instance, contain diatribes against the wealthy businessmen who, in her mind, were taking advantage of Hamilton's street railway employees.

A tireless worker in the temperance movement, Mary also threw her considerable energies behind the National Council of Women, newly established by her sister Presbyterian, Lady Aberdeen. In March 1889, she proposed the establishment of a Young Women's Christian Association in Hamilton to provide working girls with religious instruction. She feared that many young women were ill-equipped to face the temptations of city life. While the YWCA developed cooking and housekeeping classes under the direction of Adelaide Hoodless on its upper floors, Mrs. McQuesten lamented that the emphasis on religious instruction was languishing.

In the years leading up to the 1925 Church Union, which Mrs. McQuesten always referred to as the *Disruption*, the family took a firm and vocal stand in support of the continuing Presbyterian Church. Although Calvin, no doubt influenced by his ministry among the community churches in the West, supported the union movement, the other members of the family, led by Tom and his mother, were vehemently opposed.

At a pre-union rally in 1923 , Mrs. McQuesten took to the podium to oppose union with the Methodists and Congregationalists, saying that "the idea of merging the Presbyterian Church into obscurity was a proposal both insolent and imprudent." In that same address, she also criticized "the nonsense of government of the church by men," complaining that women

were not permitted to vote at sederunts of the General Assembly. Her son Thomas was deeply involved with legal issues revolving around church union as well as with speaking engagements on the anti-union platform. It should be noted that their congregation, like most Hamilton churches, remained within the Presbyterian fold and Calvin agreed in the end to continue to worship with his siblings in the historic family pew at MacNab Street Church.

Some would say that Mary McQuesten was a product of her times, not alone in supporting worthy causes and being a pioneer, especially in Women's Missionary circles. Yet in many ways, she stood well ahead of most women in her day. Recognition is extended to this able matriarch, a widow of forty-six years, for her perspicacity and her steadfastness in the midst of adversity. Faithfulness to her Saviour and to the high calling as His servant was uppermost in all that she said and did.

Many might envy her early married life among the first families of Hamilton; few would be able to face the genteel poverty of her widowhood and the privations suffered with her small children. The Bible was the lamp to her feet and the light to her path, as she struggled with the responsibilities and possibilities that crossed her path. Her life span covered the emergence of women as an influential force in Canada. Today, her lovingly preserved Whitehern has been deeded to the city of Hamilton as a museum. It is open to the public as a symbol of a pioneer urban family who contributed in no small measure to the greatness of Canada.

Cathie Nicoll

Catherine (Cathie) Anderson Nicoll

by DAVID B. VINCENT

ACCORDING TO A CHINESE PROVERB "the journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step." For Cathie Nicoll that single step was the decision to leave China for Canada at the age of eighteen and within the year to accept the position of Secretary to the fledgling student movement known as Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship (IVCF). This movement would become the vehicle for five decades of ministry among students in high-schools, universities and schools of nursing, as well as at summer camps. From all across Canada and from places around the world Cathie continues to hear from many of her former students, sometimes from three generations of the same family. In her ninety-first year Cathie is a member of Grace Presbyterian Church, Calgary, and resides in Trinity Lodge, where she still leads Bible studies.

Cathie was born in China and was the eldest of four daughters of Scottish missionary parents, George Nicoll and Rachel Anderson. Cathie's father had left Scotland for China in 1875 and was assigned to the great western province of Sichuan by pioneer missionary Hudson Taylor of the China Inland Mission. Her mother travelled out later from Glasgow to China to marry her father. Cathie had a very happy childhood in China. Despite her father's busy schedule and the demands on her mother of managing the household, both parents were attentive to Cathie and her sisters and both lived out their faith inside and outside the home. The Scriptures, especially the Psalms, were read daily, and hymns and choruses were sung. Memory work was encouraged and the foundations for a lifetime of sharing her love of Scripture and the great hymns of faith were being created in Cathie's mind and spirit.

Alongside the nurture of home, school was a formative experience for Cathie. She attended the well-regarded Chefoo School. Her teachers were generally younger graduates of British universities who came to China as missionaries. This high school experience was intellectually stimulating even

as it provided a setting where her leadership skills, already in evidence at home, were given opportunity to flourish in areas as diverse as drama, singing, reading and sports. The faith first shared in her family was given depth under the supervision of this fine staff.

Upon successfully completing high school Cathie was ready for the next step. She was attracted to Canada, which she saw as a young country where she could be self-sufficient in planning for a career as a teacher. At age eighteen she left family and friends and set out for Canada, arriving first in Vancouver before travelling on to Toronto. Cathie was armed with a firm belief in God, an inquiring mind and a determined spirit. She would soon need all of these as she discovered that she was unable to begin teacher training through Normal School as she lacked Canadian history and business.

So Cathie went back to high school, this time to a Toronto school of 1,800 students of many ethnic backgrounds. It was a culture shock for both Cathie and her fellow-students. Chefoo School in China was an all-girls school of 100 students, and besides her matriculation certificate Cathie had also acquired the school's distinctive accent! Despite its struggles and challenges Cathie recognizes the benefits of this experience. She developed some business skills which seemed necessary for someone about to be offered a position as a secretary; she greatly admired her teachers and she experienced Canadian high-school students first-hand, a community of young people that in time would draw Cathie out of the office and into their lives.

Cathie's first and only employment was with the Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship. The first meetings among university students had begun in Kingston, Ontario, in 1929. The following year the Rev. Noel Palmer, first Canadian Director of the IVCF, invited Cathie to become its secretary. The organization was small with few resources and Cathie was soon given opportunity for leadership. She began to visit high schools in the Toronto and Hamilton area, supporting existing Christian fellowship groups, or starting others at the request of a teacher or students. In time these groups were known as Inter-School Christian Fellowship or ISCF clubs.

The basic philosophy of IVCF and ISCF was that these Christian clubs were to be student-led, so Cathie began to gather the presidents of the fellowship clubs for regular times of devotions and prayers. In this way they were supported and encouraged as leaders and they in turn often led their

individual clubs into amazing mission activities, and together they hosted Toronto-wide ISCF rallies. At one point forty of these Junior Executives, as they were called, met regularly with Cathie in Knox Church House on Spadina Avenue. From the outset Cathie was impressed by the faith, the vision and the sense of fun of these committed leaders. At one high school's evangelistic mission, Cathie was advertised as the Guest Speaker with the banner, "Come out and get your Nicoll's worth!"

In those early years Cathie was active not only with high school clubs but also among university students. While the clubs were still few in number Cathie invested as much time as possible with the student leaders. Summer camping was her next challenge. Despite little personal camping experience she discovered the opportunities for Christian witness to young people through the boys' camping programme that begun in 1929. Just two years after coming on staff Cathie helped to organize the Ontario Pioneer Girls Camp in the Muskoka area, north of Toronto.

For the next fifty years Cathie remained active in camping. Her vision and love for this ministry, when combined with her experience, led to the creation of Pioneer Girls Camps in Ontario and also in British Columbia and Alberta. Each camp had its own particular character, although the underlying camping philosophy was the same. While Ontario Pioneer Camps specialized in out-tripping, "Pioneer Pacific" with its wonderful harbour on Thetis Island offered sailing, canoeing and kayaking. Alberta's two camps, in the foothills of the Rockies, are appropriately named "Pioneer Ranch Camps." Cathie believed wholeheartedly in the camping ministry of Inter-Varsity. She recruited leaders, (many of whom had come to faith themselves at camp), supported them in their responsibilities, and led them by example to offer their campers an experience that was fun-filled, relationship-based, yet challenging in skill development. Through all of these activities the Christian character and faith of her leaders was shared.

Cathie's travels across Canada to work with students in high schools, universities, schools of nursing and summer camps read like the Apostle Paul's missionary journeys. In the earliest days of the Inter-Varsity movement there were very few staff and often Cathie worked alone. After seven years in Ontario Cathie set out for Winnipeg. Three years later she moved into Saskatchewan and then Alberta, before returning to Ontario in 1942. A year

later Cathie was in the Maritimes and in 1944 made the first of two visits to consolidate work in Vancouver and surrounding area. At the conclusion of her second assignment to Vancouver, from 1951 to 1956, while she was the only staff member in the city and surrounding area, besides opening Pioneer Pacific Camp, Cathie was supporting thirty-three high school clubs, six Nursing Christian Fellowships, and the IVCF group at the University of British Columbia (UBC)!

Hildy Leverton, an elder in First Church, Winnipeg, remembers those days. She had gone to Vancouver in the fall of 1953 for post-graduate work in nursing. Some of Hildy's classmates invited her to attend a Sunday afternoon Bible Study at UBC. Hildy discovered to her great delight that this well-attended event was conducted by Cathie Nicoll, staff member with Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship. They soon became friends and Cathie invited Hildy to work with her the following summer as a sectional director at Ontario Pioneer Camp. Two years later Hildy came on Inter-Varsity staff to work with the Nurses Christian Fellowships across Western Canada.

Meanwhile Cathie's student groups in Vancouver had been praying that Cathie would return from the Western Staff Conference in the fall of 1957 with an assistant to help with the growing work in the Vancouver area. Hildy was to become that answer to prayer. She moved to Vancouver, lived with Cathie and "received training for the rest of my career." The demand from high schools in Vancouver and the Fraser Valley to support or begin ISCF clubs was enormous. In four years the number of ISCF clubs grew from thirty-three to sixty-three! Those four years with Cathie had a profound influence on Hildy's life as she went on to become the Girls Camp Director at the Manitoba Pioneer Camp and the staff worker for ISCF in Winnipeg for the next twenty-five years. And Hildy is only one of many whom Cathie mentored in a similar way.

Though in the first two decades of her IVCF ministry Cathie travelled to many places within Canada, she was able to put down roots for seventeen years in Vancouver (1951-1968) followed by eighteen years in Alberta on the University of Calgary campus, retiring in 1981.Cathie also visited Jamaica on four occasions, beginning with a three month stay in 1948, working with students, faculty and friends to establish their Student Christian Fellowships. Cathie's practical leadership was deeply valued in those

"pioneering days" but so too was her example "of what a Christian and a staff worker should be like: close to the Lord, easy to talk to and share with, skillful at leading Bible Studies, full of life and vitality, fun to be with, deeply spiritual, but not in any way off-puttingly pious."

Canadian students have been drawn to these very qualities wherever she has served in Canada. Her particular gift of identifying, supporting and training young people to give leadership to other young people in Christian clubs in their high schools, universities and schools of nursing as well as in summer camps, has had a profound effect on the spiritual life of Canadian youth for over half a century. It was for this life-time of remarkable commitment to young people that the Government of Canada honoured Cathie by awarding her the Order of Canada in 1987.

The 'reach' of Cathie's ministry to young people is staggering! But what was her approach to them? From the very outset she was committed to developing leaders. That her personal approach was also the declared thrust of Inter-Varsity's ministry with students proved to be of enormous benefit to this student movement. Cathie encouraged and challenged students to develop their potential, to exercise their gifts, to aim high, to risk. She came alongside, she spoke when absolutely necessary and listened always. Above all Cathie led by example. She illustrated in her own life the essential qualities and characteristics of a leader and those who worked alongside her on campus or in camps knew that Cathie's leader was Christ.

Three 'loves' intersected throughout Cathie's life and work with Inter-Varsity. The first was her personal faith in God, severely tested in the very early days with IVCF. From that time of 'shaking the foundations' Cathie's faith has retained a freshness and a flexibility born of a thoughtful and prayerful love of Christ - his call to her to work with students and the awareness of his abiding love for her. This is at the heart of Cathie's spiritual resiliency which to this day is joyful, humble and giving.

The second of her three 'loves' is her genuine love of young people. A long-time associate of Cathie's in Inter-Varsity has remarked that Cathie loves young people and they know they are loved. Such love to students in high schools, universities, schools of nursing and summer camps has been returned in innumerable ways. Expressions of gratitude and appreciation come from many who have been introduced to a living faith in Christ

through her ministry, from those whose horizons of the Christian life have been expanded by Cathie's thoughtful and compassionate faith expositions. The same feelings have come from those with whom Cathie has spent countless hours re-thinking faith's foundations, exploring the Christian Way in the face of cultural, intellectual and personal challenges. For numerous others it was simply appreciation for the sheer joy and fun of summer camps, with Christ at the centre of it all.

The third 'love' is Cathie's love of Scripture. "Can that woman ever make the Bible come alive!" is the testimony of someone who attended Cathie's Bible Studies at Grace Church, Calgary, a number of years ago, one among many from various denominations who were drawn by her gift of freeing scripture to become a living word. Scripture is 'alive' to Cathie because Christ is 'alive' in its stories and in her own life. Whether in a room full of high school or university students, or with a group of leaders or in an inductive Bible study in a local congregation, Cathie's aliveness to the Scriptural Story in her life is communicated to her listeners ~ its colour, its drama, its people, its Christ, its realistic relevance to their lives. And not only to those with a measure of biblical literacy.

As one of Cathie's friends has acknowledged,"Cathie has this life-long gift of being able to teach Scripture in a way that people who have never read it before or are completely ignorant of it, can get hold of it and begin to think through it in a way they never have before." Cathie's love of Scripture was nurtured in her home. She did not attend any theological seminary or Bible College, but developed her own way of prayerfully interacting with the text, jotting down observations, thoughts and applications as they occur to her. Then with her command of language, her understanding of the human condition, her conviction of the truth of the Christian message, along with her characteristic story-telling, she takes her listeners on a journey to the heart of Christ, present and real.

Wherever Cathie has worked and lived she has been active in a local congregation. Her church home for many years has been Grace Presbyterian Church, Calgary, even when she 'wintered' with the Anglicans in Vancouver! Cathie has greatly valued the ministry of the Grace congregation to her, in their prayerful support, in personal friendships, in their concern and practical pastoral care and in the invitation to share her beloved Scriptures

with them. Cathie has been blessed by Grace's Ministers of Word and Sacrament through the years ~ the Rev. Dr. Murdo Nicolson, the Rev. Jack Stewart, the Rev. John Fraser and her current minister, the Rev. Victor Kim. The congregation in turn is grateful for the presence of Cathie Nicoll in their midst and recognizes that in congregations all across our denomination persons of all ages live out their faith, a faith that at one time was touched in high school, university, school of nursing or summer camp by Cathie Nicoll's love for them in Christ's Name.

FURTHER READING

Stories of our Becoming, (featuring Cathie Nicoll. Hosted by Maxine Hancock), Windborne Productions, Vancouver, BC, 1994.
Cathie Nicoll, *This May Be Your Life's Work*. (Video on leadership)

Laura Pelton

Laura K. Pelton

by GEOFFREY D. JOHNSTON

LAURA K. PELTON WAS BORN IN PRESCOTT, ONTARIO, in 1893, but grew up in Montreal, the daughter of J.G. Pelton, a prominent Presbyterian layman in the years following 1925. After graduating from McGill University she worked for the Student Christian Movement and joined the staff of the Women's Missionary Society in October 1925, as Field Secretary, working primarily in the West. The first years of her service with the Society were lived in railway trains, hotels and people's guest rooms, encouraging groups where she found them, and starting new ones where she did not.

Pelton was very impressed with the women she met in the West, and those who knew her greatly appreciated her endless travelling.

> When I recall the heroism, the sacrifice, the faith of those Minority Groups I cannot but feel and sense the spirit of the covenanters revived. In eastern cities we know nothing of sacrifice as compared with some of those small places out here.

Miss Pelton entered this work in 1925 and thereafter gave her best to the upbuilding of the Church and WMS, and her best was no mean contribution as those who heard her messages and were moved by her inspired utterances know.

Laura's first love was always work with young adults. References to work with young women appear as early as 1927, and in 1932 she set off for the West to give a series of lectures on leadership to young women. This was pretty basic work, having to do with the organization of meetings and preparation of studies. She was ready to deal with nuts-and-bolts issues when she had to, but she was even more at home with issues of the faith. In1932 the Society ran a deficit of over $10,000 on a budget of just over $200,000. The shortfall was entirely due to a drop in givings from the members. Pelton tackled the issue in her usual no nonsense style.

> Young women what is your measure? You can choose between the measure of natural inclination, which would be to go to the movies as a break from a hard day at work or at home. Or you can choose the measure of stewardship. People are entitled to recreation, but God's work is not to be poked in here and there. Two hours are two hours, no more, no less, whether they be spent at a hockey match, in a theatre, at a party or at a missionary meeting. Stewardship measures out in accord with God's purpose rather than our inclination.

There was little of the mystic in Laura Pelton. For her the faith was not so much a matter of feeling as of will. Religion is pre-eminently a matter of the will. One's very belief is inseparable from one's will to believe. Always we see the will involved in the relationship between Christ and his disciples. In illustration of this, the attitude of the Rich Young Ruler was cited. Religion was not a reality to him because it had not touched his will. It was not sentiment which took Jesus to the cross; it was the will of Infinite Love.

Laura was not always so hard boiled. In a meditation on Micah's famous question, "What does the Lord require of you, but to do justly, to love mercy and to walk humbly with your God?" She skipped lightly over the first two. Justice and mercy got short shrift in that article, because she wanted to talk about humility.

> [Humility] is to gradually recognize God as the beginning, center, and end of life. It is to trace our victories and successes to their legitimate source - God and, having traced them there, to remove the ever-present temptation of ego satisfaction. It is to see in our failures and defeats a lapse from humility which prevented our availing ourselves of God's help.

Even the thought of God drove Laura to talk about victories and defeats. She was an incorrigible doer in a time when a great deal needed to be done. She devoted thirty-odd years of her life to the WMS (WD). She was not afraid of the mundane details that made the Society work, but the WMS was never more than a means to an end. In 1942 she argued that while Nazism had to be destroyed an Allied victory was not the end of the story.

> A new idea about the meaning of life must replace the one now held by millions of people in Europe, Asia, yes, and even on this continent. They must come to know life as Christ gives it . . . . If we believe that the Church's witness is essential to a worth-while peace, if we realize that our missionary work has to do with 'the things which belong to thy peace' then we shall meet this hour resolved to maintain our work at its present strength, and if possible, enlarge it.

Laura Pelton was passionately devoted to the cause of missions. As early as 1932 she gave a series of lectures on missiology. She began with an unusual, but characteristic text, "He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also, and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father." (John 14:12) Normally a popular series of lectures on missions would begin with the Great Commission, (Matthew 28:19-20), but not the series Laura Pelton gave. She began with works, and asked what works Jesus did. "Jesus went about all the cities and villages, teaching in their synagogues and preaching the gospel of the kingdom and healing every sickness and disease among the people." (Matthew 4:23).

This text opened the way for a discussion of the three standard parts of missionary work in her day, education, medicine and evangelism. Missionaries frequently waffled about schools and hospitals, usually arguing that they were handmaids to evangelism, but sometimes defending them as worthy in their own right. Pelton showed no such ambivalence; she did not denigrate the evangelistic function, but she also insisted on the intrinsic value of western learning and medicine. Those who were sick needed a physician; those who were trapped in superstition needed the clear light of western reason. Pelton's missiology was classic Presbyterianism.

Throughout the controversies of the twentieth century the church managed to steer a middle, perhaps slightly right of centre course, neither fundamentalist nor modernist. In missiology that debate divided those who saw mission as evangelism, and those who were more interested in building the kingdom of God on earth. Pelton managed to keep a foot in both camps. Mission had to do with both conversion and the Kingdom.

Pelton's years as a mission executive were years of significant change in the missionary movement. It had begun as an individual, almost quixotic, enterprise but moved on fairly quickly to be part of denominational life. Cooperation between mission agencies was present from the beginning, and reached a major turning point at the Edinburgh Conference of 1910. But cooperation did not begin to impinge on the daily operations of the WMS until the Second World War. Until then, as Pelton observed, mission was a matter of our missionaries and their work. But mission in the new day was more complicated.

On the one hand it became institutionalized. Pelton was a key figure in the formation and early years of the Division of Overseas Missions of the Canadian School of Missions. The DOM was a kind of professional association of mission executives, a place where they could share ideas and resources. Such cooperation was essential, but it was rather impersonal.
Did the work of the mobile clinics in a traditional Presbyterian place like the Bhil field in India have a more "vital and personal meaning to us" than training nurses at the Christian Medical College in Vellore, an ecumenical institution miles away in southern India? The answer was probably yes, but Pelton was arguing that it should be no. The church needed a little more Christian imagination.

The *modus operandi* of overseas missions might be changing but the context remained equally difficult. Pelton had joined the WMS on the eve of the Great Depression and left in the middle of the Cold War. The Allied victory in 1945 seemed to have created as many problems as it solved. In the summer of 1952 Pelton was one of the Canadian delegates to a meeting of the International Missionary Council held in Willingen, Germany. Most of her description of the meeting covered the familiar ground of the fifties, the

mistakes of the old missionary movement and the accepted way ahead. But she concluded on a note of confident uncertainty, typical of the times as well as Laura Pelton.

> . . . we are called today to proclaim the message of God's forgiveness and redemption in Jesus Christ with no props to sustain us and no posts to guide us other than our sure hope and confidence in the sovereignty of God and the ultimate victory of Jesus Christ. . . .

Laura Pelton did not actually visit an overseas field until she went to Guyana in 1947. Her letters about those visits show a kinder, gentler Laura Pelton, quite different from the tough, leathery, task-oriented missionary bureaucrat that her writing usually revealed. To begin with she was tremendously taken by the people she met, whether in Guyana, Nigeria or in Asia. The woman who impressed her most was Tayal, an aborigine, in Taiwan.

Like all Taiwanese married women at that time, Tayal's face was heavily tattooed. "The great dark marks would have marred an ordinary face, but this woman's was no ordinary face. On the contrary it was one of the most extraordinary we had ever looked upon." Pelton saw a good deal of this woman, a convert of but two years, because she shared a room with her and a Chinese lady for the next two days. The climax came when her new friend spoke in the church at Sin Tek.

> Her face radiant with a message she was burning to give, she moved her shapely hands with a grace worthy of a queen, while her well-modulated voice carried in its varied tones and vigorous inflections the certainty of a triumphant faith.

Secondly, Laura was tremendously impressed with Asia. The first Asian trip was a long one, six months on the road in 1948-1949. In Japan the Koreans were picking up the pieces after the war, but in Taiwan things seemed to be breaking open.

> Beautiful, wonderful land of Taiwan ripe unto the harvest for the message of God's love. Doors wide open – the hinges are off. This is the hour for the Presbyterian Church of Taiwan . . . .

But it was India that really took Laura aback. She was there three months, and the visit precipitated "one of the most disturbing emotional upheavals" she had ever experienced. What struck her first were the contrasts.

> . . . a land of exorbitant wealth and distressing poverty; of exquisite beauty and depressing drabness; of meticulous morality and saddening amorality; of pomp and glory and drabness and monotony; of surprising cleanliness and sickening filth; . . . of modern and ancient, new and old, all existing side by side.
>
> But most people were on the wrong side of the contrast. Living among

people who were "but a crumb ahead of starvation," seeing the sick and crippled everywhere, walking with women "old before they had an opportunity to be young" left her "sickened and saddened." But there was more.

> . . . the knowledge that one is among a people who are bound and shackled by the chains of a relentless religion. Let no one think that there is not something of nobility and grandeur in Hinduism . . . . But for the large percentage of the masses, it is the superstition, the fatalism and hopelessness of Hinduism which is governing their thoughts and actions.

She did not think that Christianity alone would solve India's problems, but she was quite sure that the solution of the economic and political difficulties of the day apart from the gospel would not bring a life abundant. Although Pelton's first-hand experience of the world beyond Canada only began in the last ten years of her time with the Society, she took two important initiatives, one of which is with us yet. Early in the Pacific war, the WMS started a new project, cooperation with the Church of Christ in China in Yunnan, one of the interior provinces of China. Pelton was a key figure in this venture which unfortunately ended shortly after the success of the Chinese Communists in 1949.

The second initiative had to do with Nigeria. At Willingen Laura began the conversations which led to the WMS decision to send missionaries to the Scottish mission in South Eastern Nigeria. At one point the Nigerian work boasted one of the largest contingents of Canadian Presbyterian missionaries, and the partnership despite a sharply reduced staff is with us yet. The Nigerian initiative was the church's first venture into Africa, but it was not its last.

Laura Pelton left the Society at the end of 1956, shortly after the partnership in Nigeria got under way, returning for a while to her first love, work among students, before retiring in Toronto. She died in May 1977, at the age of 84. The *Presbyterian Record* did not mark her passing, but the Toronto *Star* did. Those who knew her speak often of a characteristic which does not appear in her writing. She had a fine sense of humour, and, according to the *Star* used to lard her speeches with jokes. Her ability to laugh at herself and with others goes a long way to explain the affection that her colleagues held for Laura Pelton.

Charlotte Ross

Charlotte Ross, M.D.

Pioneer Physician

by JEAN G. CAMPBELL

CHARLOTTE ROSS, NÉE WHITEHEAD, came as a child, at first not to the vast horizons of the West but to a very comfortable life in Montreal. Charlotte came from Yorkshire, England, together with parents and siblings, by steam-assisted sailing ship, to British North America in 1849. Her father, Joseph Whitehead, was a partner in a family-owned wholesale provision firm, Whitehead and Ross, that "catered to the tastes and thirsts of well-to-do Quebeckers, dealing in domestic and imported bottled, canned and packaged foods and spirits."

As well as an older sister, Charlotte had two brothers. Their mother died of diphtheria at the age of thirty-seven, and with her a five-year old son who had been her fifth child. Three years later their father re-married. His second wife was Margaret McDonald, sister of Senator Donald McDonald. They moved to Clinton, Ontario, where Mr. Whitehead became the first Reeve. He became a wealthy man through railway construction and for several years he represented his district in Ottawa, as a member of the Opposition in Sir John A. Macdonald's pre-Confederation coalition government.

In her teens Charlotte was sent to be educated at the Convent of the Sacred Heart in Montreal. Voice and piano, embroidery and needlework were part of her studies, and she was awarded the medal for excellence in French. In due course Charlotte married David Ross, partner in the family firm. She had a natural aptitude for caring for people. At a young age she had nursed and mothered her older sister Mary Anne, who was prone to respiratory illness.

Perhaps because of this she began to show a keen interest in matters medical. A family friend was Dr. William Hales Hingston, prominent Montreal surgeon, a founder of the Canadian Medical Association and later Mayor of Montreal. Charlotte had many discussions with Dr. Hingston and borrowed medical books from him.

In the spring of 1869, her sister Mary Anne - by then married with two children and living in Clinton - became ill. Leaving her husband and school-age daughter at home, Charlotte took their two younger girls and went to Clinton. They stayed at her father's home, where her stepmother looked after the little girls. Charlotte spent her time nursing Mary Anne. Her sister's physician was impressed by Charlotte's knowledge of medicine. He heard her express the desire to become a doctor. Nowhere in Canada, at that time, were women admitted to the study of medicine. While not belittling her desire, her doctor suggested that she enter the nursing field instead. He was, however, willing to loan her medical texts.

Then a very fortuitous meeting took place. On a street in Clinton Charlotte encountered an old friend, Margaret Hale. Margaret's mother-in-law was on a visit from Philadelphia. That lady, Sarah Hale, the first woman editor of a major American magazine *Godey's Ladies Book*, was a controversial figure, an eccentric to feminists, a radical to traditionalists. She opposed giving women the vote on the grounds "that they were above anything as base as politics." While she "held the sanctity of the family as inviolate," she believed in the "right of women, single or married, to a career." She had helped to found Vassar College for Women in Poughkeepsie, New York. In meeting Sarah Hale, Charlotte found not only a listening ear, but every encouragement to pursue her dream of becoming a doctor.

As a result of this new-found friendship, Charlotte sent her application for admission to the oldest women's medical school in the world - the Women's Medical College of Pennsylvania, in Philadelphia. It was accompanied by a testimonial from Dr. Donald Alexander Hingston of Montreal. Five years after entering the school in the fall of 1870, and having added further to her family, Charlotte received her degree. Opposed by her father, but supported by her husband, Charlotte had made her home-away-from-home with two Quaker ladies, sisters, aunts in the family of her stepmother. Charlotte returned to Clinton each year for summer breaks, but during the years of her studies she suffered a miscarriage, necessitating some time away from study. Before her graduation, however, she added still another baby to her family. Finally, returning home to Montreal to stay, her battles were about to begin.

As women doctors were not received in Canada, Charlotte had to practise without a licence. She posted a sign on her house - "Charlotte Ross M.D., Physician and Accoucheur;" the latter signifying "obstetrician." In the face of opposition and harassment of all kinds from the medical establishment, she managed to become a valued doctor to women, especially those in childbirth, and to children. Dr. Hingston, by then Mayor and Chief Magistrate of Montreal, gave her what protection he could, but the Ross family left the city and the province for another reason.

The same week in 1870 when Charlotte received her acceptance to medical school in Philadelphia, Rupert's Land was renamed Manitoba and became Canada's fifth province. As a condition of British Columbia becoming the sixth province, Sir John A. Macdonald had promised a transcontinental Canadian railway. In 1871 Joseph Whitehead, Charlotte's father, decided not to seek re-election to Parliament, but to go back to "what I do best - building railways." His son-in-law, Charlotte's husband, left the provision business to join him. Joseph's construction headquarters for the new railway were "a cluster of tents near St. Boniface on the Red River." In the summer of 1875 Joseph had invited his wife, his daughter and her eldest daughter, then 13, to visit the camp. Charlotte and David by then had a fourth daughter and a baby son. During the brief summer visit, Charlotte explored the area, crossing the Red River to Winnipeg by cable ferry and visiting the fledgling St. Boniface Hospital. Her knowledge of French allowed discussion with its founders, the Sisters of Charity, known as the Grey Nuns.

In Montreal Charlotte's practice had been on the rise, to the anger of male doctors. During her summer absence there had been anti-vaccination riots and open, even violent, opposition to her friend Dr. Hingston's medical and civic authority. Having been harassed since her first public offer of medical service, Charlotte was now physically threatened. Her husband had already made the decision to join her father in business, and was absent much of the time due to construction work on the railway, so Charlotte made the decision to leave Montreal for good. She and the children moved to Clinton, Ontario, to live in her father's home. Because her father and her husband, David, were both absent in Manitoba most of the time, Charlotte undertook to care for her stepmother, whose health was failing rapidly, and after her death Joseph Whitehead bought a house in Winnipeg and moved there permanently.

David Ross had begun buying timber rights in the valley of the Whitemouth River near his father-in-law's construction camp. He built a sawmill and then a home for his family in the small, primitive settlement of Whitemouth. In the summer of 1880, Charlotte and the children left Clinton for Winnipeg, where they lived in her father's home until their own was ready. The neighbours were thrilled to find a woman doctor because there was none licensed in Manitoba, although there were women practising a variety of medical services, among them competent midwives as well as herbalists and mystics, most without any formal study whatsoever. Charlotte's services were frequently called upon.

In June 1881 the Ross family moved to Whitemouth, travelling with all their belongings on two flatcars. Fastened down on the first were a two-horse carriage, a piano and much furniture. On the front end of the second were boxes and barrels of silver, china, linens and other household goods. Behind these, passenger seats were bolted to the deck of the car, for the family. What a sight it must have been! Charlotte was going to a way of life she had never before experienced and she was about to give birth to her sixth child!

The new home was of logs, floored with smooth planks of mouse-proof tamarack. There were five bedrooms, one to be a guest-room. There was a stable with haymow, stalls for four horses, space for a phaeton, a wagon and a sleigh. There was a chicken coop, and land had been cleared for both vegetable and flower gardens. One of Charlotte's first acts was to plant her rose canes, hardy white rose of Yorkshire, the first cuttings brought from England by Charlotte's mother. Would they survive in Manitoba? They did, and gave rise to Charlotte's nickname, "Iron Rose." When the new baby arrived, Charlotte had only her eldest daughter, Bella, to assist her. Bella, now in her later teens, begged her father for a job at the mill. Being good at mathematics, she was given a job in the office and expected to give a fair day's work for a fair day's pay.

At first the woodsmen and the native people in the area were very sceptical of Charlotte as a doctor. Her first call was to a mill-worker who had developed German measles. It was an opportunity to prove herself and she gained the confidence of the men. She befriended the native people and was eager to learn from them about simple herbal aids and other treatments. She gave them more respect than they were used to getting from the government

doctors. Far from any hospital facilities or qualified assistance, she learned to cope with very primitive equipment. People began coming to her from far and wide and, after saving the life of a woodsman who had received a slash to his jugular vein, she earned the undying devotion of the mill and bush workers.

From staunch English Methodist by upbringing, to staunch Scottish Presbyterian, by marriage, Charlotte adhered to the latter faith. The spiritual side of life was important. In the days of itinerant preachers the Ross guest room was often occupied, and services were held in their home. The door was open to Anglicans, Methodists, Roman Catholics and others. Father Lacombe became a close friend before moving west to Fort Calgary and the Bow River. David Ross provided land and materials, first for a school and later for the Ross Presbyterian Church, where the first wedding was that of their daughter Bella.

The Ross family saw the first train going west from Prince Arthur's Landing at Thunder Bay, and Charlotte met Sir Charles Tupper as he travelled on the new railway with her father. She learned from Tupper that a special course of studies in medicine for women had just been established at Queen's University in Kingston. Charlotte's response was that at age thirty-seven she was not going to return to the classroom just to qualify for a licence in the eyes of the government. Well aware of the danger of practising without a licence, she consulted a lawyer in Winnipeg about the possibility of petitioning the Legislative Assembly of Manitoba to be licensed. She was told that three reputable midwives had done so with the testimonials of very prominent women, and had been rejected. An attempt was made by a private member's bill, but that was defeated. Charlotte still continued to practice medicine for a quarter of a century. She was never prosecuted.

The Rosses lost their youngest son to diphtheria. Later, yet another daughter was born. Charlotte and David lived to see all their children married. David died in August 1912 at the age of seventy-eight and Charlotte at seventy-three in February 1916. In 1993 the Manitoba Legislature unanimously passed a resolution to grant Dr. Ross her medical licence.

[This article is based on a review of Fred Edge's, *The Iron Rose*, University of Manitoba Press, 1992, printed in *Presbyterian History*, vol. 43, (2).]

Elizabeth Lawrie Smellie

Colonel Elizabeth Lawrie Smellie

Compassion and Service

by BOB ANGER

AT THE BEGINNING OF THE YEAR 2000, Canada Post released their millennium collection of stamps under the theme "expression of a people, reflection of a nation." Designed to honour and celebrate Canadians and their achievements over the past century, these sixty-eight stamps included such prominent and notable Canadians as Lester B. Pearson, Sir Frederick Banting and Terry Fox.

Also honoured in this collection was Colonel Elizabeth Lawrie Smellie, and although her name may be less recognizable than the others, her devotion and service to her country and compassion for her fellow Canadians are nevertheless worthy of our celebration and commemoration. When she retired in 1947, after almost twenty-five years of service as Chief Superintendent of the Victorian Order of Nurses for Canada, and after having served in two World Wars, the Prime Minister, the Hon. Mackenzie King, praised her "monumental work on behalf of her country" and honoured her as a "great Canadian woman."

Colonel Elizabeth "Beth" Smellie was born in Port Arthur, Ontario, on March 22, 1884. Her father was the highly respected pioneer doctor, Thomas T.S.T. Smellie, who arrived in Port Arthur with his wife Janet Lawrie in the early 1880s. Beth was the second daughter of six, two of whom sadly died within their first year. Like many pioneer families, survival itself was difficult, even with a doctor in the family. A third sister, Grace, passed away from sickness in her late teens, while the only son of the family died tragically in childhood after falling from a fence post.

Dr. Smellie was a tall and physically imposing man, yet gentle and kindly to his patients. Because he was one of only two doctors in the area he was called upon often. Nevertheless, unselfish service to his patients and his community were hallmarks of his life, and were two character traits he would duly pass on to his daughter. In addition to his medical practice, Dr. Smellie also served as president of the Children's Aid Society, helped found a small hospital operated by the Victorian Order of Nurses (now McKellar General Hospital, Thunder Bay), and later in life served the community as its Member of Parliament.

As a young girl, Beth attended Central School, Port Arthur, and Sunday school at St. Paul's Presbyterian Church. A wonderful story about her as a child was recounted by W. Russell Brown. He recalled a Sunday school Christmas party in which the seven year-old Beth forgot her lines during the concert and ran down into the audience to her mother's comforting arms. Her father, however, gave her an "icy stare" and a few words which promptly got her back on stage to give her recitation. Years later, when Colonel Smellie was being honoured at a civic reception, Mr. Brown asked what her father had said that day to get her back up on the stage. She replied, "He said . . . 'and you call yourself a Smellie.' That got my Scotch up and I was able to go back."

By the time she graduated from High School in Fort William, Beth seems to have been aware of her calling in life as a nurse. Described by a friend as "tall, like her father, but with her mother's eyes, lovely smiling face and gentle womanliness," she decided in 1906 to study at the John Hopkins Training School for Nurses in Baltimore, Maryland, considered at that time, and still today, as one of the world's best training schools for nurses. When she graduated in 1909, she returned to northern Ontario and served briefly as night supervisor at the hospital in Fort William, before heading to Detroit where she worked as a private nurse.

In 1914 the "guns of August" shook the world as war broke out in Europe. Among the first wave of Canadian volunteers, Beth put her name in for the nursing service on 4 August. The Army Medical Corps' nursing service was still a relatively new development at the outbreak of the First World War. Although a few nurses had been "called up" during the Northwest Rebellion of 1885, it was only in 1901 during the war in South Africa that a nursing service was established. In 1914, however, it was still a minor component attached to the medical corps, containing only five individuals and a reserve of fifty-seven. This would change significantly over the next four years. By the end of the First World War, 2,854 nursing sisters had served their country: 415 were awarded decorations, while twemty-one were killed or wounded. Sixty-four were honoured with the Royal Red Cross, 1st Class, one of whom was Beth.

Although not selected as part of the first contingent, Beth was told to "keep herself in readiness" and in early 1915 she travelled across the Atlantic as a lieutenant in the nursing service of the Royal Canadian Army Medical Corps. For several months she was stationed at the hospital in Taplow, England, before embarking for France and the No. 2 General Hospital at Le Tréport.

For the next year and a half she served at Le Tréport, attending to the wounded and dying of the war; the first six months being on night duty when the "convoys" of casualties were heaviest. In an interview almost fifty years later, she was asked what that was like. "Night duty was pretty heavy," she quietly said, "but everybody lived up to it." When asked what memories stood out for her, she recalled the images of the men on stretchers in the hallways of the hospital, and of one particular time when a Scottish lad was being teased by the other men, saying he would be left behind when the wounded were taken back to "Blighty," or Britain. From a time when the horrors of war must have been apparent almost every day, she remembered instead a time of gentle humour among the men.

By November 1916, Beth had been transferred out of France to the Moore Barracks Hospital in England where she soon became Acting-Matron. Somewhat ironically, for a lady who was to become Matron-in-Chief for all of Canada in the Second World War, this was a position she never wished for. "I can remember going behind the tents [at Le Tréport]" she recalled, "when the Matron-in-Chief would come from England. I didn't want to be [promoted], and I remember pleading with Ms. Rayside to tell Ms. MacDonald that I did not want to be a matron." In the end, she proved herself extremely capable in managing some eighty-five nursing sisters at Moore Barracks and was described in the inspection report of the Medical Commissioner as an "efficient and painstaking Matron." By March of 1918, three years after she had left for overseas service, she returned to Canada to become Assistant Matron-in-Chief for the Nursing Service.

The Great War itself, so horrible and costly in its destruction and devastation, ended in 1918. Those who served did so in conditions that many today can hardly comprehend. Yet they still served, and for many who survived that experience there was a heightened sense of optimism and a desire afterwards to work towards a new way of life. The nursing sisters of the First World War tended the wounded and dying under extreme conditions, provided medical and health-care advice, and acted as links to the outside world to countless soldiers while they recovered in the hospitals. As a result of this experience overseas, many of these nursing sisters realized the importance and relationship of nursing to the wider field of public health education. Beth reflected on this many years later, saying:

> so many of us wanted to take public health, or social work [after the war] . . . [we] wanted to get into a new way of life, and you realized that as a nurse. . . you were called upon so much for advice . . . there was nobody else for the men to take into their confidence, and you became aware of so many problems in addition to or associated with illness.

And so, in 1920, Beth asked to be de-mobilised and promptly enrolled in a two-year programme in public health nursing at Simmons College, Boston. She graduated from this programme with honours, and soon found herself in Montreal as Assistant to the Director and Lecturer in Public Health Nursing at the School for Graduate Nurses, McGill University. At this time she also became associated with the organisation to which she devoted much of the next twenty-five years of her life – the Victorian Order of Nurses for Canada (VON).

Whether memories of the small VON hospital her father helped establish in Port Arthur helped sway her or not, Beth took a part-time position with the VON as Supervisor for the Greater Montreal Branch, while she lectured at McGill. Once with the Order, however, she must have felt deeply connected to its ideals of compassion and service, for by December 1923, just over a year since she started with the VON, she applied for, and was appointed to, the prominent position of Chief Superintendent. At that time, the VON was going through a difficult period, both financially and administratively. A nursing shortage during the war, the post-war recession of 1920-1923, the changing nature of the public health field itself with increasing government involvement, the collapse of the VON's small, rural "cottage" hospital scheme, and internal strife at the national headquarters, all contributed to a sense of uncertainty and financial worry. Over the next fifteen years, however, Beth guided the VON out of this quandry and onto solid ground. She worked tirelessly in this task, travelling across the country to meet with the nurses of the local branches, speaking at nursing schools and addressing various health and nursing organisations and associations. Her concern for the nurses themselves, and for those she worked with, is evident in her many reports to the VON executive, as is the respect and admiration the executive in turn had for her.

During these years, Beth also held executive positions with numerous national and international public health organisations, including that of Vice-President with the American Public Health Association. Indeed, as the Hon. Ray Atherton, American Ambassador to Canada remarked to the 1946 Annual Meeting of the VON, "the career of your Chief Superintendent, Miss Elizabeth Smellie, is almost as well-known and as universally admired in my country as in yours." In that same year, the Canadian Public Health Association paid tribute to her outstanding contribution to public health and to the development of nursing in Canada by presenting her with an honorary life membership.

With the outbreak of the Second World War, Beth again responded to the call of duty, accepting appointment to the position of Matron-in-Chief in Canada for the Nursing Service of the Royal Canadian Army Medical Corps. With this appointment, Dr. Helen MacMurchy, a prominent public health advocate and one of the first women to graduate from the University of Toronto's Medical School, wrote the following of Ms. Smellie:

> Canadian nurses all know Miss Smellie and regard her with confidence and affection. They know her justice and kindness, her sympathy and sense of humour, her steadiness of purpose, her devotion to duty and to the high ideals of life. They are proud of her and they appreciate her natural gifts of leadership and consideration for others . . . . The new Matron-in-Chief has a gentle voice and manner . . . . Her personality is charming. She can work with other people and understand them and love them. She has many friends and one never hears of her enemies - because there are none.

It was not long after her entry back into the army that Beth's leadership abilities brought a new challenge, and in July 1941 she was given the task of organizing the new Canadian Women's Army Corps. With the development of this new Corps, women were, for the first time, being allowed to join the Canadian Army and serve their country. Although women like Beth had served the Army as nursing sisters, or in various civilian capacities, never were they part of the Army itself. Public opinion was not highly favourable to the idea of women in the Army, nor was the Army, but by 1941 increasing demands upon Canada's available man-power, and increasing pressure from women's volunteer groups to serve, finally led to the creation of the new Corps. Beth's task in organising this new Corps was immense, yet by late November, just four months after her appointment, the Corps was operational, and she returned to her duties as Matron-in-Chief.

In early 1944, just before her sixtieth birthday, Beth was promoted to the rank of Colonel – the first woman to achieve such a distinction. Just one month later, she retired from the army, feeling the call to return to her post at the VON. Upon her retirement, the Right Hon. J.L. Ralston, Minister of Defence, wrote to her, saying:

> Your work and faithfulness and ability... have brought your minister to a state of mind concerning the nursing services which is nearer to satisfaction probably than in respect of any other Service in the Army... I can give you first-hand word of your superb 'troops'... I saw on the spot the services they are rendering. You may well be proud of them.... I realise that this call back to the Victorian Order of Nurses had to come. They couldn't do without you.

Colonel Smellie returned to the VON in the Spring of 1944, and continued to guide the Order until her retirement in 1947. These were changing years for the VON as the Federal Government rapidly entered the health-care field, but the strong base of local branches, under the solid umbrella of the national administration, along with Beth's steady leadership, ensured that the Order was in a good position to meet these changes and adapt to the new health-care environment. One of her last achievements with the VON was the development of a Pension Fund for retiring nurses – a notable goal that the organisation had been striving towards for many years.

From the time of her appointment as Chief Superintendent in 1923, Col. Smellie made her home in Ottawa. Her duties, however, kept her extremely busy, with many cross-country trips to meet with the local branches. In one report to the VON executive, she announced, "since our last meeting in November, I have been to the Pacific Coast. During my six weeks absence . . . excluding interviews and other talks incidental to our work, I addressed fifty meetings." Not unusual, this type of schedule was more common than not. When in Ottawa, however, Ms. Smellie was a faithful attender at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church. A quiet, gentle lady, few realised just how nationally and internationally recognised she was.

During her career she received many honours, but always accepted them with great humility. She received the Royal Red Cross, 1st Class, in 1917 and the Commander of the British Empire in 1934, from the Canadian Nurses' Association the Mary Agnes Snively award for outstanding leadership in the profession in 1938. As well as becoming the first woman promoted to the rank of Colonel in the Canadian Armed Forces in 1944, she was also awarded an LL.D. from the University of Western Ontario in the same year. One of the last of these awards was the Red Chevron award for her contributions to the military nursing service, presented to her in Ottawa by Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery in 1960.

Colonel Elizabeth Smellie died on March 5, 1968, at Central Park Lodge in Toronto, and was buried in Port Arthur, Ontario. On March 17, 1968, the army honoured her life with a memorial service at the National Defence Medical Centre. Attended by friends and former associates, the service was conducted by her long-time minister, the Rev. Ian Burnett, formerly of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Ottawa.