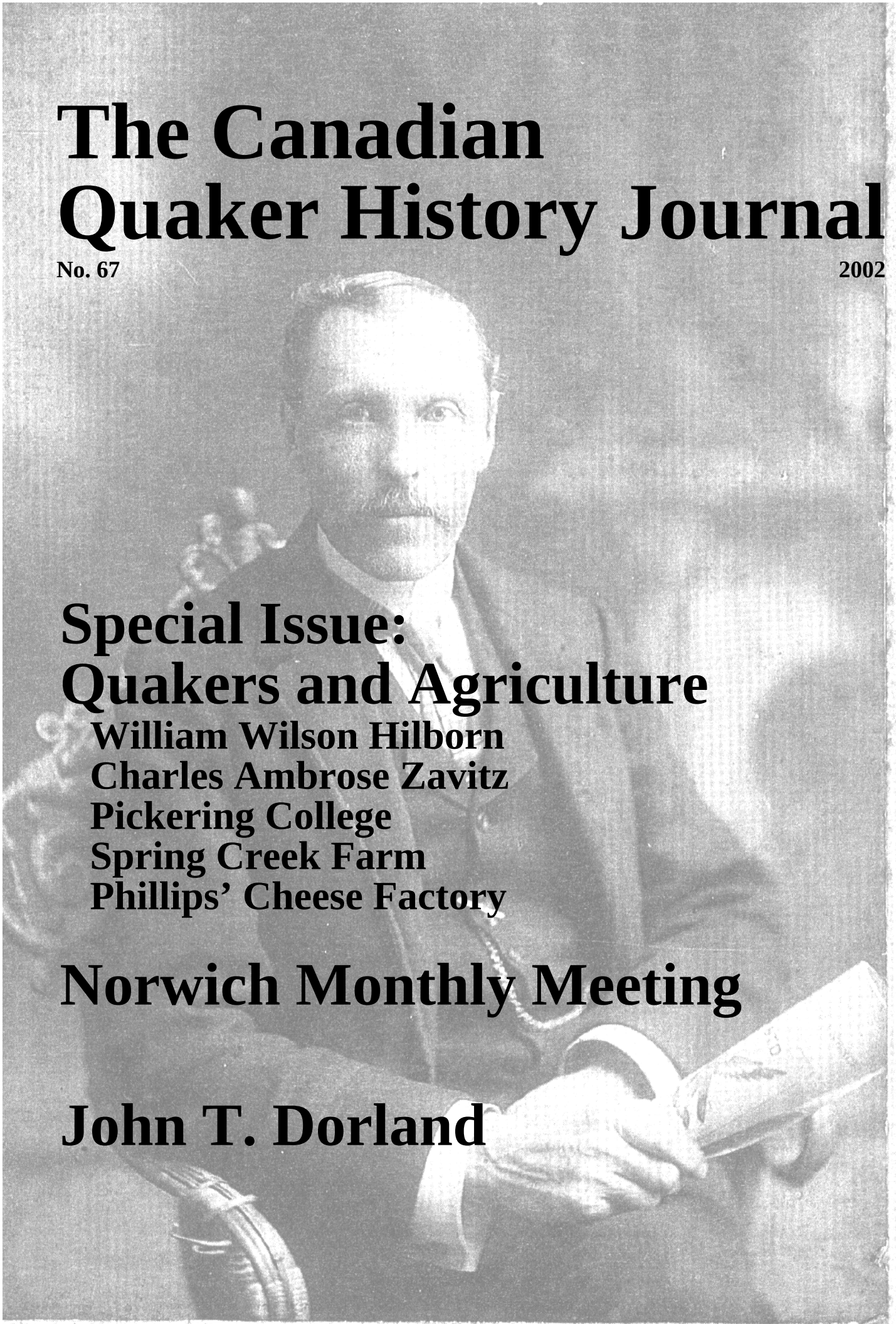
The Canadian Quaker History Journal

No. 67 2002



Special Issue: Quakers and Agriculture

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Quakers and Agriculture

By Jane Zavitz-Bond

The focus for the Annual Meeting and this Journal came together after the Canadian Geographic for Jan.-Feb. 2001 presented a lead article on four organic farms, three of which were established in the past twenty years by Ontario Quaker farming families. The history of farming among the Society of Friends in Canada began when largely American settlers came into Ontario in the Bay of Quinte and Niagara areas. Soon after Yonge Street also began as a meeting of subsistence oriented farmers. That was what 'pioneering' in the wilderness required. Villages and towns also grew up from Friends meetings in Norwich, Sparta, Coldstream. It was not until the 1870's that Toronto was established as the first urban meeting. Just after 1900 Friends communities were established on the prairies at Swarthmore, Saskatchewan; and Chain Lakes, near Hartney, Manitoba; and soon after near Borden, Manitoba. From my youth I have been aware of these small rural meetings settled by my ancestors and relatives in Pennsylvania, North Carolina, Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, and finally to California and Oregon.

After my marriage and move to Canada I discovered the history of the rural meetings here was parallel. Early records tell of the search for and securement of good farm land. My great grandfather's farmhouse in Clinton County, Ohio, had an external facade that looked identical to my new home in Yarmouth. Uncanny… until I realized that both sprang from the same Quaker 'faith and practice,' out of a common cradle prior to divergent migrations. After a further fifty years some threads of history are thinly stretched. It important to study the early agriculture of Friends settlements in Canada before more of the visible traces, and people with the knowledge of them, disappear. The establishment of the Elgin County Archives, formally dedicated Nov. 8, 2002, is now a local reservoir for preservation of our history and will work with the Canadian Yearly Meeting Archives in the years ahead.

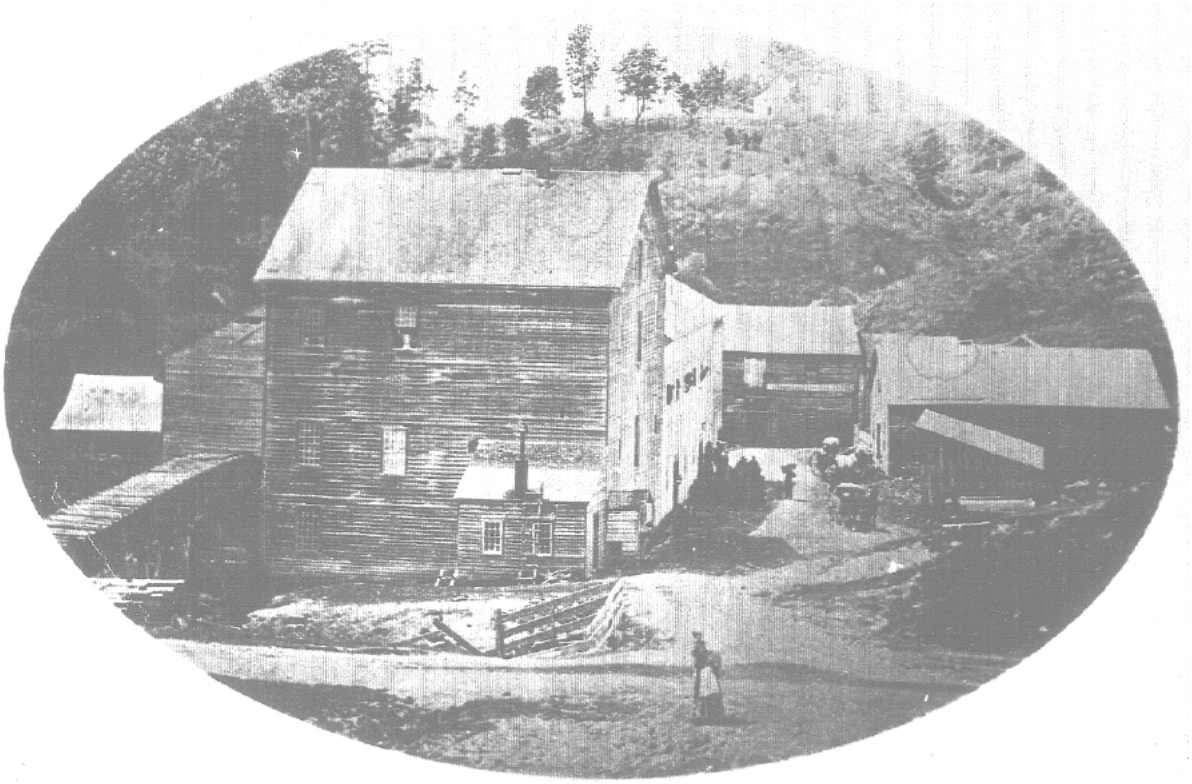
Today we need communities where we support and care for one another even as more people live in the 'urban forests', with less awareness of their neighbours. What can we learn from the past to apply today? Join in the discovery as you read the 2002 Journal! And afterward continue your search; we have long been trail blazers in agriculture, and we still are. When we translate 'agriculture' to ecology and the environment the parallel becomes clear and more urgent for the future… An agricultural byproduct, some food for thought!

Now for a look at the history: what happened as Friends settled? In a new place they needed mills for grist and lumber, a store, school, and place for craftsmen to locate conveniently; some farmers doubled as the blacksmith, tailor, shoemaker, and many men and women were weavers. They often came into the new place together usually with bonds of kinship, or were neighbours in the same Meeting in the past, with a sense of support for one another. The

land agent recognized and collected those with craft skills, while settlers were looking first to make homes, quickly clearing land and planting crops to support their family and essential animals. The original land was selected for its productivity -- good soil and drainage.

The first farms were smaller, as working them with horses and oxen did not require today's larger fields. When Friends settled in Upper Canada they quickly developed new communities and moved out of the basic pioneering period, which was usually difficult and demanding for the time required. They were given momentum as they worked for a better future. Their community social structure was strengthened by their Friends' faith. Meeting for worship was held in homes until the meetinghouse, soon built, stood as a visible symbol of their way of life. Jonathan Doan's Account Book, beginning in 1817, for his mill store in the Yarmouth Friends' settlement, later named Sparta, supports this overview with data preserved about the purchases and means of payment of the community members, most of whom were Friends.

The original group of settlers established the Quaker 'pattern of culture' creating the warp of the community. Living their lives in a place created the 'woof' and gave each community an individuality of its own. The overall themes of beliefs and their resulting testimonies made the harmony which allowed them to move from one community to another with ease and created the larger community, the yearly meetings, to which they belonged. The discords in separations later made some of the distinct differences in various Friends communities appear with greater clarity as applications of



James Haight’s Grist Mill at Union, Ontario.

beliefs made shifts. The basic theme remained in all communities, even as some believed music would prevent one from hearing God's leading. They were Friends who worshipped and worked with their environment to make a good life for all, for all are indeed God's children.

Their pattern of settlement was true for most North American Quaker agrarian communities. Friends became leaders in developing new agricultural methods and products, from bringing the jersey cow over the Allegheny Mountains to Ohio, to the establishment of orchards everywhere they settled, always establishing schools which later included agriculture as field of study, or working closely with the land grant colleges in New York, at Cornell, in Ohio and Iowa, and yes, at the Ontario Agricultural College. The Noxon Implement Company in Ingersol, Ontario, was established and run by James Noxon and his family, who had originally settled in Prince Edward County. Before 1850 Coldstream had a block and tackle company for getting hay into the commodious barns to feed the animals through the winter. New varieties of fruit were developed; most Quaker farms had a small orchard. Some became commercial ventures. Dairying meant they utilized milking machines early. New plants were tried as they were developed. Over the decades the path of progress was laid and trod by Quaker farm families, enhancing the life of their communities.

Although Friends are no longer a rurally oriented society there are still small meetings and worship groups in rural areas. Our urban meetings, beginning with Toronto in the 1870's as the industrial urban world grew and Friends entered it, are communities and have strengths supporting one another today. The smaller rural meetings still provide a community for those fortunate enough to live near. It is two of those meetings, Yarmouth and Coldstream, which we visited during annual meeting this fall. This issue includes the tours in Yarmouth on Saturday, and David A. Zavitz' excellent planning for and leading of the Sunday tour around Coldstream bringing that history alive. The Cutler-Brown home with displays from the family archives evoked memories to complete the day. James R. Zavitz' memories of his Grandfather, Charles A. Zavitz' life and work are the centerpiece for this issue as an individual life examples the larger faith. We include Prof. Douglas McCalla's response to that talk; Alex Sim's memories of Rural Community Conferences and life at Pickering College; Dan Nelson contributes further work from his Thesis on the Dorland family; Robynne Rogers Healey shares her paper on Yonge Street Meeting Women presented in June, to the Quaker Historians and Archivist's Conference at Haverford College. All the contributions have ties to agriculture and Quakers' rural community life to comprise this issue of Canadian Quaker History. We are grateful to each contributor for their gift of time and talents. The theme was right and exciting to follow these past months. This Journal has opened a topic that was obvious, in retrospect, but largely unexplored. Future discoveries lie ahead.

Our thanks to Patricia England for transcription of copy as the deadline loomed. For his planning and preparation of this Journal I express my deep appreciation to Albert Schrauwers, a busy professor of Anthropology at York University, for his continued work as coeditor and technical producer of the Journal, serving CFHA faithfully. His skills are demonstrated in this volume. Enjoy reading Canadian Quaker History Journal 2002.

Recollections of my Grandfather, Charles Ambrose Zavitz

by James R. Zavitz

My memories of my Grandparents commence when I was sent to live with them at Guelph, I was about three years old. Mother was having a difficult pregnancy with my younger brother so it made it much easier to have me out of the way.

Grandfather was the Director of Field Husbandry at the Ontario Agricultural College and lived on the campus directly across from the Field Husbandry Building. I slept in a little room upstairs and the first thing I did every morning as I came down the stairs was look in the living room to see how Grandfather had arranged the animals at a model of a barn. We had little lead cows, horses, sheep, pigs, poultry and after I went to bed in the evening he would change everything around. During the day I spent hours playing with them, moving the fences into different configurations and playing farmer myself.

The Field Husbandry Building (now Zavitz Hall) was built according to Grandfather's specifications over the winter of 1912-13 and he paid very close attention to ensure the architect and contractors were carrying out his wishes to the letter. The basement was used for seed cleaning, evaluation and the more physical aspects of the department. The first and second floors contained the administrative offices and classrooms, and the attic had, among other uses, a complete photographic studio. He had a corner office and placed his big, roll-top desk facing the corner so he could look to his right through a window and see his plots, and by swiveling his chair ninety degrees to the left he could look through another window and see his house. Grandfather's preoccupation with precision was shown in the location of the building: the main door was perfectly in line with the front door of the house he lived in.

I spent a fair bit of time with Grandfather in the building and out around his experimental plots. He was famous all over the world and was often away on speaking engagements. There was no traffic allowed between his house and the building so when he was away I could go over to the offices where the girls made a fuss over me and they always had cookies.

After Jack was born and Mother had recovered sufficiently I went back to Ottawa. We were living at 19 Fifth Ave.

Grandfather had pulmonary problems and he and Grandmother spent the winters in St. Petersburg, Florida. Every winter we could count on getting a 25-pound bag of pecans. We all (Dad, Mother, Bob, Jack and I) sat around the dining room table and shelled these pecans, always with a competition to see who could get the meat out of the shell without separating the two halves. Also we three kids could count on getting colour postcards of the Bok Singing Tower at Lake Wales, citrus groves and brown pelicans sitting on pilings.

Our Grandparents visited us each summer and Grandfather's first words always were "My, how you have grown!" That always made me feel really big. I don't remember much about what we did but we enjoyed their visits immensely.

We moved out of the city to a couple of acres at City View, on the outskirts of Ottawa, just before I turned eight years old. The main reason was to give us kids more room to roam and have something to do. Dad got some chickens and that became my job. I would much rather work with the chickens than hoe the garden, although I did that too.

There was more for Grandfather to do when they visited us here. A neighbouring farmer raised seed grains and was Canadian Champion several years in a row with his barley. These were Grandfather's main interests and he spent quite a bit of time at that farmer's place. I always hiked along with them and listened to them talk.

This farmer was very proud of his efforts. He had only fifty acres but kept about thirty milking cows and all the manure went on his land. Unfortunately it contained so much nitrogen that his grain went flat every year and he could only harvest it with the binder by going one way, but it made wonderful plump, prize-winning grain. He prided himself on the straightness of his rows, a surveyor could not have made them any straighter, and they were always laid out at right angles to the road so passersby could admire them. All of this appealed to Grandfather very much.

Grandfather retired in 1927 and moved to a property he had purchased several years earlier in the village of Poplar Hill, less than a mile from where he had been born at Coldstream, about sixteen miles west of London, Ont. He also had 75 acres from his father's farm about a quarter of a mile away. We visited them soon after they arrived there to help them get settled.

There was no electricity in the area yet and we thought it quaint to have coal-oil lamps. Instead of plumbing there was a pump near the back door and a two-hole facility a little further away. This caused some consternation to my older brother, Bob, he was quite perturbed when he could not find how to flush it.

Soon it was decided that each summer holiday I would come to Poplar Hill for the two months, Bob would go to Drayton, Ont. to spend the summer with Mother's family and Jack would alternate annually between Poplar Hill and Drayton. This arrangement lasted until Bob started attending Queen's University in Kingston and I worked the summer of 1940 for a market gardener at City View. With this arrangement naturally I got to know my Grandparents very well, better than either of my brothers.

At the beginning of this arrangement Grandfather and Grandmother timed their visits to Ottawa to coincide with the beginning of our school summer holidays. When it was time to leave for Poplar Hill I accompanied them by bus with an overnight stop in Toronto. They always stayed at the Ford Hotel, right opposite the Greyhound/Colonial Coach Lines Terminal. In those days (1928 and on) it was a very respectable hotel and I was impressed with its furnishings and the dining room. I made this trip with them three or four times but then my parents thought I could make the trip on my own.

At the Ottawa bus terminal I was introduced to the bus driver and he was asked to look after me and help me if I needed it. By now I was about twelve years old and thought I didn't any help, but it was reassuring to know that it was available if necessary. To avoid an overnight stop in Toronto all by myself I left on the evening bus and traveled all night. The first stop was at Prescott, the next at Kingston and the bus driver changed there. He introduced me to the fresh driver and the arrangement continued. Another stop at Port Hope and we arrived in Toronto about six in the morning. One time the bus driver took me for break-

fast in the coffee shop and that was a really big deal. On to London after a rest stop at the White Horse Inn in Paris and Grandfather and Grandmother met me at noon.

The first time I did not have any trouble so the next year Jack came along with me. I was "in charge" and it made me feel like a really big brother. I was also very proud that my parents thought I was mature enough to take the responsibility of looking after him. My main concern was that I not lose the tickets and I held them in my hand for the first several hours.

The more I got to know my grandparents the more I loved and respected them. It is no exaggeration to say that I worshiped them. They were birthright Quakers, Grandfather from Coldstream and Grandmother from Prince Edward County at the eastern end of Lake Ontario. Each was descended from United Empire Loyalists who had sought refuge in Canada in 1784 following the American Revolution. In the cemetery at the Quaker Meeting House at Coldstream I can see the grave markers of my parents, my grandparents, my great-grandparents and my great-great-grandparents.

My great-grandfather came to Coldstream from the Niagara area in 1843, cleared the forest and farmed until he died in 1904. He was a good husbandman and the farm prospered. He had one daughter and three sons. The daughter married the farmer son of a local Quaker and lived here for the rest of her life. My great-grandfather thought his sons should have more education than was generally available at the time so he sent his eldest son to Buffalo, New York State, where he took a combination legal/accounting two-year course. He returned to Coldstream and bought a farm, but he used his education to help his neighbours with any legal matters having to do with wills, probate, land transactions and so on. The second son took a Bachelor of Arts degree from a Quaker college in Pennsylvania, but he came home and helped his father on the farm. He was quite a poet and was widely acknowledged, but basically, he was a farmer. So great-grandfather thought if his sons were going to be farmers they might as well be educated to be farmers. His last hope was his youngest son Charles (my Grandfather) who was sent to the budding Ontario Agricultural College in Guelph. Charles excelled in the academic and practical courses offered there. He spent the summers working at the college and graduated with a Bachelor's Degree in 1888, one of five in the first degree graduating class. He immediately joined the staff and remained there until retiring in 1927. So much for trying to plan your offspring's' future.

Grandfather's main approach to everything was that it could be improved, there was no such thing as "good enough", and this attitude would be his guiding principle for his whole life. This is one of the tenets of his Quaker faith.

Quakers were opposed to the use of alcohol or tobacco. There had been four brewers in England when the Quakers formed their opposition to the use of beer or spirits. Three brewers (Cadbury, Fry and Rowntree) changed from brewing beer to making chocolate, no one knows what became of the fourth. Overtures were made to have the O.A.C. improve existing varieties of tobacco but Grandfather would have none of it. His reasoning was that the College should devote itself to the betterment of mankind by concentrating on crops that would provide nourishing food rather than something that is known to be debilitating.

The Field Husbandry Dept. had a horse, Billy, who was particularly well suited to

work in the experimental plots. He had small hooves and seemed to know instinctively not to step on any growing plants. After all, in the small plots each plant damaged was multiplied many times when calculated on a per acre basis. Billy finally died at age 28. It was at this time the Ontario Veterinary College was just starting and they were anxious to get every animal cadaver they could. They got Billy and at the post mortem were astonished to see a strangely dark colour in his internal organs and not a single parasite in his whole digestive tract. This raised considerable curiosity and prompted an investigation.

The investigation revealed that the teamster who had worked with Billy for a decade or more was an avid tobacco chewer, and whenever he cut a piece off his plug for himself he also cut off a chunk for Billy. The nicotine in the tobacco had kept Billy entirely free of worms. When Grandfather learned of this he was very put out with the teamster, bad enough he chewed tobacco himself but even worse to give it to a horse.

Canada Dry ginger ale was a favorite beverage whenever I visited Poplar Hill, yet Grandfather protected his reputation for being anti-alcohol so fervently that he always carried the green-glass bottles in a paper bag whenever he was bringing them home or taking the empty bottles back to the store just across the street for fear someone might think he was carrying a beer bottle.

One of the varieties of grain Grandfather developed was O.A.C. No. 21 barley. It was intended for livestock feed but turned out to have outstanding malting qualities. In a bulletin he describes it as "This variety is the most extensively grown in Canada and constitutes nearly 100 per cent of the barley produced in Ontario. It has greatly increased the acre yield of barley throughout the Province." The interesting point here is that he did not mention its superlative malting qualities. He even received (through the mail, he would not have it presented to him) a plaque from the Canadian Brewer's Association in recognition of his contribution to the brewing industry by developing O.A.C. No. 21. Dad used to tease him about this but it was no laughing matter with Grandfather.

In 1916 Grandfather was awarded an Honorary Doctor of Science Degree from the University of Toronto in recognition of his work. In 1932 the University of Western Ontario bestowed an Honorary Doctor of Laws on him. He had attended many convocations while at the OAC but he regarded the 1932 occasion as an unnecessary fuss, he much rather would have had it bestowed upon him privately, or not at all. Grandfather was extremely humble, he never acquired any of the whims or affectations well known people are prone to assume. He was doing something worthwhile and needed, he was improving the lot of his fellow man and he had a clear conscience. This was all the reward Grandfather needed. He was as intense in his work in agriculture as he was in his religion, so much so that it is difficult to determine where one left off and the other began, his work was an extension of his religion. Long after he had passed on to his reward he was admitted to the Canadian and Ontario Agricultural Halls of Fame. He might have been pleased with these honours, but they would not have added to his satisfaction for what he had done. He was humble but not shy. He never forced himself to the forefront or upon anyone but, once properly introduced, he immediately opened up as though he had known that person for his whole life.

My Grandparents lived in the house at Poplar Hill without any changes until electric power came to the area in 1928. By then

they knew what they wanted to do to the house. We all moved to a vacant house across the street to give the carpenters, plumbers, electricians, painters and any other tradesmen the full run of the house.

When they were through, several months later, a cellar extension had been dug to contain a soft-water cistern with a pump for soft-water and another for hard-water from a well. The plumbing system was Grandfather's idea and unique for the times. Every sink had three taps; one for cold hard-water for drinking and cooking, the other two for hot and cold soft-water for washing. Over this new cellar they built a modern kitchen and laundry room. To make full use of the novelty of plumbing a small washroom replaced a clothes closet on the ground floor and a bathroom, complete with a very comfortable cast iron tub, was added to the upstairs. The washing was done in a wooden tub machine worked by a reciprocating lever on top that spun a wheel that operated the oscillating swisher that stirred the clothes. The hot water had to be carried in buckets to the washing machine. When the washing was completed some of the water was used for any scrubbing and then all of it was spread on the garden or flowers so none of it went to waste. Although all this work was required it was considered quite a modern, labour-saving arrangement.

Now that there was a new kitchen, the old one became a roomy dining room, the previous dining room became the living room and the previous living room became the parlor. This latter room was used only on special occasions.

There had been a rather rickety open porch at the front door that was removed and replaced with an enclosed porch. A larger porch, matching the front one, was built on the west side of the house facing the carriage house and this is where we spent the majority of our waking hours when not outside.

I slept on a cot in the larger sunporch. We were right across the street from the Lobo Memorial Park and night after night I went to sleep to the tinkle of people playing at the horseshoe pitch or the cheers from the baseball games. Poplar Hill had a very good baseball team and played in a league made up of local teams. I liked the groans made by nighthawks as they swooped down upon flying insects. But the best of all were the thunder and lightning storms we got, sometimes the lightning flashes were so right I could see all the buildings in the park as clearly as in the day time. I didn't mind the noises made by the crickets and katydids but there was a hoot owl that scared the daylights out of me.

The first thing I did after arriving at Poplar Hill each year was go to Isaac's and he would measure my height and cut a notch in the door frame going into his cow stable. Sometimes we did the same thing just before I left two months later just to see how much I had grown. After a dozen years there was a pretty good record of my growth over that time. Many times I went to Isaac's at milking time just so he would squirt milk directly into my mouth. Can't get milk any fresher than that.

Libby always had a bag of cottage cheese draining into a pail in their back yard. As soon as I came on the scene she would hang a spoon there and I'd help myself every time I passed by, which was quite frequent. There never has been cottage cheese like Libby made.

The street in front of the house had previously been known as "Petticoat Lane" but when Grandfather came here that name ceased to be used. It was considered inappropriate for a man of Grandfather's stature. It went without a name for over half a century.

The summer of 1928 was taken up with

supervising the work on the house and left little time for Grandfather to pursue other matters he had in mind. This year Grandfather leased the farm to Percy Pratt, a neighbour, because he had neither the time nor the strength to work it. Percy farmed with a team of horses, kept five or six cows, rotated the crops and looked after the farm much better than Grandfather could have.

Commencing in 1929 Grandfather continued some projects he had not completed before retiring. These centered around a new variety of broom grass called "Parkland" which did not spread by underground roots but remained in clumps. Also, he was working with a smooth-awned variety of barley. This was favoured as it could be fed to livestock without the awns sticking in the animals' throats as was common with existing varieties.

We measured how far each clump of broom had spread and collected the seed only from the clumps that spread the least. We harvested the individual broom plants by cutting the leaves and stems at various heights from the ground, then measured the new growth each week to see if a particular cutting-height held any advantage and to see which plants produced the most growth. This was keyed in with Grandfather's daily measurements of high and low temperatures and any rainfall. Grandfather was still the practical, down-to-earth scientist.

The barley was a bit disappointing which only whetted Grandfather's interest in finding out why it was not measuring up. This meant much head scratching. The stem had several sharp bends just below the seed-head and we wondered if that slowed the nutrients from reaching the head. All this wondering was done out loud, I heard it and had as much to say about it as Grandfather. This made me feel that I was equal to him and that my opinions counted as much as his.

It soon became apparent there was not enough space for everything Grandfather wanted to do so he bought portions of two properties adjoining what he already had, giving him a total of almost an acre at the house.

We had a big garden and a lively competition began with a cousin, Webster, who lived a block away. They used everything they could think of to gain a jump on the other to have the first peas, beans, sweet corn and any other vegetables they grew. Grandfather had a rain gauge made similar to one used at the O.A.C., it was much more accurate than anything else on the market. But he was always puzzled when comparing his measurements with those made by Webster, who used an ordinary pail and they always coincided with Grandfather's. Whatever the provocation, Grandfather never swore or said anything the least bit off colour, but Webster's results often provoked an "Oh, pshaw" or "Isn't that a caution?" As close to profanity as he ever came.

One morning we saw a garter snake that had started to swallow a young toad. Grandfather picked up the snake and shook the toad out of its mouth. I watched the toad as it caught its breath and then hopped away. Grandfather took the snake to a far corner of the garden and released it. He then told me the role the snake and the toad play in God's overall plan for the earth and how Man must not take it upon himself to disrupt this balance.

Rabbits were a trial to Grandfather. They ate his vegetables and thus helped Cousin Webster in the competitions between them. They also interfered with his experiments with field crops. Whatever they ate, an unknown quantity, impaired Grandfather's calculations. We made a trap consisting of three sticks whittled in such a way that, when assembled, they formed a figure "4". We tied a bait of carrots or

lettuce or cabbage to the end of the horizontal stick and tilted a large cardboard box, open side down, on the top of the slanted stick. It was all very delicately balanced because the easier it was to throw the sticks out of position, the more effective it would be. As the raiding rabbit nibbled the bait the sticks fell apart and the box fell over the culprit. We set the traps in the evening.

In the morning any boxes that had been tripped raised hopes that a rabbit had been caught. By sliding a piece of cardboard under the box we could handle the rabbit. If it was very young or a female that showed signs of nursing young, it was let go then and there. Otherwise it was taken the quarter of a mile to the woods and released there.

His compassion for animals did not extend to weeds. Grandfather's garden was laid out with as much precision as his experimental plots had been. The garden was kept absolutely weed free and every weed was taken to a special spot and burned so it would not go to seed. He was proud of his method for burning green weeds without the necessity of letting them dry when the seeds may mature. He often said "Every weed that goes to seed means twenty more years of work."

His definition of a weed was "A plant out of place" and in our weeding anything green that was not the plant we wanted was removed. According to Grandfather's lexicon a corn plant growing among the tomatoes was a weed and its life span was short.

In high school our teacher had a long, convoluted definition of a weed. That was one of his questions on an examination paper and I answered it with "A plant out of place." In going over the paper he asked where I had ever heard such a stupid definition. I have never liked the word stupid, especially when used in conjunction with my family or me. I told him that it came from my Grandfather who had been the Director of Field Husbandry at the Ontario Agricultural College and "he knows more about agriculture than you ever will." There was something in the way the teacher's head snapped that made me think I had overstepped the bounds of propriety, but the week-long detention and the trip to the principal's office were worth it for standing up for Grandfather.

Grandfather and I worked out an arrangement whereby I helped him in the mornings and then I could have the afternoon free to spend with other boys in the village. Usually this meant going for a long afternoon's swim in the Sydenham River, a quarter of a mile away.

All the time I was with Grandfather we were rarely beyond arm's length of each other and we talked all the time. We talked about everything: his life as a boy on the farm with his father, about how he and a cousin walked the eight miles to Strathroy every Sunday evening or Monday morning while they attended high school. They carried enough eggs, potatoes and some kind of meat to last them while they batched it for the week, and then walked home after school on Friday so he could help on the farm on Saturday. Simply saying "he attended high school in Strathroy" doesn't give any idea of what that entailed, and it kept up for five years. There was a row of huge maple trees on the road allowance in Poplar Hill and he told how they had been planted as mere saplings during one week while he was at high school.

All that walking was to stand him in good stead in the future. One time he and a colleague were to come from Guelph to address a farmers' group at Coldstream. For some reason the train arrived in London so late that the person meeting them had left for home. Grandfather and his friend

walked the sixteen miles from London in the hopes they could still make their presentation. Unfortunately the meeting had already broken up by the time they arrived so their walk was for naught. They spent the night at his father's home.

So much of what we talked about were really lessons for me, although I didn't realize it at the time. He had a way of explaining things and in such detail that nothing was left to my imagination. He seemed to anticipate any question I might have and he answered it while talking. It did not seem like a lecture in school, he made it so interesting I listened and retained every word.

We started to have a slogan for each year. In 1929 it was about cooperation. All summer long we expanded on how much better the world would be if there were more cooperation and less confrontation. If countries would cooperate with each other it may end wars (Grandfather was a total pacifist), if labour and business would cooperate there may not be any more strikes, if neighbours would cooperate a lot of everyday stress could be avoided.

The next year we were planting beans in the garden. Typically, Grandfather had counted the exact number of seeds required to plant one every two inches apart for the measured length of row. It was my job to plant them. Unfortunately the number of beans overflowed my hand and I dropped one. I continued planting until I had enough room in my hand to hold the one I had dropped. I went back to find it but I must have scuffed some soil over it and Grandfather noticed me looking for it. I had to confess that I had dropped a seed and had not picked it up right away. There was no admonishment at all, but from this came our slogan for that year: "Start right, keep right, and you'll end up right."

The following year we continued to focus on the expression "up right" and by making it one word its meaning changed and how by being "upright" in everything we do we, and others, will benefit in so many ways.

The next year we concentrated on setting a good example in hopes that other people would copy us and thereby improve the general standard of conduct. I copied everything my Grandparents did and it didn't do me any harm.

Truth and honesty were emphasized so much that they could have been our topics for every year I spent at Poplar Hill. Grandfather used specific figures to get his ideas across in a convincing way. In a bulletin he wrote and the O.A.C. published in 1926 he stated that the increase in yield of grain crops inaugurated at the College over the past twenty years amounted to 318,668,775 bushels with a value of $207,355,585., a sum that would maintain the College at its present cost for 480 years. Rounded figures don't show that someone actually calculated very precisely the statistics used to make a point. And in Grandfather's view, any deviation from an accurate fact was tantamount to being an untruth.

Honesty meant not only what a person did, but just as much what a person thought. Thinking honestly became one's conscience and I heard "Let your conscience be your guide" so often that it seemed almost as if it were our mantra.

This is typical of the way Grandfather got his ideas across. I never knew of him to contradict or argue with anyone, but if he had other ideas, and if it was over a worthwhile topic, he would point them out so calmly and clearly that, in no time, the other person had adapted Grandfather's ideas and the matter was settled.

Around Coldstream our name was pronounced "Zayvitz" but when Grandfather

first went to Guelph he was told the correct pronunciation was as we pronounce it now. The name is of German origin and this was supposed to be correct so Grandfather started using the new pronunciation and it passed down to my Father and to me. When I started visiting Poplar Hill it became second nature to refer to my relatives as Zayvitz but as soon as I returned to Ottawa I reverted to the more common pronunciation (to me). The Zayvitz is only rarely heard now. This is another example of Grandfather's insistence on accuracy.

A cousin (Libby) and her husband, Isaac, kept five Jersey cows on property adjacent to Grandfather's. They sold the milk to local residents who brought their own bottles or pails to Isaac's back door to have them filled with milk that was so fresh it was still warm. If they wanted clean milk the brought clean containers. But many of these customers cut through Grandfather's property on an angle and this annoyed him. He didn't mind them trespassing as much as he minded the kitty-corner path they created. With him everything had to be perfectly square and perfectly straight. Rather than speaking to them and telling them he wanted them to do, he planted a row of peonies and a row of iris about four feet apart and in such a way that to continue on their old path would have required them to step through these rows. This enticed them to make a new route, one that Grandfather did not mind.

Naturally, for a person of my young years, there were times when I showed some rough edges that required smoothing off, but there was never any scolding or indication of displeasure, just a very polite demonstration of how things should be done, properly. Any time I did anything that displeased them, it was done in such a way that I never resented it or had to be told the same thing twice.

Grandfather was fastidious in his personal habits. He never went a day without trimming his goatee, he never looked unshaven. I never saw him without a tie, usually a plain, dark bow. He always wore oxford shoes, never boots. His shoes were always polished and he kept a shoebrush at the back door and never entered the house without brushing the dust off. He never wore overalls or work pants, always trousers and a clean, pressed shirt. His favorite hat was a Panama straw but he had a better one for Sundays and "going to town."

He was just as meticulous with his garden tools. He had a tool for every use, even though some had such a limited function that I don't remember ever using them. All rakes, hoes, shovels or anything else we had used were cleaned of all soil and dried before being hung in their respective places (often to the reminder that "A place for everything and everything in its place,' spoken more as a reminder to him than for my benefit), when we came in for lunch. No tools were ever left outside overnight or in the rain. I am still using (in 2002) the same garden tools I used when working with him and they are just as good as the day they were bought.

I did not realize it at the time but Grandfather was the most thoroughly organized person I have ever known. Everything he did was planned so thoroughly there was no duplication of effort, waste of time or mistakes. Whatever we did I don't remember ever having to go back for some tool that was needed. He had many sayings, in fact, that meant "The execution of anything is never any better than the planning that goes into it." Another was "If you do things when you think of them, you won't forget to do them."

Grandfather was observant and curious about things that wouldn't occur to the majority of people. We had a little job to do

on the farm so, when we had finished, we went to check on the water level in the Sydenham River that flowed through the south end of his property. We did so from the top of a high, steep bank leading down to the water. There being nothing else to do I threw a small rock into the water. The circles spreading from the splash interested Grandfather, to such an extent that we spent the rest of the morning tossing stones into the river. We wondered why these circles happen. Then we threw stones of different sizes to see if the size of the stone had anything to do with the size of the circles or the speed they traveled across the water. We threw stones of different sizes at different times to see if the circles created by the larger stones would override the circles made by the smaller ones, or vice versa. All this time there was a continuous dialogue speculating on the reason for these circles.

Then we wondered if water is thrown into water, which splashes, the water already there or the water that has been added? We speculated on ways to settle this quandary but unfortunately we had spent so long on the circles that it was time for lunch and we did not resolve either issue. Another of his maxims was "The day is wasted if you don't learn something" and, although we did not learn why the circles acted the way they did, it was not for lack of thought. And there were very few wasted days with Grandfather.

If there is anything in the old saying "Patience is a virtue," Grandfather was one of the most virtuous people living. He never hurried because every move was planned to avoid haste. "Haste makes waste" was another of his favorite sayings, and it meant wasting time as much as anything. To him it was worse to waste time because if time is wasted it can never be recovered, it is gone forever. And punctuality was important, too. Arriving late for an appointment is impolite, but arriving early was just as bad as it may catch your host unprepared. An appointed time meant arriving at that time.

Grandfather did have a sense of humour but it did not show very often. We had our little teases of Grandmother and she would pretend not to appreciate them. Our favorite was a plan to hide her precious flower bed by planting a row of asparagus in front of it. Practical jokes by him or to him were unknown. I never heard him give out with a great guffaw. He was enthusiastic about everything but never excited about anything. His emotions were kept so private I never saw him in any mood other than the only way I remember him.

The park across the road was the Lobo Memorial Park, established in 1920 in memory of Lobo Township's men who did not return from the Great War. It had ball diamonds, horseshoe pitching pits, a grandstand, swings, tennis courts and, to relate to its real purpose, a flagpole behind a big cannon and two machine guns flanking it from the war. Rumour had it they had been captured from the Germans. I, with some of my friends, used to play on these, particularly the cannon. We twisted all the wheels and yanked on everything that moved. Grandfather obviously was aware I was playing there but he never told me not to. Instead, he denounced them over and over in front of me, not necessarily to me but I knew he disapproved of me being there. I guess I yielded to peer pressure. The cannon and machine guns were melted down during World War II.

One of my chums had a little cannon fashioned after one of WW I vintage. Its barrel was about four inches long and, by putting a wooden match in its barrel, a spring-loaded lever hit the match and shot it about four feet in a flaming arc. It was great fun, especially after dark. I wanted one but didn't have any money and it cost about two

dollars. I tried to borrow from Grandfather but when I told him what it was for, he would not give it to me. I tried for several delays, each time with a different approach, but Grandfather was adamant, no money for anything even copying an object designed for killing people. I never did get it.

When I told him I had applied to join the Royal Canadian Mounted Police his only comment, made without any change of expression on his face, was "Oh, you will have to carry a gun." That was all, but I could tell by the expression in his voice that he was disappointed. Despite all the good a policeman can do, carrying a gun was the most important and negative part of it, in Grandfather's view.

Saturday afternoon was always occupied with getting ready for Sunday. My role was to pick and shell peas. After picking a generous amount I'd sit on the back steps and shell them, one podfull for me and one for the pot. Then I'd pick and wash the beans and carrots. In elderberry season I picked the berries late in the morning and picked each small fruit off the stem. I hated that, it always took so long, but my dislike was always modified by the anticipation of a piece of Alice's (Percy Pratt's wife) pie. And I always did lots in the hope that some would be left over after the visitors left.

Nothing was done on Sunday that required any work, but people with livestock had to take care of them. The potatoes were peeled, carrots cut up and everything else that could be done the day ahead was done on Saturday, so that on Sunday all that needed to be done, except for the cooking, was already done.

Sunday was not my favorite my day of the week--I couldn't go barefooted and never for a swim. The Sabbath was a special day. I walked the 3/4 of a mile to the Meeting House in Coldstream in time for Sunday School at 10:00 a.m. It seemed like such a long walk for the first part but by the time I was halfway there I could wave to Cousin Harold at his house, then Uncle Edgar who was probably in the yard polishing the buggy, then pick up a couple of cousins who lived beside Uncle Edgar, then wave to Uncle Sammy or Cousin Edith nearby, then pick up another cousin and so we kids would arrive at the Meeting House.

Isaac and Libby arrived in their Model T with Grandmother and Grandfather in time for Meeting at 11:00 a.m. The Meeting House had two drive-sheds and both would be filled with horses and buggies and the grounds with cars. The Meeting House was always filled with well over a hundred people. Grandmother and Grandfather, along with assorted uncles, aunts, cousins and other elders, sat facing the congregation.

At the conclusion of Meeting we sometimes went to some relative's home for lunch and a visit, but more often we brought company home. Grandmother had a local woman, Alice, to help with the cooking and housekeeping. Alice was a wonderful cook and our delicious dinner was followed by visiting until time for our visitors to leave, usually to go home for the milking. If our visitors had brought any children along we usually walked back from the Meeting House and then we all partook of the lunch, conversation and visiting. We were not sent off to entertain ourselves, but were treated as if we were equal and participating adults.

The local churches (except the Quakers) did not have any services during July or August so an outdoor evening service was held in the Park each Sunday at which members of all churches attended. I always went with my grandparents so it was another occasion to meet more aunts, uncles and cousins who were not Quakers. It made for a lot of religion in one day. I was always

confused by all these relatives and I never did get them all sorted out, it would have taken much longer than two months a year to do that.

We had silent Quaker Grace before every meal and after breakfast Grandfather read a passage from the Bible. The Quakers in the United States published a small calendar that had several suggested Bible readings or topics along Quaker beliefs for every month and often these were expanded upon after the noon or evening meals.

My grandparents used the "plain talk" (thee, thou, thine) between themselves and among their Quaker relatives and friends, but they never spoke to me like that. Mother was not a Quaker so I was not a birthright member but I saw so much about Quakers that I liked that I made up my own mind to join when I was thirteen. Nobody told me to join or coerced me, I wanted to be one of them. In the back of my mind I hoped my grandparents would address me as they did other Quakers when I became one, but it didn't happen. I never spoke of it, it disappointed me a little but that was negligible considering all I had gained. I imagined when Grandfather went to Guelph, and especially after he started teaching, that he had to (or wanted to) use the more common grammar of the people he would be speaking to, so he became used to differentiating between Quakers and non-Quakers in this way.

In 1932 Grandfather published a booklet containing his personal thoughts from over the years. The result was "Spiritual Life." He had 1000 volumes printed and distributed them, free of charge, to his relatives, friends and associates. I was ten years old at the time and often accompanied him to the printer in London. On one visit the publisher showed us three prototypes for the cover; they had various combinations of gold, red and green. In hindsight I don't know if Grandfather had made up his mind or not, but he turned to me and asked which I preferred. I liked the red and gold combination and that is what was eventually used. Grandfather had a way of making me think I had had some input in the final choice.

Grandfather never learned to drive a car and never owned one, so all trips to London were by bus that we caught in the morning on Highway 22, about 100 yards from home. Then, of course, we had to while away the time until the bus left London late in the afternoon. When Grandmother went with him I remained at home to "look after the place." Another way of making me feel important. I knew the bus schedule by heart and always met them at the highway to help them carry home anything they had bought.

My birthday is July 28th and we usually celebrated by going to Port Stanley, on Lake Erie. Grandfather would engage Cousin Erma to drive us either all the way there or take us to the London station and we'd take the London & Port Stanley Electric Railway to "Port." I preferred the train. Alice made sandwiches and a big birthday cake. At Port we bought ice cream and had lunch in the upper picnic ground. This required a trip up and down the inclined railway, always a big thrill.

When we didn't go to Port we went to Springbank Park in London. This always meant several trips on the miniature steam railway.

My grandparents set a perfect example in everything they did and I copied them in every way possible. Their teaching was always positive, never negative. I was never told "Don't do this" or "Mustn't do that." Whatever they did was the proper and acceptable way, it never dawned on me that there might be a different way. They did not oppose apologizing for something, but thought it much better if we conducted ourselves in such a manner that apologies were

not necessary. If we remembered that everything we did had an effect on others, either positively or negatively, we could tailor ourselves to be only positive to others. The Commandment "Do unto others ---" influenced everything they did. I don't know how many times I heard "Sometimes we must walk a narrow and winding path."

The lessons I learned from my parents and grandparents have been invaluable in so many ways in my careers as a policeman and a Justice of the Peace. During my thirty years as a policeman I never had lay a hand on a person (except to guide the occasional drunk through the door to a cell to avoid him hurting himself), largely because of these lessons in how to treat people. The same principles applied in court, when simple courtesy and tact took a lot of the steam out of many quarrelsome people, elevating the dignity of the court and making my task much easier.

§

Grandfather suffered a stroke in the summer of 1941 and my parents' letters told of his deteriorating mental and physical state. I was not allowed any holidays during my first year in the RCMP but on the first day of my second year in January of 1942 I took the train for a visit home and to see Grandfather.

I was able to spend only three days at Poplar Hill and it was a difficult time. It seemed inconceivable this was the same gentle, articulate, compassionate, virtuous, nurturing, imaginative person I had known. He could not speak and was confined to bed. He did not know who I was or what I was talking about. As I spoke to him, reminiscing about our good times together, I could tell none of it was registering. He was operating solely on instinct, he appeared interested and happy to see me even though I was not getting through the invisible barrier that separated us. His heart was beating, his lungs were working, but his mind was gone. It took the joy out of seeing him again.

He passed away seven weeks later in his 80th year, as peacefully as he had lived.

He lies with his parents and grandparents in the Quaker Burial Ground at the Coldstream Meeting House, half a mile from his birthplace. His grave maker is in strict compliance with the edicts of the Quaker Book of Discipline in size and content (name, date of birth and age in years, months and days). There is no mention of his academic honours or agricultural legacy.

Humble, precise and true to his Faith to the very end.

Afterword to James Zavitz's Talk

By Douglas McCalla
Canada Research Chair in Rural History.
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When Jane Zavitz-Bond asked me to introduce James Zavitz's talk on Charles Zavitz to the annual meeting of the Canadian Friends Historical Association, I was delighted to accept. I had just moved to the University of Guelph to take up a position as Canada Research Chair in Rural History, and I saw this as her kind way of encouraging me to learn more about the history of the Quaker communities in Ontario, so important in the early settlement history of the province. I also welcomed the chance to learn more about a key figure in the history of my new university. I was not disappointed.

James Zavitz's deeply felt and richly informative account of his grandfather stands on its own and needs no introduction here any more than it did in the oral presentation at Sparta. What I can perhaps add are some reflections on its context and its value.

First, Charles Zavitz's decision to attend the Ontario Agricultural College suggests an interest in leadership within agriculture, something he achieved in full measure as a teacher and researcher. Going to the College was highly unusual.[1] In its first decades, not many of the young men coming of age on Ontario's more than 100,000 farms chose to enroll. Those with the ambition, background, and means to pursue an advanced education were more likely to go into teaching, the ministry, or a profession. Whether he already identified with the values of the self-conscious farming elite that was so important a part of the OAC's early constituency, he certainly helped in fulfilling their dreams to establish the province in the forefront of scientific agriculture.

Second, the talk led me to reflect again on Dan Nelson's work on the Dorland family.[2] He introduced me to the concept of "weighty" Friends, the idea that even within Quaker communities with egalitarian values, there were people whose words and judgments particularly counted. Everywhere in rural history, in fact, and despite a common image that the farming world consisted of relatively equal and equivalent units, differentiation and leadership turn out to have been fundamental to how such communities actually worked. Thus, I wondered where the Zavitz family fit in the Coldstream community when he was growing up. I don't doubt that they mattered.

Third, we have a tendency to imagine earlier societies, especially rural societies, as somehow "traditional"; we contrast them with our modern world. But, as Dan Nelson's work also demonstrates, they of course were modern in their time, facing an unknown future and addressing the challenges of the world they lived in. The world that produced Charles Zavitz was in the midst of enormous changes, much debated by farmers, as can be seen in the political movements they launched. I am not an expert in the history of science, or in how Charles Zavitz's faith informed and inspired his scientific work, but his life, and his efforts to apply science to agriculture, are vivid testimony to the modernity of the milieu in which his values were shaped.

Fourth, I thought of what has become almost a cliché in current discourse, the idea that knowledge and innovation have become the core of the economy (an idea that underlies the CRC program in which I am a fortunate participant). I agree on the important relationship between knowledge and wealth, but think it is not just a recent trend, if we accept that knowledge comes in many forms. In any case, Charles Zavitz expressed something very like the modern version when he systematically documented the value his work added to agriculture. In fact, he might have been writing for any current university president responding to demands for proof that higher education and advanced research are worth supporting.

Fifth, I re-emphasize something I said in Sparta, that much of the work that allows us to see the richness, variety, texture, and significance of Canada's rural history has been done by amateurs (in the best sense of that word), the families, congregations, historical societies, and other groups that have sought to tell and document histories that mattered to them (of place, faith, institution, and community). Thus I wanted to express encouragement and appreciation for the work of the Canadian Friends Historical Association and to hope that the weight of Quakers in Canadian history will continue to grow!

Finally, I appreciate the opportunity to publicize the existence of the Canada Research Chair in Rural History at Guelph. One of the things we hope to accomplish is a more ample documentation of rural Ontario; it would be wonderful, for example, to have more of the farming records that families have preserved deposited in archives, at Pickering College, at Guelph, or elsewhere in the province.

Endnotes:

1. My thinking here is informed also by Charles M. Johnston's account of a 1900 graduate and future premier; see his E. C. Drury: Agrarian Idealist (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1986), 13-17.
2. Daniel A. Nelson, "Faith enough to move mountains: the Dorlands and the Quakers of Upper Canada, 1784-1955" MA thesis, Trent University, 2001

William Wilson Hilborn
April 6, 1849 - December 10, 1921

by Madeline Hilborn Malott

The horticulturist William Wilson Hilborn was one of the earliest contributors to the advancement of commercial fruit culture in Ontario. He is also recognized as a pioneer in the greenhouse industry of the Leamington, Ontario area, which has the highest concentration of greenhouses on the North American continent.

He was born to Quaker parents: Levi Hilborn, a Quaker minister, and Dorothea Harvey, near Sparta in Yarmouth Township, Upper Canada, on April 21, 1849. William descended from generations of believers in the Quaker faith (see chart).

The first of his North American Quaker ancestors, Thomas Hilborn of Somerset, England arrived in Providence, Rhode Island in 1670. In 1688 Thomas married Elizabeth Hooton, the granddaughter of another Elizabeth Hooton, who was a contemporary and friend of George Fox and one of the original converts to Quakerism. Thomas and family moved from Providence to New Jersey and then to Bucks County, Pennsylvania where several generations of the family resided for over a century.

The Hilborn family was part of group of Quaker families who moved northward to Catawissa, Pennsylvania because of the American Revolutionary War. Here they farmed, planted orchards, constructed a meeting house and peacefully co-existed.

At the beginning of the 19th century, a descendant, also named Thomas Hilborn, along with other allied Quaker families, moved northward into Upper Canada via Niagara. The Hilborn family first settled in King Township in the county of York, then settled on Lot 35, Concession 6, in Uxbridge, in 1804/5. Allan McGillivray, in Uxbridge Quaker Heritage, relates, "Thomas was looked up to as the patriarch of the township and lived to the age of 95." He lies buried on Quaker Hill.

Joseph Hilborn, the son of Thomas, became the schoolmaster of the Quaker School on Yonge Street, replacing Timothy Rogers Jr., its first schoolmaster. Joseph Hilborn married Susannah Lundy, daughter of Samuel Lundy (during the War of 1812, the Battle of Lundy's Lane was fought on her uncle William Lundy's farm). An ardent Quaker, Joseph Hilborn and other family members moved to Sparta, Elgin County, where they lived for some time. In 1849, he made his final move, accompanied by his extended family, to Arkona, Lambton County. In both Sparta and Arkona he was influential in setting up Quaker Meetings. Joseph is considered the first postmaster of Arkona.

Joseph Hilborn's son, Levi, who married Dorothea Harvey in Sparta, became a farmer as well as a Quaker minister. Levi took up land on a farm in Warwick Township, Lambton County about a mile west of Arkona. He was influential in building a Quaker Meeting house that was located on part of his farm.

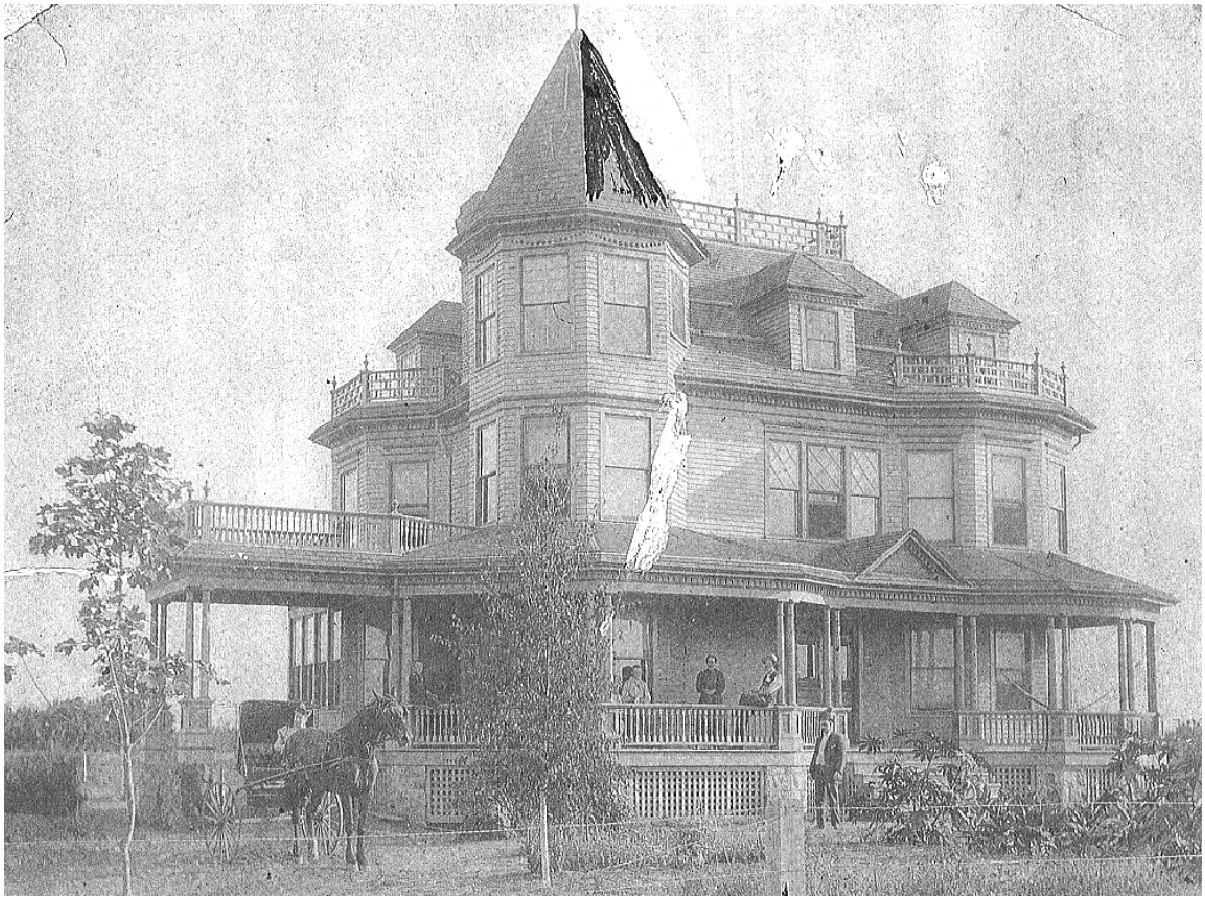
William Wilson Hilborn, Levi's son, at the age of eight months, went along on the family trek to Warwick Township. As he grew to manhood on his father's farm, he was educated by members of his own

William Wilson Hilborn, the lecturer

family. At an early age he experimented with fruit and other plants always trying to develop new varieties. In 1883, he married Johanna (Josie) Hartwig, who had been a teacher of sign language to the deaf in Capac, Michigan. He then purchased the farm next to his father's and started planting many kinds of fruit trees. He continued experimenting with these and other small fruits. He began submitting articles to the Canadian Horticulturist, which often discussed the commercial development of fruit in the province. He soon became a director for his district of the Fruit Growers' Association of Ontario.

So successful was he that his farm attracted the attention of William Saunders of London, Ontario, Director of Dominion Experimental Farms. Saunders chose W.W. Hilborn to be the first horticulturist at the Ottawa farm and thus the first appointed horticulturist at an experimental station in Canada. He now moved his wife and young sons to Ottawa. While Saunders was busy setting up new experimental stations at other Canadian sites, W.W. Hilborn served as overseer of the central farm in Ottawa. In the extant report of 1887, he stated his intention of promoting fruits adaptive to the extreme weather conditions in Canada and suitable for commercial production. He reported importing fruit trees for experimental use from Russia and countries of northern Europe. These were planted in the spring of 1887 in nursery rows. The plantings included 903 trees of 297 varieties of

W.W. Hilborn (R), wife Josie and sons Harvey (standing) and Edward, in Ottawa 1887/1888.



"Inglewood", W.W. Hilborn's Leamington home.

apples, 198 trees of 101 I varieties of pears, 197 trees of 72 varieties of plums, 155 trees of 71 varieties of cherries, 25 trees from 11 American varieties and 7 apricot trees, two from Europe and two from China. His report also mentioned the planting of small fruits - grapes, currants, gooseberries, raspberries, blackberries and strawberries. In 1889 he again submitted his report on the progress made at the central farm.

In September 1889, he resigned his post in Ottawa, and purchased a 70 acre farm on Talbot Road a mile west of Leamington in Essex County, Ontario, where soils and temperate climate were favourable. Family stories tell that he was anxious for his two small sons to grow up on a farm. His intention was to engage in peach and small fruit culture. He was likewise interested in the new idea of cultivating flowers and vegetables under glass. Immediately he made plans to plant many varieties of fruits on his farm, especially peaches.

By January 1890, he addressed a meeting held in the Town Hall, Kingsville, with a view to setting up an Essex County Horticulture Society. He was a man of great energy, constantly trying for improvements in fruit culture. On his farm he continued to experiment with varieties of currants and gooseberries that he had cultivated in Ottawa.

By December l 890, W.W. Hilborn and Edward Maxson, who already had sixteen years' experience as head florist in the Governor General's gardens in Ottawa, advertised in the Leamington Post that they had erected large greenhouses for "the

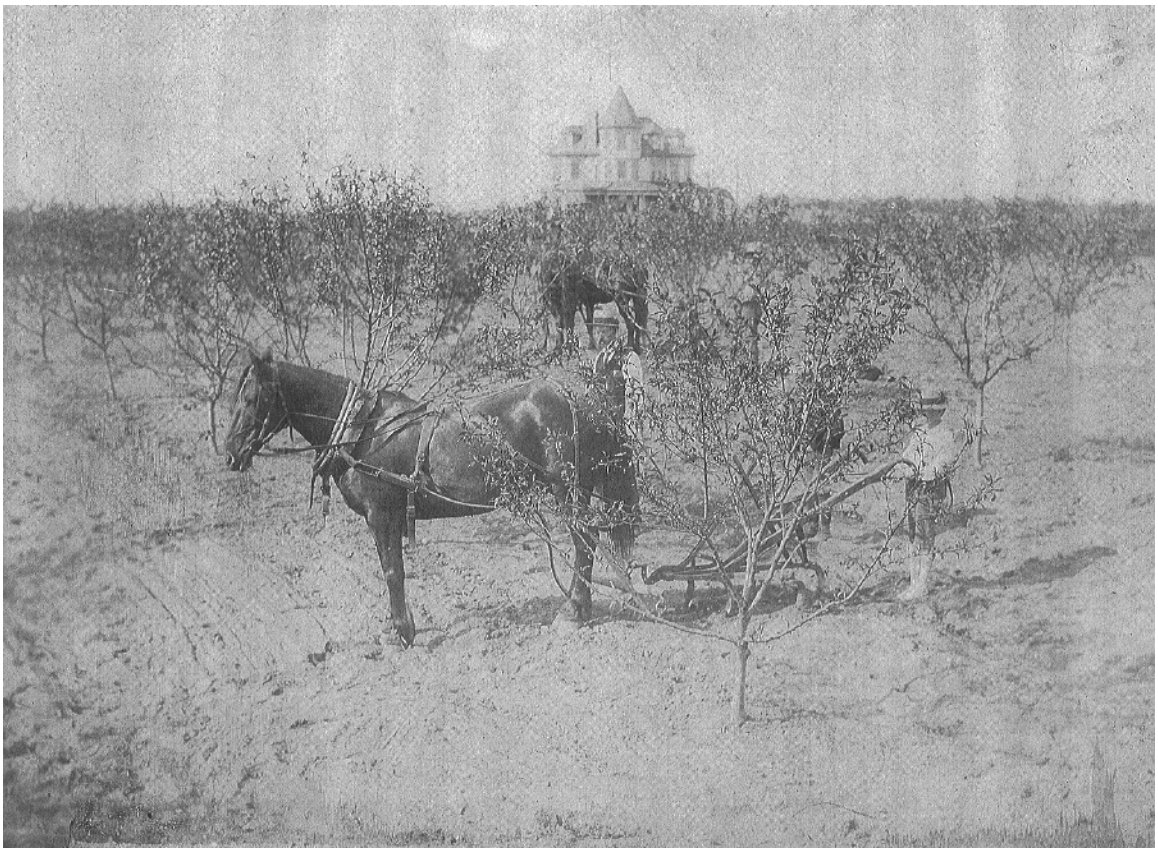
growth of choice greenhouse plants, gladioli and dahlia bulbs, fruits and early vegetables." Mail orders were accepted for early vegetables to be shipped as far away as Quebec and Manitoba.

By December 1891 the managers of Ontario Agriculture College in Guelph requested that he accompany them on a winter tour through the province to deliver lectures on agricultural and horticultural subjects.

He served on a committee with a Windsor fruit farmer, Alexander McNeill and a horticulturist from the central farm in Ottawa for the establishment of experimental stations for the Ontario government. By 1894 ten stations were established in connection with Ontario Agriculture College in Guelph. W.W. Hilborn was in charge of the Southwestern Station in Leamington, Ontario. His work there involved mainly peaches and strawberries.

Messrs. Morris and Wellington of Fonthill Nurseries in Welland bought a 90 acre farm west of Leamington because of the station established there. They sought the assistance of W. W. Hilborn in the planting of 10,000 peach trees. The Lake Erie & Detroit River Railway put in a special siding for the shipment of fruit and installed a long distance phone.

By the late 1890s, W.W. Hilborn had about 100 acres of peach, pear, plum and apricot trees of many varieties under cultivation. By 1898, Inglewood, his new home, had been built on his farm on the south side of Talbot Road. The fruit growing industry, especially peach culture, spread rapidly



Peach trees being cultivated on the north side of Talbot St., Leamington, across the road from “Inglewood” about 1898.

through the southern portion of Essex County on farms with sandy soils. A Leamington news item reported that over 1,000 acres of peach trees could be seen from the observatory of his new residence. In February 1899, he as well as many other peach growers suffered major financial losses due to a severe frost that destroyed most of the peach trees.

W.W. Hilborn continued to experiment with peaches and other small fruits and other plants on his farm. Earlier in his career he had developed the Hilborn raspberry, a blackcap that was widely cultivated in Canada and United States. He grew these berries and many strawberries on his farm. He continued a greenhouse operation, grew flowers for sale, his wife assisting with the arrangement of funeral flowers.

He prepared award-winning exhibits for the Colonial Exposition in London, England, Chicago World's Fair, and the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in St. Louis. He insisted on careful selection and grading, quality produce, all presented in attractive containers.

As one of the Farmers' Institute staff of speakers, he traveled to almost every county of Ontario addressing groups interested in horticulture. He traveled as far as California as a judge of fruit. He and his son Harvey judged fruit at many fall fairs throughout western Ontario.

In 1912 he sold ten acres of his farm to the manager of the Windsor, Essex, and Lake Shore Rapid Railway (W. E. & L. S.). About that time he divided the northern portion of farm between his two sons Chester Harvey and William Edward. He retained the three-acre plot that included his residence “Inglewood” on the south side of Talbot Road upon which he planted many varieties of ornate shrubs, trees and flowers, turning his property into a showplace and a landmark. For the remainder of his life he continued to experiment with new varieties of fruit, vegetables and flowers. He passed away on December 10, 1921 following complications from cataract surgery and was buried in Lakeview Cemetery in Leamington.

His enthusiasm for the promotion and development of new strains of plants and the improvement of commercial fruit culture continued all his life. He plunged headlong into any project he considered promising. His greatest achievement was the advancement of commercial fruit culture. He is remembered as one of the earliest men in Essex County to commence growing vegetables and flowers under glass.

A full biography written by Madeline Malott and Marilyn Armstrong-Reynolds will be forthcoming in Volume XV of the Dictionary of Canadian Biography/ Dictionnaire biographique du Canada.

There are two siblings of W.W. Hilborn who have been. extensively involved with horticulture: a younger brother, Joseph and a sister Amy, wife of John Atkin. Joseph Hilborn, born May 3,1858, moved from Warwick Twp., Lambton County to Leamington, in 1895. He purchased 54 acres on what is now Seacliff Drive and immediately planted 54 acres in peach trees. He constructed a substantial cement block home on his new farm as well as greenhouses. He became a prominent member and director of the Fruit Growers' Association of Essex County and wrote articles on fruit production. Like his brother he was an early producer of vegetables under glass. Some time around 1912, Joseph Hilborn and family moved to Summerland, B.C. where he had been appointed to work at a research station. Recently 1 learned that a long and busy road outside the Surnmerland Station is named Hilborn Drive.

Amy Hilborn and husband, John Atkin, moved from Lambton County to live on

William Wilson Hilborn as an older man standing in a tomato field.

Fraser Road near Seacliff Drive and close to her brothers Joseph Hilborn and W.W. Hilborn. John Atkin became involved with the growing of fruit and vegetables as well. Edward Atkin, son of John and Amy Atkin followed the family into horticultural pursuits. When Joseph Hilborn moved to B.C., Edward Atkin took over Joseph's property. He increased the area under glass, concentrating on commercial flower production. He became a wellknown florist of Ontario and specialized in chrysanthemum cuttings.

The Hilborn family has made many contributions to the advancement of the commercial production of fruit, vegetables and flowers in Ontario. Perhaps their Quaker upbringing contributed to their success in the horticultural field. The family remains proud of their Quaker heritage.

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Pickering College Experiment in Rural Extension

By *Alexander Sim*

More than fifty years ago Newmarket and Pickering College sat at the centre of a rich farming region, not then a paradise for land speculators, and horse fanciers. It was a region populated and cultivated by descendants of the original settlers who had moved in during and soon after the Napoleonic wars. Over fifty years ago Pickering had an active and lively contact with its rural neighbours, and with many interested persons far beyond the boundaries of North York. These regions beyond, it will be recalled, were equally rural, for Ontario as a whole still basked in the pre industrial, pre pollution twilight of the inter war years.

"Basked", I can hear a farmer of that day snort, "is a good word if you chose to forget that the Great Depression started for us in 1922." There was unrest, all was not balmy and bucolic; remember the farmers had risen in their might in 1919 to sweep their own party into power. In 1933 The United Farmers of Ontario affiliated with the newly organized CCF, under a clergyman who had emerged as a hero from the General Strike at Winnipeg in 1926. There was protest against old tired political parties, high taxes and tariffs, usurious middlemen, waste, want and war. Pickering with its Quaker background was in sympathy with much of this protest", and the headmaster's well tuned political nostril's were sensitive to this unrest.

Since this account is a personal memoir, rather than objective history, if there is such, let me explain how I became involved, and unwittingly became a link between the rural culture, and a private boys' school.

Early in 1930 I represented South Gray in "The Ontario Older Boys' Parliament". I was a farmer's son and a high school dropout very active in community affairs. We took politics seriously in Grey County, having elected farm representatives to both legislatures, with special pride in our federal member, Agnes Macphail. The first woman to be sent to Ottawa. I had time and gave time to this junior parliament, as a result of enthusiasm and hard work I was elected to the premiership in 1933. This brought me into touch with Pickering.

Joe McCulley had been the first boy Premier back in 1917. It happened that this concept of citizenship training and character building, which had spread to the other provinces by the time I came along, was the product of a great social innovator – Taylor Statten. He had had a good deal to do with the re-opening of Pickering, and the fashioning of the experimental school system at Forest Hill. The son of a Statten collegue had been one of my opponents for the premiership, Ted Poole, was also a student at Pickering. I was ready to go back to school. Ted encouraged me to apply for a scholarship at Pickering. Correspondence and visits followed. I enrolled as a student in the fall of 1933 with a Rural Life Scholarship. The total fees were $800.00, my scholarship was valued at $600.00, about the equivalent of twenty fat steers at the Toronto Stock Yards, or about half of

my fathers gross annual income. Not net. There was no net. Gross income!

…The Day of arrival…Climbing the stone steps between the tall pillars... The welcome and a hand with the luggage from a team of senior boys…It all comes back vividly. Those first days in that rich, new-to-me environment: the Group of Seven paintings… the lively bulletin boards… the quiet library… the informality of the staff… the free discussions in John Holmes' study… the Sunday teas in the headmaster's living room… the classical music. These impressions may belong to another story, but they serve to highlight the incongruity of Pickering's attempt to reach out to the rural people. Incongruous, unexpected, exceptional and exemplary.

At that time the main thrust of Pickering's extension effort was a Rural Life Conference. Beginning in 1931 the College was opened immediately after New Years, for a three day conference, an annual event continuing until the arrival of World War II. About 100 attended, mostly young people from church and farm groups. The programmes were stimulating and varied, which reflected the Pickering concept of education, informal, active and informative. Remember the college was not offering accommodation for a conference organized and financed by an outside group. It was planned, promoted and financed by the College. Nor was it a revenue gimmick devised to keep the staff busy in the off season. If I recall correctly the charge for accommodation and fees was $1.00 per day.

It may be remembered that at this time there was an enormous interest in, and admiration of the Danish Folk School. The Carnegie Corporation had sent several Canadians abroad to study a phenomena which was credited with the astonishing success of Danish agriculture on the British market which Canadian products had dominated during World War I. Everyone was intrigued by reports that these schools did not teach farming techniques, but tried to instill or develop a capacity to think and reason, to perceive beauty, appreciate goodness, to know about and have pride in tales of the Nordic heroes. These reports gave a spicy lift to critics of the Ontario Agricultural College and its graduates who worked for the Department of Agriculture. The belief was that they were instructed not to bother the famous heads with the economic solutions, farm prices, markets and the like, to see that farmers did not organize as they had in 1919 to turf out a Tory regime, but rather to farm more efficently, and as the saying went "make two blades of grass grow where one or none had grown before". The **Farmer Magazine**, writing about "The 1934 Rural Life Conference", states "many felt that the possibility of a Canadian Folk School was no longer an idle dream, but that somehow in its three years of existence it (Pickering College) had become such a School".

The staff was involved, and distinguished speakers were brought in. A.B.(Bernie) Hodgetts led a daily group on "The Economic Problems of Today"; Reg Blackstock on health and diet; Graham Spry, a noted champion of state broadcasting espoused the socialist position; Earl Rowe, later federal leader of the Conservative Party, presented his party's view point on the way out of the depression. These were not just set lectures. These were small group discussions (an innovation) and lively questions and rebuttals from the floor.

For instance, Blackstock raised some heckles, by suggesting, or so he was charged, that farmers were a bit lax when it came to bathing. It was a sensitive issue, for electricity, pressure pumped water and bathrooms were not prevalent on farms. In

fact the installation of hydro and a bathroom would have cost more than two years at Pickering. Blackie raised a storm, and had to back down. For those who knew Blackie as an uncompromising basketball coach, it was a rare sight to see him backwater. Pacifism was a strong issue in those days, and of course the Quaker outlook was put forth by none other than the pastor from the Maitland Street Meeting House, Raymond Booth.

It was a mere decade or so before Drachau, Stalingrad, and Hiroshima, looking back. The optimism of the speakers is saddening. As we talked the Germans and Italians were being given a green light in Spain, by Great Britain, France and others, to put down a left leaning but democratically elected government. Another sign of the times was the favorable reports, brought back by a visitor from Russia. Even though the loss of freedom was deplored, it was believed this condition was temporary. The purges, and sputnik were yet to come. There is no reported mention of bureaucracies. That phenomena, as old as armies and theocracies, had not yet fixed its numbing embraces on governments of left and right, on business, even on schools and art galleries. If bureaucracies were a problem then, it does not appear to have worried anyone, at any rate there was no mention of it.

Lectures and discussions were not the whole programme. There was community singing, folk dancing, crafts, games in the gym, Mrs. Booth was available for counselling. There is no record of what sort of problems were brought to hand. The overall effort was one of great satisfaction, the pleasant and unfamiliar ambience of a small college, the good food, and the hot showers. Unlimited hot water. Wow.

There was some follow up from the conferences. Those who attended were encouraged to return, to make use of the library, and to keep in touch with staff. Some did but not, I believe, to the extent of creating a drain or burden. One of those who did maintain contact was Leonard Harmon, a farmer's son from a nearby hamlet with the exemplorary name of Temperanceville. When I moved on to the the University of Toronto, he was awarded The Rural Life Scholarship. He had completed Grade XIII, at Aurora High School, consequently an imaginative programme was designed for him: reading, tutorials, and auditing lectures at Varsity. Having completed one year, Leonard continued as an extension worker. The scholarship money was being used for some kind of minimum support. It is hoped he has records and recollections of his activities under this unusual arrangement, a private boys school engaging a social animator for the surrounding region.

It is impossible to record these activities without asking "what was the motivation of the corporation, of the staff and particularly of the headmaster. Everyone believed, in those days before the war that he would enter politics. There was only a question of detail. When? Which party? Where? He was not yet forty. He would not spend the rest of his life at a small boys' school. I say everyone believed this. Perhaps not everyone, but it was common talk among students, and among youth attending the conference. One day, while a student there, I encountered Earl Rowe, and another man, "waiting to see Joe", I stopped to chat, he explained they were hoping to persuade Joe to run in an upcoming election. Apparently the Conservatives believed he was destined for politics, apparently he said, "No".

Why then this extension programme? It will be recalled that in those days the remarkable men at the University of St. Francis Xavier University had developed a

remarkable extension programme to alleviate the poverty and destitution in eastern Nova Scotia. St. Francis Xavier was a small, little known University, or it had been. Now its name was on many lips. Carloads of Americans arrived there every summer. Carnegie Corporation was generous it its support. Many educational institutions were impressed. For instance when I was appointed (by McGill University) to head up an experiment in rural education in English speaking Quebec, I was sent immediately to Antigonish to study their methods. It is possible the staff and corporation at Pickering was impressed too…perhaps the archives, or the memories of staff members still alive will offer some clues about motivation, and aims.

Whatever the details there is no doubt in my mind that the energy and conception, and direction came in large measure from Joe McCulley. His charisma obscured everything that happened there. This fray into rural Ontario could be no exception. Whenever he appeared the Rural Life Conference came alive. As a history teacher his personality came between him and the ideas he was espousing. He was too strong. With an audience he could espouse a cause with power, wit and persuasiveness. If I put down his remarks today in cold print, they may sound corny and dated. Fifty years ago we responded positively to convincing oratory.

He closed the 1934 Conference with these words: "Heads up, eyes port, tackle your job." One and all we went down from the Hill intending to do as bid. The message was not to go out to make money, or plot nifty careers but to do something about the sorry mess out there we had been complaining about in here.

Most of us went down from the Hill determined to save the world. Perhaps everyone, being human, fell short of those resolutions. Some fell by the wayside held down by the demands of everyday earning and living or overwhelmed by occasional disasters. Some responded to the call to arms and were cut down in some distant battlefield, their hope still fresh for a peaceful world and useful life in it. Some did find ways to fulfill their own promise and potential, possibly in some way in response to his bidding. I believe all were more complete persons because of these experiences and challenges, even if to-day they rarely remember the name of Joe McCulley, or that of the college he led so well in the Hungry Thirties.

For my part this account is a modest memorial, offered too little and too late, for a man and a place, indeed for all the men and women, who made my sojourn there rich and memorable.

Biographical information (from a Queen's Theological College pamphlet announcing the R. Alex Sim Rural Ministry Fund): Robert Alexander Sim, born in 1911, in pioneer Saskatchewan was brought up in Holstein, Grey County, Ontario. Active in rural community life from boyhood, he served as premier in Ontario's Older Boys' Parliament, in 1931; active in the United Farmers Young Peoples Organization and a co-founder of the New Canada Movement. As a result he was given a scholarship to Pickering College, spent undergraduate years at Victoria College of University of Toronto. He helped establish the coop residence which still exists, played soccer, was active in Hart House,and worked to earn his way. After graduation he began innovative sociology at McGill University with Macdonald College to establish extension programs to enrich life for anglophones in the eastern townships of Quebec, funded by the Carnegie Corporation. In all twelve "Community Schools" were founded,

including the Ottawa Valley and Chateaugay. Camp Laquemac for leadership training was begun. Earlier he visited folk schools in Nova Scotia.

Winter snows led to a local radio experiment in listening groups that became the CBC's National Farm Radio Forum (1941-1965), recognized by UNESCO and then adapted for India and Africa. A masters from the Teachers College at Columbia Univ. in rural sociology and adult education, 1943; then further work at Michigan State Univ. in cultural anthropology brought him back to teach at U of T. His family kept its rural roots living on a farm in Oakville, and later at 'Strathmere' in the Ottawa Valley, when he received a senior position in the Dept. of Citizenship and Immigration. It served in summer as a children's School of the Arts. Later, his family grown, it became an adult residential workshop- the Canadian folk school.

Under the Citizenship work Alex Sim travelled across Canada and to the far north advancing multiculturalism for immigrants and first nations' peoples incorporating the same values of social justice he sought for the rural farmer as a young man, but on a larger palette-community development, ecology and sustainability -- anywhere in the world people are poeple. In 1963, he set up Strathmere Associates as a consultancy for governments, NGO's, and other bodies, including churches. He freed himself further, when Strathmere was sold in 1979, to lecture and write.

In 1982, he became president of the Rural Learning Association, and received the Senior McGeachy Scholarship enabling him to assess the rural crisis in Canada and write two books. More recently he initiated the Rural Canadian Bibliography, a comprehensive listing in an interactive website housed at University of Guelph. Launched by the Rural Learning Association and the Canadian Association for Rural Studies and funded by the W.C. Wood family, this is a major tool for work in rural communities. It can grow into the future exampling Alex Sim's visions: to assist the growth of each person and to work toward the regeneration of the new rural community. The most recent honour recognising his life lived in service and supporting the goals he has advanced is “The R. Alex Sim Rural Ministries Fund” established by Queen's Theological College in Nov. 0f 2002.

His memories of time at Pickering College and it's Rural Life Conferences when a youth make Alex Sim's ties to "Quakers and Agriculture" clear. They are representative of what Friends were doing in the small communities where they lived from their first settlement. (And Friends were early settlers in Grey County!) As we support rural meetings and communities in the future we recognise that Alex Sim has contributed modern means for achieving fuller community. We proceed, thankful for his vision and supportive fellowship as we move into the future.

"The Thoughts of Youth--" As Revealed at the Pickering College Conference

By Ethel Chapman

Article reprinted from
THE FARMER MAGAZINE, FEBRUARY, 1936

"The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts," said Longfellow. After listening through the Community Life Conference at Pickering College, we have a feeling that, given certain encouragement, the thoughts of farm youth are longer than most.

It is unusual, perhaps, to find young people of the land coming together for three days to discuss such things as the responsibilities of citizenship, youth and war, economic systems, international relationships, why we behave as we do and problems of youth in the light of religion. But young men and women from the farms of York County have been holding such conferences at Pickering College annually for five years now, and the assembly this year was the largest yet, with a considerable attendance from other parts of the province. The conference is sponsored by the College with the co-operation of the local representative of the Department of Agriculture, Ralph White. Evidently the Headmaster, "Joe" McCulley, who originated the idea, saw a conference of this type as a means by which the College could contribute something in the way of adult education to the community and the community has responded wholeheartedly.

In welcoming the visitors, Mr. McCulley explained that the purpose of the conference was mainly inspirational, to help us to face problems not just in the cold light of knowledge, but wanting to do something

about them, to try to make the world a better and happier place to live in. We might not agree with everything the speakers said, but the object was to set us thinking on problems beyond our own concessions but which neverthless affect us. "The world," he said, "has become a neighbourhood with the nations treading on each other's toes. We must learn to appreciate the point of view of other people, Canadians and Americans, whites, yellows and reds must learn to live together. So this is a community life conference related not only to our own county or nation but to the large community of human beings which exists all over the world. Our hope is to create a better community."

Rather amazingly, throughout the conference, both addresses and discussions kept these broader, world-wide and national issues linked with the individual's responsibility right at home. When A.B.Hodgetts, of the College staff, reviewed "Recent Trends in Europe"- the Italian - Ethiopian situation with events leading up to it and the present efforts of the League of Nations, he concluded that in the whole question of war and peace we cannot hope for peaceful, harmonious relationships so long as we have not such relations in a society. Situations such as dire poverty and destroying food to keep the market steady have a tendency towards war. We can bring changes through the ballot but we can't do that until we have a more enlightened electorate. It is necessary to revise our educational system. Our high school education doesn't relate enough to living; children should be taught something of economics and practical politics and the problems of other nations."

A.M.Chipman, also of the College, summed up his views on "Canadian Business and the Primary Producer" with the suggestions that the government policy which offers up primary products, especially the products of agriculture, at a sacrifice, cannot last, but that other industries must also be considered; neither can an economic system which protects the investor and saver at the expense of the laborer last; and it should be our business to acquaint ourselves with taxation and its effect in equalizing income.

In a very provocative address - and we believe no one missed a bit of its humor – Prof. Frank Underhill of the University of Toronto sketched "The Canadian Political Scene "- the gradual passing of the two party system, though "to ask the average voter, to say more than yes or no is putting too heavy a burden on his intelligence and he breaks down under it," and the advantages of vocational representation in parliament - farmers, putting up farmer candidates and electing their choice, and every other vocational group doing the same. The Western agrarian movement which is economic as well as political and has built up co-operative marketing associations most of which have come through the depression with the loyalty of the members, Prof. Underhill compared with the Ontario farmers' efforts at co-operation. "The Ontario farmers," he said, "can't co-operate. They prefer to be exploited by middlemen. So a young farmer who wants to make farming a going business should go into an economic rather than a political movement."

Dr. Thomas, of the Board of Evangelism and Social Service of the United Church of Canada, dealing with the question, "How did you vote and why?" also advocated the system of vocational representation, against the present party system where the parliamentarian "represents no one." He felt that in 1935 eighty percent of the Canadian people "walked up like sheep" and voted just as they did in pre-war days. "There is being built up in Canada a control by

finance," Dr. Thomas said. "At the same time, to bring into the open the forces controlling our economic life…. Don't allow a mere flag to take you from thinking; are you ready to think through the problems of Canada's place in world relationships? …The first characteristic of democracy is a sensitive regard for the rights of minorities. To what extent, in Canada, are we recognizing the rights of minority groups?" Stressing the danger of being swept from thinking to a state of emotionalism in a war crisis, Dr. Thomas reminded us that it was generally conceded by thinking people that another world war would mean the end of the white race.

Introducing an opportunity for some, very practical social service work for rural young people, Mrs. Cain of the York County Children's Aid told about the work of that organization and the needs of the children, and of how many of them, seriously handicapped by earlier experience, had blossomed into happy and promising individuals in the atmosphere of good foster homes. We can imagine numbers of young people's groups putting on a concert or a dance to raise funds to buy clothes or books or something else that these children need. And no doubt some junior institute will want to give a party for those who are still in the Shelter – not just as a treat for the children but as a child study project for themselves, for practice in handling children's games and story telling and preparing a children's party supper. The Aid directors realize that the children in the Shelter very much need such social contacts outside the institution.

Then the program turned to some of the more personal concerns of youth, with Mr. McCulley leading a discussion on "Why We Behave As We Do." Psychologists used to consider, Mr. McCulley said, that a child was born with certain instincts which were passed on from generation to generation. We are not quite certain now, just how many instincts a child is born with. Apart from fear and a few others, the number is very small. But more important than instinctive behavior are a number of "urges" or desires, and unless we find satisfaction for these in a natural, legitimate way we are likely to have unbalanced mental health.

Of the five basic urges, the first is the desire for Recognition. We want to know that we count for something with our fellowmen. If a boy has no place in which he can shine we may expect certain behavior problems. There is the desire for new Experience. We cannot go on day after day, week in and week out, in the same way without killing something that is fine and lovely in our personality. If we have enough imagination we can create new experiences for ourselves; farm young people may find these in a broad program in club work, church groups and reading. Another basic desire is for Affection, the desire to know that as an individual we count for something with another individual. In adult life this is expressed in love for the opposite sex, a man and a woman promising to love each other 'till death do them part," and going on from there as a unit. If not satisfied normally this desire develops into various maladjustments. Normally it results in the founding of homes with all that these mean to the individual and the community. Next we have the desire for Power. We all like to feel ourselves in a position of control. This is not a selfish but a perfectly natural desire unless it grows out of balance - as in the case of a German painter who became a dictator - then we have megalomania, power gone mad. The safeguard against this is to learn to do something so well that we can have success in achievement. We grow under the consciousness of this, whereas repeated failure

is a blighting experience. "If you have anything to do with young life in any shape or form," the speaker said, "see that it has some measure of success." Finally there is the desire for Security. This is not merely a physical or economic matter; it is as much a mental as a physical thing, dependent to a great degree on our attitudes.

Mr. McCulley suggested that we think of our own behavior a little more analytically and see if these urges explain some of our own conduct. The initial letters of the basic urges, Recognition, Experience, Affection, Power and Security, spelling the word "reaps," might help to remind us of the truth that a man reaps what he sows. Someone wanted to know of a book for continued study along this line and Mr. McCulley recommended "The Motives of Men," By G.A.Coe.

The question of behavior was followed up by Raymond Booth, of the Society of Friends, from the angle of the sublimation of urges which cannot at the moment find their natural satisfactions. One of these most vital to youth, the love for an individual of the opposite sex, has its natural expression in marriage, but, the speaker reminded us, it comes into being in the 'teen years before marriage is practicable or, for many reasons, desirable. In addition to this, modern economic conditions often postone marriage indefinitely. Sublimation comes in here, in preserving a sense of the beautiful, good and true, taking the drives of life out of selfish desires and converting and them into use in an orderly world. We might liken this to the hydro-electric power system which is power diverted from the natural course into a useful channel without being destroyed for its natural destination. Briefly, Mr. Booth gave the contrasting picture in a reference to the murder of Ruth Taylor – a man who saw nothing in a woman but a human body, felt nothing but a brutal desire. "Most marital difficulties," he said. "develop in homes where there is no social aspect to the sex relationship."

Discussions on "Problems of Youth" were conducted by Mr. Booth each day of the conference. The young people stated their problems – unemployment – not for the youth of the farm but for the youth of the world in almost every other walk of life, problems of war, sex, religion, responsibilities in citizenship and international affairs, and the leader directed the discussion to the teachings of Christ in solving these problems.

The questions were searching and radical as the questions of youth are likely to be where there is no suppression. The answers were equally frank. There was criticism of the church with doors locked except for a few hours on Sunday, of systems of justice which are not tempered with mercy and of the easy-going morality which conceives of a God tolerant of anything. Some established creeds came in for questioning but when a young man asked how he, with his newer beliefs could go home and work with the orthodox religionist "who had accomplished things through the church that he himself might never be able to do," the answer was to maintain the old contacts, to be patient under misunderstanding and to work through existing organizations; otherwise he would have to spend most of his lifetime building a new organization while his vigorous years were needed for the more vital thing of interpreting, living out the teachings of Jesus.

"I hope youth will not let older people solve its problems," said Mr. Booth, "but youth cannot afford to disregard the advice of experience. The past has a lot of advice to offer if it is only in reverse gear. Youth is not always right as we have evidence in the recent Youth Movements of Italy and Germany, and of Russia which is more ide-

alistic but lacking in many ways. If there is to be a 'Youth Movement' in Canada, I hope it will be along the lines of this conference."

Prof. Drummond Wren, of Toronto University, introduced the Agricola Study Movement. For an outline of this study course, please read "The Farmer's University of the Air" on page one of our January issue, or turn your radio to CRCT any Saturday evening at 6.35.

One of the star features of the program was the address on "Youth and War" by Dr. Stanley Russell. Here are a few of his views:

"The world realizes now that the world war did not solve a single problem….In every walk of life there is a revolt against war. It calls out the bestial in men, driving them not only to kill but to be killed….Conscription is slavery. I saw them herded and treated like cattle – some of the finest young fellows that ever were born.

"Disarmament conferences are futile because armament interests see to it that nothing is done. We must work to stop private ownership of armaments

"There are two views at grips in the world today: nationalism and Tennyson's conception of 'the parliament of man, the federation of the world.'"

"During the last years there has grown a new view of Jesus of Nazareth. The use of the whip of cords in the temple cannot be likened to poison gas."

Replying to the question, "What should a young man do if his country becomes involved in war?" Dr. Russell said:

"A young man's attitude should be dictated by his conscience. If conscience takes a young man to the trenches, he is worthy of admiration; if takes him to jail the admiration should be equally great. But don't dictate to the conscience of others….I don't know of any case in which it is not right to feed the hungry or care for the wounded….If you are going to look at war from the standpoint of the Christian religion, it doesn't matter what Italy or Germany do. You have to do what Christ would have you do. Don't worry if people tell you not to go by sentiment, to be logical. The wrongs of the world have always been removed by sentiment, not by logic.

"You will be told that wars are inevitable, that human nature does not change. If the Christian religion is worth anything human nature must be changed."

A girl asked if women should take a more active part in the outlawry of war and Dr. Russell replied that women's minds were equal to men's, that he had always believed that since a woman took the highest honors in his university class, but women had votes and what were they doing with them? They should stand for all reforms for social betterment.

(In the discussion groups the next day a number of the young men thought that a girl's attitude might have a lot to do to driving men to enlisting.)

Other live interests of the conference were the handicraft demonstrations by Mrs. Gracia Booth – at every intermission the room was crowded with boys as well as girls, experimenting in the arts of weaving and rug making. The College craft shop was also open to the visitors and the gymnasium and the rink. There was after dinner music by artists connected with the college and from among the farm group. John Madsen and a troupe from the city put on an evening of Danish Folk Dancing and after that the young people had folk dancing themselves.

The community life conference at Pickering College is planned not only for the young people of York County and its

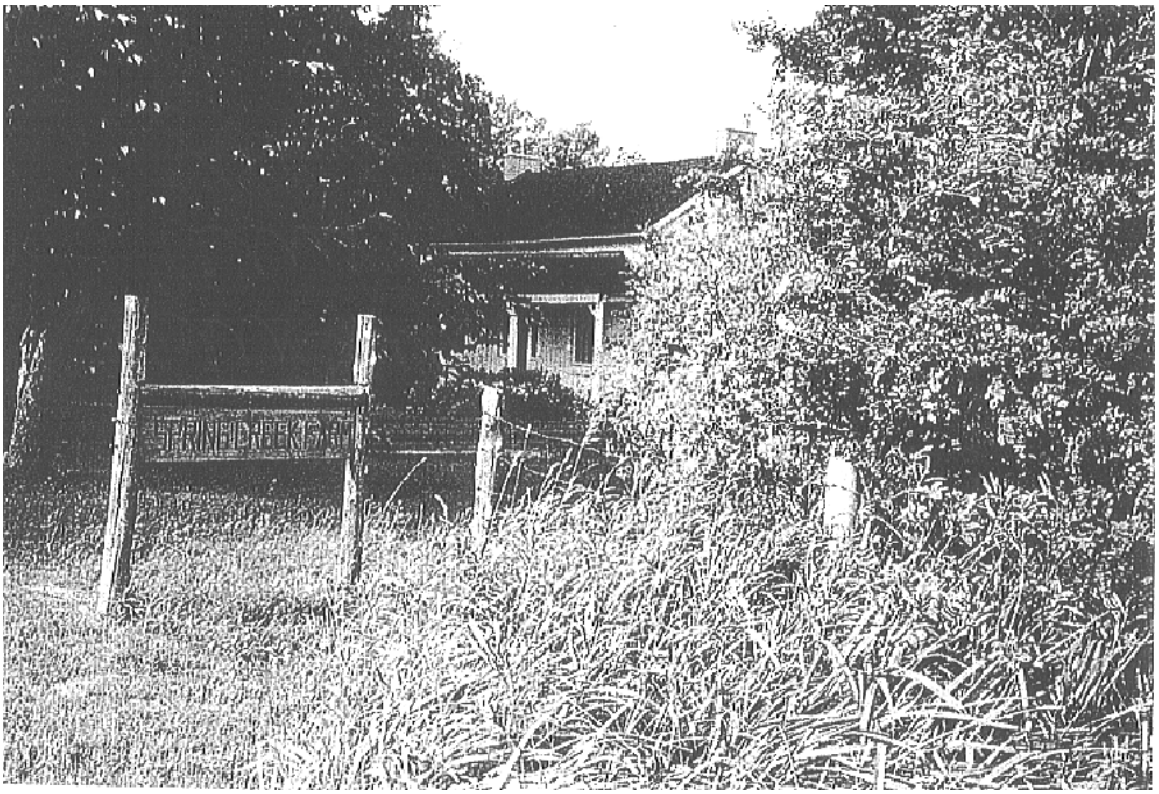
environs. The College will welcome any young man or woman interested in a program of this nature. And we believe that plans are already under way for the conference next year.

A Loving Refuge At Spring Creek Farm

By Donald Laitin

"We are looking for a farm to grow beans and vegetables" said Cesar Guzman calling from the Literacy Centre in Toronto. It didn't take Barbara and Don Laitin but a few moments to think about the six acre field they were going to put into trees. "That field would be a good place for the learners to come and plant beans" said Barbara. She was speaking of the adult "learners" in ESL living in Toronto who originally came from El Salvador to come and plant beans and other vegetables on Spring Creek Farm nestled in the hills of Mono Township.

Our journey in working together began in 1991 with the six acre field. Pinto and kidney beans were planted and harvested as part of this "socializing" farming program to bring refugees and new Canadians together from Toronto to this rural setting. The Canadian Multilingual Literacy Centre's executive director, Manuel Pinto, Cesar Guzman and Barbara and Don Laitin collaborated in this community building project. The yield was friendship and hospitality. The crop of beans and vegetables harvested were entirely for the consumption and marketing use of the students of the



Spring Creek Farm

Literacy Centre.

The fields, which one year expanded to 16 acres, were qualified for an organic crop. Several times a month during the summer and fall, over six years, a van load of ten to fourteen adult students from the centre arrive at Spring Creek Farm near the Hockley Valley and Orangeville Ontario.

Social life was enhanced with meals, singing and guitar music in the large farm kitchen. Barbecues were frequently held along with graduation ceremonies for the learners. We became a family. The students developed their language skills. Because of our limited Spanish, English was the working language at the farm.

Field trips to other farms were arranged to educate the students on Canadian farming practices. One year, the students arrived in a rented school bus to visit a large modern Holstein dairy farm producing milk for the Toronto market. Another year, we arranged a two day forum to visit potato and beef cattle farms, one involving Mexican labor. The field visits were then followed by a panel of agricultural experts who would share ideas of how the new Canadians could be employed on farms and in the agricultural industry. Some later found employment in the greenhouse production of vegetable plants.

Planting by hand was a decision discerned by the Literacy Centre in order to involve more members of the group in all phases of the program's life. Planting, weeding and harvesting by hand is hard work, but it's work that provided welcome relief from the extraordinary stress of adjusting to a new country and a new way of life. We used our John Deere Van Brunt seed drill one year when they were late in planting and only three students could come. We brought in a combine one year for the larger acreage.

The learners from El Salvador were used to hand planting and harvesting. All in coordinated motion, like a ballet, with a pouch of seeds at their waist, they walked steadily down the row popping two seeds into a hole made with a stick, then buried the seeds as they stepped along.

Cesar Guzman, the farming project co-ordinator, is from El Salvador and teaches English as a second Language at the Canadian Multilingual Literacy Centre on College Street in Toronto. The centre provides ESL to immigrants and refugees, most of whom had fled political upheaval. Cesar, with a degree in agronomy, left El Salvador in 1987, a country torn by a civil war with 75,000 lives lost in the 12 year battle for justice and land rights for the campesinos. It was not until 1992 that the rebel Farabundo Marti National Liberation Front signed a peace accord with US supported government. Many of the literacy centre's students come from rural backgrounds in the hills where much of the fighting took place.

Donald and Barbara Laitin are Quakers who had worked with refugees through Friends House in Toronto. In 1988, Donald was approached by Salvaide, an aid agency, to travel with a group to El Salvador to witness and report on conditions during the civil war. The group met with church officials, lived with the campesinos in the mountains and provided financial and spiritual support for the community projects.

This experience was profound. It opened the way for the Laitin's to donate some land for the farming project. The Laitin's bought this farm of 47 acres in 1966 after a five year search. Here, they raised their three children, Ann, John and Suzanne all of whom received a Quaker education through Olney in Barnesville, Ohio, Westtown near Philadelphia and Pickering in Newmarket, Ontario.

Retiring in 1987 after more than 20 years of a Hereford cow calf operation, with Donald commuting to a full time job in Toronto and Barbara driving a country school bus while managing the farm, the Laitin's were looking for other uses for the farm and working with the refugees seemed just right.

Since many of the students were farmers back home, they believed farming would offer them the best opportunity to reestablish themselves in Canada. However, while small farms in El Salvador are considered viable, the economic success is a challenge for the small farm in Canada though those with specialty garden crops can make a go of it.

The group believed that with the donated land, collectively, they might make this a successful venture. In 1992, after the farm was certified organic, the students planted 16 acres of beans and some vegetables, harvesting 10,000 pounds of beans with the prospects of selling them for a dollar a pound. With a wet summer, the beans dried poorly and their market was reduced to 30-40 cents a pound. The project then changed direction so the group would raise just enough beans for their own use, to enable them to market some and to give away the rest to friends.

In questioning achievements after six years, Manuel, Cesar, Barbara and Donald were in unity that the affirming answer remained as community building and friendship. Our purpose was to bring people together, to provide a haven where they could experience friendship and hospitality. It became time to move on to new ventures for the students who often returned after their two year course. The students at the Literacy Centre always looked forward to come to the warmth of a loving spirit which was always present at Spring Creek Farm.

During the span of time from 1991-1997 that the farming project continued, Don and

College students help ESL learners hoe the beanfield.

Barbara had co-founded the Quaker Worship Group with its first Meetings for Worship held at Spring Creek Farm in 1992. The Worship Group in the care of Yonge Street Friends Meeting in Newmarket continues at a central place in Orangeville. We feel that those who came here in the farming program went with the care and love provided by all.

Donald and Barbara Laitin are active in the spiritual life of the Orangeville Area Friends Worship Group and Yonge Street Friends Meeting in Newmarket. Donald travels to other Meetings and other places of worship to be a presence of support and encouragement. Barbara, who is similarly led often accompanies Donald on these journeys. The tiny Hockley United Church in our community is one of our places of worship drawn by the messages and the sweetness of its hymns.

From England to Canada, 1834: An Account of the Settlement of the Treffry Family in the Township of South Norwich

Transcribed from typescript by Sandra McCann Fuller

Charles J. Treffry was born in Falmouth, England, 1825, and came to Canada with his father, mother, and their eight other children. He married Alice Corliss in 1854. He died in 1908 and was buried in Milldale. At the request of several of the members of the Historical Society of the County of Oxford, by using the Treffry Journal, C.J. Treffry was able to present to the Society a sketch of the early settlement of the Treffry family in the most remote south-east part of the County then settled, which was upon Lot No.2 in the 10th Concession of what is now called the Township of South Norwich, Oxford County, Ontario.

My father had a family of seven sons and four daughters. His eldest son procured a situation in Bogota as bookkeeper for an English mining company where he went out in company with 50 Cornish miners. His second son procured a similar situation in Brazil. The third son engaged in the tea trade with his uncle in the city of Exeter. The second son returned from Brazil at the expiration of three years on account of ill health, and on his recovery persuaded his father to emigrate to Canada with his five sons and four daughter, as it was very difficult to procure situations in England at that time for such a large family. I find from my Father's diary that, from the 4th of April to the 27th of June 1834, with his son John Treffry Jr, he had much travelling, with many hardships and privations to endure in selecting a spot to build a house in the backwoods for such a large family.

Consequently, on the 4th of April 1834, he sailed from Falmouth [England] in a timber ship called "Brazilla" (a barque) bound for Quebec with 59 passengers on board. My father's diary gives the names, ages, and occupations, of the passengers: his record gives 17 miners, 7 carpenters, 3 shoemakers, 1 cabinetmaker, 1 farm labourer, 1 merchant, 1 old soldier, 1 doctor, - the remainder are women and children. My father and family had an apartment to themselves with free access to the Captain's cabin. The Captain was a very genial Scotch man, about 32 years of age. He allowed my father to copy from his diary or log book, from which he copied a record of the weather, latitude and longitude, and the course by point of compass we were sailing. We had a fair passage of five weeks. When the weather was fine, he would allow the sailors to play games on the deck in the evenings with the passengers. Some of the sailors would be plaiting straw for summer hats.

On the 1st of May, we met the field ice - it was a beautiful bright day, but there was a considerable anxiety whilst passing through it. The Captain was on the crosstrees with a mate on either side at the foot of the ladder to repeat the orders to the men at the helm. No one was allowed to speak but those on the watch. We were twelve hours passing through the ice.

The Captain, wishing to put on a good appearance before entering the port, put some of the men to give the ship a coat of

paint. One of the passengers, a painter by trade, volunteered to help, and my brother John also joined in the work. One afternoon, my brother declined because of a headache; consequently, the painter was alone, and by mistake, the sailor lowered the scaffold instead of raising it, and the poor fellow was dropped into the sea. There was another ship near by and they lowered their boat at once, as did also ours. As soon as he saw an effort to save him, he pushed his hat down tightly and turned on his back. Our boatmen soon picked him up. Had one little boy on board with him. Poor little fellow was in the act of jumping overboard when one of the men caught him and took him down to the cabin until his father was safe on board. The painter was a good swimmer and had saved several lives in Falmouth harbour.

Our ship was complimented as being the cleanest ship in the fleet by the medical men at the quarantine, and we were only detained one night. We were all glad to get some soft bread, even if it was sour, after having been kept on hard biscuit for five weeks. When we landed at Quebec, our Captain gave our family a treat, a nice tea at a private house belonging to a personal friend of the Captain's where we had a treat of thin bread and butter, marmalade - quite a contrast from our ship fare.

We took passage from Quebec to Montreal in the steamer, "John Bull", said to be the largest steamer and ship. This was before the Atlantic line of steamers were running. We had four ships in tow which made it slow work for the steamer; however, we reached Montreal after three days, about half the time it takes now with a good voyage to cross the Atlantic Ocean - quite a contrast - now and then. Now, it only takes about 8 hours on the train. On this steamer we found a lot of filthy emigrants. The steward and waiter were both drunk, which made it very disagreeable for the better class of passengers. My father and his family put up at Mrs Bellaings Hotel where he paid $1. per day for adults.

Our next move was for Kingston via Lachine and Bytown (now Ottawa) and the Rideau Canal. My father made arrangements with a Mr Cushing to transport our luggage and family, including the Doctor Quick who crossed the Atlantic with us, for £27, I think this was Sterling, part of the way by coaches to Grenfield over very rough corduroy roads. We reached Grenfell or Grenfield about midnight. In attempting to leave that place, the boat drifted on a rock where we were from 5 to 8 o'clock in the morning before she was got off. At 8 in the evening, we reached Bytown. On the way, a little boy fell off one of the Durham boats that was in tow. A young Scotchman, named Gordon, went after him with a small boat and one oar, and at a considerable distance in the rear picked the little fellow up.

On May 23rd we left Bytown at 7 o'clock in the morning and ascended the locks which were many feet above the River below. It took 1 hour and 40 minutes in the steamer "Enterprise" with Captain Richards. A leak was discovered about midnight - there was 6 inches of water on the cabin floors. There was no pump on board that could be worked - they finally got one from a barge in tow. A Methodist minister found his boots floating in the water; he left the first opportunity that offered. The next morning got the engine pump repaired. We reached Jones locks about 6 o'clock Sunday morning. Just then, both cranks of the rods broke - the flange of the pipe that connected the cylinders from the steam boiler also parted which was a fortunate circumstance or the boiler would have burst, the engineer said. The Captain consulted with the cabin passengers, and departed for Kingston.

26th May - at Jones Falls fishing, and others hunting. Saw plenty of deer but caught none. Others went fishing and caught plenty. The cook got drunk and declared he would not cook fish all the time. The passengers made prisoner of him and put Mr Chambers, a servant man, in the galley to cook.

27th May - The Captain returned from Kingston with plenty of provisions. We reached Kingston a little too late for the Toronto steamer; consequently, was obliged to remain there all day.

Friday, 30th May - left Kingston for Toronto. Had the cabin with the Spences and Tantons for £1 per head.

Saturday, 31st May - reached Toronto at 2 in the afternoon. Drank tea in the Steamship Hotel, and in the evening went on board the smack for Hamilton. Mr Stonehouse, and the Hon. James Crooks was also a passenger.

Sunday, 1st June - arrived at Hamilton about noon. Put up at the Commercial Hotel kept by Mrs Green. John and self left Hamilton in the afternoon for Waterloo. Slept at Groffs Inn which was filled with emigrants of all sorts. Could only get one bed between three of us. In the same room were some Irish emigrants. Our driver slept in the stable; he fared the best of us. We drove for several miles after night through the woods and over corduroy roads, during which it was constant lightning.

Monday, 2nd June - arose early in the morning - the air very cold, indeed. Drove into Doctor Robert Jeffrys to breakfast; reached his house in the pine woods in Waterloo at about half past seven o'clock. We waited 2 hours for our breakfast. He took great pains to inform us that purchasing from private individuals was safer than from the Canada Company, or even the Government. We returned to Hamilton the same evening.

Tuesday, 3rd June - at Hamilton all day. Attended the sale of the Government lands. Most of those sold were town and farm lots near the Grand River to a party of Dutch men.

4th June - went to Burgesses about 15 miles from Hamilton. Took lodgings at 5/ per week. No fire in the house. The women were obliged to cook on the ground without any cover over head until a kind neighbour came one morning and cut some crotches and poles for to support some new boards for a roof. Our bread, which was often dough on one side and a burnt crust on the other, was baked in an iron kettle. The owner of the house had a situation in Hamilton. His wife was a dressmaker from London England, and knew nothing about cooking with such surroundings.

6th June - self and John, with several others, went to see the land along the Grand River. Some of it appeared pretty good. Behind was clay soil, badly watered. They had to dig 100 feet without finding water. Got to Cambro in the evening, very much fatigued with our journey.

Saturday, 7th June - arose early. Left Cambro without our breakfast - a bad plan for Canada. Rode for 8 miles towards Dunville bridge, then turned to the right towards Cayuga. The soil sandy on the banks of the river but clay bottom a very short distance back from the river. Bad to work, but little water to be had for miles, and the little to be had, very bad to use. Arrived at Bryant's Hotel about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, all tired, with our horses starved. Got venison for dinner. After refreshing ourselves, started for Hamilton and Burgesses. My son, John, the Doctor, and myself went by way of Ancaster for Burgesses, but missing our way, got benighted. Arrived at Sharp's Inn at Flamborough where we staid for the night.

Sunday, 8th June - left Sharp's for

Burgesses. Arrived there to breakfast and rested, being very weary.

Monday, June 9th - left for Paris and Oxford (now called Woodstock). Breakfasted at Paris; dined at Oxford. Called on Captain Drew. Rode several miles through thick woods. We returned to the Inn as we could get no lodgings elsewhere.

Tuesday, 10th June - got an early start right after breakfast and started for Stratford on Avon in the Huron Tract. Rode through Tora, many parts of which is well-watered with running streams - a rare thing to be found in Upper Canada. Went several miles through thick woods. Dr Quick's mare got tired and was obliged to be led. Arrived at Stratford just as it was dark. The wheat and oats was destroyed by frosts - could get no hay nor grass for our horses. The tavern keeper said he had tried for miles around without success. Here, we found the house full of emigrants of all descriptions. With difficulty, we got 2 beds in the end of a large room so filled with men, women, and children, spread on the floor that we could scarcely get to our beds without stepping on them. We engaged with the company's agent to look at a spot in the morning. We rose about four o'clock in the morning, took a walk around the town which had been represented to us as being a growing place in its time. There is a grist mill, saw mill, a store belonging to the Canada Company where most things can be bought for money and some on credit. But the people said another store was much needed to keep prices within fair limits. About half past five, we met with a man going to work about a new building. We saluted each other with a cold morning this, and got into conversation with him and found he had been three years in the country. "Pray, how do you do. I like this part of the country," he replied. " I should like it well enough if it was not for the great uncertainty of the weather - one day it is very fine and warm - the next day may be a hard frost which has destroyed the crops for the last two seasons." The landlady at the Inn said she had lost three sowings of garden seeds; yet, she and her husband were most profuse in praising the country and climate - like the companies agents and book-writers - interested in puffing. We were to go to see a 100 acres, but the weather was very cold, the crops for miles around destroyed, and so very different from those in Waterloo, Dumphries, Flamborough, Oxford, and many other places, we determined to return by way of Galt. We proceeded 10 miles to Galt where we slept.

Left Galt early in the morning. Rode to Erb's Hotel or Inn to breakfast where we slept. Arrived home to Burgesses to dinner ...

Afterwards, we rode to Brantford where we met Edmond Lossing who invited us to go to Norwich to see some land to sell there. Accordingly, we returned our horses to Hamilton.

14th June - Left Hamilton for Brantford by the stage, six in the morning. Breakfasted at Ancaster, and arrived at Brantford at one. Left soon after with Jesse Stover in his waggon. Arrived at Edmond Lossing's in the evening and was kindly entertained by him and his wife. Weather very warm.

Sunday, 15th June - Went to Friends Meeting - about 150 or 200 present. Dined at Edmond Lossing's. Several came without their coats or shoes. Met Benson Lossing from Summerville who invited us to go with him and his wife to Summerville to see several spots for sale. We gave the preference to Lot No. 2 in the 10th Concession, a clergy reserve abandoned by a black man. It appeared well-watered and finely situated. We were kindly received

and well entertained by Benson Lossing and his wife.

We lost no time in bending our way to Toronto, and after walking seven miles in very hot sun, we got a waggon to take us to Batty's Inn, 48_ miles from Brantford, for 15/ , in all 28 miles. Arrived there about half past eleven at night.

Tuesday, 17th June - Arose at 4 o'clock. Got breakfast. Started for Burgesses in the forenoon. Rain with thunder and lightning most of the way and very hot.

18th June - still confined to the house by the weather.

19th June - We started for Hamilton. Waggon got there to breakfast. At noon, took the steamer for Toronto. Had great difficulty getting lodgings which was, at last, obtained in the British Coffee House. Went to bed on two small sofas in a sitting room and thought ourselves well off. At one, awakened by the waiter who begged us, as a particular favour, to give up our room to some ladies who had just arrived by a steamer. We started over another pair of stairs with our clothes in our arms and stayed in other rooms.

20th June - As soon as we had breakfast, we started for Mr A.B. Nawke and handed him the letters we brought with us from McIhon William and Mr Nawkes' brother. He immediately accompanied us to the Land Office, and in a very kind and handsome manner spoke to the Honble Peter Robinson and the clerks in the office. He appeared very ready to give us any information relative to the spot of land we had in view. From what transpired, we concluded to return and take all the family down to Summerville. Very hot weather with thunder storms.

Saturday, 21st June - Returned from Toronto to Burgesses.

Monday, 23rd June - John went to Norwich with a load of goods with Mr Hamilin's team, and returned on the 24th, sooner than expected.

Thursday, 26th June - All hands left Burgesses for Summerville. Slept at Burford House Inn kept by William Doyle.

Friday, 27th June - Arrived at Summerville about three o'clock in the afternoon, and was kindly received by Benson Lossing and his wife at the school room which was vacant for want of a teacher. These kind friends provided a meal for us which was very acceptable after a long ride in a lumber waggon over new and rough roads. Father and Mother with 9 children. Father and Mother and the youngest child slept in the log schoolhouse; the remainder of the family in a new barn without doors, some in hammocks, others in the waggon and sleighs.

As soon as he found, as he thought, a suitable location, he proceeded to cut logs and procure lumber to build a log house. He began to cut logs on the 7th of July.

26th July - Settled with the choppers. Paid them for 6_ acres at 6_ dollars per acre. They boarded themselves. This, with the clearing that the black man had made, left 8 acres clear. About 6 acres of this was put into wheat but the harvest was late in November. The weather was very wet and it grew long sprouts as it stood in the field among the tree roots. This 6-acre field surrounded with a thick forest gave it no chance to dry between showers.

On the 19th of September, raised the new log house. He built his house 20 x 32 feet with good straight logs. Cost over $20.

On the 20th of October we removed from the old Southwick house into it whilst the house was being built. A well was being dug. The blue clay was used for plastering the chinks between the logs and for building a chimney. At that time, there was only one door - the north door space was

filled with the boxes with our clothing brought from England - and the floors were laid with loose boards. The wolves often made a good deal of noise but they would stop by my Father going out and calling to them. We had a place under the floor of the house to keep potatoes and other vegetables in from the frost. My father built a clay oven out-of-doors to bake short cakes, and sometimes a loaf before the fire in the house.

My father bought two brood sows, a 2-year old heifer, and a young mare, which he found afterwards to be a pretty heavy stock to begin with before he raised any crop. We had a stable built of split basswood logs stood endwise at the end of the house where the horse and cow was kept for the first winter, and where some hay and oat sheaves was stowed away for them. A considerable time was spent to make the house and stable tight and comfortable.

The first crop of wheat was sown in October and some in November. A quantity of apple trees was purchased from the Willson Nursery ten miles north from here and heeled in for the winter to be in readiness to plant in the spring. He was told by some of his neighbours that he was too old to see them bear fruit, but before he reached his seventieth year, he saw a hundred bushel gathered from these trees. He frequently remonstrated with those who said he was too old to expect fruits in his time.

Then, he set to work to cut and split rails to fence his wheat crop and his ground for orchard. He and his sons commenced underbushing to clear more land for the next year.

We were, at this time, 9 miles from Norwich Post Office which had been kept by the late Peter Lossing, the first postmaster in Norwich, which was a mile north of the present Norwich Post Office. Doctor Cooke was his successor, and the first doctor in the Township.

On the 18th November 1834, I find the first mention of Otterville Post Office. All the mail, prior to this, I find Norwich is mentioned.

On the 25th November - went to Otterville P.O. There was no letters.

On the 28th November - went to Upper Settlement to post a letter. Paid 2/ currency to New York. (I should take it from their memos that Otterville Post Office was not established until November 1834, and then probably only once a week. See the change, now in 1907, we have 6 mails per day. CJT)

Monday, January 5th, 1835 - John attended the Town Meeting in the Upper Settlement (where all the Township Officers were elected - pathmasters, poundkeepers, etc.

April 6th, 1835 - John Treffery Jr married Mary Ann Southwick, a granddaughter of Peter Lossing, the first settler in Norwich who emigrated from Dutchess County in New York State with a number of others from that locality, many of them following other Friends or Quakers. They built a Quaker Meeting House. Peter Lossing was a minister of the gospel in that Society.

April 19th, 1835 - (Shows the difficulty to procure seed grain.) After dinner, I rode to Edmond Lossing's where I slept. Walked from there to Justice Wilson's to breakfast. Thence, to John Palmer's and Fred Stover's to try and get seed oats, pease, and potatoes. Did not succeed in either place. I returned to Edmond Lossing's, took my horse and rode to Jesse Stover's on the same errand. From thence, to William Barker's, then to Henry Sutton's where I purchased one bushel of potatoes at 2/ York per bushel. Went on to William Harlet's where I was recommended to go to Caleb Tomkins Jr

who had a vandue. I bought two bushel of timothy seed, and was informed that Seth Weston had pease to sell. I accompanied Justice Wilson back to his house where I was hospitably entertained. It rained and snowed most of the day and was very cold. After breakfasting with Justice Wilson, I walked with him to Seth Weston's where I purchased 12 bushel of pease - large white marrow fats at 5/ per bushel, of oats at 2/ and 6d York currency. Returned to Justice Wilson's, took my horse and rode to Joseph Throgmorton's. Thence, to Hugh Webster's, and then returned home on the 21st April. (It would appear that my father was purchasing a large quantity of seed for such a small clearing, but he and his son was working some cleared land upon shares; hence, they required so much seed. My motive in copying so much of his diary is to show what difficulty he experienced in procuring seed grain in the spring from the best of the farmers in that locality. CJT)

24th April 1835 - an ever memorable day. Our darling little Henry, aged 3 years, 4 months, 6 days, caught his clothes on fire by a log heap and was burnt in such a state about 4 o'clock in the afternoon that about midnight he breathed his last. His clothes were literally consumed. We washed him in sweet oil and then dusted him with flour and gave him 6 drops of laudanum which appeared to lull the pain. He was wonderfully patient and departed in a most quiet manner. The trial to his parents and brothers and sisters is very great; yet, we have abundant cause to be thankful to the Almighty for His Mercy in removing him so soon. Had he lived until the following day, his distressed state would have been beyond description. Therefore, we say the Lord be praised and His Will be done on Earth as in Heaven.

Saturday, 25th April - Most of our friends and neighbours called today to sympathize with us on the melancholy event during the past night.

Sunday, 26th April - Several of our kind neighbours called to see us in our troubled state. In the afternoon, John Page brought the coffin and we laid our dear child in it.

Monday, 27th April - Henry Wood, Jacob Barnes, William Sherwood, and Joseph Barnes, carried him as far as Paulina Southwick's. Here, we were met by most of the families in the neighbourhood. After sitting a short time, we set off in three waggons to the Burial Ground and the Friends Meeting House, nine miles north and west from here, where we were met by our worthy friend Justice Wilson who kindly had everything needful prepared. After sitting some time in the Meeting House, we removed the corpse to the ground. All was done in a most quiet and peaceable manner. Several of the friends in the neighbourhood favoured us with their company, and on our return, our kind-hearted friend, Benson Lossing and his wife had refreshments prepared for us. (Note the corpse was carried a mile or more across the woods and fields from our residence to where we were met by the teams. CJT)

Wednesday, 13th May - Self at the Land Office in Toronto. Was informed the Lot we were located should be put up immediately. The Hon. Peter Robinson expressed his regret. It should not have been advertised last summer. I.B. Askin Esq. of London is the District Surveyor, and expected at Toronto every day when the lots would be advertised for the season.

Thursday, 14th May - Left Toronto this morning and came to Hamilton by steam Packet "Britin" in about 4_ hours. Left Hamilton and came to Brantford by Coach. Arrived about 7 o'clock - paid $1.25.

Left Brantford five o'clock in the morning. Took breakfast at Burford at 7.

Got a lift to [Sadour] in Hernan's waggon from the Grand River - paid $1. Thence home.

Monday, 15th June - Left home about 11 o'clock for London. Rode as far as Captain Curtis' situated about half way between Martin's Tavern and Oxford village to breakfast. From thence, to London, 20 miles. Arrived there about half past 10 in the fore-noon. I.B. Askin Esq., Clerk of the Peace and Surveyor of the District, who informed me that the Reserve we occupy was offered for sale twice last year and not sold: viz - on the 20th September and 20th October. He said this year's notices for the sale of land had not arrived; when he received them, I should be informed by post. Wrote to [McNeanke] at Toronto. Left London about 3 o'clock and returned to Dorchester where I had breakfasted, to stop for the night.

Thursday, 16th June - Rose at half past 4. Left Dorchester at 5. Arrived at Captain Curtis' Tavern, 9 miles, to breakfast, and left at 8 for home. Missed my way and came come through Dereham. Called at Mr Bourns and was very kindly entertained with refreshments for horse and self which I much needed. Reached home about sunset, much fatigued.

July 27th 1835 - Attended the sale of lands at Blandford and purchased our farm, Lot No.2 in the 10th Concession of South Norwich for three dollars per acre.

Entries having reference to the Rebellion of 1837-38.

March 10th, 1838 - W. Mason came to summon people to attend at London about training for the militia.

March 28th - Obtained a horse from P. Southwick in order to ride to Hamilton to attend the trial of Solomon Lossing for high treason.

March 29th - Left home on the pony for Hamilton. Stopped for the night 4 miles beyond Brantford.

March 30th - Rode on towards Hamilton. Overtook Mrs Lossing, her son Albert, my daughter Marianna , and Myron Dukes, near Van DeSaip's Tavern where we breakfasted. (Note - my sister was governess in the family of S. Lossing; so, was summoned as a witness in his defence. CJT) Arrived in Hamilton about 2 o'clock. The roads were very bad. They were obliged to get oxen twice to pull the horses and waggon out of the mire.

Saturday, March 31st - At the Court House most of the day hearing the trials of the prisoners for high treason in the late Rebellion. Attended on Mr Strahan, the solicitor, with witness on behalf of Solomon Lossing. Court did not break up till near midnight.

April 1st - Fine weather. Self writing and preparing brief for counsel most of the day.

April 2nd - Fine, but rather colder. Lossing put into the dock for trial. Could not find S. Jennings, a principal witness. Got leave of the judge to put off the trial for that time. Court proceeded with the trial of another prisoner. Did not succeed in getting Jennings. Had to petition the Court and make affidavits that we had made due diligence in searching for him - that he was a material evidence in the prisoner's defense. Judge granted him till 10 o'clock the following morning. Despatched Albert Lossing at half past 5 in the evening for two other witnesses, Dr G.W. Carder and Edward Anderson. Anderson came into Court about 11 o'clock and A. Lossing soon after him. Mr Carder, having lost his way, did not arrive till after the trial was closed. It lasted most of the day - when the jury retired for 3_ minutes and returned with a verdict of "not guilty", to the great satisfaction of the prisoner and all present.

The counsel for Mr Lossing were Mr Strahan and Mr O'Riley. Their joint fees were $90. or £22 10s. This was on Tuesday, the 3rd of April, a very fine day.

April 4th - This day, 4 years, we left dear old England in the "Brazilla". Attended at the Court House and heard sentence of death passed on nine of the prisoners for high treason: viz. Dr Ephraim Cook, Nathan Towan, Stephen Smith, John Taffert, William Webbe, ___ Hammill, Horatio Hill, Peter Malcombe, ___Walrod, to be executed on the 20th of this month (April 1838). Returned as far as Brantford in company with Dr Carder.

April 5th. Weather continues very fine. Left Brantford at 6 in the morning. Arrived at Mt Pleasant to breakfast, and home about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Found Edwin ploughing in the orchard and Charles boiling sap in the sugar bush. Absent 8 days.

According to the Historical Atlas of the County of Oxford, Ontario, 1876 -

In the Township of South Norwich, Charles J. Treffry, and William H. Treffry were still farming Lot 2, Concession 10 at Hawtrey, and Robert S. Treffry was farming Lot 4, Concession 7 at Otterville. In the advertising section, there is a business card for C.J. TREFFRY, CONVEYANCER, ETC, Commissioner for taking Affidavits in the Court of Queen's Bench; Agent for the Trust & Loan Company of Canada; Appraiser of Real Estate.

The Yarmouth Tour
XI - 21 - 2002

by Jane Zavitz-Bond

1. Yarmouth Friends Meetinghouse

A new meetinghouse was needed. The site north of the village on the west side of Quaker Road was selected when more Friends lived north and the distance to meeting with horse and wagon, or walking, made it significant to shift.

Built in 1865, it is an architectural gem, patterned from meetinghouses in Pennsylvania, where many of the families originated. Its proportions balance length, width, and height for a triangle at the end eaves. Our Greek temple, simple and beautiful. The windows with double sashes of nine panes each across the front and sides give lovely light. The grey and white painted interior and the white exterior are the original colours. The ceilings are higher as in Victorian buildings, but the balances were maintained. The men and women's sides were divided by a wood paneled partition which can be raised by a rope pulley device for worship together and then was closed for separate business meetings. Today all meet together. Woodburning stoves in each side give heat, the north stove is the original Van Norman box stove with a heating drum above, the molded panels display fruit.

The porch across the front and to the south, with an attached women's room, now the library, were also added in proportion.

Local timber, mainly tall white pine, was cut and sawed for this structure. Expansion, in 1872, by a 'lean-to' to the west, the rear, which added four rows of benches all the way across to accommodate Genesee Yearly Meeting each third year, did not disrupt the architectural balance. This addition accounts for the panels behind the ministers and elders gallery seating which we see today. The panels were removed when additional space was needed.

Today changes support the meeting: electricity, a kitchen with water under pressure, 'indoor' plumbing, and a smaller room for First Day School with electric heat in the smaller version of the 'lean-to' on the north west, permits year round use. Meeting for worship is held regularly on First Day Morning at 11 a.m. The local members and attenders share pot luck on first First Day after meeting, and Monthly meeting for Business on the third First Day. Visitors are welcome.

2. The Cobblestone House

Begun in 1871 by Abner Chase for his nephew, Isaac, and finished, as the stones on the west peak read, in 1872. This is a striking structure of small cobble stones from the Catfish Creek which runs through the farm. A frame was made to sort the stones for proper size. The colours are set in a herringbone pattern. Harry Smale, an excellent mason, also worked on this house. The red and white brick quoins, the steep roof and finials, and trim, along with main entry door's transom and side lights add to its interest. The Chase family came from Massachusetts to the Yarmouth settlement. Their land was later in the Mills family, with whom they intermarried. Today the Hindleys, Mills descendants, live here.

3. The Cole-Fish Victorian House

Located on the south west corner Quaker Road and John Wise Line, this stately Victorian house was built by the Cornelius Mills family shortly after the American Civil War when farmers in south-western Ontario prospered. Among the earliest settlers from Pennsylvania, they bought 200 acres in the original Col. Baby settlement, and later purchased 1000 acres from the 3000 acres subsequently bought and resold by Jonathan Doan on the 6th and 7th concessions. A Mills daughter married into the Cole family, later immigrants from New York state.

The present owner and occupant, Constance Cole, married Max Fish. They and their son Allen worked to restore the structure, replacing the fine wood cornices under the roof, the porches, and other trim on the brick, as well as planting trees and landscaping, including arbors, to recreate the property's original state. To see the house decorated for Christmas, with a tall tree in the front hall reaching to the upper story, recreates the Christmas setting. Over

the years Quakers coming for yearly and other meetings stayed in the homes of Friends. This house and others, such as Samuel Haight's later similar house, are said to have had over thirty guests at a time.

Allen, Sandra and Greg Fish operate The Sparta Classics workshop and store on this site. The heritage of fine workmanship continues.

4. The Mills House

This simple Greek Revival House was built by the Mills family. Wilson Mills, once our M.P., was born here. The recent front addition appears balanced, but changed the simpler rectangular front. Similar to some houses in the village, this was built earlier and remains a most practical and comfortable dwelling. The ell on the back allowed the work of the house to proceed summer and winter, while the rest of the house was a bit removed. Here we should mention that the spring well helped make this an good place for a home. Access to water, whether by hand or electric pump delivery was essential. It is good water.

The Ken Burton family owned this for many years. It is now owned and cared for by the James Temple family, also farmers over the years. (Photo 4) Ron Burton held the farm on the north east corner of John Wise and Quaker Road, also Mills land. With well maintained buildings and grounds, it is the home of the Vankemonade family, today's more recent settlers who are drawn to southwestern Ontario's farmland.

5. The Jesse Zavitz House

This solid light coloured brick, built near the turn of the 20th century on the north side of John Wise Line just west Cole's School, was the home of Jesse and Jane (Jenny) Zavitz for nearly fifty years. A farmer and blacksmith, the son of Elizabeth, who lived on the 8th concession road, in the 7th, one mile north, just east from Quaker Road across from the Schooley-Haight farm and school. It is also across from the old square Dennis farmhouse, no longer in existence, where Young Friends gathered while older Friends met at the meeting-house. (Referenced here because time did not permit us to go there.) All were part of the land taken by Jonathan Doan to resell to the Friends he encouraged to settle. Jesse and Jenny Zavitz were active members of the meeting and able craftsman who passed his skills to his son, Gilbert, whom I knew as a wise man who could do blacksmithing, tinwork, and many other jobs. His shop held many tools which he knew how to use. Then, he would take a walk in the woods and gather "hepaticas", which some call anemones, also known familiarly as 'blood root'. He knew and shared the poetry of life.

How do I know this? It was his 80th birthday and he told me after meeting one spring day. Quakerism is a way of life, finding wholeness in all we experience, keeping life's blood flowing and strong.

6. The Dutch-Roofed Jesse Zavitz House.

Across the road from the brick house this was Jesse Zavitz' and later, Gilbert's, retirement home, created from the original house and a second structure moved onto the sight and added, with the hip roof over all. A practical 'barn' style building resulted, but with fine interior space and light, two requirements for a home. Gilbert and Irene held Meeting there on winter Sunday's, before the meetinghouse was insulated and made comfortable for year round use. Today the lovely garden, created by the Harry Lushers, owners for many years, have kept it a monument to hard work, loving care and adaptive planning. Finding the way, Friends would say. Part of what we are about in these days of change. And although not friends the Lushers have been supportive members of the community about Sparta.

7. John Minard House

Standing on the north side of John Wise Line east of the Yarmouth Center Road this red brick is plainer, perhaps, as John's wife, Serena, was a recorded Friends' minister. In this area the 'better' houses in the latter half of the 1800's were usually brick, the many

bigger trees were cut and cut stone was not locally available... And, brick was 'in style', considered more substantial. This solid square house with wide front entrance and center hall has stood the test of time. It is now divided into apartments, and since that has preserved it in good condition is acceptable use. It is similar the Smith house in Sparta, but a bit younger, as details show. The new porch is added. The Minards were also on the 8th concession earlier. They were related to other pioneering families. Serena was from Philadelphia and a convinced Friend, who married John and came to the 'hinterlands'. Her picture in the traditional Quaker bonnet was published and was distributed. She supported the Sparta Literary Society, and wrote for the Young Friends Review, published 1885-99, when she went to England for an International Temperance meeting. Meanwhile Serena was supported in her ministry by husband John who owned and operated the family chair factory. He utilized the farm woodlot, including many chestnut trees, on the south side of the road as raw materials for the enterprise. Farming continued; chairs can be made in 'off' seasons. Chestnut was a popular wood for tables and chairs, until disease took the trees when I was a youngster.

When I came to Ontario all these roads, except for the Sparta-Union Line were gravel and maintained by local taxpayers drawing gravel and spreading it when the

ground was frozen to defray their taxes. Many had a gravel pit on their farms. You see one at the corner of John Wise and Yarmouth Center Road that has expanded to sell commercially. This gravel underlay is closer to the surface in some places and also accounts for the good orchards that abounded on Quaker farms. Fruit trees need water, but good drainage, as well. The fruit lands in Niagara also had orchards and nurseries at Font Hill, the site of Pelham Meeting, as well.

8. Airvue Jersey Farm

Robert Willson, and his son Ralph, are the present farmers and dairymen descended from the Willsons in Pelham. Ralph's great-grandfather, Edgar, and his son, Isaac, farmed by Union Pond until about 40 years ago when the family decided to move to a larger, less cut up farm. Suburbia was creeping out to Union, and Robert and his wife, Shirley, were also actively farming so more land was needed. Since then they have built up the dairy operation and utilized the land to feed their Jerseys. They represent the active serious farming business and all put their energies into it. The Jersey has been what one might call a Quaker animal since the Baileys brought them over the mountains to Ohio after 1850. They had high butter fat, and utilized their food well, (ate less for volume produced.) Today, Holsteins, the 'Rag Apple' line, were developed in the Norwich area as that breed became more popular after W.W.II. So more agricultural springs from quaker countryside! Not a commercial, just fact! (Photo 9)

We visited the barn and saw the jerseys prepared for milking. They are in stanchions for milking and then released in the loafing barn, or outside. The milk room has a stainless steel refrigerated tank and the tank truck picks the milk up from there. They graze or are fed hay and chop with minerals. The young calves look like deer in the pens along the front. They are cared for and the herd records show blood lines for good animals with high production. Now the butterfat must be lower or the weight payment for the milk is less. It is a demanding life, and we saw why most people would not undertake it today. Many farmers are only cash cropping to be free for part or the day and year. The dairy hours are long, and can not be shifted to suit the owner! But this is the life these folks chose and they greeted us warmly. Many of us were reminded of the days when we lived or visited relatives on the farm. For others it was a new experience and they found new appreciation for the farmer. The cats came round for attention.

The soy bean was important on the Willson farm as a cash crop, but it also provided winter activity as they selected and polished the beans for a perfect pint to enter in the Royal Winter Fair. Robert Willson won Reserve and then Grand Champion in the 1960's The soybean that cousin Charles, from Lobo, had developed for growing in

southwestern Ontario at OAC.. The table round which they worked after many suppers is still there and welcomes all who come, to a meal, a visit, sharing of thoughts and friendship in a Quaker home.

The red brick house, to which they moved, is representative of many moves by Friends to newer land, much farther away, over the years. They made the new home theirs as they sandblasted the Ontario Gothic, with the familiar front peak to the roof. The side entrance and the 'ell' on the back make a practical hospitable home. Wherever the Willson's have lived they have welcomed relatives and F/friends. Meeting was held in their homes in the winters. They had thrashing and other meals as neighbours worked together. The Christmas party for the meeting when the youngsters portrayed the Nativity is a cherished memory for all who were there. And the stories and laughter shared is part of this special heritage one must experience to believe.

Bob's brother's family, Ed and Kathryn, have their house next door. It was built first by the Union Pond with all the Willson family's help. Uncle Willie came from Welland with his tools. When the farm was sold the house was moved and the new roots put down by the larger family still next door. Additions and thoughtful planning have made the house into the dream long held, and, as they went, it served. That may be what we need today, our homes growing with us.

9. The Kipp-Axford Farm

The house is new, but this is the location of the Kipp property where Jonathan Doan's Mill Store Account Book, with the first entry in 1817, was long stored. This valuable tool is enticing. The first settlers are recorded; the dates they first took supplies may establish when they came. The schooling fees are recorded as Jonathan was treasurer of the meeting. Costs for purchases; debits and credits were based on the various moneys and then balanced as New York Currency/ NYC/ when settled. The goods exchanged credit or debit-- lard, eggs, grain, their labour and that of their horses, or oxen, and wagon for a trip to the 'Kittle crick', or field work . Labour was cheap, witness the credit for weaving or stumping the fields. I wonder how those without funds ever got ahead, but they did. We see the shoemaker getting supplies, leather from Doan's tannery, and making shoes to credit to the account. Jonathan's daughter married a a Kipp, so there is a direct line for the account book's possession. The records are better for earlier years. The store may have been less busy with other stores in the village. And, perhaps Jonathan lost heart, after Joshua was hung. Entries continue until 1842, but are more sporadic. The handwriting changes later and is poorer penmanship. Nevertheless, each entry is valuable. So this site is significant.

Paul Axford, also a Doan-Kipp descendant, shared this valuable artifact when visiting at the farm one summer day. When conversation turned, as it occasionally does(!) to the history of the community. He went home to get something to show me. What a surprise when he returned with this treasure.

10. Cedar Villa.

The picture for an 'Italianate villa' matches the house that became Reuben and

Eva Norman Haight's retirement home in 1901. Found in a book of country homes, the floor plan matches. Still standing on the east side of Highway 4 north of Union across from James Haight' farm. A full cedar hedge beside the drive gave it its name. Marguerite Haight lived here from age 6 until her marriage, and her parents remained there into the 1930's. A couple, named Douglas, lived in the little cottage on the property to give assistance. Family members lived here at various times. Apartments were rented while the air school was at the Psychiatric Hospital during W.W.II. Then it was rented until Russell and Marguerite Zavitz lived here after his retirement from the railroad and before building the new house by the pond on Beaver Creek in the 1970's. They replaced the front porch, rebuilt the kitchen arm facing south, and excavated the full basement while living here. The flower gardens were important, as in many Quaker yards. And house plants were kept over the winter. A small barn housed the buggy horse, Marguerite's riding horse, and the cow. Reuben had a small upright metal churn made for Marguerite to make butter. Just as she had a small hand pushable lawn mower for the grass in the front between the flower beds. Later a car replaced the buggy in the carriage shed attached to the back of the house, and Marguerite's bicycle.

Eva and Reuben had many interests, she painted, played the piano, tatted and crocheted, all of which she taught Marguerite. Reuben gardened, and worked about the house since he was retired. Cousins said he spoiled the women in his family because he did so much! Eva taught young Irish girls who came to live and work how to keep house, cook and sew. They married and were grateful for the domestic education. She enjoyed working with them; John Dewey's learning by doing. Eva was deaf following measles' complications when she was 19, so activity with her hands, and reading, were important. She thought and shared ideas because she could speak. When special friends came to visit she took her shiny ear trumpet out of the little black silk bag to have a 'real' visit over tea.

Before 1910, the Reuben Haights and William Normans, Eva's parents, went to Texas for two winters as Corpus Christi developed. Their son, Percival, Marguerite's much elder brother, was interested in photography. There are pictures from before 1900 of their homes, inside and out. In the late 1950's Russell and Marguerite returned to Corpus Christi, and continued that for the next 17 winters. Marguerite found their earlier house still there, all painted and the nicest edifice in the Spanish section of Corpus Christi. She had learned some Spanish as a girl and worked on it when back in Texas. She painted pictures, one shows Russell with the wind-sail fishing line he sent out in the bay from the beach. They had fish she canned to eat in the summers by the pond. A souvenir of the winter, and shows the care in saving and using what they had, a component of their farming years. Also Quaker practice.

When Marguerite was 16 she went to George School, A Quaker Boarding School in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, where many Yarmouth Quakers originated. Later she took the book keeping course at St. Thomas Business College. Her father believed in education, but did not think she

should work outside their home. She was allowed to give some piano lessons on the heavy upright brought back from Texas. Russell and Marguerite Zavitz were married at Cedar Villa on 8th Month, 3rd, 1920. Years later she took 'a job', after her family was grown. Her wide interests represented a pattern of most Quaker farm wives. She was not limited in her outlooks. There was for her a holistic approach in all the tasks she undertook which Ursula Franklin referred to as being exchanged for today's specific finite technical tasks in her 1989 Massey lectures on the The Real World of Technology. (Recently republished in a second revised edition) Another able and versatile Quaker woman who perceives the changes in the world and shares them as she works to better meet the future.

11. James Haight Farm- House and Barn

This farm on Highway 4 almost 2 miles north of Union was purchased by James Haight when he learned the hatter's trade and needed a shop where more people might come. He built his shop on the north west edge of his farm near the the toll road to Port Stanley. An older son of Reuben and Sarah Haight, he established himself as a farmer and hatter and soon married Sarah Carman, a Quaker school teacher from Norwich. They had eight children, the youngest was Reuben who later lived across the road in Cedar Villa. He oversaw the farm and raised horses for sale, the large barn remains. His eldest child, Hannah, married Solomon Willson, who joined James in operating the woolen-fulling mill, and the grist mill on the Union Pond. The original James Haight house stand to the rear of the larger addition made after the property was sold following W.W.I. The original home is behind, facing south, and remains a solid timber frame after nearly 175 years. In the Anderson family for many years, the current residents, with only a few acres, take great interest in both the house and barn. They still have some riding horses on the place.

12. Willson Farmhouse

Edgar Willson and his son and family, Isaac and Edna Hamacher, lived here farming the previous Solomon Willson land until the 1960's. This Gothic frame home is well preserved in a yard with older trees framing its setting by the Union Pond. The barn and other outbuildings are gone, and the back entry to the house removed, but it stands much as it has for 125 years. A Quaker farm that matched the best of old and new as they made a home and a living. With chickens, a garden, dairy, and crops they were always busy, and happy folk. This family was part of the Sparta Meeting and also a part of the Union community and active in making both better. Edna Willson was clerk of Yarmouth Preparative Meeting for many years. Her daughter -in -law,

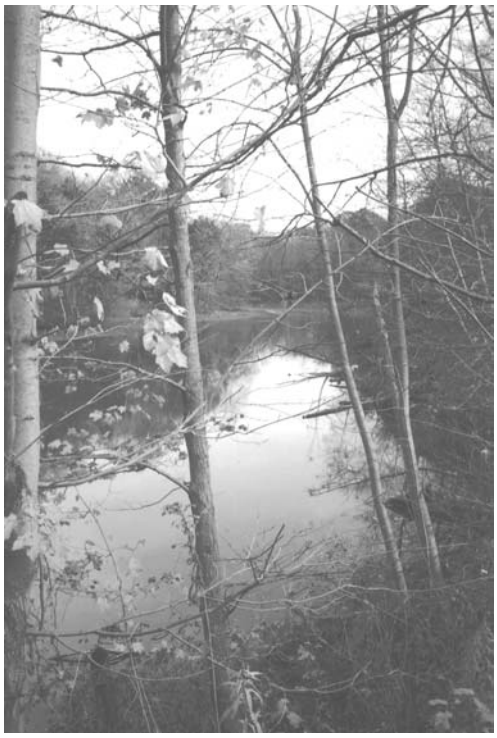
Shirley followed her in that role. (It is from this lovely spot that the Willson's purchased and moved to the Airevue Jersey Farm we visited earlier.

13. Solomon Willson House

This elegant Victorian House built about 1880 by Solomon and Hannah Willson for their family made possible by the successful milling business he ran with his Father-in-law, James Haight. It is brick with extensive porches, and overlooked the pond and surrounding yard which extended to the water's edge. Now filled in considerably with three other houses built toward the water. The peak in the second floor and the sense of a 'tower' gives it a castle appearance. The dining room inside was spacious and served many guests. Half yearly and yearly meetings always meant company. Etta Willson's daughters sent the sideboard to the Elgin County Museum when the house was sold. The present owners have a lovely historic home to enjoy and preserve as part of the area's heritage.

14. The Union Pond, looking east

This pond was important to the village of Union and to the surrounding farms. The grist and saw mills, and the fulling mill for woolen fabric were all powered by water dropping onto the wheels on the western



side of the pond. It was larger and more impressive before the road was changed and the pond partly filled in the early 1960's. The Haight's were prominent in the community. The store was a daily aspect of life. The Friends sometimes held winter meeting at Edgar and Amelia Haight's cottage across from Solomon Willson's, otherwise from Spring to October they came to Sparta for Meeting. Edgar Haight's family homesteaded in Saskatchewan and then lived in southern California in a Quaker enclave before returning to Ontario and Yarmouth Meeting in 1918. Edgar, a grandson of Reuben and Sarah Haight, was also a recorded Friends' Minister. Their son, Samuel, farmed the home place on the north side of the Sparta Road, just east of Union. Their daughter, Nellie, cared for more than 200 infants from the Children's Aid Society in their home for over forty years and received the Centennial Medal of Confederation in recognition. This home stood near the pond overlooking swimming, skating and other social life water permitted.

15. Seminary School Cemetery

Many pioneers of Yarmouth settlement are buried here who were not Quakers, but were important to the development of the community. Christian Zavitz built dam and saw mill on Beaver Creek, later operated by his son-in-law, who came from the Minor farm on the south half of that 100 acres. Christian was significant in Port Coburn as the first miller before coming here. he built the grist mill for Jonathan Doan. His wife was Mary McCarty from a large family of Quakers in the Catawissa, Pa. area. Her sister, Phoebe Roberts, came on a visit in 1821 and wrote a diary, published in Ontario History. Another in the party, Jacob Albertson, sent letters home which his great granddaughter shared with the CYM Archives. One would not know they were on the same journey! A close relative, Joseph soon came as a settler and is buried in the Friends Cemetery. Lists of stones in both these cemeteries have been made by faithful Elgin OGS members.

16. Locust Grove Farm - Samuel Haight House

Lots 16-17 of Concession 4 have been significant as the homes of Reuben and Sarah Haight's family after coming to Yarmouth, in 1821. They were from Chappaqua, New York, migrating to Otterville, south of Norwich, in 1817. Sarah was a recorded minister and Reuben, an elder in the meeting. Two of their 12 children were born after coming to Upper Canada; the eldest daughter married and remained in Poughkeepsie. She and her husband Henry Powell later retired for a short time in Yarmouth.

Economic times trapped Reuben. Having co-signed for F/friends who needed mortgages the depression of 1819 combined with a poor crop year took everything they owned. Friends in Yarmouth needed a minister in residence before they could be recognised as a preparative meeting. The family was invited to come in 1821 when the Elias Moore family shared their log home. Friends broke with expected practice and leased the clergy reserve land, for it meant a minister for Friends! They came. The older boys worked, the girls wove yards of cloth, witness Jonathan Doan's Account Book, and other Friends donated food for their credit to purchase essentials, Doan never charged them interest. They were frugal; the list of items taken from the store is modest compared to most familys' accounts. Friends principles were practiced.

Back one half mile, on Lot 16, is the site of the first cabin and springs. A solider log house was soon built. Reuben and Sarah lived here until they moved to Samuel's in 1841, when Ephriam married Elizabeth Chase, a school teacher, and built a house that matched the home they left in Chappaqua. Running water came into the house from the spring, running down hill a bit allowed water for the cattle in the barns on the way! The kitchen was in the basement and the large water tub-tank had an overflow out that was always fresh. The farmstead contained barns, smokehouse, outdoor privy, shop… a full establishment to be as self sufficient as possible.

The house had seven bedrooms, and one

secret room upstairs. Was this because of the recent rebellion, or for the underground railway in case slave catchers came this far in from the border? The gates to the laneway running the mile to each concession were hung with weights so those in the wagon or buggy, or rider, could open the gate without getting down. When Reuben Haight went to pick up cousin Maria or Aunt Elizabeth to go to meeting he drove in the north gate and went out the south gate. By this time Granville Haight, Ephriam's' son, was an MP and it was right to 'fix up' the house a bit. Hard wood floors were laid over the spruce. The yard had shrubs and flowers. Pictures of the farmstead, now a leveled field, with springs filled in record it as lovely. 1/2 mile was a long way to go on every trip in or out. John, and now, Doug McKInley and his son, Jason,farm this and the Minor land as a Holstein dairy.

The large white house with green roof and shutters near the road just to the east on lot 17 is Samuel Haight's first home. Built in 1837, he added the east third to the house in 1839 when he married. Phebe Mills, was the daughter of pioneer, Cornelius, and yes, another school teacher! The Haight brothers had able wives; they proved this in many ways. The house is the mirror image of Ephriam's. When it was dismantled the shutters and window sashes fit this house perfectly. The timbers were surely sawed on Beaver Creek, and the carpenters likely the same builders. They knew how to make buildings to measure.

There is a central room with a large fireplace in which they cooked when first built, but stoves were soon added. Electricity, running water, bath rooms, and a furnace make it more comfortable than when the wind nearly turned the house inside out roaring up the chimney. There was no damper; there is now! The crane is still there. We cooked a ham on spit, and stew hung over the fire in an iron kettle in the 1976 ice storm when hydro was off for several days. My children were the pioneers, I was 'basking' at Library school! Pictures show a porch across the front and east that 'declined' and was removed. The east is replaced. The front windows will stay open to the light and a porch on the north will better serve in summer.

There were several outbuildings in this farmstead: the cow barn and hay loft, with the trashing barn for straw and the granary appended, the horse shed, the chicken house, the outside oven, the privy, and the hog barn, that has been expanded several times. The original portion, the south end, was moved in. This was the 1821 meetinghouse at the burying grounds, replaced by the 1865 structure north of Sparta still in use. The records of materials purchased to build it, and pay the builder, 'Jonathan Doan- the builder', from Yonge Street. are in Yarmouth's Jonathan Doan's account book. The measurements for the timbers and boards are given. 48 panes of glass, for four windows and nails. The monthly meeting sold it, to be moved, for $50.00. Samuel Haight got a barn. The paneling matches that of Yonge Street Meetinghouse built 1810-12, and the style of building would be much the same. The size of the windows, and all. More primitive than the present 1865 structure, but still balanced and beautiful.

The workshop was moved from the Warren, now Enright, property, in Sparta by a soccer team to earn money for it needs quite recently. The timber frame was taken down, marked by coloured paint, and rebuilt after three years in the barn. Using pins made from the handle factory in St. Thomas, it was set up on the prepared foundation from 3 p.m. to dark on a July 19th birthday. That was a special party and represents family fun over the years as we

worked to maintain this home. The east third of the house is now supported by a basement and foundation. It was raised from its 'slump' by a barn mover, Mr. Gillard, who worked a miracle with a 36 foot pole. and a hole in the front yard at just the right spot! Then he placed the jack under it and moved it very carefully by stages. The house has been our concern for over fifty years, and Russell and Marguerite's before that.

Samuel was Marguerite's great uncle, and his children having died young, the farm was sold when the estate was settled to the Wilkinsons, who held it for 25 years. They had no children and many nieces and nephews, so history was repeated. This time Russell and Marguerite felt it right to bring it back into the family. In our turn Paul Zavitz and I purchased it. It is important to our family for the center it has been. For over 20 years we came home from teaching in boarding school for Summer, Spring Break and Christmas with great anticipation, and lots of work.

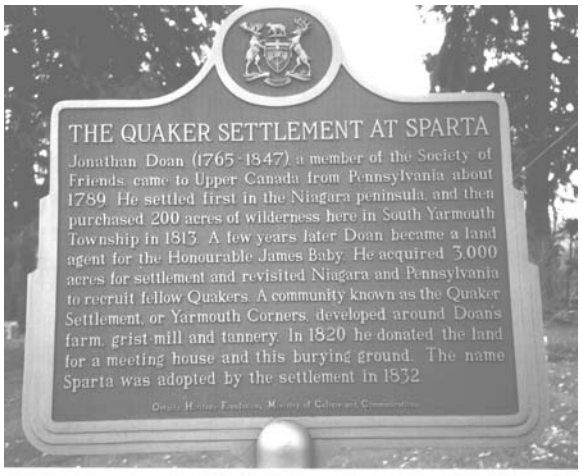
The next generation finds Kenneth and Martha Laing owning the back acres, Orchard Hill Farm, with organic certification for the whole farm. Suffolk Punch, draft horses from England, supply power for the field work, and logging in the woods. The cooperative shared agricultural garden brings many families out weekly from Spring to Thanksgiving for garden produce, herbs, and flowers for their tables. Before Christmas families come to have a horse drawn wagon or bobsleigh ride to choose and cut a tree, and then warm up with hot chocolate. The Laings have a timber frame shop and barn, and new horse barn, and implement shed to support the farm operations. The house and horse barn each had a 'raising' when the timber frames went up. Those who gathered shared the joy of the new house. The pot luck left the tables sagging! 125 people who were connected in this community, or others with close ties, came. Grandfather made the pins out of locust. The ropes were so light in our fingers we hardly pulled at all; we just stepped backward carefully as directed. What a lighter load work is when shared. The house was toasted from atop the assembled frame as the sun went down. The numerous children had carved pumpkins and had a glorious day... so had we.

18. Sparta Friends Cemetery

The site of the first meetinghouse and burying ground is 1/2 mile west of the village. Friends purchased this land from Jonathan Doan for 5 shillings, a token fee. The deed cost $2.00 to register with Adam Burwell, the government officer . . William Harvey and John Kipp were trustees. The sign at the cemetery shown here gives much of the story. It remains the cemetery for the meeting and some local people, over seen by a cemetery board. . A new section was

recently opened. The east portion of the original ground holds many graves that are not marked. The early wooden markers decayed or the small stones with no markings, or perhaps initials carved on small field stones have disappeared.

The families we have met on this tour are buried here. The Doans, including Jonathan and Jane Doan, and Joshua, their son, hanged for treason. The grave of Amos Pearley is beside Jonathan's for he was hanged, too, and no one came to claim his body. In his own compassionate grief Isreal, Joshua's brother, brought the body here for burial. He was said to be black, if so, we have one of the earliest integrated cemeteries. At the funeral Isreal is said to have been unable to stay in the meetinghouse, but paced outside. Sarah Haight, who had suffered with her family at the harsh laws of the government, which sent her husband to prison for debt, preached the funeral sermon. She had lost children to consumption, but not by court's decree. Her heart was surely heavy as she sought words of comfort to all who knew him. He had a wife and small son left to mourn. In the account book I found his father's entry of one pound as credit on account to a tailor for making a small 'jacquet' for Joshua when lad. Even after all these years I found that poignant and sad to think what was ahead for him, those who loved him, and his country. Gladys Lewis and her husband are buried next to the Doan family. At her request, surely. They lived in Sparta for a time and as a result she wrote the historical novel, JOSHUA DOAN, in the 1950's. She took some liberties with history, but the spirit rings true.



19. John Kipp House

Built by John Kipp on one of the first farms sold by Doan to Pennsylvania settlers and sold when his family moved to the fifth concession and a larger, or better, farm to Mr. Sanderson in 1859. That family held it until recent years, when Judy and Read Brown purchased it. They renovated and made very livable, but the structure was respected. The Sandersons added the portico with triangular pediment and simple columns, in 1924. This is the site of the first meeting for worship in Yarmouth, in 1817, before this house was built. The request for an allowed meeting was granted and meeting alternated between Jonathan Doan's and John Kipp's until the log meetinghouse was built on the front corner of Doan's property. The log building was the school, and later a home, according to some reports. The 1821 building of the meetinghouse did not leave Friends waiting long. A meetinghouse was important to the community.

20. The Mills Hotel- The Sparta House

Built by David Mills in the 1840's the classic revival architecture in the United

States was brought with the settlers. It is timber frame, clapboarded with a double porch. The eaves and dentils under them. and woodwork around the doors attract us. The double porch fits proportions. The builders continued their craftsmanship in local buildings. The building served well over the years as the first Library, Millman's General Store, a joint furniture shop and funeral parlor - the coffins were made like furniture, a hardware, a barbershop, pub, and tea room and restaurant where we ate and heard Saturday evening's talk. The building was well constructed or it would not have survived the many heavy and varied uses.

21. Temperance House

This remains opposite the Mills Hotel, built in the 1840's as the Sparta House, by Mr. Hitchcock for Isaac Moore. Sparta was busy in those days. Freeborn Taylor bought it in 1872, but the Temperance group took it over in 1901. It houses shops today, and bed and breakfast rooms, In the past it was an ice cream parlor, dance hall, apartments, and a factory.

Here we note that the Quakers were concerned about temperance, along with others in the community. The first temperance meeting was held at John Kipp's and David Burgess, a Methodist, was the speaker. That was quite early. Jesse Walton, a Quaker from Yonge Street, was Grand Master of the Sons of Temperance for North America. The minutes of annual meetings were published and are in the CYM Archives. We also received the copy books with penciled entries as members representing local groups signed in for Ontario gatherings. Several from Sparta are included.

22. William Cornell House

By 1893 Pine Street Meeting in Otterville was laid down. Several families came from there over the years. William Cornell and his family had previously moved to Sparta making his home in the white frame house, opposite North Street on the east side of Quaker Road. Its well balanced proportions, place two units at rights angles to each other with a porch, now filled in. Built later than most other houses we have seen, it has been well maintained by the Mills family, from Willson to grandson Donald, for many years.

William Cornell married a second time to Elizabeth Zavitz. She became a well loved mother for his family. Her grandson, Gilbert Zavitz, was often there. One daughter, Emily, married Jonah Zavitz and moved to Coldstream. Jenny (Anna Jane) taught at Friends Central, in Philadelphia, a day school. She encouraged and assisted several of the youth from Yarmouth and Coldstream to attend George School. Thus rural Friends were not too isolated. They read regular periodicals and their libraries were wide and varied, rich really. Many went on professionally, Dr. John Oille, the Toronto heart specialist; Prof. Shotwell planned and over saw the 1920 Peace Conference in Paris at the request of Pres. Woodrow Wilson; Ephriam's grandson, Harry Haight, a noted physicist, devised the safety feature that kept the British atomic bomb from fusing until required. He confided to his cousin Marguerite that he could not brag to his Quaker relatives about this accomplishment!

Friends traveling in the ministry also kept local members connected and abreast of the times. Two Genesee Yearly Meeting ministers, Sunderland P. Gardner, who traveled thousands of miles and came for yearly meetings, and many funerals recorded visits to Yarmouth in his Memoirs. John J. Cornell, a cousin of William's, came often and stayed with his relative. Another of their cousins was Ezra Cornell the donor of Cornell University. John J. Cornell's published sermons and memoirs are in the Archives. These men influenced local Friends' thought and encouraged them to keep faith with the Friends' testimonies and also served as living links to Friends in other communities.

23. The John Moore House

North of the meetinghouse on the west side of Quaker Road this early home nestled into the hillside, copies homes on the Atlantic coast of the Georgian style of the 1700's. Built between 1821 and 1825. The Quaker Moores went to Nova Scotia after the American Revolution and then came from Yarmouth here. Others also came early, hence the township's name. Combining field stone and handmade brick for strong wide walls the chimneys for fire-

places and bake oven fit within the ends of the building. The deep windows balanced across the front are double sashes of 24 panes, 12 in each, for good light. The spring brought water directly into the house from the hillside. Faithfully restored by Faith and Samuel McLorn in recent years it is a heritage gem for the area. The yard had the plants that would have grown, and simplicity inside was both appealing and accurate. The Vandenbrink family now own and care for the property. They have worked on additional landscaping and value the overall appearance of this property. The community comes to the hilltop by the pond for Easter Sunrise Services.

John Moore came in 1817, when W. H. Smith reports in Canada: Past Present and Future, in Vol I, printed in Toronto by Thomas Maclear in 1850, that "it (Yarmouth) only contained about 400 inhabitants; no place of worship, two medical practitioners, and two schools. Land was worth four dollars per acre; wool, three shillings six pence per pound; butter and cheese one shilling three pence per pound. There were in the township two grist mills and one saw mill."

Arriving here that early, with the experience of pioneering in the Maritimes and with financial resources to permit easier establishment in the new land, John Moore assisted others. He could hire others to work, as he did James and Samuel Haight, to clear land and put in the first wheat crop. A share of the harvest was their pay, which they quickly sold for the cash their family needed. He hired others to work on the house building. The Doan Account Book shows that the Moore purchases were more than many undertook and could be paid for. The fabric of history is thus woven in such records. The community was shown assisting one another.

24. The Circle Completed for the Tour

We returned to the meetinghouse and realized we had taken an adventure into the past. There are many other places to be visited. The map of Yarmouth from George R. Tremaine's 1864 County Elgin, Canada West, plat of properties in 1864 records their owners 50 years after the settlement began. Renters are not shown. Others have already left the area. The 1877 H.R. Page Historical Atlas of Elgin County shows some of the movement shifts within the township and reported on the tour.

There are roads to the south, the north, and further east that have not been touched by this tour. The work ahead is most interesting, and challenging. The story of each property is a book, if lives of the people are included! Others can work on this project, as many have already. The Sparta Historical Society's Tour of the Village is available for visitors to follow.

I am grateful to all who shared in the CFHA tour adding their interest and questions. This recording of the route and the stories would not have been written otherwise. There are other roads to travel in the future. If you wish to tour them, come and visit!

John T. Dorland Jr., Quaker Minister: A Man in the Middle.[1]

Daniel A. Nelson
Faculty of Law - University of Windsor

I would sooner die than cease to glorify my Lord.[2]

John T. Dorland

This article serves as an introduction to my ongoing study of the fascinating but forgotten life of evangelical Quaker minster John Trumpour Dorland Junior. Today, if John is remembered at all, it is because of the labours of his son Arthur Garratt Dorland, the famous Quaker historian, who recorded many of his father's exploits as part of his own memoirs.[3] Yet, John was one of the most famous Quaker ministers of his time and a leading evangelical Orthodox Friend at a time when Quaker Orthodoxists were at the apex of their influence in the family of Friends. John was, in many ways, a fulcrum: a man in the middle. He grew up in a time of great cultural and religious uncertainty for Quakers, for Protestants, and for the western world generally. Challenges to the social order were shaking the precepts of Protestantism to its core and challenged the Christian hegemony in the west. He stood at the cusp of many transformative phenomena. John witnessed the evolution of Quaker thought from traditional Orthodox quietism to normative Protestant evangelism coupled with powerful movements towards Protestant reunification and the disintegration of the idea (myth?) of Quakers as a people apart both which were forces that influenced the schism between Canadian Orthodox Quakers. In a broader context, John was also influenced by profound societal reevaluations regarding the meaning of masculinity and the boundaries of male behaviour.

John came from an old Quaker family. His descended from Jan Gerretse Dorlandt who emigrated from the Netherlands to New York in about 1652 when it was still the Dutch colony of New Amsterdam. He settled near modern-day Brooklyn, New York, and was a member of the Dutch Reformed Church there. Jan's descendants moved outward to Hempstead, Long Island and along the Hudson River. Jan's great-grandson, Samuel, was born on Long Island but moved to Beekman's Patent, in what is now known as Dutchess County sometime between 1753 and 1755[4] and began paying tax on a farm leased from Catherine Pawling in 1756. He may have been motivated to move there because of his conversion to the Religious Society of Friends (Quakers) as this area was not encumbered with duties to support the construction of churches belonging to other denominations. This policy was similar to the Quaker refusal to pay taxes to support the "hireling" ministers of other religions. Regardless, the family became active both in the community and in church affairs; Samuel served many times as a precinct officer including Overseer of the Poor and Commissioner of Highways.

This bucolic image of agrarian democracy, service to the community, and faithfulness, was shattered by the American rebellion against the Crown in 1776; its outbreak would have profound impacts on Quakers and the Dorland family in particular. Many

Quakers, suddenly, had to face the practical reality of their political and theologic stance against armed conflict. Collectively, Friends, following the lead of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, declared their neutrality and refused to bear arms. The Society was trapped by their position; they were accused by both loyalists and rebels of infidelity. To make things more complicated, many Quakers, either explicitly, or implicitly supported one side or the other as did two of Samuel's sons, Thomas and Philip, who supported the Crown and were evacuated after the rebellion's conclusion to Adolphustown on the western periphery of the British colony of Quebec[5] in 1784. Thomas was disowned by the Society for his military service but, strangely, Philip was not and he would become a leading Friend in this new community. Four other children of Samuel followed Thomas and Philip through the 1790s and early 1800s including John Dorland who came about 1796 and assisted Philip in the establishment of the Adolphustown Preparative Meeting as part of Nine Partners Monthly Meeting. As families grew and matured, many of the children of the Adolphustown Dorland settlers moved westward, across the Adolphus Reach[6] to Prince Edward County where they established new meetings; the meeting at Westlake quickly eclipsed Adolphustown and the monthly meeting was transferred from there quite early.

The son of John T. Dorland, and great-grandson of John Dorland (who came to Upper Canada with his brothers Philip and Thomas), John Junior was born in the village of Wellington, Prince Edward County on 8 March 1860. He was born just before Confederation, in a society very different from our own. On visiting this part of Ontario, known by locals as "The County", the modern traveller would discover sandy beaches, trendy resorts, quaint "bed-and-breakfasts" and endless antique shops but, at the time, Wellington, and Prince Edward County in general, was a thriving centre of agriculture and commerce. It was also a significant locus for Friends, perhaps second only to the meeting at Yonge Street (Newmarket) in population and importance but had remained largely Orthodox in the Hicksite separation of 1827 and this included the Dorland family.

It was also an era that saw the development of national institutions as the disparate British colonies in North America moved towards union. Throughout the 1860s, discussion of political union was taking place; officially it began with the Charlottetown Conference in 1864. A year before, in 1863, Canadian Friends applied to their superior meeting, New York Yearly Meeting, for the creation of Canada Yearly Meeting. It was not until 1866, however, that New York authorised the creation of the new yearly meeting. Just days before Confederation, on June 28, 1867, representatives from the three Quarterly Meetings in Canada (Westlake, Yonge Street, and Pelham) gathered in Pickering for the inaugural Canada Yearly Meeting, which suggests belies Grant's claim that "1867 was not a particularly significant date in the religious history of the province."[7] By 1873, the Yearly Meeting had twenty-one meetings and 1406 members but, by the following year, the meeting had grown to 22 meetings and 1619 members. The dramatic increase, however, was not enough. William Westfall has found that, by 1881, the number of churches in Ontario was increasing by 1.9% amongst smaller Protestant groups but their size in relation to the population in Ontario was declining sharply and the average size of these congregations was also dropping. Quakers were a distinct minority as 98% of all

Ontario Protestants belonged to one of the big four Protestant Churches (Anglicans, Baptists, Methodists, and Presbyterians).[8]

The world that John was born into and grew up in was profoundly religious - at least in outward behaviour – and John took to this cultural milieu easily even if his particular religious community was a distinct minority. William Baker, like many biographers, took great pains to establish his subject's future career in youthful behaviour.[9] His mother "seems to have had very early intimations that the Lord would require him at her hand" and made sure he was familiar with the Bible at "an unusually early age."John's mind "turned readily to the truths of the Holy Scripture."[10] As a child, he even declared that"If it isn't in the Bible I don't believe it."[11] His mother would later recall that James Jones, a travelling minister from the United States declared that there was "a child there present in its mother's arms who would one day be a powerful minister of the gospel of Christ" at meeting when she was holding John in her arms.[12]

Like his evangelical contemporaries, John Jr underwent a lengthy struggle towards faith as an adolescent and like them, he finally reached a point of spiritual crisis when "arrows of conviction had at last penetrated the young man's heart;" he accepted Christ as his saviour and was "saved" in May of 1878.[13] His biographer, and others, described this struggle as seeking light when walking through the dark: "It was a choice between his own will accompanied by spiritual death and humble obedience to the cross of Christ...he found the full peace he sought in the acceptance of Christ as his Saviour."[14] The use of the image of the crucifixion was common among evangelicals. It reflected their emphasis on salvation through Christ's death and resurrection.[15] He had found his way with the help of his brother-in-law (and distant cousin) Seburn P. Dorland who was a Quaker minister from Minneapolis, as well as his cousin Ellwood Garratt who had earlier experienced a similar conversion.

Having undergone this 'trial' and being saved, he realised that he no longer wished to be a lawyer. Instead, he wished to preach – a choice fraught with complications given the ambivalence that Quakers had regarding ministry as a profession (paid or otherwise). His sister Anna, on learning this was said to have proclaimed "And so thou art going to be nothing but a poor Quaker Preacher![16] However, he still needed to make a living even while he was active in his preaching. He taught briefly at Pleasant Bay in Prince Edward County and at Cold Creek (Wooler) in Northumberland County.[17] In the Spring of 1881, John T. Dorland, his cousin Rufus Garratt and Isaac Stratton of Ohio preached at Moscow, Ontario, just east of Prince Edward County in Lennox and Addington County for two weeks; five hundred were reported to have converted, which speaks to John's power as a dynamic preacher but these conversions were not for the benefit of the Society of Friends but were part of a Protestant-wide mission to save souls; if John's evangelical zeal had been directed towards converting people to the Society then membership rates would have skyrocketed.[18] By November of the same year, he had given himself over to his ministry full time and had abandoned his more mundane job provided by Elias Rogers in Toronto.[19] The minutes of the Orthodox Monthly Meeting record that on the 15th of 9th month 1881 it was proposed that he be acknowledged as a recorded minister which was concurred with on the 19th of 1st month 1882.[20] The minutes of West Lake, as his home meeting, recorded his early visits in the gospel – first to Toronto and then to Yonge Street.[21] He was married to Lavina Hubbs, step daughter of Gilbert

Jones on 29 December 1881.

While John was busy saving souls, there were growing differences between members of Canada Yearly Meeting. Some Friends preferred to maintain traditional Quaker practice while others, such as John, pushed for greater change that brought them closer and closer to normative Protestant behaviour. Conservative Friends resisted these changes while those who promoted them were known as Progressives but they claimed, in Canada, the Orthodox name. The two groups agreed on the divinity of Christ, the fall of man, justification and sanctification, and the inerrancy of the Bible but that was about all. Progressives, such as Dorland, no longer had to stand out from a crowd. They were increasing acculturated to the Protestant world around them:

> the minister enters the meeting house and finds his congregation, as he may, undistinguishable by their dress and appearance from any other body of Christians, and without waiting for the influence of the Spirit, or after a very short delay, advancing to the pulpit and reading the Scriptures as an ordinary part of worship, and singing psalms or hymns also an ordinary act of worship, and then holding revival meetings...[22]

The progressive movement was sweeping across North America. Ministers became more important and began to be paid contrary to the long-established doctrine amongst Friends regarding free gospel ministry. Requirement for plainness of dress and address were officially abandoned. Friends no longer needed to avoid certain kinds of clothes and honorifics.The lexion also shifted. Progressives began to use "brother" or "sister" instead of "Friend" to refer to fellow congregants and "church" replaced "meeting." Elders were no longer appointed for life; they served for a fixed term or during good behaviour. Pulpits appeared. Penitent benches – de rigeur – for Methodist revival meetings – also emerged.

John apparently embraced this new evolution in Quaker belief and practice and reflected the philosophies of his larger evangelical community:

> ...[H]ow truly we are one with all Evangelical Churches in the fundamentals of the Christian Religion. This [?] is larger than we may have supposed. We dwell so much more frequently on points of difference that points of likeness are obscured or forgotten...They have something much better in common, a substantial unity in spiritual life having – where it is so – been "baptised by our Spirit into one body.[23]

He moved between these environments easily and this emphasises John's point that there were more points of commonality than issues of difference amongst evangelical Protestants at this time. He was able to operate within the Quaker community with its own lexicon and practices just as he was able to minister to the masses not in membership with great success. This was made possible by "unprecedented homogenisation of local units within each denomination but also a remarkable uniformity among Protestant denominations."[24] Like the autobiographies of many Methodist clergymen, John T. Dorland Jr.'s writing "reveal both the self-doubt and anguish" that resulted from the experience of God "as well as the joys and rapture when it suddenly arrived."[25]

The differences between Qua-kers like John and those who wished to remain a

people apart exploded in John's home meeting during the winter of 1881 when the two groups separated. Conservative Friends began their corporate existence on 17 February 1881. The two groups soon began feuding over the ownership of the meeting-house in Bloomfield, Ontario. The conflict quickly escalated. On Christmas Eve, 1882, a group of Conservative Friends took the doors off the hinges and entered the meetinghouse while several Progressive Friends were inside after breaking the lock on the gate to gain entrance to the building's grounds. On 27 December, the Conservatives returned and this time, finding the doors well secured, took an axe to the door and broke the hinges in order to gain access. Gilbert Jones, John's step-father in law, an elderly man, attempted to gain access through a window and smashed the window with a crowbar. Finally, the Progressives sued the Conservatives in court over the ownership of the building contrary to Quaker discipline, which required that disagreements be settled inside the church.[26] The matter was finally settled when the Supreme Court of Canada found for the plaintiffs and vested title in the meetinghouse with the trustees of the Progressive group.[27]

Apparently, he was the perfect man for these trying times. His biographer claimed: "The conditions that existed in Canada needed the influence and strong personality of such a character as his became by Divine grace in very early manhood, and it is not difficult to discover a like fitness in the time of his coming."[28] Note the biblical echos: he is a saviour to his people and there is a time of coming. His "abounding love" was of great assistance to the Yearly Meeting but he was not neutral; he did not waiver in his convictions.[29] Gulielma Warder, John's sister wrote of how deeply affected John was by the separation and even linked the event to his calling to the ministry: "The sadness and sorrow over the separation... was deeply felt by John, although so young, as he then felt called to the ministry of the Gospel."[30] Yet he had a strong aversion to strife, which may explain his frequent travels and thereby avoided much of the conflict. He was in Toronto in 1881 and in November of 1882, he travelled to Brooklyn and ministered there; he did not return home until 1885.[31] While there, he was a great success and increased membership; he often held evening prayer meetings at his home for young people. Early in 1883, he visited New York Monthly Meeting, Haverford College, and Baltimore Yearly Meeting.[32] In 1884, he attended Indiana Yearly Meeting. He returned home in 1885 and served as Clerk of the Meeting of Ministers and Elders of Canada Yearly Meeting. From 1886 to 1887 he and his family resided in Cleveland.[33] In January of 1888 he visited Baltimore and Poughkeepsie, New York.

John's religious travels sojourns drove him farther and farther afield. He departed Wellington, Ontario, on April 10, 1888 as an accredited minister with his home meeting to visit the United Kingdom and arrived in Ireland ten days later.[34] He recorded his impressions of his visit to steerage: "The children would have been sweet had they been clean, and I should then have tried to 'make up' with some of them, but dirt repels me."[35] He was fascinated by England and was likely an Anglophile; he surrounded himself with the trappings of an English middle class existence with servants, dressmakers, and governesses in a suburb of London.[36] His travel journals and diaries attest to his ceaseless labour and his relentless preaching throughout the United Kingdom. That summer, he attended London Yearly Meeting where they considered the Richmond Declaration.

This statement of faith, which amounted to a creed contrary to traditional Quaker doctrine, attempted to put to paper the beliefs of evangelical Orthodox Friends. It upheld such controversial subjects such as the inerrancy of the Bible and used traditional Protestant language to express it although it should be noted that the Declaration did uphold other traditional Quaker doctrines regarding peace, oaths, and marriage.[37] The Declaration itself was never completely accepted and was certainly divisive. London Yearly Meeting, having assiduously avoided the schisms that rocked North American Friends, decided on 4 June 1888 to take the middle path and neither approve or disprove the document. It was merely printed in the minutes for those who were interested. Interestingly, he wrote, "There seemed much fear of a creed" suggesting that he was not at all opposed to such things. He simply dismissed the reluctance of the British Friends opposed to the Declaration as "unsoundness" as if he was their judge.[38]

Like many evangelical Quakers, John was able to overlook traditional Quaker doctrine in the rush to reconfigure it along evangelical Protestant lines and the Richmond Declaration was a very clear – if somewhat formulaic – encapsulation of his belief. He believed, and lived, the contents of that statement. It can be seen in his writings, his journal entries and, particularly, in his addresses and sermons. Some of the titles included "The Presence of the Lord", "The Will of God", "The Position of Women in the Church", "The Imperfect Law and the Better Hope", "Life in Christ", and "Following Christ." One of his early sermons from the 15th of 4th month, 1883, proclaims that "If we are in the faith we have peace with God...We are saved from the world...They hunger and thirst after righteousness... Let us prove ourselves... So we build up our Christian character..."[39]

John also did not hesitate to chastise fellow Quakers he felt were too Hicksite in their leaning or were not sufficiently evangelical. At meeting, on 24 September 1888 he heard a young women who was "making a plea for liberal thought," which pained and surprised him. He felt that her opinions were Unitarian. Condescendingly, he reported to his diary that he called her words "serious and thoughtful." He told her, and others who supported her comments, that day that it was necessary to choose between a "merely intellectual powerless gospel and evangelical truth."[40] He was also critical of convinced Friends who "sometimes show a great tendency to an extreme of quietism, and settle down into the very deadness they feared so much in forms and active service."[41]

Throughout 1888 and 1889, John travelled across the United Kingdom. He preached briefly in Paris in April where he decided that he had enough of France and declared, "Give me English life and English ways."[42] He spent the summer of 1889 back in Prince Edward County. The visit included two days back in Adolphustown where the Dorlands had first settled; he and his father mourned the sad condition of the meetinghouse and burying ground there. In September, 1889, he had returned to the UK with his wife and children.

In the Spring of 1890, John made his first trip to Holy Land with J. Allan Baker and George S. Baker who were wealthy English Friends originally from Canada. He travelled to Rome and to Egypt, Jerusalem, the Ramallah Friend's Mission where he met Arabic Friends. They returned via Greece, Venice, the Rhine, and the Netherlands. Not surprisingly, they worshipped in other Churches since there were no Quaker meetings. He appeared, from his writing, to be distinctly uncomfort-

able with Roman Catholic and Anglican churches but did not mind, and even welcomed, opportunities to visit Methodist, Baptist, and Presbyterian churches.[43] He continued to preach in England until the summer of 1892 when his minute of ministry from Canada ended. He took up an offer from his friends, the Bakers, and worked for them with limited successes but did travel to the Chicago Exhibition on the company's behalf in April of 1893. He remained there until the summertime when he returned to Wellington to see his family and, again, returned to London in late September.[44]

Once he returned to England, he became quite active in the Adult School Movement,[45] which he saw as much as an opportunity for spiritual growth as education. The men who attended such a school was literally transformed: "There seems to be a light shining in a man's face after he has been to an Adult School for a time, and he becomes respectable and good-looking. His soul shines through."[46] This programme was part of a late Victorian preoccupation with the male body, which manifested itself throughout Western society. Victorians began to worry about people – particularly young people – losing "virility, hardihood, virtue, self-reliance, and physical vigour."[47] Industrialisation and urbanisation threatened to demasculinize men; the separation from physical work might cause men to cease to be men.[48] Prior to the 1880s and 1890s, a man's self worth came from the idea of virtue. Physicality became more important: "physical strength and strength of character" were treated as the same.[49]

This change of thinking was adapted by Christian thinkers and gave rise to the doctrine of muscular Christianity with a strong rugged Christ saving sinners. Action mattered more than creed.[50] Anne Richardson, editor of Dorland's collected memoirs and papers, wrote that John was the "combination of manliness and humility" and that "probably no one who knew John Dorland was inclined to think the Christian life an unmanly one."[51] Martial images were also important to focus the manly struggle among muscular Christians: "many went from his [John T. Dorland Jr] companionship clothed in the armour of God to do battle with the world having been led by him to accept Christ as their saviour."[52]

This preoccupation with masculinity was often articulated in the language of love. Men "loved each other, sought verbal and physical forms for the expression of that love, located it in a tradition, and worried about its place in the social order."[53] John was very close to his cousin Ellwood Garratt, someone intimately involved in John being saved, who later wrote of their first meeting when both were young men: "I succeeded in doing what many hundreds have done since – falling in love with him."[54] They walked arm-in-arm to his home and spent the night together in John's room where they spoke of God and eternity. The next morning they prayed together and went to breakfast together again arm-in-arm. When they next met at Canada Yearly Meeting, Garratt reflecting on their next meeting at Canada Yearly Meeting, wrote: "For two days I can recall no incident of importance. There were lover-like walks and delightful seasons of prayer, and long talks together. There were promises of fidelity to Christ and to each other..."[55] On his way to England for the first time in April, 1888, John Jr. recorded in his diary that "my heart yearned over a young man, but no opportunity seemed given to me to say a word to him."[56] On 23 May 1888, he wrote "my heart burns so over young men. I cannot understand it – it is not in me naturally. It is His love in my heart. I have no other disposition than just to go right on."[57] In his diary, he also later proclaimed: "But

the weakness of the flesh! I wanted —— [a man] to come and spend the night with me."[58]

John's preoccupation with other men meant that woman in his writing are virtually ignored. He often held meetings for young men often, it seems, to the exclusion of women (young or otherwise)and his writing captures an excitement for these meetings not found elsewhere. He relished these meetings more than any other aspect of his work and repeatedly noted them in his diaries. Speaking on one male Adult School class, he declared, declared, "These hearty good men! It does me good to visit them."[59] He then mentions in passing a visit to a women's class where he simply gave them an address. Companions, almost exclusively were other young men as he travelled in the Gospel and even his biographer noted it: "Always when possible he obtained the companionship of some young man during these engagements."[60]

Many of these intense male bonding experiences took place in the bedroom – one of the most private of personal spaces. John and Ellwood spent much time together in John's room. In 1880, he attended Pickering College where he was very popular with his fellow students and his room was a frequent rendezvous when one of those students needed a sympathetic ear. After a successful meeting, John recorded that "Then to crown it all ___ came to my room and he gave himself up to his saviour in a very tendering season of prayer. This last I had been praying for ever since I first met him. And I was so thankful he came to me and opened the way himself."[61] In a letter regarding mission work to a Friend in Damascus that he had met there, John wrote: "I have not forgotten it – that afternoon in your bedroom."[62] These male friendships were much more powerful than transitory relations with women.[63] This "deep emotional intimacy with other men" was "acceptable so long as they engaged in no physical contact."[64]

The modern reader, not surprisingly, is tempted to assume that John was gay but it is important to remember that these events took place within a cultural context very different than our own. That intimacy between men – even kisses and embraces – was not suppressed in literature of the time suggests that intense friendships were accepted.[65] There is no sense of transgression here even if he did struggle but this fascination for other men is always conceptualised within a spiritual framework. John prayed to be more independent of others so that he would be more dependent on God. His wish for companionship served to remind himself that he was nothing and could do nothing and he wished was more thoughtful and felt that he betrayed himself when he was jovial. He struggled to be more obedient to God and welcomed reproofs from the Holy Spirit.

Boundaries between homosexuality and heterosexuality have shifted; norms of masculine behaviour are now different. What was once brotherly is now sexual. What was once common in literature, diaries, and letters is now taboo. John's writings form a small part of this larger cultural phenomenon and, likely, the truth lies somewhere in the middle between those who claim it is evidence of rampant homosexuality couched in vague language and those who simply see it as "normal" in its place and time but misunderstood when removed from its context. Furthermore, it is important to differentiate between sexual desire and homosexuality as identity. No matter how tempting it might be to raise a finger and declare "J'accuse," for its effect, it is impossible, short of more conclusive evidence, to determine if John was gay or at least had some level of homosexual sexual

desire. John self-identified as a Quaker and evangelical preacher.

By 1894, John was appointed as editor of the Friends First Day School Association's magazine The One and All[66] and was an occasional contributor to The Friend.[67] However, at about the same time, he had been invited by his friends Lucy E. & Mary E. Mounsey, who were very interested in mission work, to visit the Holy Land once again. After receiving minutes to go from his meeting and endosements from the Quarterly Meeting and the Meeting of Ministry of Ministry and Oversight, they departed for France and was, by December, in Rome.

John found Rome, under the "temporal power of the Pope," to be "benighted, ignorant, and intolerant."[68] His own intolerance for Catholicism comes through clearly in his writings from Rome; he described the service: "her almost blasphemous dogma, her idolatry, her resemblance in many ways to paganism, the sense of the mechanical in her service."[69] Of course, he would never have attended a Catholic service but he did come close. Instead of attending the Methodist Episcopal Church he accidentally ended up in at the Protestant Episcopal Church of America where he found the church to be too Catholic with its candles, crucifixes, and ritual - it was "a weak imitation of Romanism."[70] In Egypt, he and his friends were typical tourists. They visited the Pyramids, the Sphinx, took a trip down the Nile River; they complained of the endless beggars pestering for coins. By March, they were in Beyrout [Beirut]. Often, as they travelled, John would preach at Methodist and Presbyterian churches such as the Presbyterian Mission in Damascus. He met with numerous missionaries while in Jerusalem where he was urged to leave the Society in the summer of 1895. In Jaffa, he preached to natives and missionaries and was presented with a set of framed photographs for his spiritual help and encouragement.[71] He finally returned on the 10 June 1895 some ten months after leaving England.

He took up his duties again as editor of the One and All and was appointed secretary of the Friend's First Day School Association. In addition to this, and his contributions to The Friend, he also wrote for the circular of the Friend's Christian Fellowship Union. His writing was characterised as having "manly directness" and "deep earnestness of purpose and devoted and fearless declaration of the truth that was characteristic of his life."[72] John fell ill on Easter Monday, April 6, 1896 and was in bed till Thursday. Saturday night passed without much sleep. He grew worse on Sunday and had increasing difficulty breathing. By Friday, he was unconscious and he died at 5:40 am on Saturday April 18.[73] He had jaundice,[74] pleuro-pneumonia,[75] and an heart condition which was the immediate cause of death. A funeral was conducted on Tuesday April 21 in London and John was buried in the Friends Burial Ground in Stoke-Newington. A devotional meeting was held that evening. Hundreds of letters and telegrams, still preserved in the Canadian Yearly Meeting Archives, poured in to the Dorland's London home, which attest to the great love and esteem that he was held in by both Friends and Protestants generally from across the United Kingdom, Canada, the United States and from those whom he had met in his travels in the Holy Land.

John T. Dorland Junior died too young and the Society of Friends lost his "gift of speech" and "evangelical zeal."[76] He was only 36. Known in three countries and two continents, John was one of the most famous Quaker ministers of his time. His ceaseless travels and his powerful presence

furthered the Orthodox cause and reflect his family's engagement with the world around him. He did have his detractors though. Anthony Haight, a weighty Friend in from the County thought he was "a little subordinate." He would testify during the Westlake meetinghouse trial about John:

> I heard him preach once that no man had a right to dictate to him what he said at all or what he didn't – dictate to him what he should preach or what he shouldn't; I took exception to that because I think a man with that view should go out on his own responsibility as an Evangelist and should stand his own ground.[77]

His sister recorded that "The lack of sympathy, and in some cases, disapproval of his ministry by loved and valued friends was a source of grief to the tender-hearted youth."[78] Yet his powerful gift, evident even a hundred years latter no doubt touched many. One need only read the many letters of condolence expressing how John had touched the lives of so many people to understand this. He was driven to spread the good news of the Gospel and its promise for the people of the world even if it was so very hard for him. In one of his darker moments he wrote, "I wonder if I am completely delivered from the fear of man. I dread so meeting new people and preaching to new congregations but the message is His - not mine." John's faith triumphed over his shyness. He firmly believed that Lord gave him the wisdom and power that was needed.[79] And, despite his evangelical nature and his Protestant ecumenicalism he also never lost sight of his heritage. Despite all of his work and all of his interactions he refused to leave the Society: "I belong to the Society of Friends by convincement and I love too much its spirituality and freedom to wish to leave it."[80] One cannot help but wonder how the history of the Society of Friends would be different if he had lived a much longer life.

Footnotes:

1. © Daniel A. Nelson, 2002. This article is an revised extract from the author's previous work: "Faith Enough To Move Mountains: The Dorlands and the Quakers of Upper Canada, 1784-1955" M.A Thesis, Trent University, 2001. Information, unless otherwise footnoted, is drawn from this work.
2. William King Baker, *John T. Dorland*, ed. Anne W. Richardson (London: Headley Brothers, 1898),, 286.
3. Arthur Garratt Dorland, *Former Days and Quaker Ways* (Belleville, ON: Mika Publishing, 1972) and *Along the Trail of Life...A Quaker Retrospect* (Belleville, ON: Mika Publishing, 1979).
4. His fifth son, Enoch was born on Long Island in 1753 but his sixth son, Philip, was born in Beekman in 1755.
5. Adolphustown is south of the modern city of Belleville, Ontario, and at the extreme southwest corner of Lennox and Addington County. This area was part of the colony of Quebec until the 1791 when it became Upper Canada. It was known as Canada West from 1840 until 1867 when the area became Ontario and part of the new Dominion of Canada.
6. A body of water that separates Adolphustown from Prince Edward County.
7. John Webster Grant, *A Profusion of Spires: Religion in Nineteenth Century Ontario* (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1988) 222.
8. William Westfall, *Two Worlds: The Protestant Culture of Nineteenth Century Ontario* (Montreal & Kingston: McGill-Queens University Press, 1989) 129.
9. For an introduction to the forms of biography at this time see A.O.J. Cockshut, *Truth to Life: The Art of Biography in the Nineteenth Century* (London: Collins, 1974).
10. Baker, 12.

11. Ibid., 13.
12. Ibid.
13. Ibid., 22.
14. Ibid.
15. David Marshall, *Secularising the Faith: Canadian Protestant Clergy and the Crisis of Belief, 1850-1940* (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1992) 93.
16. Dorland, *Along the Trail of Life*, 13.
17. Baker, 26.
18. Ibid., 40.
19. Ibid., 37.
20. Canadian Yearly Meeting Archives (hereafter CYMA), O-10-3.
21. Ibid.
22. *Dorland v. Jones (1885)*, 7 O.R. 17 (H.C.) at 52, Proudfoot J.
23. "Some Present-day needs of the Society of Friends." CYMA, Arthur Garratt Dorland, Box #1, File Title: "Addresses of John T. Dorland."
24. Grant, 176.
25. Westfall, 42.
26. See New York Yearly Meeting, *Discipline of the Society of Friends of New-York Yearly Meeting* (New York: Samuel S. & William Wood, 1859) 93-94, which states: "it is our duty to seek peace with all men..." and that "if any person in membership with us shall arrest, or sue at law, another member without proceeding in the manner hereinbefore prescribed [arbitration according to the Discipline], he should be treated with for it; and, unless he makes satisfaction, he is to be disowned."
27. Dorland v. Jones, [1887] 14 S.C.R. 39 (sub nom. Jones v. Dorland) aff'g (1887) 12 O.A.R. 543 (CA), rev'g (1885), 7 O.R. 17 (H.C.).
28. Baker, 43.
29. Ibid., 48.
30. Ibid., 287.
31. Ibid., 51.
32. CYMA, O-10-3.
33. Baker, 59.
34. Ibid., 66.
35. Ibid., 67.
36. See Arthur Dorland's *Along the Trail of Life* for a description of his upbringing.
37. The Richmond Declaration, online: Friends United Meeting homepage <http://www.fum.org/about/declarationfaith.htm> (date accessed: 27 September 2002). See Chuck Fager's stinging critique of the Declaration at <http://www.-quaker.org/against-richmond.html>, (date accessed: 27 Sept. 2002)
38. Baker, 78.
39. "Self Examination 1st day morning 4/15/83." CYMA, Arthur Garratt Dorland, Box #1, File Title:"Notes & Addresses of John T. Dorland."
40. Baker, 92.
41. Ibid., 87.
42. Ibid., 104.
43. Ibid., 119-169.
44. Ibid., 198-210.
45. See Martin G. Currie, *The Adult School Movement, Its Origin and Development* (London: National Adult School Union, 1924).
46. Baker, 213.
47. Kristopher Churchill, "Learning about Manhood: Gender Ideals and 'Manly Camping'." *Essays on the Evolution of Youth Camping in Ontario.* Ed. Bruce W. Hodgins and Bernadine Dodge. (Peterborough: Frost Centre for Canadian Heritage and Development Studies, 1992) 6.
48. Joy Parr, *The Gender of Breadwinners: Women, Men, and Change in Two Industrial Towns, 1880-1950.* (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1991) 155.
49. Anthony E. Rotundo: "Passionate Manhood: A Changing Standard of Masculinity" *American Manhood: Transformations in Masculinity from the Revolution to the Modern Era.* (New York: Basic Books, 1993) 223.
50. Rotundo, 224.
51. Anne Richardson, ed. John T. Dorland, x.
52. Baker, 25.
53. Robert K. Martin, "Knights-Errant and Gothic Seducers: The Representation of Male Friendship in Mid-Century America," *Hidden from History: Reclaiming the Gay & Lesbian Past.* Ed. Martin Duberman, Martha Vicinus, and George Chancey Jr. (New York: Meridian–Penguin, 1990)170.
54. Baker, 21.

55. Ibid., 22.
56. Ibid., 67.
57. Ibid., 77.
58. Ibid.., 79.
59. Ibid., 82.
60. Ibid., 177.
61. Ibid., 74.
62. Ibid., 283.
63. Ibid.,, 174.
64. George Chancey Jr., "Christian Brotherhood or Sexual Perversion? Homosexual Identities and the Construction of Sexual Boundaries in the World War I Era." *Hidden from History*, 316.
65. Martin, 170.
66. He was not the only Dorland involved in Quaker First-Day Schools (Sunday Schools). A Willet Dorland was the writer of *Friends Bible School Quarterly: An Aid to the Study of the International Bible-School Lessons* (Chicago: Publishing Association of Friends, 1887).
67. Dorland, Former Days, 54.
68. Baker, 228.
69. Ibid., 229.
70. Ibid., 228-229.
71. Ibid., 267-277.
72. Ibid., 281.
73. Ibid., 298-301.
74. Jaundice is a condition where a the body produces excess amounts of bilirubin. Bilirubin is created when red blood cells die. The hemoglobin in it that carries oxygen is converted to bilirubin. In healthy persons, this substance is removed by the liver. When it is not removed, the bilirubin dissolves subcutaneous fat causing a yellowish appearance in the shin and whites of the eyes. Jaundice - Yellow Skin, online: National Library of Medicine <http://www.nlm.nih.gov/medlineplus/ency/article/003243.htm> (last modified: 9 September 2002).
75. Pleuro-pneumonia is pneumonia is pleurisy accompanied by pneumonia (an bacterial, viral or fungal infection of the lungs). Pleurisy is an inflammation of the pleura (a two-walled sac surrounding the lungs) causing fever, painful and difficult respiration and cough. Pneumonia, online: National Library of Medicine <http://www.nlm.nih.gov/medlineplus/ency/article/000145.htm> (last modified: 9 September 2002) and Merriam Webster Medical Dictionary, 1997, s.v. "Pleuropneumonia," "pleurisy," and "pleura."
76. Dorland, *Along the Trail of Life...A Quaker Retrospect* (Belleville: Mika Publishing, 1979) 13.
77. In the Supreme Court, Vol I, 184-185.
78. Baker, 287.
79. Ibid., 70.
80. Ibid., 276.

APPENDIX A
EXTRACT FROM THE TESTIMONY REGARDING JOHN T. DORLAND LONDON YEARLY MEETING, 1897

"We desire to exalt the grace of God, which made him remarkable an example of obedience to the Divine Will enabling him in the strength of his early manhood to fulfil his course with joy, to the praise of his Divine Master: and we trust that it may be the means of quickening us who remain in the service of the same Lord..."

"Endowed with unusual intellectual gifts, a remarkably retentive memory, great eloquence and power of language, a manly bearing, and an engaging and genial presence, his ministry was no common order."

"He spoke of that which he knew, and, although often passing through deep baptisms for the spiritually dead, his message was a clear call to deliverance, and a triumphant testimony to the victory through our once crucified and now risen Saviour."

"His lips were touched as with a live coal from the alter of God..."