

REVEREND DOCTOR ALBERT BENJAMIN SIMPSON

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"Every Canadian seems to be saying by his very attitude 'I can'. His life story will reveal many influences, all instrumental in the making of a life of rare completeness. But it would be a very faulty interpretation that overlooked the effects of his ancestry and early environment. For the seeds of character are the fruit of a family tree, and the home and community are as soil and sunlight to the young life".

In the spring of 1915, fifty years after his ordination in Knox Presbyterian Church, Hamilton, Dr. Simpson came home to his native Province to preach at the Brick Methodist, now Trinity United, Church in Charlottetown. The writer, who was then attending Prince of Wales College was one of the congregation that filled the church.

Here was a man, seventy-one years old, tall, erect, handsome, vital with great personal magnetism, a man whose voice, in the words of his biographer "thrilled five continents", paying tribute to his ancestors, the Simpsons and the Clarks of Cavendish and Bay View and the McEwens of New London.

A. B. Simpson was born at Bay View, December 15, 1843, the third son and fourth child of James Simpson Junior and Janet Clark. Both his parents were grandchildren of the original William and Janet. James Junior was a son of William's son James and Janet was a daughter of William's daughter Helen and William Clark.

James Junior and the writer's grandfather John were brothers. Therefore, A. B. and my Father were first cousins.

We have, in the previous chapter, recorded that when A. B. was baptized in Cavendish Church by Rev. John Geddie, he was dedicated by his parents to the Christian ministry.

In 1847 the family moved to Ontario and James bought a farm near Chatham. Here he took a prominent place in community life, an elder in the Presbyterian Church, a Municipal Councillor, a successful farmer, and the father of a growing family.

A strict disciplinarian, he set a high standard for his family and sternly enforced the rules. He believed in the efficacy of the rod which was used on occasion. After one such whipping, Albert was taken aside by his older brother Howard (later Rev. Howard) and told how he might in future escape. We shall let Albert tell it in his own words:

"Then he told me with great secrecy that if such an occasion should arise, to get up that morning before daylight, a little before my father was accustomed to rise, light the candle, and go and sit in a corner of the sitting-room with the big Bible before me, showing a proper spirit of penitence and seriousness. He had found by experience that my father would take the hint and let him off. I am sorry to say that my heart was as yet sufficiently unsanctified to take the hint, and sure enough one morning when a whipping was coming to me, I stole out of my bed and sat down with a very demure and solemn face to practice my pretended devotions. I can still see my quiet and silent father sitting at the table and casting side glances at me from under his spectacles as though to make quite sure that I was truly in earnest. After finishing his devotions, he quietly slipped away to his work, and nothing more was said about the chastisement".

The boys were growing up. Both Howard, who was four years older, and Albert had set their hearts on the ministry. But in a family conference the father pointed out that family finances were such that he could only afford to pay the college expenses of one, and that one should be the older son Howard. Albert would have to remain on the farm. But Albert, a boy of fourteen, then and there decided that, in some manner, he would pay his own way and asked his father's consent and blessing, which was freely given.

After taking Latin and Greek and higher mathematics from local ministers he attended Chatham High School but had a complete breakdown from overwork. But at age sixteen he had secured a teachers certificate and was teaching forty pupils to earn money for his first year in college. He taught till September, 1861 when he entered Knox College, Toronto.

During this period he wrote and signed a document of just under a thousand words which was to be the most important document of his life. It was headed:

"A SOLEMN COVENANT

The Dedication of Myself to God".

It was dated Saturday, January 19, 1861. Across it were written two renewals, the first while in college, September 1, 1863, the second during his second pastorate, Louisville, Kentucky April 18, 1878.

During his first Christmas vacation from college he preached his first sermon in Tilbury, near his home. We have referred to the important place of preaching in the Presbyterian tradition.

It was a severe test. His parents, his brothers and sister, his playmates and neighbors were in the congregation. His biographer says:

"Yesterday he was Bert Simpson, their fellow, their rival in friendly contests of brain and brawn. Today he stands high above them in the pulpit, in the minister's place, back of the open Bible where not even his godly father would appear, to speak to them as a messenger of God. . . . The boy, whose voice was to thrill five continents, did not fail".

He was a brilliant student and in April, 1865 he completed his theological training and in June underwent the searching examination of the Presbytery before being licensed to preach.

Two calls came to him, one from an easy charge in a country town, the other on August 15 from Knox, the largest Presbyterian church in Hamilton. He accepted the greater challenge of the latter. On September 11, 1865 he preached his first sermon as Pastor, on September 12 he was inducted and ordained and on September 13 he was married in Toronto to Margaret Henry.

Thus began a ministry which, over a period of fifty-four years till his death October 19, 1919, was to make him one of the great preachers and missionary leaders of the Christian church.

It is impossible in a few pages to give any concept of his life and ministry. The interested reader should purchase his biography "The Life of A. B. Simpson" by A. E. Thompson, from Christian Publications Inc., 25 South Tenth Street, Harrisburg, Pa. 17101, price \$2.50 in paperback.

In the Foreword his biographer says:

"What page can reveal the life of A. B. Simpson? What mind is sensitive enough to receive the impression of a life so unique? Mrs. Simpson, with characteristic foresight, preserved in huge scrapbooks much of the newspaper comment and many announcements, programs and records of outstanding events. . . . His scores of books and nearly fifty volumes of his periodicals have been mines of information. . . . He lived intensely, unselfishly, nobly, godly in this present age, holding forth the Word of Life that he might not run in vain neither labor in vain".

Knox Church had already established a tradition of outstanding preachers. Albert at twenty-one was faced with the challenge of maintaining this tradition. At the end of a nine year pastorate over seven hundred and fifty new members had been added to the church. His pastorate ended December 20, 1873.

The Hamilton Spectator in reviewing his ministry said "He was second to none in point of eloquence and ability and success in his ministry". Dr. William T. McMullen, a

contemporary commenting years later said: "He stood out at that time as one of the most brilliant young ministers of our Church in Canada. He was endowed with intellect of a very high order, and he preached the Gospel with a gracefulness of manner, a fervour and a power exceedingly impressive".

A. B. had accepted a call, from among several, to Chestnut Street Church, the largest Presbyterian congregation in Louisville, Kentucky. Within a few months more than one hundred and fifty new names had been added to the membership roll.

Here began the work of pastoral evangelism which was to develop into his world mission. Under his leadership the pastors of the city united in a very successful evangelistic campaign at Public Library Hall which seated more than two thousand.

Convinced that these joint Sunday evening services should be continued, A. B. was disappointed that the other pastors would not cooperate. With the approval of his church the Sunday evening services were suspended in favor of a service at Public Library Hall which was always filled to overflowing by all classes, many of them with no church affiliation.

The effort was so successful that the Church decided to build a Tabernacle in a central downtown area, which was opened June 9, 1878. Its purpose was, working with the other churches, "to draw to this house, and through it to the Cross and the Saviour, the great masses of every social condition who attend no church and practically know no God".

We shall let his father James describe this period. Two letters from James have been preserved. The first was written December 31, 1856 to his brother Honorable Jeremiah in which he describes the country and its people and his activities as a municipal councillor. The second dated August 10, 1877, was written to his nephew Arthur, son of Jeremiah, after the latter's death. We would note that James, like his Uncle John referred to in Chapter 11 never attended school, because there was none, and was taught at home and self taught.

We quote a brief excerpt from the latter part of his letter to Arthur:

"In response to your request I will give you a brief account of our family. My two oldest sons as you are aware are Ministers of the Gospel. Howard is in the City of Madison in Indiana and Albert in Louisville, Kentucky. Both are well provided for with regard to the things of this world. I trust they are both labouring faithfully and successfully. Albert indeed is killing himself with hard labor having established mission stations through the whole City which has a population of 150,000 and 30,000 of whom go to no place of worship. His own Congregation has doubled since he went to it three years ago".

The life of A. B. Simpson was one of many crises not the least of which were physical. In earlier life he had several periods of illness brought on by overwork. During his Louisville pastorate a prominent New York physician told him "that he had not enough constitutional strength left to last more than a few months".

He went with his family to Old Orchard Beach, where he had a spiritual and physical experience of healing which he termed Divine life for the body. From then on he believed that body, soul and spirit were inseparably related and each equally provided for in the dispensation of divine grace.

The success of his ministry to the unchurched in Louisville led him to the conviction that the time had come for a new departure in life and service. New York City presented an unlimited field for such service and he still believed that the call to the unevangelized could come through regular church channels.

In November, 1879 he accepted a call to Thirteenth Street Presbyterian Church in New York. Within two months the press reported "attendance at Sabbath and week services largely increased and a substantial number of new members admitted".

But no success within the church congregation could satisfy A. B. His church was not prepared to support an outreach such as he had conducted in Louisville, nor did they welcome his efforts to turn the church into a home for all comers. The congregation wanted a conventional parish of respectable Christians. Their young pastor wanted a multitude of publicans and sinners. He says:

"Therefore after two years of most congenial and cordial fellowship with these dear people, and without a strain of any kind, I frankly told them that God was calling me to a different work, and I asked them and the Presbytery of New York to release me for the purpose of preaching the Gospel to the masses".

The die was cast. A. B. Simpson was embarked on his real mission. He asked no member of his congregation to follow him and there was no split. He did not try to deflect any Christian workers from their churches, rather he accepted their cooperation from within their own denominations. He was a true ecumenist. His biographer says of him:

"He had surrendered a lucrative salary of \$5,000, a position as a leading pastor in the greatest American city, and all claim upon his denomination for assistance in a yet untried work. He was in a great city with no following, no organization, no financial resources, with a large family dependent upon him, and with his most intimate ministerial friends and former associates predicting failure".

Only seven persons were present at his first meeting in November, 1881. He had engaged the Caledonian Hall at 8th Avenue and 13th Street. Here three services were held each Sunday plus two each weekday. The work grew. On the second anniversary of his retirement from his city pulpit, Madison Square Garden was engaged for a series of meetings, the first religious service in the Garden since Moody and Sankey had drawn large crowds seven years before.

For the first eight years twelve different buildings were used, until The Gospel Tabernacle was built and opened June 23, 1899.

The Gospel Tabernacle became and remained the center of the ever-increasing ministry which radiated from the life of Dr. Simpson until his death.

The Missionary Union for the Evangelization of the World had been organized in 1883, and associated with the Tabernacle was the Missionary Training College. The Door of Hope for rescue work among girls began work in 1891. In 1886 an orphanage had been established and over the years, city missions were established in various areas. Ministries to children apart from Sunday School work were undertaken. Various young peoples organizations came into being.

Thus, the end of the first decade of his adventure of faith saw the ministry of A. B. Simpson grown into manifold ministries serving many thousands of people not only in New York but in Britain and on many mission fields.

Perhaps Dr. Simpson's greatest outreach, with the possible exception of his writings was through the conventions which he and his associates conducted in many parts of the world. The first two held at Twenty-third Street Tabernacle in 1884 and 1885 so impressed Christian workers from other cities that many invitations came for similar meetings. Hence in 1885 conventions were held in Brooklyn, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Chicago and Detroit.

Of these conventions, Dr. Simpson's biographer says in part:

"There has been no more unique feature in Dr. Simpson's ministry than the conventions which he and his associates have conducted in many parts of the world. They have been unlike all other gatherings, although partaking of many of the essential features of the usual camp meetings, conferences, and conventions. For one of the elements of Dr. Simpson's genius was his ability to adapt other men's methods to the specific aims and objects which he wished to attain.

"These gatherings were neither dull nor sensational, neither formal nor without order, neither without spiritual freedom nor given over to demonstrative extravagances. They were a puzzle to the professor of religious psychology and an enigma to the reporter, but to the hungry-hearted they were a feast, to the weary a refreshing, to the sick a fountain of healing, to the Christian worker an inspiration, and to the worn missionary a haven of rest.

"The convention was the expression of Dr. Simpson's very life and personality. His simplicity, his humility, his graciousness, his freedom, his brotherliness, his deep insight into truth, his conservatism, his breadth of vision, his passion, and his supreme devotion to Christ seemed to pervade the very atmosphere and to control every meeting. He created a type that reproduced itself so that in the hundreds of conventions which he could not attend, the same spirit was manifest, and continues, since his homegoing, in these great gatherings".

In addition to the conventions, as the missionary work grew, A. B. visited many countries where he was warmly welcomed not only at the missions of the Christian and Missionary Alliance which he had founded, but also at those of the various denominations serving in the areas visited.

The missionary imperative came into A. B. Simpson's life during his Louisville pastorate. Two years after the Gospel Tabernacle was opened it sent five missionaries to the Congo. In time by agreement among the churches, the Alliance became responsible for sixteen foreign missionary fields, with forty million people, and had hundreds of missionaries, laymen as well as clergymen, women as well as men, and without distinction by denominational connection.

In 1893 Mr. Simpson said of the Christian and Missionary Alliance:

"It is not an ecclesiastical body in any sense, but simply a fraternal union of consecrated believers in connection with the various evangelical churches".

A synopsis of the Principles and Constitution adopted at the Old Orchard Convention in 1887 supports this statement:

"It will be undenominational and strictly evangelical.

"It will contemplate the rapid evangelization of the most neglected sections of the foreign mission field.

"It will use thoroughly consecrated and qualified laymen and Christian women as well as regularly educated ministers.

"It will encourage the principles of rigid economy, giving no fixed salaries.

"It will rely upon God to supply the necessary means through the freewill offerings of His people.

"It will endeavor to educate Christians to systematic and generous giving for this greatest work of the Church of God.

"It will form auxiliaries and bands in all parts of the country for the promotion and extension of its objects.

"It will be governed by a board of directors elected annually, who shall appoint and direct the missionaries employed.

"It will leave each church established on the foreign field free to organize and administer its affairs as it may choose, provided that such method be scriptural in its essential features".

Despite early illnesses A. B. was a man of tremendous vitality who followed a killing schedule of work. After living for twelve years in the heart of New York he moved to Nyack, a one hour train journey to his office. Daily, he caught the 6.18 A.M. train, studied or did editorial work enroute. His well organized day saw him involved in the manifold responsibilities of the major enterprises he directed. There was work again on the return journey and, after dinner, hours in his study before the few hours sleep he allowed himself. Vacations were unknown.

Along the way, he found time to write some seventy books, thousands of articles and hundreds of hymns not to mention the sermons and addresses which held international audiences spell-bound.

The baby born in Bay View on December 15, 1843 to James and Janet Clark Simpson, baptized and dedicated in Cavendish Presbyterian Church had gone a long way. From the few details of his life and work which space has allowed us to record, we think it fair to say that, when he died on October 29, 1919, the country boy had become a world figure and one of the great souls of the Christian tradition.

Chapter 18

LUCY MAUD MONTGOMERY

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"So if I die before you do, you'll write my life. No, you won't! Nobody shall. I'd haunt you if you did. Biography is a screaming farce. No man or woman was ever truly depicted. Biographies, even the best, are one - or at the most two sided - and every human being has half a dozen different sides".

So wrote Lucy Maud Montgomery on November 10, 1907 to Ephraim Weber a literary correspondent from Alberta with whom she exchanged letters for almost forty years.

Elsewhere in an earlier letter to him she wrote "But as to there being only 'two of me' as you ask - bless the man, there's a hundred of me".

That Lucy Maud relented on the haunting became evident over twenty-five years later when, having received from Mr. Weber a sketch entitled "L. M. Montgomery As A Letter Writer", she responded "It had an odd resurrective power and made the dead Past live again There is nothing I object to, so far as I am concerned, go ahead and publish".

For the record in passing, the review was published in the October 1942 issue of the Dalhousie Review and in April 1944 in the same publication a study of the character of "Anne" as she appeared in the eight "Anne" novels.

That there were two or six or a hundred sides to Lucy Maud was very evident to those of us that had the privilege of knowing her, to those who have read her books, and particularly to those who have had the privilege of reading "The Green Gables Letters".

This little volume, now unfortunately out of print, was produced in 1960 by Ryerson Press under the editorship of Wilfrid Eggleston.

In it is a series of letters written by Lucy Maud between March 1905 and September 1909 to Mr. Weber.

Here she was writing to a pen-pal, to a friend whom she would not meet for many years to come but in whom she had found a kindred spirit.

Here she lowers the guard which every public figure must hold up and freely discusses her philosophy of life, her literary goals, her basic ideals, in a way that one will not find elsewhere.

It is not our purpose to write a biography although basic biographical material will be included. Rather would we hope, however imperfectly, to depict something of her character, - her love of nature and of beauty, including beauty of character; her imagination which enabled her to clothe plain reality in imagery and humor; her high moral standards for herself and for her fictional characters, based on a reasoned intellectual acceptance of the basic principles of Christian philosophy; her ambition to excel in producing the best of which she was capable; the resulting hard climb to recognition culminating in Anne and from there the steady progress to world acclaim.

In so far as possible we shall paint the picture in her own words.

The Cavendish of Lucy Maud's day was completely rural - fields and trees, lakes and the sea shore, and she reveled in it all.

On November 10, 1907 she wrote:

"Though raining now it was fine this forenoon - oh! so fine - sunny and mild as a day in June. I hied me away to the woods - away back into sun-washed alleys carpeted with fallen gold and glades where the moss is green and vivid yet. The woods are getting ready to sleep - they are not yet asleep but they are disrobing and are having all sorts of little bed-time conferences and whisperings and good-nights.

"Three evenings ago I went to the shore. We had a wild storm of wind and rain the day before but this evening was clear, cold, with an air of marvellous purity. The sunset was lovely beyond words. I drank its beauty in as I walked down the old shore lane and my soul was filled with a nameless exhilaration. I seemed borne on the wings of a rapturous ecstasy into the seventh heaven. I had left the world and the cares of the world so far behind me that they seemed like a forgotten dream.

"The shore was clean-washed after the storm and not a wind stirred but there was a silver surf on, dashing on the sands in a splendid white turmoil. Oh, the glory of that far gaze across the tossing waters, which were the only restless thing in all that vast stillness and peace. It was a moment worth living through weeks of storm and stress for.

"There is a great solitude about such a shore. The woods are never solitary - they are full of whispering, beckoning friendly life. But the sea is a mighty soul forever moaning of some great unshareable sorrow that shuts it up into itself for all eternity. You can never pierce into its great mystery - you can only wander, awed and

"spellbound on the outer fringe of it. The woods call to you with a hundred voices but the sea has only one - a mighty voice that drowns your soul in its majestic music. The woods are human but the sea is of the company of the archangels".

In an earlier letter, the one in which she said "there's a hundred of me", not two, she wrote:

"You asked me in your letter a question rather hard to answer. It was 'Where do you feel most yourself, in the woods or up in Charlottetown?'

"Well, I feel most like myself in both places - if you understand the contradiction. There are two distinct sides to my nature. When I go to the woods the dreamy, solitary side comes uppermost and I love the woods best. But when I mingle with other people quite another aspect rules me. I am very fond of society, sparkling conversation, the good human times of life. These tastes find indulgence in my city experiences and I feel just as much at home there as in the wilds. I can slip from one to the other as easily as I can slip from one garment into another".

In a reply to an earlier letter Mr. Weber says:

"I always delight in your description of your rambles. Nature can solace when learning, art, religion and the world are only a weariness. Yes, flowers and trees and birds must be in their own wilds to have the highest beauty. You spin dear fancies about your favourite haunts".

In another letter written in her weariness at the end of a day of housecleaning and painting she says she will do her best to write an interesting letter - "angels can do no more".

She goes on to discuss her deeply ingrained childhood concept of angels "a creature wearing a sort of nightgown with big goosy (?) - looking wings branching out from their shoulders and a mop of untidy hair streaming over their backs. I should like to think of angels as Marie Corelli does - creatures shaped of rainbow light, but I can't".

Then she reverts to her love of nature:

"At the present moment I'd rather be a girl than an angel if angels can't have mayflowers. I'm surrounded with them - mayflowers, I mean. A vaseful on each side of me and a big jugful on the shelf over my head. Oh, they are divine! A lot of us went up to the barrens Saturday and picked great basketfuls. Today I read that Henry Ward Beecher said once 'Flowers are the sweetest things God

"'ever made and forgot to put souls into.' But I don't believe He forgot! I believe they have souls. I've known roses that I expect to meet in heaven".

No one could know Lucy Maud personally without realizing her ability to change the hum-drum into vitality and beauty. In the everyday events of home and family relationships she saw high drama and rich humor. Witness Anne - of Green Gables.

Add to this an imagination which could at will take her far from the mundane and routine into a world of fantasy, to her castles in Spain. Writing to Weber on a Sunday evening she says:

"I've just roused up from a long twilight visit to my castle in Spain. For the past hour I have been lying on a couch in my den beside a dying fire - that is, my body was lying there but my soul was far away in a dreamland of imagination, where everything lost or missed in my present existence is mine. What a blessing it is that we can so dream into life the things we desire! Are you too an owner of a Spanish castle? And how often do you let yourself visit your estate? I go there in the twilight, being too busy at other times with my duties as Chatelaine. Outside, it is a cold, blustery April rain, the air all mist the ground all mud. But in fancy I've been far away beyond the mud and mist to 'cloudless realms and starry skies'".

But we would not give the impression that Lucy Maud was a dreamer living in a world of fantasy. She was a very real person, meeting and bearing her full responsibility in carrying out the duties and solving the problems of home and of community life.

At her mother's death when she was twenty-one months old, she went to live and was brought up by her maternal grandparents in Cavendish, Alexander and Lucy Woolner McNeill.

Her father, Hugh John Montgomery, moved to Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, and except for a year spent with him when she was fifteen, her childhood and adolescence was spent in her grandparents home.

She attended the one room school at Cavendish and at seventeen went to Prince of Wales College in Charlottetown where she qualified for a teacher's license.

Meanwhile her literary interests and some evidence of her literary ability involved her from the age of eleven in writing short stories and poems.

It was not until she was fifteen, during the winter that she was in Prince Albert, that any publication to which she submitted her juvenile efforts recognized her ability. That

winter the Charlottetown Patriot published a poem dealing with a dramatic story of the north shore of the Island, the murder of Captain LaForce.

Although there was no payment for it this recognition gave her "the greatest moment of my life". It was to be another four years before she received her first five dollar cheque from a juvenile magazine for a short story.

During this period she had continued to send poems and short stories to various publications, only to have them promptly returned. As a result:

"I used to feel woefully discouraged at times over those icy little rejection slips. But I kept on. Whatever gifts the gods had denied me they had at least dowered me with stick-to-it-iveness".

Having received her teacher's license she taught for a year, then spent a winter at Dalhousie College in Halifax where she took a selected course in English literature. This was followed by two more years of teaching.

In 1898 when Maud was twenty-four years old, her grandfather, Alexander McNeill, died at the age of seventy-eight and she returned home to live with her grandmother.

Except for a year when she was twenty-seven, spent on the staff of the Halifax Daily Echo, she remained in her grandmother's home until Mrs. McNeill died in 1911.

While on the Echo staff, besides her duties as a general reporter she wrote a weekly social column called "Around The Tea Table", did proof reading and the various other jobs of a small newspaper office.

For twenty-eight years her grandfather had been the Cavendish postmaster. At his death his widow was appointed to succeed him and Maud became assistant postmistress and did much of the work. She also carried her full share of the household work.

Nor was she remiss in her community concerns and duties. For many years she was organist of Cavendish Presbyterian Church and over the years taught various Sunday School classes.

"I call myself a Christian, in that I believe in Christ's teachings and do my poor best to live up to them. I am a member of the church believing that with all its mistakes and weakness it is the greatest power for good in the world and I shall always do what I can to help its cause. But oh, this hideous cant of 'being washed in the blood'. To me that phrase always summons up a disgusting physical picture that revolts me".

It will be seen that theologically she was not quite orthodox, particularly by the accepted standards of orthodoxy of that day. Her intellectual revolt against some of the accepted beliefs is evidenced by the following:

"Isn't the Christian (?) doctrine of eternal torment as hellish as the idea it teaches? How could men ever have so libelled God? They must have judged Him from their own evil hearts. They would have tortured their enemies eternally if they could. God had power, therefore He would. Such seems to have been their argument. I admit that a consciousness of sin and remorse is a hell in itself. But I believe that 'as long as a human soul lives it can turn to God and goodness if it so will.' Nobody wilfully chooses evil. We choose it because we deceive ourselves into thinking it good and pleasant".

To Lucy Maud God was a God of love. She believed in the second commandment "Thou shalt love thy neighbor" and could not intellectually reconcile such a God and the doctrine of love for neighbor, with the idea of a vengeful Judge condemning erring people to eternal torment in a Hell of fire.

Because of her views and the prevailing orthodoxy of the time she had to be very circumspect in her religious teaching and so was not entirely happy in her Sunday School work. She says:

"I have to follow the old traditional paths of thought & expression or I would get into hot water immediately. Cavendish is wholesomely (?) old-fashioned and orthodox".

The other community organization in which she was particularly active was the Cavendish Literary Society which had been organized in 1886.

Associated with and an important part of the program of the Society was a library, which, by the standards of the late 1800s would rank as very good.

Maud was an avid reader and here she had access to a selection of excellent books. In a letter to Mr. Weber in May 1905 she says:

"I've been on a debauch of books for a fortnight. A long-delayed grist of books for our library arrived and I've simply read myself stupid and soggy over them. The best was Jack London's Sea Wolf - a powerful thing but revolting in some respects. He can write, that fellow".

The next April she writes:

"Yes, our Literary Society paper - the Cavendish Literary Annual - came off on schedule time and was fairly good,

"though we - the editors - 'say it as oughtn't'. We had a number of contributions from various writers, one all the way from Scotland so our table of contents was quite cosmopolitan".

She is first mentioned in the Society minutes of November 22, 1889 when, at age fifteen, she gave a recitation "The Child Mystic". From this beginning until she left Cavendish twenty-two years later she was a very active participant in the programs of the Society including the preparation and delivery of many papers. During 1905-06 she was Secretary of the Society.

But of course the real story of Lucy Maud Montgomery is the story of her literary career and her long hard climb to acceptance and eventually international acclaim. One has but to read The Green Gables Letters to realize how long and how hard that climb was.

The amount of time available for writing was limited. Her household and post office duties took much time. But she carefully budgeted the minutes to give her three hours a day for her literary work.

On one occasion she wrote:

"Yes, I only do three hours' literary work a day - two hours' writing and one typewriting. I write fast, having 'thought out' plot and dialogue while I go about my household work".

She had a note book in which she jotted ideas for stories or poems as they came to her. With this source of suggestions there was always an idea available to be developed.

Most of her earlier writing, after she began to gain acceptance, was for juvenile magazines and Sunday School publications. Payments usually ranged from four to six dollars. For a 2500 word story accepted by Sunday School Publications of Toronto she received five dollars. She comments that they pay regular rates and are especially anxious for Canadian contributions.

In March 1905 she says:

"I made nearly \$600 last year - \$591.85 to be exact. Shan't be content till I reach the thousand mark though".

By 1905 she began to break into the adult magazines. In June of that year she says that Gunters Magazine, New York, sent her \$25 for a short story. This with \$10 from The National, \$20 from The Designer and \$15 from Modern Women, added to smaller amounts gave her over \$100 for June. In December 1906 Everybody's Magazine paid her one hundred dollars for a 5,000 word story.

In the short story world she began to feel that she had achieved a fair measure of recognition and acceptance.

The time was at hand for the creation of Anne, the orphan girl of whom Mark Twain was to write "the dearest and most lovable child in fiction since the immortal Alice".

There was a story, widely circulated, generally accepted and still often quoted that Anne was submitted to five or six publishers and rejected out of hand, that it was then laid aside for some time, and that in the spring of 1907 Lucy Maud decided to make one more try and sent the manuscript to L. C. Page and Company of Boston who accepted it with some trepidation.

One of her biographers goes into some detail in repeating this story.

According to this biographer she went to her ideas note book and found a memo "Elderly couple apply to an orphan asylum for a boy. By a mistake a girl is sent them".

Her biographer continues that she began the book in the spring of 1904 and finished it in October 1905; that she submitted it to a new publisher, who promptly sent it back; that in turn it went to five established publishers who returned it with rejection slips; that it was then laid away in an old hat-box where it lay until a winter day in 1907 when she ran across it and decided to try once more.

The same biographer says that Page's bought the book for five hundred dollars outright.

That the real story of the publication history of Anne was somewhat different is indicated by Lucy Maud herself. In a letter dated May 2, 1907 to Mr. Weber she says:

"Well I must simply tell you my great news right off! To pretend indifference and try to answer your letter first would be an affectation of which I shall not be guilty. I am blatantly pleased and proud and happy and I shan't make any pretence of not being so.

"Well, last fall and winter I went to work and wrote a book. I didn't squeak a word to anyone about it because I feared desperately I wouldn't find a publisher for it. When I got it finished and typewritten I sent it to the L. C. Page Co. of Boston and a fortnight ago, after two months of suspense I got a letter from them accepting my book and offering to publish it on the 10-per cent royalty basis!

"Don't stick up your ears now, imagining that the great Canadian novel has been written at last. Nothing of the sort. It is merely a juvenilish story, ostensibly for

"girls; (but) as I found the MS. rather interesting while reading it over lately I am not without hope that grown-ups may like it a little. Its title is Anne of Green Gables and the publishers seem to think it will succeed as they want me to go right to work on a sequel to it. I don't know whether I can do that and make it worth while however.

"The Page Co. is a good company. Not one of the top-notchers, of course, such as Harpers or Macmillans; but it has published several successful books by well-known authors, including Charles G. D. Roberts and Bliss Carman.

"I signed the contract today; it is a fearsomely legal looking document all red seals and 'saids' and 'whereases'. There is only one clause in it I don't altogether like. I have to bind myself to give them the refusal of all the books I may write for the next five years. The insertion of such a clause is rather complimentary, I suppose, but I'd rather not have to agree to it. However, I've done so and the rest is on the knees of the gods. I don't suppose the book will be out before the fall".

On the day she received the letter of acceptance from Page's, Lucy Maud wrote in her journal:

"Well, I've written my book! The dream dreamed years ago at that old brown desk in school has come true at last after years of toil and struggle. And the realization is sweet, almost as sweet as the dream The book may or may not succeed. I wrote it for love, not money, but very often such books are the most successful, just as everything in the world that is born of true love has life in it, as nothing constructed for mercenary ends can ever have".

So Anne was launched and by November 1907 she reported that her sequel, Anne of Avonlea, was moving on fairly well.

In the early summer of 1908 Anne of Green Gables reached the bookstores and was an instant success. On September 10 she wrote:

"You see, Anne seems to have hit the public taste. She has gone through four editions in three months. As a result, the publishers have been urging me to have the second volume ready for them by October - in fact insisting upon it. I have been writing 'like mad' all through the hottest summer we have ever had. I finished the book last week and am now typewriting it, which means from three to four hours' pounding every day - excessively wearisome work; I expect it will take me a month to get it done - if I last so long".

In a long letter to Mr. Weber on the above date she says in part:

"Thank you for your kind remarks on Anne. I suppose she's all right but I'm so horribly tired of her that I can't see a single merit in her or the book and can't really convince myself that people are sincere when they praise her.

"But I'm not well. It was no joke, what I said at the start about feeling played out. I feel so utterly. I'm tired - deadly tired - all the time - just as tired when I wake in the morning as when I go to bed at night - tired body, soul and spirit. I have constant head-aches and no appetite. It's not all due to literary work, although I suppose that helped it on. We had a houseful of guests all summer, the weather was fearfully hot and I was very much worried in one way or another almost constantly.

"Yours tiredly, headachely, listlessly, don't careishly - but not hopelessly".

Very evidently reaction had set in as a result of months of exhausting work and suspense. In her next letter on December 22 she again refers to being very tired. She continues:

"I daresay the most of the letter will be about that detestable Anne. There doesn't seem to be anything but her in my life just now and I'm so horribly tired of her that I could wish in all truth and candour that I'd never written her, if it were not for just two things. One of these things is a letter I received last month from a poor little cripple in Ohio who wrote to thank me for writing Anne because she said it had taught her how to endure her long lonely days of imprisonment by just 'imagining things.' And the other is that Anne has gone through six editions and that must mean a decent check when pay day comes"!

On another occasion she says:

"I've served a long and hard apprenticeship - how hard no one knows but myself. The world only hears of my successes. It doesn't hear of all my early buffets and repulses".

By September 1908 she had received sixty reviews. "Two" she says "were harsh, one contemptuous, two mixed praise and blame and the remaining fifty-five were kind and flattering beyond my highest expectations".

The Montreal Herald said: "A book which will appeal to the whole English speaking world - one of the most attractive figures Canadian fiction has produced".

From The Boston Herald: "It could only have been written by a woman of deep and wide sympathy with child nature. A delightful story".

And The New York World: "The people in this book are delightfully studied and it is a pleasure to know them".

But, based on the judgement of his peers then and since, the reviewer of The New York Times was badly off the beam when he wrote: "A mawkish, tiresome impossible heroine, combining the sentimentality of an Alfred Austin with the vocabulary of a Bernard Shaw. Anne is a bore".

And of course there was Mark Twain's judgement of Anne referred to above.

A review which particularly pleased the author was that in the London Spectator. It was a very favorable two-column review and she says of it: "The Spectator is supposed to be 'the' review of England and praise or blame from it makes or mars".

So Anne went on from success to success. By December it was in the six best seller list in the continent and moving into international editions. Today, sixty-five years later she is still one of the world's best loved characters.

Was Anne a real person? Were the characters real Cavendish people? Let Lucy Maud herself answer:

"Now, I'll take your letter and answer your questions just as they come. You say you warrant I had to do a 'great deal of inventing.' Verily, yes. And not only inventing but combining and harmonizing and shading, etc., etc., etc. You can't describe people exactly as they are. The details would be true, the tout ensemble utterly false. I have been told my characters are marvellously 'true to life' - nay, Cavendish readers have got them all fitted to real Cavendish people. Yet there isn't a portrait in the book. They are all 'composites'".

And so the answer is "yes" and "no". In many ways Anne was Maud herself and Diana, Matthew and Marilla and the others were composites marvellously true to very fine and loveable real-life residents of Cavendish.

Unfortunately, as with so many authors of masterpieces, the financial returns were not great. Low royalties and the low price of books combined to bring this about. In February, 1909 she received her first royalty cheque to the end of 1908 - seventeen hundred and thirty dollars, nine cents per book on the wholesale price of ninety.

The story of Anne, which Lucy Maud originally intended to end with the first book, went on into a series of some ten titles.

In all L. M. Montgomery published twenty-three books. Some of them are now out of print but all of them were successful, although none ever won the acceptance and acclaim of the first - Anne of Green Gables. The twenty-three titles are:

Anne of Green Gables; Anne of Avonlea; Anne of The Island;
Chronicles of Avonlea; Further Chronicles of Avonlea;
Anne of Windy Poplars; Anne's House of Dreams;
Rainbow Valley; Anne of Ingleside; Rilla of Ingleside;
The Story Girl; The Golden Road; Kilmeny of the Orchard;
Jane of Lantern Hill; Emily of New Moon; Emily Climbs;
Emily's Quest; Blue Castle; Pat of Silver Bush;
Mistress Pat; Magic for Marigold; A Tangled Web;
The Watchman and other Poems.

Anne of Green Gables has sold millions of copies, in many languages. It has been portrayed on the screen and on television, and since 1965 it has gone on to world acclaim as a musical production.

We are indebted to Anne Bond, Publicity Co-ordinator at the Confederation Centre, Charlottetown for the history of the musical. We quote:

"'Anne of Green Gables' was first adapted for the musical stage for the first Charlottetown Festival in 1965 by well-known Canadian actor and author Donald Harron and CBC television producer Norman Campbell.

"In the late 1950s Harron and Campbell had collaborated on a television version of 'Anne' for the CBC so, in looking for a musical script for that first Charlottetown Festival, the then Artistic Director Mavor Moore called on Harron and Campbell to retrieve the dusty tv script and rewrite 'Anne' for the musical stage.

"'Anne' premiered at Confederation Centre of The Arts Theatre in late July 1965 with Jamie Rae, a young Texas girl, in the title role.

"'Anne' was an immediate success and one mark of that success is that it has played at the Charlottetown Festival every succeeding summer and has never done less than 90 per cent at the box office.

"In the fall of 1967 after the Festival ended 'Anne' began her travels with a cross-Canada tour, underwritten by the 1967 Centennial Commission's arts programming budget.

"By this time 'Anne' was already being called Canada's number one hit musical and sell-out houses in Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Regina, Vancouver and a host of other centers confirmed this title.

"In 1968 Miss Rae was replaced by a young Charlottetown girl, Gracie Finley, age 16. Gracie is still playing 'Anne' in 1973, although she's now Mrs. Barry Stickings and has a four-month-old son, Michael.

"'Anne' was first played outside Canada in 1969 when the Artistic Director of the Charlottetown Festival and the director and choreographer of 'Anne' was asked to mount a production of the show for London, Eng. Several members of the Canadian cast took roles in the London production. 'Anne' played for nine months in London's West End and was voted the best new musical of the 1969 season.

"A year later 'Anne' was on the road again - this time off to Osaka, Japan and Expo '70. Japanese school girls are familiar with the story of Anne from their school reading program, so the Canadian government chose the musical 'Anne of Green Gables' to be Canada's major theatrical attraction at the world exposition. 'Anne' played in Osaka in June and returned to Charlottetown in time for the company to do the 1970 season.

"In 1971 'Anne' finally arrived in New York, the home of musical theatre, playing a special two-week engagement during the Christmas holiday rush season at New York's City Centre.

"In the eight seasons 'Anne' has played at Confederation Centre Of The Arts an estimated 200,000 have seen it, and many, many more thousands have seen it in London, New York, Japan and throughout Canada.

"'Anne' is a timeless story having withstood over 60 years of reading by young people and there is every indication that the musical 'Anne' because it was carefully adapted to bring to focus some universal and timeless truths about growing up, gives every indication that it will also go on as Canada's favorite musical for sometime to come".

In another chapter and in the genealogical charts we have given something of the background of the Montgomerys and McNeills in Prince Edward Island.

Biographically, in capsule form, Lucy Maud was born at Clifton (now New London) P.E.I. on November 30, 1874 to Hugh John Montgomery and his wife Clara Woolner McNeill. We have already outlined her youth and young womanhood.

On July 5, 1911 she married Rev. Ewan MacDonald, a native of Valleyfield, P.E.I., to whom she had become engaged while he was minister of Cavendish Presbyterian congregation.

Following a honeymoon in Britain, they settled in Leaskdale, Ontario, moving later to Norval and, on his retirement in 1935, to Toronto.

The MacDonalds had three sons. Chester Cameron, a lawyer was born July 7, 1912; Hugh born August 13, 1914 lived only one day; Stuart, a medical doctor in Toronto and her literary executor was born October 7, 1915.

Following her marriage she continued her busy and versatile life. She expanded and broadened her church activities, became active in The Canadian Women's Press Club, The Canadian Authors Association. She was also a Fellow of The Royal Society of Arts and a member of The Artistes Institute of France. In 1935 she was made an Officer of the British Empire.

On April 24, 1942 Lucy Maud Montgomery MacDonald came to the end of a life of service and of achievement, and lies among her ancestors in the old cemetery at Cavendish, where she was joined a year later by her husband Ewan.

"It has always seemed to me, ever since early childhood", she wrote "that amid all the commonplaces of life I was very near to a kingdom of ideal beauty".

Perhaps no term better describes her life and character than the words "ideal beauty".

For over fifty years she had been a writer of stories whose appeal was to the young at heart of all ages, stories which depicted the richness and the joy and the humor of life.

There was nothing unkind or gross in her writings. In one of the Emily books she makes a teacher say "Don't be led away by those howls about realism. Remember, pine woods are as real as pig-sties and a darn site pleasanter".

Lucy Maud wrote of the pine woods, - of the beauties of nature, of the warmth of human relationships, of the happiness of life.

In this age of pig-sties where nothing is considered real unless it is crude or obscene one could wish for more Lucy Maud Montgomerys. Anne is sufficient proof, that sincerity and charm, truth and beauty, clothed in humor have a perennial appeal.

Very early in life Lucy Maud set for herself a goal and she never lost sight of it. She refers to it as following the gleam:

"Thank God, we can always follow the gleam, no matter what we do. I've tried to follow it for many a weary year - how weary, no one knows but myself. for I've always tried to keep my personal worries and crosses to myself, not allowing their bitterness to overflow into others' lives. But I've reached a bit of upland now and, looking back over the ascent, some things are made clear to me that have long puzzled me. But there's lots of climbing to do yet. I must take a long breath and start anew".

Cavendish is proud of the fact that from an ancestry of strong character and high ideals, from the simple life of a farm home and the basic education of a one-room country school came a woman who by following the gleam brought and continues to bring joy and hope and idealism to countless numbers of people.

Lucy Maud Montgomery MacDonald may indeed be numbered among the world's immortals.

Chapter 19

THE NATIONAL PARK

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"I was born, praise to the gods, in Prince Edward Island, that colorful little land of ruby and emerald and sapphire. Compassed by an inviolate sea, it floats on the waves of the blue Gulf, a green seclusion and haunt of peace".

In these words Lucy Maud Montgomery described a small area which during the past thirty-five years has come to be known to hundreds of thousands, nay millions, as "a green seclusion and a haunt of peace".

Thirty-five years ago Cavendish was twenty-four or twenty-five farms and farm families living on the Cavendish Road between the Bay View and North Rustico borders, plus six or eight families on the Mayfield Road. In this year 1973 there are three full time farmers

What happened? To some extent the explanation can be found in changes in the economics of farming. But the major reason is the National Park.

The Prince Edward Island National Park is not large in acreage, but it includes an extended stretch of sea shore with hard-sand beaches unexcelled anywhere.

The Park is divided by Rustico Harbor into two main sections known as the Cavendish and the Stanhope areas.

The Cavendish section begins on the west with over two miles of sand dunes which divide New London Bay from the Gulf of St. Lawrence, a section of the New London Bay shore area in Bay View, then following the Gulf Shore through Cavendish to the outskirts of the villages of North Rustico and Rustico Harbor.

For most of the distance it is a narrow strip along the shore but, beginning to the west of McNeill's Pond to the Cawnpore Road, it covers an area which crosses the Cavendish Road and includes the Green Gables House.

In this area of some four hundred acres, in addition to the Green Gables House, reminiscent of Lucy Maud Montgomery and of Anne, is the Green Gables Tea Room and Gift Shop, the Green Gables golf course - one of the best to be found anywhere, and the Park Headquarters for the Cavendish section. Other properties and facilities have been purchased recently.

To relate the National Park to the properties of the founding families of Cavendish we refer the reader to chapter 5, particularly to the 1809 survey on page 55.

The Park area begins in Bay View - the former Moore property on the shores of New London Bay which is west of the survey area.

Beginning at the James Simpson line the boundary runs across the various farms, including Cavendish Pond, to the line between William Simpson Sr. and John McNeil.

It follows this line and continues across number six highway (which is not shown) to include the Green Gables property and Green Gables House. In this area is the golf course, and between the upper reaches of McNeil's Pond and the Cawnpore Road (dotted lines) is the park headquarters for the Cavendish section.

From the Cawnpore Road east, the Park continues along the shore across the former McNeil properties and on to the outskirts of North Rustico village.

It will be seen that the John McNeil property and to a lesser extent those of the Simpsons and of William Clark, are the focal point of this section of the Park.

It will also be noted that the site of the Simpson log cabin on the property of William Simpson Sr., the first home in Cavendish, is within a few feet of the park road leading to the campsite.

The Stanhope section begins to the east of Rustico Harbor and includes Robinson's Island and, across the causeway, the shore areas of Stanhope and Dalvay with their beautiful beaches. But we are particularly interested in the Cavendish section.

In order that our information might be accurate and up-to-date we submitted a questionnaire to the National Park office and received a very prompt response from Mr. M. J. McCarron the Park Superintendent.

This chapter therefore will quote extensively from Mr. McCarron's statement with some comments added.

In 1936 Prince Edward Island, in common with the whole western world was just beginning to recover from "the depression". Improving economic conditions along with greater mobility because of the automobile were bringing into the language a greater use of the word "tourism".

The concept came into being of setting aside in perpetuity certain areas of Canada, to be preserved as nearly as possible in their natural state and to be made available to all for recreational and to some extent cultural use.

These areas to be known as National Parks were to be under the jurisdiction of the Federal Government, with the land area made available by the various Provincial Governments.

We now turn to Mr. McCarron for the beginnings and development of the P.E.I. Park.

"As regards the original land purchases, all the land in the Cavendish area had been expropriated by the provincial government prior to the establishment of the park in 1937. On June 23, 1936, an Act respecting the establishment of a National Park in Prince Edward Island was assented to by the Provincial authorities. It was less than a year later, on March 4, 1937, that the land, five parcels along the north shore of Queen's County, was turned over from the provincial government to the Federal authorities for the establishment of a National Park. Then on April 24, 1937, it was designated and proclaimed that the said described area was officially a National Park. Later, on June 24, 1938, an Act to amend the National Parks Act, and the Prince Edward Island National Parks Act 1936, was assented to, thus making it legally a National Park and subject to the Act and various regulations.

"Facilities - Cavendish Section

- maintenance compound
- outdoor theatre
- interpretive program and nature trails
- campground - 304 sites for tents and trailers
- playgrounds
- 3 supervised swimming areas with changehouses
- picnic shelters
- Avonlea Lodge - known to exist in early '40's and probably before park was established
- Green Gables Bungalow Court - erected in 1948-49
- Ocean View Cottages - purchased recently
- Gulf View Restaurant - purchased recently
- Golf Course
- Green Gables Tearoom and Gift Shop
- Green Gables House

"Early Development

"This would include the development of the golf course which came into being soon after the park opened. Construction of the course began in July 1938, and by July of 1939 the first nine holes were opened to play. The end of September 1939 saw the completion of the full eighteen holes.

"It is not known exactly when the Cavendish campground began operations but it appears that the area was being used by campers soon after the park's establishment. Apparently, a kitchen shelter had been built at the site as early as 1939. In records dated 1949 it mentions that camping facilities at Cavendish left something to be desired because of their exposed nature. Later, in 1957, the campgrounds appear unorganized with the tenting area

"open to tenting in any cleared area. That year, a start was made on organizing the campsites and a campground road program was begun at Cavendish. Since that time, improvements have been carried out continuously until the campground has reached its present condition of 304 tent and trailer sites.

"The various beaches of the Cavendish area were used extensively before 1948 but it wasn't until that year that a lifeguard was placed on duty. There had been a changehouse or bathhouse built there as early as 1938.

"Recent Developments

"There has been little in the way of recent developments in this section. In 1960, a golf professional's shop was constructed at Cavendish by contract. In the past 5 or 6 years there have been new changehouses constructed at the supervised swimming areas.

"When Was Green Gables Acquired?

"The park acquired the Green Gables farmhouse in 1937 when the land became park property. At that time it had included a tearoom inside but by 1968 this had been phased out and moved to an adjacent spot in conjunction with a small gift shop. This became known as the Green Gables Tea Room and Gift Shop and was opened to the public in June of 1968. In 1948 a monument to L. M. Montgomery was erected at Green Gables.

"Comments on Golf Course

"The golf course was built soon after the park acquired land. Stanley Thompson, a golf architect, supervised its construction. He made effective use of names taken from L. M. Montgomery's 'Anne' books to denote the various fairways. The course is run by private concession but is maintained by park personnel.

"Land Values at Time of Founding

"We have no records of this information".

(We have personal knowledge that the expropriation price paid for one farm of two hundred acres was twenty-five dollars per acre. One can appreciate why, in the light of the \$1,000 to \$2,000 per acre being paid today as stated below, the owners of the original lands expropriated were very unhappy with the prices paid.)

"Today

"The land is worth between \$1,000 and \$2,000 an acre depending on the type of land and where it is located. Marshland, ponds, fertile ground, and roadside property, would vary a great deal in value.

"Impact on Island Tourism

"Two of the greatest, if not the greatest, tourist attractions of Prince Edward Island are located within the park. These are, the beaches of the north shore and the Green Gables farmhouse. From the included attendance sheets, the number of visitors to the park, and to Green Gables itself, are quite phenomenal. The park as a whole contributed about \$700,000 in operational and maintenance expenditure in 1972, with annual capital costs ranging from \$500,000 to \$1,200,000. There are between 120 and 140 part-time and full-time employees who are Island residents, in the park as a whole. They, in turn, contribute to the Island economy".

In addition to the very full information provided above by Mr. McCarron, he has given us some data on visitation figures.

It is of interest to note that, among all the National Parks of Canada, The Prince Edward Island Park ranks second only to Banff in the number of visitors annually.

The figures shown for 1965-66 are just under one million which by 1970-71 had increased to over two million. Weather during the summer of 1972 was poor and Park enjoyment requires sun. While the number coming into the Province increased Park visitations fell off.

In spite of this the number of campers at the National Park Campsite increased and for July and August every site was filled every night with hundreds turned away.

These figures are particularly significant when it is realized that Prince Edward Island is not near any major center of population and that the Province can only be reached by boat or by air.

Canadian National car ferries carrying up to one hundred and ninety cars ply between Cape Tormentine, N.B. and Borden, P.E.I. a distance of nine miles and three privately owned boats - the Northumberland Ferries, between Caribou, N.S. and Wood Islands, P.E.I.

To give some indication of the traffic, during the summer of 1973 there are thirty-nine crossings each way each day between Cape Tormentine and Borden.

On August 30, 1972 a CN ferry on this crossing carried their millionth passenger. For the full year the total number carried was 1,289,925, total number of automobiles, 505,004. Add to this those carried between Caribou and Wood Islands and those arriving by Eastern Provincial Airways and private planes and compare it with a population of less than 110,000 and we have some idea of the impact of tourism on this little sea-girt of superb beaches, beautiful scenery, pure air and hospitable people.

Next to the beaches in popularity is Green Gables House. This is understandable. Here visitors relive the story of Anne and of her creator Lucy Maud Montgomery.

The number who registered by signing the guest book increased from 35,957 in 1959 to 111,228 in 1972. But this figure by no means indicates the number of visitors, for the great majority do not register. It is estimated that perhaps twenty percent do so which would mean approximately half a million visitors in 1972.

While Prince Edward Island is not near any major center of population distances are not great to a number of our bigger cities with their congestion, their smog-filled air, their tensions and stresses.

The Prince Edward Island map gives distances as follows: to Montreal, 756 miles; to Toronto, 1076; to Boston, 596; to New York, 877.

Within approximately a thousand miles are many millions of people who live under the conditions of a modern big city.

Is it any wonder that, during their brief weeks of holiday they are seeking out, in increasing numbers, "that colorful little land of ruby and emerald and sapphire, compassed by an inviolate sea, and floating on the waves of the blue Gulf, a green seclusion and haunt of peace".

The Prince Edward Island National Park provides in miniature that "haunt of peace" which may be found in every part of this Garden of the Gulf.

Chapter 20

CAVENDISH YESTERDAY TODAY TOMORROW

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At the corner of the Cavendish and Mayfield roads, in an acre of the southwest section, there lie, unrecoverable, the records which would complete the early history of Cavendish.

We refer to that spot sometimes called "God's Acre", the Cavendish cemetery, where rest the bodies of all the founders of Cavendish, with the exception of the original couple William and Janet Simpson and their son-in-law, John McNeill, whose deaths before this cemetery was opened necessitated their burial in the old Anglican cemetery in Charlottetown.

It is not beyond the realm of possibility that the day will come when the memories of these founders may be tapped to fill the gaps in this record.

Cavendish Yesterday

Cavendish yesterday was a period of one hundred and eighty-three years.

Cavendish yesterday was all that we described at the beginning of Chapter 1 - and more.

Cavendish yesterday was people, - men, women, children.

Cavendish yesterday was courage, intelligence, initiative, determination, friendliness, happiness, idealism, accomplishment, intermingled with a measure of deprivation, tragedy and heart-break.

Cavendish yesterday was lumbering, agriculture, carpentry, shipbuilding - a rural community with a rural economy.

Cavendish yesterday was summers of unremitting toil, sixteen, not eight hour days, clearing land, planting, cultivating and harvesting crops, fencing, tending livestock, and a multiplicity of other duties of early farm life.

Cavendish yesterday was winters when the family rose long before daybreak, seven days a week, the men to go to the barn, feed the livestock and milk the cows - all before breakfast which the women would have waiting for them when they came in, hot oatmeal porridge with sugar and cream, good home-made bread, home-cured ham and farm-fresh eggs, a hearty meal for hard working, hungry men. The day brought its work, routine and seasonal. Stock had to be watered, stables cleaned, firewood cut, mussel mud dug, hauled and spread on the fields, ice cut and stored, repairs to buildings and machinery - on ad infinitum. Never a day dawned that there was not work waiting to be done.

Cavendish yesterday was a six day week - plus, six days during which men and women worked long hours of physical toil, it was the pre-mechanization age. But the seventh day, Sunday, was a day on which one did only "works of necessity and mercy", stock must be fed, cows milked, meals prepared. But the kindling and firewood to last into Monday were cut on Saturday, the food for Sunday meals was prepared as much as possible on Saturday. Sunday was Church and Church was not only a spiritual but very much a social occasion. Here neighbors met before and after and exchanged family and community news. In pre-telephone days this was a very important part of community life.

Cavendish yesterday was a people who, in addition to working hard, were clean living - the use of alcohol and tobacco were practically unknown; happy, both in home and inter-neighbor relationships - feuding, "line-fence" disputes prevalent in some communities were unknown; healthy, good plain foods, exercise through physical labor, regular if long hours, lack of mental stress - a philosophical people who accepted life as it was with a minimum of worry.

Cavendish yesterday, and in all these we include Bay View, was a community which prized and fully supported its community institutions. It was a rare Sunday on which the family pews were not fully occupied. Education was given high priority even before any school was organized. The minister and the teacher were respected and supported. Elsewhere we have referred to the caliber of discussion and debate in the Cavendish Literary Society.

Recently a Provincial Premier, in discussing present day social services, referred to the much longer life span of today over the "short-lived early pioneers".

Such was not the case in Cavendish. One has but to walk among the stones of Cavendish cemetery to see that three score years and ten plus was the general order of the day.

Primitive living conditions, hard work, periods of hardship and deprivation, absence of health services and all the other hazards of pioneer living did not seem to affect adversely the longevity of the pioneers.

William Simpson age 42, and his wife Janet Winchester 40, with eight children left their Scottish croft, spent three harrowing months at sea, were shipwrecked, suffered great privation their first year on the Island and at 57 went into the wilderness to carve out a new home.

Never had they more than the bare necessities of life, never did they know surcease from toil and never did they experience anything but the primitive living conditions of a log cabin. Yet William lived to almost 87 and Janet to 83.

Of eighty descendants in the first two generations of whom we have records, who lived past their three score years and ten, nine passed the 90 mark, seventeen were between 85 and 89, twenty-one between 80 and 84, and thirty-five between 70 and 79. Fifty-six percent of this group lived to be 80 or over. The writer's paternal grandfather was 90, his grandmother 96.

The history of Cavendish is not a story of battles but of a battle, - a battle not against but with the cooperation of nature to build a way of life, to establish homes, to bring into being a viable economy, adequate to provide them with the necessities and in the terms of the day some of the luxuries of life.

In the preceding pages we have attempted to trace the metamorphosis from a clearing with a log cabin, to a comfortable community of attractive modernly equipped homes in a pleasing rural countryside. We trust that here the reader will find something of interest and of information.

Cavendish Today

Cavendish today is an open book to tens of thousands of people.

It is in many respects the Cavendish of yesterday. The topographical features are basically unchanged. The beach and sand-dunes, except for some slight shifting of sand, are as they were in 1790. The air is as pure and fresh and clean as ever. The breezes, whether off the Gulf or overland, are fresh and, even on the hottest day, pleasantly cool. The neat frame homes, some of them built a century ago, now with modern conveniences added, are still neat in their tidy farm yards, with their white paling fences or hedges and their shade trees. The indigenous people are still the hard working sturdy, honest, friendly men and women of years gone by.

Added to the Cavendish of yesterday is The National Park with the ancillary services which necessarily accompany such a development.

Green Gables today is of course much more than "the David McNeill home where the Webbs lived".

Golfers tell us that the golf course is one of the best in the country. Rainbow Valley, which William Simpson Junior began to clear in 1790, is a children's haven and a spot of beauty.

Nature trails, paddocks, the new Lucy Maud Montgomery post office, a building now being renovated, two wax museums and of course motels, camp sites, restaurants are a part of Cavendish today. These are some of the physical attributes of the new Cavendish.

But it is not the ancillary services that make Cavendish today the mecca to so many thousands. Such services are universal in today's world.

The appeal is the age-old call of nature - to beautiful beaches with warm water, to unspoiled pastoral beauty, to pleasant days and cool nights, to refreshing breezes, to peaceful, uncrowded roads and countryside, to re-creation, in short to Cavendish today.

Cavendish Tomorrow

What is tomorrow? A year hence? A decade? A century?

The writer is not a prophet or the son of a prophet, but one does not have to be a Jean Dixon to predict that Cavendish tomorrow will continue to attract increasing numbers of people.

With longer vacations, earlier retirement and growing congestion in our cities, there can be no question that Cavendish and many other areas in this Island will appeal to more and more people, particularly from June to October.

We suggest that Cavendish yesterday will still be the essential ingredient in Cavendish tomorrow, and that Cavendish tomorrow will continue to bring relaxation and happiness to those who seek out its qualities of refreshment - to body, mind and spirit.

Two persons who have read the manuscript of this record have suggested that readers who have not known Cavendish may feel that we have over-glamorized. Both have said that this is not the case. To quote one of them, "I have known Cavendish and its people for many years. It is indeed an unique community. No writer could do it justice".

In Chapter 7 we quoted from a letter written by Mary McNeill Lawson, great-aunt of Lucy Maud Montgomery, in which she traced the McNeill genealogy. We repeat a part of the quote:

"My grandfather John Macneill . . . married Margaret Simpson, daughter of William Simpson, who had emigrated from Morayshire, Scotland, a man of rare ability and Christian character, whose descendants filled a large space in the moral, intellectual and religious development of the country, and who were strongly impressed with the idea that they were above the common herd".

In all honesty it must be admitted that, among the descendants of William and Janet there was a feeling of superiority, that intellectually and morally they were superior to the "lesser breeds without the clan".

This was evidenced by the comment of a resident of the community who did not bear one of the select names of Simpson, McNeill or Clark. His comment, sometimes repeated by others was:

"From the conceit of the Simpsons, the pride of the McNeills and the vainglory of the Clarks, Good Lord deliver us".

However valid the comment was, and it had some validity, the writer in common with hundreds of other descendants of William and Janet, is proud to have chosen his ancestors with such selectivity, and to have the opportunity of recording, however inadequately, something of the history of the community which they and their family founded - Cavendish.