

First Missions – Canada, Newfoundland

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Newfoundland

September 21, 2025

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Traytown: Account of the Gospel Coming in 1915

West Point: Gospel Came in 1912

The Coming of the Workers to Newfoundland

The S.S. Carthaginian Left Liverpool Aug. 08, 1908, to Glasgow, to St. Johns, arrived Halifax, Aug. 19, 1908.

Manifest shows: George Johnson, Walter H. Dennison, Thos. McGivern, Wm. Armstrong, Joseph Brown, **WM. IRVINE**, John Baillie, Blanche H. Chappell, Janet Dougal, Rosetta (Nettie) Miller, Mary K. Wilson. (11 total)

In Aug. 1908, twelve workers came from the old country, docking in the St. John's Harbour. Blanche Chappell was one of them and she used to tell how they climbed Signal Hill on Sunday where they had their little meeting. When the boat continued on its journey to Halifax, N.S. (arriving in Aug) it left George Johnson & Tom McGivern behind, and Blanche used to say that a lonely feeling it was to do this. The others went on to a convention in Dartmouth (possibly the first in N.S.). Tom became ill and soon had to return to the Old Country, leaving George alone. He found work on Nash's farm (older folk), Topsail Road (outside of Dodge City), until Jimmy Patrick came from Nova Scotia to join him some time later. When Jimmy came they went to Random Island, at which time Joe and Sam Burrige professed. (Joe went to Boston, Mass., working as a building mover, going out in the work in 1911 and labouring all his days in the U.S.) While they were together, John Verge also professed, as well as John Adams. (father of Jack, (Moncton), & Roy, (Ont)

(The Paradise folk recall that when George visited Nfld. in 1970 he said he could remember having a cup of tea at the Woodstock (not called Inn then). This was one of the few remaining buildings that George could still recognize.)

After the convention Daisy Fee and Nettie (Rosetta) Miller arrived in Newfoundland. They found a summer home in Long Pond in which to have their meetings, and it seems George walked out to one of their meetings one Sunday. Gladys Butler recalls her father making benches for the girls at that time and the rest of the family being put out at him for doing so.

Susie Dawe "Aunt Susie Morgan" was 14 years old when the girls came. Her half sister, Laura, a young widow, had returned home at that time. She thought that by having Daisy & Nettie come to church with her one day, they would see it 'her way'. The sermon that morning was Matt. 10, and when Laura asked the girls what they thought of the service, they replied that they agreed perfectly with all that had been read. It was after this that Laura began to attend the meetings, and was the first to profess in Newfoundland. Lil Greenslade also professed in that mission. (The 2 churches around at that time were: Church of England and the Salvation Army, which was just getting its foothold).

Gladys also recalls Nettie fixing up a hat for her sister, Susie, so she could attend Sunday school one day. Nettie had been a milliner in the Old Country. When Susie returned home the girls asked her how Sunday school went and she replied: "they told us not to be swept about with every wind of doctrine". It was about 1925 that "Aunt Susie" professed, this being through Margaret Delamere and Agnes Harper. She recalls a convention at Seal Cove approx. 1912 at Ned Morgan's, where Geo. Walker was present.

The girls remained in Long Pond approx. 4 months, then came to Paradise where Jim & Mary Sharpe first took them in. The Sharpes lived across the road from where Melvin Sears now lives. It is told that Mary had unusual medical abilities. The meetings were held on the other side of the road from the Sharpes in their son Jim's home. The Sharpes never did profess but continued to remain church-going people.

Bill Coombs was the first to profess in Paradise, followed by his wife, Helen. They remained true in spite of much opposition. They had two daughters: Katherine "Kitty" and Rosetta "Nettie" (named after Nettie Miller). It is told that at one point Helen said to Bill: "What are we going to do? Shall we go back too?" and Bill quoted those words: "To whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life". After the Coombs professed, the meetings were held in their home. (This would be the front yard area of Jack & Nettie's present-day home.)

Two years later when John Stone & Jimmy Patrick had meetings, Sarah Drover, daughter of Jim & Mary Sharpe), Sarah Lynch (nee Janes), Sarah Clarke (nee Lynch), and Mose & Elizabeth Gosse professed. Sarah Drover had been working in the hayfield one day when she became convinced this must be God's Way, and hers was wrong. She and "Aunt Sarah" Lynch were baptized in 1914 in Royals Pond by John & Jimmy. Sarah Drover was Phyllis' grandmother also an aunt to Winnie Hussey (nee Murphy).

George Johnson told about the first convention in Paradise being held in a pony stable at the Coombs. He, Sam Charlton, and Geo. Walker were present. This must have been about 1910, as Geo. left Nfld. after that.

Jack Lynch recalls Special Meetings being held in the home where Kitty & Leo Sears, Sr. now live. The home at that time was owned by Sam Burrridge. There may have been a couple at the Coombs' home before this.

There was a convention in Paradise about 1914 (also 1915) back of Joe & Becky Clarke's. Nettie as a little girl remembers the water being brought to boil in big pots in a little cook-house put up by the workers.

The first to be buried in our "Paradise Cemetery" (approx. 1915) were a Burrridge baby from Bell Island and "Aunt Sarah" Lynch's 4-mo. old baby girl. The ground had been given by Bill Coombs, and he buried them. This cemetery was enlarged in the 1960's and again in the 70's. (Bill Coombs passed away in 1939 and his wife, Helen, in 1963.)

Because schools in Nfld. were/are church-connected, the children of those who professed at that time were put out of the school. It was after this that Lillie & Julia Yetman each came to teach our friends' children for a year in Paradise. This was first done in a shed (the cook-house) behind Joe Clarke's, and later in the home where Kitty Sears now lives. George Whitefield, one of the workers, also taught for a month or so. Some of his art work is still on the wall, behind the panelling, in the Sears' home.

Davy Stewart recalls that in 1935 when he first came to Paradise, there were 8 people professing. Of these, 4 were Sarah's: Sarah Drover (Sr & Jr; Sarah Clarke & Sarah Lynch.) The others were: Bill & Helen Coombs and Mose & Elizabeth Gosse. It was during Davy's 3 years in Nfld. that Nath Hussey and others all professed.

Fellowship meetings in Paradise were first at the home of the Coombs. Other homes later were: the Mose Gosse's and Joe Lynch's. Meeting was also at Will Gosse's for awhile. From Mose G's, the meeting eventually went to Nath Hussey's, where it remained until 1982 when Nath was no longer able to remain in his own home. In Nov. 1963 Sun AM Meeting began in Leo & Beatrice Sears' home, with one being placed at Jack & Nettie Lynch's not long afterward. This brought the total to 3, until about 1973 or 4 when another meeting began at Joe & Becky Clarke's. In the fall of 1976, following the deaths of Mark & Silvy Clarke in May (sons of Mark & Olive), two more meetings were started at Eli & Elizabeth Abbott's and Melvin & Jane Sears'. In 1982 when the meeting could no longer continue in the Hussey home, Joe & Marina Bussey (Foxtrap), Reg & Joan Chaytor, and Willie & Jeanette England each received a Sunday morning meeting in their home. This brought the next number of meetings right in Paradise to a total of seven.

It is possible that the next pair of sisters in Nfld. after Daisy & Nettie were: Annie Stanley & Anna Semple. Other workers who laboured in Nfld. in the early years were: Willie Kirk, Willie McAllister, Bobbie Buchanan, Jimmy Anderson, Willie Hillgrove, Albert Moore, Tom Law, Tom Fitzgibbon, Charlie Hughes, Agnes Dougal. Horace Cullwick came to Nfld. in 1945, also Mary Munroe at that time.

Conventions

Possibly a couple others also at Seal Cove before 1923.

1914-15 – Conventions were in Paradise.

1917 – There was a convention held at Brigus.

1918-19 – Conventions were in Shearstown.

1923-25 – Somewhere in this time, there were a **couple Conventions held in Dildo**. At this time six boys who stoned the tent, all took sick and died within the next six months.

There. were possibly **2 Conventions held at the Field home in Brigus** (near our present-day Brigus Cemetery.

1927 – The first convention was held on our present familiar "Brigus grounds". This property was uninhabited in 1922 or 23 when bought by a young couple, Joe & Ethel Whelan (cousin to "Mac" Whelan). However, they never lived there, and soon after that Joe found work in the U.S. (Joe has now passed away).

West Coast:

1913—**St George's Convention began. There were two at Cox's Cove prior to this.** James Saunders says that in 1934 there were 30 people at St. George's Conv. They met in the upstairs of the greenhouse. In 1939 the only workers in Newfoundland for conventions were Jack Holland & Donald Higgins, due to war restrictions.

First workers on the **West Coast** were John Stone and Sam Charlton. The time they scaled the rough cliffs at Lark Harbour, because the ice was going out, will not be forgotten! It had never been done before. This is the time they preached at Cox's Cove, and Gus Cox who later went into the work, professed.

In 1910 they went to Boswarlo's, at which time Mr. & Mrs. Wm. Abbott professed. (also were in Botwood).

In 1912 John Stone and Uttley Matthews came to St. George's.

The Gospel went to **West Point** in 1915 (Gus Cox & John Verner). It was possibly the Cutlers at St. George's encouraged them to go. Out of West Point came four workers, 3 of whom are: Alma Stone, Annie Anderson & Eva Strickland.

John Stone and John Verner went to Rocky Harbour in those early years. Willie Kirk and Bobbie Buchanan were in Shoal Brook & Woddy Point (Bonne Bay) a few years later. It was approx. 1935 or 36 that Willie Hilgrove and James Saunders were driven six miles out from Lourdes to West Bay by a mob of about 200. The two ring-leaders were not long after drowned and stricken. The first one fell into the very water he had threatened to throw the 2 workers, and the 2nd one was paralysed in such a way as to be a cripple the remainder of his days.

Coming of the Gospel to other parts:

Shearstown – In 1910 Daisy Fee and Anna Semple first came, but the meetings weren't well attended. Mrs. Bob Saunders did attend 2 or 3 times. Four years later Jimmy Patrick and John Verge came, and this is when the Saunders professed. The next year Charlie Hughes and Willie Elliott came. They had a mission at Brigus in 1916.

Dildo – In 1911 Jimmy Patrick & Sam Charlton had meetings in Dildo, at which time Effie Moore and others professed.

Summerville – Willie Hilgrove & Leslie Williams came in 1931, at which time Aunt Annie Fry, followed by Mrs. Abbott (Jim's mother) professed.

Traytown – In 1912 Jimmy Patrick & co. were driven out from Traytown. The two ring-leaders both died very young men not long after. Twenty years later when Jimmy went back and was holding a baptism service, an outsider remarked that it was a privilege ____ Jimmy because those who drove him out the first time were gone and he was still here.

In 1932 Willie Hilgrove & Alex Wood came to Traytown, where a number professed. In the late 1930s, a woman was 'making fun' while Helen Harrison preached the graveside service for Chas Ra1ph's 1st wife. She took paralysis in her face 3 days later. In the early 1940s, a man who digged a grave for his mother in the churchyard vowing he'd even "dig her up" if she was put in the Friends' Cemetery. In 3 months was gone himself (with cancer), filling the very grave he'd dug for his mother—a young man. People "marked" these kinds of things.

Account of Gospel Coming To Traytown, Newfoundland, Canada in 1912

James Patrick and John Verge came to **Traytown in 1912**, had use of a little house for meetings from Charles Kean on a point of land later bought by Hedley Patten. They had a few meetings there, and then the people got up against them and drove them away. When we saw Jimmy in 1934, he told us that 6 men came to the door and asked them to leave. So they left, because there wasn't any interest there, only stiff opposition. Two of the ringleaders, just young men in their late thirties, died within a year. 22 years later, James Patrick came back that year and performed a baptism service from that same point. A number of people were standing near watching and laughing. The remark was passed by Willis Ralph to those who were scorning that Jimmy Patrick had a wonderful privilege to come back and perform a baptism service from the same point he was asked to leave 22 years earlier, and the ringleaders are now laying in their grave. That ended the laughing.

In August 1932, Willie Hillgrove and Alex Wood came to Glovertown. They came by train to Alexander Bay Station. Joe Arnold, the taxi driver from Glovertown, took them to his home for the night. Next morning the United Church Minister, on his way to Happy Adventure, found out from the taxi driver that two preachers came to Glovertown the previous night. He was very upset and sent a telegram to his wife saying "close all doors against all other sects." She didn't understand it so went next door to the taxi driver's house, read the telegram out for all to hear. Willie and Alex were setting there eating their breakfast when she read the telegram. After breakfast, they left to find a boarding house, found one on Bridge Hill with Avalon and Ruth House, and then they were given the use of the L.O.L. Hall for meetings. Quite a number came at first.

After a month or maybe a little longer people got up against them and asked the Orangemen to close the hall. The Orangemen called a meeting and it came to a vote, it was 50/50. So the Master, J. Denty, had to cast his vote. He cast his vote against them and they closed the hall. Then, the boarding house lady said they couldn't keep them any longer. They would have to leave. They were up against it and planned to go. They came to Traytown to say Goodbye to the few contacts they made there. They came to Hedley Patten's to say Goodbye; his wife was sick, not able to do very much, and three young girls going to school. He said, "There's a small room there if you can care for yourselves, you are welcome to it." They gladly accepted and stayed. Aunt Jenny Wyatt was the first to open her home for meetings; shortly after Ronald Ralph and Hezekiah Ralph opened their homes for meetings. They continued meetings till time for Special Meeting rounds. That fall Sarah Ralph, Clara Ralph, Nina Ralph and Tilly Ralph professed. They went for Special Meetings, came back in January, continued meetings in the same homes and that spring a number professed. Hedley Patten, Ronald Ralph, Mary Ralph, Katie Patten, Jenny Wyatt, Florrie Chaytor, Annie Patten, Nan Ralph, Earl Ralph, Jack Ralph, Ewart Patten, Maud Patten, Lloyd Ralph and others. There was much resentment and opposition by relatives and friends.

At convention in 1933 Mary Patten, Alma Wyatt and Eileen Ralph professed. There was a Sunday morning meeting in Hedley Patten's home, Sunday Night meeting at Ronald Ralph's home and Wednesday night meeting at Aunt Jenny Wyatt's. There was also a day's convention at Ronald Ralph's home till 1940.

In the fall of 1934, Alex Wood and Arthur Beattie had meetings in the home of Em Smart, Glovertown. When they left for Special Meetings, J. Burry from Glovertown said "if they come back again, I will have a crowd of men at the station to put them back on the train." Before they returned in the spring, he was under the sod. He died from pneumonia. Within the next four years, Alex and Arthur Beattie, Willie Hillgrove and Willie McKinley, Alex Wood and **Willie Martin** had meetings here and in Glovertown. Willie Hillgrove and Willie McKinley had meetings in the home of Frank and Blanche Wells. There Mrs. Janes and Annie Butt professed. **Helen Harrison and Charlotte Hendy were the first two sister workers to come to Traytown.**

Helen Harrison and Eva Strickland had meetings in Edgar Butt's home in 1939. Edgar professed during these meetings. In February 1939, Chesley Ralph professed, shortly after the death of his first wife, Ena. Helen Harrison and Eva Strickland had her funeral, the first in our cemetery. At the funeral, a lady stood near Helen jeering with her mouth twisted in a mocking manner. Later she took a stroke in the side of her face, leaving her mouth in the same mocking manner as at the graveside. It remained that way till the day of her death.

Frank Ralph professed after the death of Earl Ralph in May 1939. Winnie Patten professed in Hildren McRitchie's and Ruby Harper's mission in 39 or 40. Mrs. Kean professed maybe around the same time, also Bruce Wyatt, after the death of his wife, Jenny, in 1940. His first testimony was "I mean to fill the place of the one that's gone."

Gerald Ralph, Gertie Ralph, Katie Wyatt, also Marion Adams professed in Freddie Bryanton's and Charlie Beyea's mission in the spring of 1942.

Bertha Denty professed during convention 1942. Allister Ralph professed during convention at Brigus in 1947. Leslie Ralph professed around the same time or maybe a little later.

In 1942, Mrs. Kean was visiting her daughter in St. John's. She took sick with heart attack and died during Brigus Convention. Her daughter, Tilly, who was also professing, had her grave dug in our cemetery. Jack Holland had her funeral. Meanwhile, her son, Robert was very angry about it and dug a grave in the United Cemetery. He said in January when the weather is cold he was going to have her dug up and buried in the United Cemetery. That same fall in November, he took sick and died within two weeks and was buried in the same grave he had dug for his mother. It was a very remarkable thing.

December 6, 1989, there are ten of us here in the little church today – Chesley Ralph, Allister Ralph, Leslie Ralph, Tom, Gertie and Glen Abbott, Ewart and Effie Patten and Jack and Mary Ralph. Sunday morning meeting is at Jack Ralph's, Wednesday night meeting at Tom Abbott's.

Account of Gospel Coming to West Point, Newfoundland in 1915

It must have been in the spring of 1915 the two preachers, John Verner and Gus Cox, came down the coast on the Glencoe and landed at Little Bay, then walked the five miles out to where we lived in West Point. It seems that Mr. & Mrs. Cutler, at St. Georges, had encouraged them to come to our part. Someone had told them George Anderson had a store they might be able to use for mtgs. It was built by Uncle Manasseh. and I believe he had done a lot to the house that Granny and Grandfather lived in.

The workers stopped at our house and Mother asked then in. They inquired where George Anderson lived and she pointed to the house, just down the path from ours. They went to the home and Grandfather happened to be in a good mood. Mother had heard somehow about two preachers who might come. Some had said to be careful because they could be German spies. She and Father were not afraid of those stories and seemed anxious to hear them, as they were dissatisfied with what they had in religion. Anyway, mother was uneasy, afraid Grandfather would say NO to the men and after John and Gus went into the house she went down and listened at the door. She heard Grandfather say, "Why use the store — why not use the kitchen for your meetings?" It was a nice large room. John then asked where they could stay. Grandfather said, "Stay right here!" and they stayed the eight weeks until the mission finished. I don't believe he charged them a cent. All went well as far as Grandfather was concerned until the meetings were tested and Granny decided.

When the meetings started, the people walked for miles from La Plant and all around. At night we could see people coming with their lanterns from everywhere. But — as the meetings continued and they saw what it would mean, many of the folks stopped coming, and turned against the Truth.

The minister got up against them and had a lot to say. Sometimes John and Gus would go to the afternoon meeting at the church (there was always three services on Sunday) and then have their own Gospel mtg. at night. John was a marvelous preacher but poor Gus only was able to speak briefly, but we soon loved both boys. John was an Irishman and Gus was from Corner Brook, Nfld.

In those days the workers believed they should not go from house to house while working a mission so they stayed with Granny and Grandfather for meals all during the mission. Mother, Father and others wanted so much to have them come for a meal, and they had lots of questions to ask them, but they stayed "put".

When the meetings were tested, eight women professed. Besides Granny there were Mother, Aunt Minnie, Aunt Jennie Anderson, Aunt Sophie, Aunt Barb, Allie, and Hattie Evans, our teacher. It wasn't long after they professed, when on a Sunday morning, they were baptized in a cove. It was in back of where Uncle Bobby Anderson lived. It must have been so cold for it was early spring, but

those poor souls were willing for anything.

Before the baptism that morning, something came up to test them. There was a paper going around which told about the workers belonging to what they called the "White Slave Traffic". It said they were taking away young girls. On the night before the baptism, one of their papers was given to Hattie Evans. She was boarding with Uncle Bobby Strickland and Aunt Vange. Hattie came out to our house just before the baptism and handed mother the paper. There was no time for Mother to read it and so she laid it to the one side. Hattie, so worried about what the paper said, was trying to hold Mother back from going ahead with the baptism, but Mother said to her, "We'll be baptized just the same." And they were.

After the baptism, and they were dressed in dry clothing and their wet ones hung out to dry, Mother read the article and took it right away to John Verner. He read it and immediately he and Gus left. They went right to the ones responsible and made them put a signed notice in the paper saying the article was untrue. Believe the paper was the Family Herald, a Canadian paper. It was a slap in the face to a lot of people who were against the Truth for they would have been glad if it were true about the workers, so as to have something on them.

Another thing that happened that morning of baptism was that Father, for almost the first time since the meetings started, decided he would go to the Methodist church. I felt sad. Father was troubled, but he was fighting it. This Truth, of course, was all so new — never had anyone heard of a religion like this before, and they didn't know of anyone who believed it. They stood alone. I said to Father, "Aren't you going to see Ma baptized?" He spoke sharp and said, "No, I don't want to see such childishness." I was hurt and Mother too, but we said nothing. Grandfather had attended the Gospel meetings, but he never stopped going to the church. This morning he and Father walked home from church together. He said to Father, "This ends it. When I go home I am booting those preachers out the door." Father said, "Why, aren't you going to go in for this — don't you believe it's right?" He answered, "No, they have insulted me twice." He went home and told them to leave, but Uncle Manasseh and Aunt Barb took them in their home. They stayed with them until they left West Point, except they did go to the homes of some of the ones who had professed for meals and visits.

The workers taught the ones who had professed about the little meetings. They had them meet together three times a week; Sunday morning and Sunday night and a night during the week. I'm sure John arranged, seeing there was no man professing yet, for Mother to lead the mtgs. Then Father and Uncle Eph took the workers up the coast to Rose Blanche. Two couples had professed there, one by the name of John & Mary Parsons and a Will Foss and his wife. I am not sure, but I think there was also a young girl who had made her choice.

At West Point the little meetings continued and every one of the men attended. Mother would test the meetings and one by one Uncle Manasseh, Uncle Eph, Uncle Bobby and Sam Anderson, George, Reg and I professed. Also Aunt Vange. Father still held back but never missed a meeting, and I feel he was pleased when we children decided. About nine months later, John Verner returned with Charlie Hughes, and on an Easter Sunday they had a meeting at Uncle Manasseh's home. They tested that mtg. and Father made his choice. We were all so happy. Years later in a Gospel mtg. in Boston, the workers unexpectedly left the mtg. open for testimony. There was a long pause and then Father stood to his feet. He said, "I am on my feet but what shall I say? I didn't even bring my Bible. I didn't expect to be speaking in this mtg." He spoke from hymn 114. He said, "For a long time after the Gospel came I tried to find a loophole, a way out. I was unwilling, but I got to see that, like the hymn my way is wrong, God's way is right, His way is seen in Jesus." I was not in the mtg. I was in the work at the time, but someone wrote me about it. Perhaps it was Mother. What Father had said about trying to find a loophole, a "way out" had truly been his experience.

I remember Uncle Bobby Strickland being so zealous in the Methodist church. He did not want the Truth. Aunt Vange had decided but he held back. Time went on and one Sunday morning, as she was walking to go out to West Point to the mtg., she suddenly decided to go back to ask him if he wanted to go with her. To her surprise he got up, put on his hat and went with her. When everyone had finished taking part in the mtg. he said, "I have something to say, too." He made it known that he wanted to cast in his lot with the people of God. Everyone rejoiced in the mtg. that day! I had left home but Mother wrote me about it.

It wasn't too long after that Uncle Bobby took sick, filled up with cancer. All the folks around used to go to sit up nights with him when he neared the end. One night he talked to Mother and Father about their taking his funeral. Mother had talked with the workers before they left regarding what they should do if someone died, and there would be no workers to take the funeral. John told them, "A couple of you have a short word and pray. Something like a little meeting. Sing a few hymns."

Now a funeral was nearing. Father said to Uncle Bobby that night, "Will Roy be willing that we take your funeral?" (Roy had not yet professed.) Uncle Bobby called Roy in and he was agreeable to what his father wanted. Uncle Bobby told Father, "You read Psalm 40, and tell them this is what the Lord has done for me. He took me out of a horrible pit and he set my feet upon a rock." He made it easy for them to take his service after he was gone. At the funeral, Father told them just what Uncle Bobby had said. There had never been a funeral before since the Truth came and the unsaved were so sure the friends would just have to go back to the church when someone died. They would not allow them to bury their dead in the cemetery, so they dug a grave on Father's land for Uncle Bobby.

Everyone around came to the funeral for they were anxious to see how it would be conducted. Everything went so well. I believe two

of the hymns that were sung were “Bravely tread the Path with Jesus” and “I cannot now go back”. Everyone sang with fervor and they said Aunt Vange sang with all her heart.

The next day, a Ryles girl was buried in the Harbor and my folks and all the friends went to the funeral. Everything went wrong. The preacher was tongue-tied — he could hardly read a few verses. They could not start the tunes. and Aunt Minnie had to start them. After the funeral was over Uncle Pere came up to Father and Mother and patted them on the shoulder and said, “I was some proud of you folks yesterday.” He had been so impressed by the contrast in the two funerals, and how well Uncle Bobby’s funeral had gone. It was because the Lord was with those weak folks. In the next mtg, Uncle Pere professed and Aunt Beat also decided. I don’t remember when Uncle Pliney and Aunt Jennie professed. It may have been after I left home. I left home when 17 years old and went to Canada to work.

One by one those precious souls were brought in, and isn’t it grand to think of them all so safely in the Eternal Harbor. Guess the only one left of that generation of the folks who made their choice is Aunt Beat.

Before Uncle Bobby Strickland decided, he went up the coast somewhere and came back with a lot of catechisms. They were to be taught in the school, orders of Dr. Curtis, who controlled the schools. Uncle Manasseh, Uncle Eph and others had come to our house and all were worried over their children having to be taught the catechism. They said someone should go in to talk to the teacher. Mother ended up being the one to go — and she went in fear and trembling. She knocked at the schoolhouse door and the teacher came to the door. Mother told her she had heard that catechisms were to be taught to the children and said, “I respect Dr. Curtis’s wishes in regard to educating my children, but I do not want them to be taught the catechism. The Bible says we are to teach our children the Bible in our homes.” Tears ran down the teacher’s cheeks and she said, “Alright, Mrs. Anderson, I’ll do as you say.” The catechisms were not taught in the school and nothing more was heard about them. Mother said that as she turned from that door that day to walk home she felt like David must have felt when he killed Goliath!

Hattie Evans had been our teacher for several years, but when she professed, Dr. Curtis would not allow her to teach in Newfoundland any more. I remember part of the letter she wrote to him. “If I had lost ten schools I would not flinch, and I hope some day you will see what I see.” She went to Cape Breton and got a job as a Governess, taking care of a little boy. The child’s father, Mr. Hefferman, got to see the Truth and professed through her life and testimony. She later married Chesley Ball and had two children, Elton and then Vernelle. She died when her third child was born — she and the child died together.

Grandfather made it very hard for Granny after she professed. One night she and Bridget (Bridget lived with them) were up to our house and we were singing hymns. It wasn’t dark when they went home. Grandfather met them on the porch and grabbed Granny by the throat and threw her down. He would have choked her to death but Bridget screamed and Father and others heard and came running. Father stopped Grandfather and saved Granny’s life. Another time she feared for her life was when he tore down stairs in the night. She thought he was going after the knife to kill her. But he came back upstairs without the knife — he shook the bed hard and then got into bed again. He didn’t harm her. But Grammy kept true through all the testing. It is good to think of them all keeping true and of the children that followed in their steps by choosing Truth for themselves. I often think of that hymn “SWEET IS THE STORY YOU SHALL TELL AT EVENTIDE, WHEN DAY IS DONE.” It surely is a sweet story, one that will never lose its appeal.

As told by Ethel (Anderson) Burgess