

The Rural Home

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HOME" is the word which stirs, in the hearts of most people, the sweetest of memories, feelings of honest pride, joy and satisfaction, and dreams of gracious living. The word, "rural," transposes most minds to fields "in Nature's bounty rich," for "God made the country and man made the town." Will you give your mind permission to visit one of the rural homes of Canada?

Our home is about sixty rods from a busy provincial highway passing through an area which, in a year or two, may be annexed to a city. The house is quite noticeable from the road, for it sits on the top of a high bank. The large, round, white pillars of the verandah, the apple trees on the slope of the hill, and the tall sheltering spruce and locust trees have helped for some years now to point out this home to passers-by.

The house was built by a Scottish pioneer family in 1844. For ten years the family lived in the log house built by the man who had started to clear a few acres of this farm in the forest of Upper Canada. Likely the Scottish family as they cleared more and more dreamed of the house they wanted to build. They chose stone for the walls, drawing fairly uniform slabs of limestone from a riverside quarry. Layer upon layer of these flat, gray rocks give houses built of limestone a stratified appearance, quite different from the blocked appearance of stone houses made of vari-coloured granite rock split by strong stone masons in the early days. It was the new "laird" of this farm who was most anxious to build a lovely home. He insisted that the attic window be fan shaped, like the window above the front door, even if it meant the chimney had to be divided to encircle it. The "guid" woman of that day often told her family the story when certain fireplaces did not draw to—suit her. The verandah was built much later—in 1910—when sheds at the rear were torn down and replaced by a two-story cement block structure. As the farm activities had increased, frame buildings had been added to the stone building.

Today the living room, dining room, den, bathroom, front and back halls are on the ground floor of the original house. Its basement provides room for the hot air furnace, fuel, electric motor, hard water tank, and a root cellar. There are four large bedrooms on the second floor; the attic is floored and easily reached by a good stairway from one of the bedrooms.

Of all the rooms in the original house, the living room is the one best loved by the pres-

ent family. This room has three windows, two looking out on the verandah, and one to the south. English ivy, from pots on the wide sills, climbs the walls of these deeply recessed windows. On the sill of the south window, a hobby collection of vinegar bottles, of spiral hob-nail, thumb print and beaded glass, is to be seen. At the present time, a couple of old lustre-ware, live mugs are on the sill of one of the west windows; the other usually has a few potted plants or a bouquet of cut flowers.

Most of the furniture in this room is walnut, bought in the early Victorian age. The lines of the chesterfield, rocking chair, grandfather chair, drop leaf table and pedestal Bible table are very simple. The corner what-not is a favourite piece, for it has a cupboard at the bottom, with a circular door. In another corner stands the grandfather clock, carefully brought across the Atlantic, packed with bed-clothes. It continues to serve this generation as faithfully as it served in the past. One of the other chairs was brought from Scotland about fifty years ago from the old farm home. Above the fireplace on the south side, hangs a small modern painting of the first chatelaine. On the opposite wall there is a much larger old pen engraving of her husband, one of the shepherds from the Lowlands, who did well in farming, politics and church life in this new

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LITTLE THINGS

By Orrick Johns

There's nothing very beautiful and nothing
very gay
About the rush of faces in a town by day;
But a light tan cow in a pale green mead,
That is very beautiful, beautiful indeed.
And the soft March wind and the low
March mist
Are better than kisses in a dark street kissed.
The fragrance of the forest when it wakes
at dawn,
The fragrance of a trim green village lawn,
The hearing of the murmur of the rain at
play—
These things are beautiful, beautiful as day!
And I shan't stand waiting for love or scorn
When the feast is laid for a day new-born.
Oh, better let the little things I loved when
little
Return when the heart finds the great things
brittle;
And better is a temple made of bark and
thong
Than a tall stone temple that may stand too
long.

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