

THE WATCHER-MOTHER

By Margaret Widdemer

She always leaned to watch for us,
And anxious if we were late,
In winter by the window,
In summer by the gate;

And though we mocked her tenderly,
Who had such foolish care,
The long way home would seem more safe
Because she waited there.

Her thoughts were all so full of us—
She never could forget!
And so I think that where she is
She must be watching yet,

Waiting till we come home to her,
Anxious if we are late—
Watching from heaven's window,
Leaning from heaven's gate.

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body in our expression of sympathy to the bereaved who are left to mourn the passing of one of Canada's truly fine women.

At the same time we are happy to have enjoyed the friendship and co-operation of one who clearly proved that she was in entire accord with the institutes in their fine work for Home and Country.

ACHIEVEMENT DAY AS AN INSTITUTE MEMBER AND A MOTHER SEE IT

AT INWOOD INSTITUTE'S meeting following the County Achievement Day, there were comments on the Day, as viewed by an Institute member and by a mother of a club member.

The Institute member, Mrs. Graham said—"As an Institute Member I'd like to tell you about Achievement Day as I saw it. I've been a member of the Women's Institute for quite a few years and had always been interested in the various projects which we sponsored but had never attended an achievement day. The morning of the big day I called a couple of fellow members of the Institute and we decided to attend.

I think the first thing that struck us was the large number of mothers who were there along with their daughters. In this course the girls had each made a blouse and they were on display, all 130 of them, all around the room; also the books they had made. And what a display! The workmanship was wonderful. I think any adult could have been proud of those blouses and some of the girls who made them were only twelve years old.

During the afternoon there were several short skits which were both humorous and educational and made many of us wonder if we always considered the clothing we already had when buying something new, and just how it would fit into our wardrobe.

There were also demonstrations on what was appropriate to wear for school and for

church on Easter Sunday, and on harmonizing colours, and lines that flatter the wearer.

The afternoon for me was very pleasant and I came home feeling very proud of our girls and glad that I could have even a small part in sponsoring these projects. I resolved that this was not my last Achievement Day."

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A mother's point of view was given by Mrs. Carl Lehrbrass. Following are a few notes from Mrs. Lehrbrass's report:

"I was very much impressed by the increased attendance. Of the 130 girls who took the club work only two were absent. The mothers were proud to see the many blouses on display and to watch the parade when their daughters modelled what they had made. The club leaders and their assistants deserve great credit. The girls were taught to choose a basic colour and style around which to build their wardrobe, also to get accessories which would blend well with what they had chosen. In that way a girl could have several different outfits without spending much money—something which must be appreciated by their mothers."

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A SONG OF TWILIGHT

By An Anonymous Mother

Oh, to come home once more, when the dusk is falling,

To see the nursery lighted and the children's table spread;

"Mother, mother, mother!" the eager voices calling,
"The baby was so sleepy that he had to go to bed!"

Oh, to come home once more, and see the smiling faces,

Dark head, bright head, clustered at the pane;
Much the years have taken, when the heart its path retraces

But until time is not for me, the image will remain.

Men and women now they are, standing straight and steady,

Grave heart, gay heart, fit for life's emprise;
Shoulder to shoulder, how should they be but ready!
The future shines before them with the light of their own eyes.

Still each answers to my call; no good has been denied me,

My burdens have been fitted to the little strength that's mine,
Beauty, pride and peace have walked by day beside me,
The evening closes gently in, and how can I repine?

But oh, to see once more, when the early dusk is falling,

The nursery windows glowing and the children's table spread;
"Mother, mother, mother!" the high child-voices calling,
"He couldn't stay awake for you, he had to go to bed!"