

"You can judge a man by the way he treats his dog. There is something very far wrong with anyone who mistreats animals." Grandma, in her later years, was an ardent member of the Humane Society. Let anyone dare to come to the farm with a neglected horse and Grandmother see him, he would really be taught a lesson on the care of animals in general.

"Honour thy Father and thy Mother" was one of Grandma's strong points. "No one can ever prosper who neglects the aged," "Respect the husband of the house." As I grew up, Grandma and I had a few arguments along this line, as my ideas were rather modern, so she thought.

Grandma was a wonderful lover of flowers. Anything would grow for her. "You have to love them and love to be with them, it's funny — but they know." Her fuchsias grew like small trees — their beautiful colours were almost tropical. Her geraniums, too, grew and blossomed abundantly, and the visitor who admired her plants was promptly given a slip of her favourite to take home. Her garden, as long as she could tend it, was a sight to behold. She had great faith in home remedies, and the flowers of tansy, bonaset, camomile and hops were picked and dried, along with wormwood, dandelion roots, smart-weed and the toothache plant, to be used in tea for various ailments.

"Never overdress, my dear granddaughter — one good jewel, no more" — how different the costume jewellery of nowadays! And — "Never be influenced by a pretty face, it's what's underneath that counts." Time and again I have heard Grandma repeat these admonitions.

Grandmother loved to tell of driving to Berlin — (now Kitchener) — and on more than one occasion of picking up "Billie King" (Mackenzie King) on the outskirts near his home, and giving him a ride down town. Born a Conservative, she became a staunch Liberal on marrying my Grandfather. When she met my husband-to-be, she conferred upon him one of her greatest compliments — he resembled Mackenzie King. I, myself, couldn't see the likeness, but, from then on, he was in her good graces.

My grandmother lived to be almost ninety-four. She was one of the first Women's Institute members of the Winterbourne Branch, North Waterloo District. Her childhood and lifelong friend was its first president. "We can always learn from others, and we, in turn, must never be too selfish to share our knowledge with them."

Dying, she said, "Don't mourn for me. I have outlived my generation. I am happy to go on." She left a wonderful heritage — her memories — a few of which I have tried to pass on to you.

How Can I Train My Child To Be A Citizen of the World?

By Susan Bonsteel

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My oldest child is five. She is growing up in a world which has conquered its own borders and is turning towards outer space. Fantastic as this fact is to us, to her it will be commonplace. She will see that man is in a fair way toward conquering the universe, while at the same time his own nature and his own society baffle him. The contradiction will either make her cynical or make her exhilarated. I hope it will be the latter, if that exhilaration will lead her on to greater learning and deeper understanding of herself and society.

My child is shy. I cannot change her nature, but perhaps I can lead her to see that shyness is often self-absorption. I can take her with me on visits to homes of opulence, homes of neatness and homes of squalor, and by my own attitude show her that it is only the person that is important. A wealthy person may be stuffy, and a slatternly woman dull and boring. A farmer's wife may be neat and clean, a doctor's wife may be a poor housekeeper, and yet they may both have the joy of living in their eyes. I will try to show her that she must help other people, not because she ought, but because she loves them and wants to do things for them.

I hope somehow to get her to think for herself. I will give her a first-rate grounding in my own faith, but encourage her to use it only as a foundation on which to build her own castle of belief. When she comes to the point of abruptly

questioning all she has learned, I hope that my teaching will show her that merely putting aside one set of beliefs is not enough; she must fill the vacuum with something that satisfies her.

I hope by example to instill in her a love of reading. Children's books will be everywhere in the house, with a good sprinkling of stories about other countries. Later there will be good fiction, and biography, history, travel and the literature that seeks to find the reason behind things. She will learn to read newspapers, and keep up to date on current events. A large map of Canada and a globe of the world will be in front of her all the time. I hope she will become a good Canadian, because a citizen of the world is first of all a citizen of her own community and her own nation.

When she is in high school, I shall encourage her to bring home all sorts of friends. I hope she will bring them home not diffidently, but naturally, entirely forgetting to "warn" us that Dulcie is Negro, or Harumi is Japanese-Canadian. If she can learn to accept people as people, liking them or disliking them for their own personalities and not for their appearance or background, she will not be in danger of professional "do-goodism" in her relationships later on.

I should like her to spend a summer with a French-Canadian family, learning their way of life, their society, their religion and their language.