

But the church never really prospered for a few miles away another church was built and that divided the congregation. Then, too, there was one year when the people had been so greatly afflicted with ague that services could not be held regularly.

Grandmother had married and was living in a home of her own when she heard that the church had been moved a few miles farther south to a location that was considered more central.

When as a little girl I visited Grandmother in the holidays she made me feel that I was really helping her. "I think we need some fresh flowers for the table," she would say. "Would you like to fix a bouquet?" Nasturtiums grew in Grandmother's garden and I would pick the gold ones and arrange them in a small brown and cream coloured bowl. Grandmother told me it was a Wedgwood sugar bowl but the handles had been broken off in the ox-drawn cart that had brought her parents and their belongings on the last lap of their journey to their pioneer home.

When we were preparing supper Grandmother would say, "You go down cellar and choose the sealer of fruit you would like." Blueberries, raspberries, strawberries, whole wild apples with cloves in them, and ruby-red wild plums that had been picked from trees along the fences, lined the shelves. I chose the plums because Grandmother and I had once pretended we had been to Fairyland when we saw the plum trees in blossom in the spring. Fried potatoes and ham that I had watched Grandmother take from brine, boil in milk and finish in the oven, sprinkled with brown sugar, preceded the plums. We bowed our heads as Grandfather gave thanks to God for the food.

From time to time Grandmother and I visited the homestead then occupied by my uncle. On one visit we took a walk through the maple woods that for years had yielded the sap that was made into maple syrup and sugar. We found some of the discarded homemade bass-wood troughs that had been used to catch the sap as it fell drop by drop till finally the accumulation of drops filled the huge iron kettle and was boiled and boiled till 30 gallons of

the sap resulted in one gallon of delectable syrup.

On another visit, with basket in hand we roamed the rocky bare pastures and picked the morels that had shot up overnight. Soaked for an hour in salt water and fried in butter in the old iron frying pan they made a memorable meal.

At the close of the First World War Grandmother was living in that part of Toronto that had given a record number of its sons to fight — and many of them to die — for their country. As a memorial to their sacrifice the Prince of Wales on his visit to Canada was to plant with a silver spade a maple tree in Prospect Park Cemetery. It was a warm summer day that Grandmother and I stood on the curb and watched a long black convertible with a youthful figure sitting at the back with his feet on the seat. Golden-haired, blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked, the Prince sat there waving to the right and then to the left. "God bless you my bonnie lad," Grandmother said tremulously, as she waved her hand aloft.

"To think I have watched two Princes of Wales go by," said Grandmother as we walked home. She was twelve years old when the Prince of Wales, later Edward VII, visited Peterborough in 1860. The whole family rose extra early that bright September morning. It took two hours in the two-seated democrat drawn by a team of horses to cover the fifteen miles into town. After putting up the horses in one of the church's driving-sheds, they walked to the station to watch the royal party disembark, then follow the carriages and officers on horseback that formed the procession through the decorated streets. An hour later it was over and Grandmother had her first experience of eating a fancy cake and a cup of coffee in a restaurant.

Grandmother lived to be ninety. She had gradually lost her sight but as she cheerfully remarked, "If I have lost my eyes, I have not lost my tongue," and so her stories continued. It has given me pleasure to recall some of the things Grandmother told me and to be grateful that "God gave his children memory that in life's garden there might be June roses in December."

## *How Can I Train My Child To Be a Citizen of the World?*

*By Mrs. Hugo Polak*

Ontario's Second Prize Essay in the F.W.I.C. Competition 1959.

*Since all people are brothers and sisters in the human family, you should treat everyone with respect . . . Article 1 of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights.*

**W**E ARE living in an era of rapid changes. Revolutionary developments in the field of science affect our daily lives and force us to adapt our thinking and behaviour to the changing needs and demands of our times. Gone forever are the days when families and nations could live only for themselves. With the modern system of communications the distances between nations and continents are steadily diminishing making it imperative for man to strive for universal peace.

As citizens of the world we have a duty to support the United Nations Organization in every possible

way. A reproduction of the United Nations flag and a copy of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights has been hanging in our home for many years now and has given my family an incentive for many interesting and profitable discussions around the kitchen table. In this way my children became early interested in the family of man.

The old Latin proverb "Verba moven, exempla trahunt" — "Words move, but examples pull" is just as true today as it was thousands of years ago. If I want my child to be a world citizen, I myself must act like one day by day, at home, at work and in public life. No amount of coaching will be of value if my words won't be supported by acts.

To train my child for world citizenship I have to teach him to be loyal to his family, to his friends,