

friends. The number is staggering. They never have a visitor. These lists are used by churches and organizations as well as individuals as a basis for "adopting" folk for birthday, when a card is sent or perhaps a small gift. I wish you could read some of the "Thank You" notes received by donors.

There are numerous areas for volunteers. There are patients who are being rehabilitated in what are called foster homes — perhaps as many as five or six in a home. Some of these will eventually go to their own homes; others have no home where they are wanted, so are "lifers" so to speak. They are visited by folk in the community. The library in the hospital has a cart which is taken around to the wards daily. We have volunteers helping the official librarian.

The official patients' newspaper, "News and Views" is arranged and assembled partly by patients, partly by volunteer help. Both drawings and articles are principally done by patients.

I just wish you could see the change of expression on the faces of the patients when a visitor they have come to know arrives on the scene. This leads me to add a point which we feel is vital. If we promise to go regularly, once a month or once a week, we must fulfil that promise. The patients are ready and waiting for us to arrive. Disappointment could, I suppose, in some cases retard progress; so we feel this is a **must**. We must be there, or see that someone else is, if we cannot make it ourselves.

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DYING EMBERS

By Ruth Dingwall McArthur

When I was very very young
(Ah! many years ago)
I dreamed that men of ev'ry tongue
My name should praise and know;
For I would remedy the ills
Of all the human race,
And order bring unto the hills,
And set the stars in place.

And then at a much later time,
(Still many years ago)
I dreamed that men of every clime
My children's names should know:
And so I strove and prayed and wrought
To rear them strong and true
For they must do, the thing I'd thought,
And somehow failed, to do.

And now that I am very old,
(Life, thou art nearly done)
It frets me not whose name is told,
Whose praise on ev'ry tongue,
And I am well content I ween
(For Oh! how quick I tire)
If I can sweep my own hearth clean
And tend my own small fire.

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New Institute Named For A Song

By Mrs. D. McKibbin

ON THE EVENING of April 26, 1961, Mrs. H. A. Dickenson of Mount Hope, Regional Director for South Wentworth, invited a group of ladies from our community into her home for the purpose of forming a new Women's Institute.

We chose the name "Maggie Johnson" for our group because of the historical connection with our district. In our picturesque community stands a beautiful white stone house, the girlhood home of Maggie Clark Johnson for whom were written the lovely words of the old song, "When You and I Were Young Maggie."

The following information was gleaned from a scrap book which is kept in the home by the present owners, Mr. and Mrs. Lorne Johnston:

"Maggie Clark, heroine of the song, was fair with ringlets that shone like spun gold in the sun. She was the belle of the community. George Washington Johnson, who wrote the words of the song, was born in nearby Binbrook. He was a graduate of the University of Toronto. He was twenty-one and very handsome with dark curly hair, when he came to Glanford S.S. No. 5 to teach and Maggie Clark was one of his pupils."

It was not long before teacher and pupil found they were in love. Often they would walk along the banks of the neighboring stream to the Old Mill. It was and still is a very romantic spot although the mill is gone now. It was here that George Johnson got the inspiration to write a book of verse, "Maple Leaves." It was written as a token of the promise he made to his betrothed that his devotion to her would never change. Shortly after the song was written the young lovers were separated to further their education.

In 1864 they were married even though Maggie was in poor health as she had what is known to-day as tuberculosis. In those days there was no hope of cure. Their time together was short but filled with happiness. Maggie Johnson passed away suddenly on May 12, 1865 at the age of 23. They were living in Cleveland at the time and her grief-stricken lover brought her body back to be buried in White Church Cemetery near Mount Hope.

Heartbroken, George Johnson returned to Canada. The year after Maggie's death he had the song set to music by J. A. Butterfield of Detroit.

When George Johnson retired from the teaching profession, at the time being professor of languages at the University of Toronto, he moved to California where he died in 1917, more than half a century after the grievous loss of his wife. His remains were brought back to Hamilton and laid to rest in Hamilton