

★ ★ ★

A VISION
By Eleanor Carter

We're burning spokes from old cart-wheels tonight.
I see within the coals a pioneer;
Or do I dream? — the image is so clear!
He drove that cart ere first I saw the light.
My granny said, before they had the cart,
That grandad had full seven miles to go
With butter, eggs, and anything they'd grow;
One day each week he'd foot it to the mart;
Then sugar, flour, he'd buy with what he'd earned,
And bring home all those miles with weary tread!
What joy it must have been to buy a cart —
A part of progress planned. The spokes are burned
This winter night, a light, it seems, they shed
On folks so filled with faith and strong of heart.
— In New Zealand Home and Country

★ ★ ★

tory has been a fine example of people living happily and harmoniously together regardless of racial origin, religious beliefs or the color of their skin."

An international display of articles laid out for inspection included coins and medals from England; hand-woven tablecloths made of linen from flax grown on members' home farms in Finland and Sweden; hand-carved wooden serving spoons from Sweden; Polish oil paintings; wooden shoes from Holland; silver fruit knives with horn handles from Norway; a hand-operated sewing machine from England; loomed rugs and varied needlework from Northern Europe. As a western Canada exhibit, a huge tumbleweed was set on a side table. The articles were loaned by Institute members and others in the small community; and the name of each country represented in the display was mounted on a white card with a small flag of the country standing alongside.

Everyone in the community was invited to the meeting and the tea served afterward. Mrs. Atkinson says: "It was gratifying to the conveners that so many — both men and women — came, and were delighted, and urged the Institute to be sure to have another International day next year."

Radio Series Features A.C.W.W.

MRS. JOHN HERMANSEN writes that York County Women's Institutes' radio broadcasts from late September to the first of February will have as their theme, The Associated County Women of the World. The regular weekly broadcasts over Station C.F.G.M. Richmond Hill, will be given by Institute members with the exception of two relating to junior work, where the speakers will be members of 4-H Homemaking Clubs.

These are the topics announced: "Introducing Women's Institutes Around the World"; "How Big Are We?"; "From Acorn to Tree";

"The Growing Tree"; "Can We continue to Grow?"; "The Birth of a Project"; "Our Provincial Projects"; "From Sea to Sea"; "A 'Diamond' in the Area"; "Still Forward"; "A Helping Hand Abroad"; "A 4-H Trip Across the Border"; "As Others Play Far Away"; "Christmas Greetings From the Women's Institute"; "We Face the Future"; "Australia Beckons"; "Hands Clasped Around the World"; "The Country Woman's Part in a Changing World"; "Homeward Bound"; "Women of Denmark".

Middlesex Rally Remembers the North

THE FEDERATED WOMEN'S Institutes of Canada at the Biennial Conference held in Vancouver in 1961 appointed a committee to consider the needs of the homemakers in the settlements of Northern Canada. This was a follow-up from the Charlottetown Conference resolution which asked the Department of Northern Affairs to assist in carrying the Women's Institute program to the women beyond the sixtieth parallel.

Mrs. Wm. Hough of Stratford made a survey of the Mackenzie Basin in 1960, with the result that Women's Institutes were organized at Fort Providence, Discovery, Fort MacPherson and Inuvik. Since that time the Fort Providence Branch has carried on a live craft program with the Indian women. In fact, it has become quite well known and received high praise from Mr. Sivertz of the Department of Northern Affairs. At present an Indian woman who speaks three languages, English, French and Slavic is president of this Branch. The establishment of pre-school English classes for the Indian children who do not speak English is another valuable project here. At Discovery they are very busy working on their Tweedsmuir History, which they hope

★ ★ ★

THE FORGOTTEN ROAD

By Louise Morey Bowman

I know a little lonely country road,
Grass-grown and shady and a little sad;
Unused and lost in an enchanted wood,
Though once it was a highway, broad and glad.

Now very few its secret entrance find,
It lies so hidden from the world of men.
On foot I found it and on foot return
To feel its wistful mystery again.

There are so few such roads left us today,
And yet we need them sorely — for with wings
Agleam, and birds notes, my road lures me on
To the hushed country of Forgotten Things.

* * *

I have wept in the night for the shortness of sight,
That to somebody's need made me blind.
But I never have yet felt a twinge of regret,
For being a little too kind.

★ ★ ★