



Miss Maud Row — oldest charter member of the Maynard Women's Institute — cutting the cake when the Branch celebrated its sixtieth anniversary. With Miss Row are — left-right — Mrs. Robert Barton and Mrs. Nellie Bovaird, charter members; Mrs. Erwin Fretwell, a life member; Mrs. O. L. Carson, Mrs. Carman Hough, life members, and Mrs. A. E. Carson, a charter and life member. Miss Lily Hall, a charter member. Mrs. Wm. Conklin and Mrs. Wm. Byers, life members, were absent at the time the picture was taken.

ETCHINGHAM WOMEN'S INSTITUTE GOLDEN JUBILEE

In Saxon times, when lowly Etchingham
Was but a hamlet, humble and obscure,
Each woman had to spend her days within
Her simple home, hardworking and demure.

And when the Normans came, small change was
seen

In woman's lot: she still must ply her broom,
Bake bread, make pasties for her lord's delight
Or as a variation, tread the loom.

When England saw a woman on the throne
In Good Queen Bess's famous Golden Days,
The Ladies with their Lords might venture forth—
Take part in hunting, see Will Shakespeare's
plays.

But still her lord directed what was right
For modest spouse to fill her days withal —
She'd visit still-room, rattle household keys,
Control her children — but remain in thrall.

Victoria was a woman truly great —
From every point of view, a model queen,
But still Victorian husbands ruled the roost,
Their wives must bide at home, be rarely seen.

But more than half a century ago
The women of our country saw a change,
They looked beyond their narrow sphere and
strove
To break down barriers and extend their range.

Was it rebellion at their low estate?
No longer did they sit at home forlorn,
They got together, laid down simple rules —
The Village Women's Institute was born!

They planned their meetings carefully and well —
Appointed officers the show to run,
Found Secretary, Treasurer and such —
For why should Brother Man have all the fun?

And not in village only, far and wide
In Town and Country banners are unfurled,
And women join their hands in ardent hope
To right the wrong and make a better world.

Here now we celebrate our Jubilee,
Our fifty years of high endeavour meant
To help each other, find some common plan —
Advance the better cause, the worse prevent.

Ed. note — This poem was composed by Miss
Mabel Holland, B.A. of Etchingham, Sussex, Eng-
land, a member of the Jubilee Women's Institute
(Eng.) to celebrate their fiftieth anniversary. It
was sent to Home and Country by Mrs. Lillian
H. Field of Marburg Women's Institute in South
Norfolk.

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THE SNOWSTORM

The sky is hid in a snowy shroud,
And the road in the woods is white,
But the dear God watches above the cloud
In the centre of light.

In the woods is the hush of the snowflakes' fall,
And the creak of a lumberman's sleigh,
But in Heaven the choirs of the Master of all
Make praise alway.

Up there is the throne of the Triune God
And the worshipping multitudes,
And here is the long white winter road
And the silent woods.

Frederick George Scott.

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