

# MEMORIES

By MRS. EMILY MOORE

Though Mother's Day will be past by the time this gets in print, I just had to send a little item to the dearest and best gift God gave to the world, Mothers. How many millions who take part in "Mother's Day" have an idea of its origin or age? It is the practice of many churches and Sunday Schools on this continent to set apart a Sunday in May in honor of Mothers. Their children on this day present Mother with gifts and tokens of remembrance. Also to wear a flower, coloured if mother living, and white if mother has passed on. It is supposed to be an American idea, but Americans can only claim to have revived it. Mother's Day is in reality an old English institution which had long fallen into disuse. Three hundred years ago, people in the British Isles, especially in northern England, made a practice of going to see their parents, particularly mother — on the mid-Sunday in Lent, taking a little present, such as a trinket or cake. This was said to be "going a-mothering". And the day became known as Mothering Sunday. It was a day of reunion, when all scattered members of the family gathered home again. There would be a certain amount of festivity in keeping of the day.

The prominent dish was "furmety," which means "wheat grains boiled in milk, sugared and spiced." In northern England, and in Scotland, it was "steeped pease fried in butter with pepper and salt. The gifts presented to mothers were sure to include rich cakes known as "simnel cakes," from the Latin word "similia," which means fine wheat flour. In a little song written 275 years ago by one of England's sweetest singers, Robt. Herrick, there is this verse:

"I'll to thee a simnel bring,  
'Gainst thou go a-mothering;  
So that when she blesses thee,  
Half thy blessing thou'll give me."

It is a far cry from the England of the 17th century to America of the twentieth, but it is worth remembering that the finest in our modern civilization and religion have roots deep down in the solid past. Twenty-five hundred years ago an Eastern sage — maybe it was Solomon himself — said: "That which hath been is now; and that which is to be hath already been; and there is no new thing under the sun." A sage of today might put it this way "All things go in cycles and history repeats itself." If this be so, then there are some cycles we should do well to break up forever and the sooner the better; for there have been things in the past, and there are things in the present that no sane person wishes to see coming around again. But as for these old deep-rooted human things that has sweetened life through the harsh and troubled centuries — well they cannot return too often or too soon.

## A TRIBUTE TO MOTHER

How long have I to live before I truly know  
How much I really owe my Mother?  
How much God has to give  
Before I clearly see His greatest gift to me in Mother,  
And when I duly kneel before His throne above,  
I seem to see His love in Mother  
And when I often feel discouraged and downcast,  
I know who'll hold me fast, my Mother.

In these days of so many strikes and unrest I am sending this, "If Women Went on Strike" (of course I mean in the home) as there are many women as well as men on strike these days.

## IF WOMEN WENT ON STRIKE

The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world,

Would the world get a shock if the cradle women refused to rock. Me thinks the men would have a fit, if women refused to baby-sit.

And demanded shorter hours and more pay.

I wonder what the men would say, if we demanded shorter hours and more pay.

Then again, how would they feel, if we refused to get their meals.

If mother's day should start at eight, many children for school would be late.

And wouldn't hubby's look be sour, if we asked for 65c an hour,

And if when making biscuits, just ready to put in the flour,

She stops right there in the midst of things, for she's worked to the eighth hour.

They talk of Farmer Johnny, but oft forget his Kate,

Who sews and bakes and milks the cows, without no compensate.

She fixes doors, and her sewing machine, with a hairpin for a tool,

Then often in between she sometimes teaches school.

I wonder what it would be like, if these women went on a sit down strike.

She knits for Pa, and all the boys, their shirts she often made.

And in between her many jobs, she runs the Ladies' Aid.

The men would sure have a lot to say, if she asked \$5.00 a day.

She paints the house up once a year, hangs paper on the walls;

And helps her wee Joanna cut out dresses for her dolls.

She has a class in Sunday School, helps in the Institute,

Can play most any instrument from the organ to the flute.

Now here again I speak, how will a mother do all this in a forty hour week?

Then she sings in Sunday choir or is organist of the church.

She even rakes and coils the hay, when things are in the lurch,

She darns, bakes pies, and gardens, and can keep her hair in curl.

Oh! All in all the farmer's wife is really quite a girl.

She tends the stove and furnace, and sometimes churns the butter.

But wouldn't the menfolk sputter, and think she'd got a cheek, if she would ask an eight hour day and 40 hour week.

Now on the radio the other day I heard some fella say, a farmer's wife was worth to him around 6,000 dollars.

But if women should strike for higher pay, you sure would hear them holler!

Get out with all that nonsense, and tommy rot, you just bet your bottom dollar.

This was written almost 25 years ago. — E. M.

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Noting in Friday's Gazette of the passing of Norma Abbott (nee Wright) formerly of Demorestville, sparked a memory of a winter spent in the parsonage there when March came in like a lion. I had gone to the village to care for the minister's wife and help with their two children, till she gained her strength back after being ill with pneumonia and grippe. I had gone supposedly to stay a month but owing to five weeks of constant snow and blower roads becoming full, snow level with the fences, my stay stretched out to over three months. I got very homesick as there was no mail delivered to the village for over two weeks. To shovel the roads was useless as they filled in as fast as men dug them out. There were no snow ploughs. And my parents had no telephone. March roared in like a lion. The winter would have seemed very long, but for the Doolittles and their daughter, the only friends I knew. I visited at their home some evenings it being next to the parsonage.

Rev. T. A. Carmichael was the minister of the Demorestville Pastoral Charge of five churches, so also minister of my home church at that time. The parsonage was a brick structure and very cold, too. It took a lot of fuel to keep warm. Three stoves were kept burning all the time — a large coal heater, a box-stove and a cook-stove, both wood burning. Houses were not insulated in those days. Rev. Carmichael cut much of the wood himself in the woods nearby. A minister's salary was not but a few hundred dollars a year. Often farmers had but little money to give toward this, so gave of such as they had, in vegetables of all kinds, a sack of flour, pickled ham, or a roast of fresh pork or beef. Others a cord of wood now and then. Or hay to feed his horse. But the way, the minister cut this wood with a bucksaw and split it with an axe. He said he kept fit in this way. I helped a few times with a crosscut saw, on some sled lengths too large for the bucksaw. Some complained about this, saying, it was a disgrace to the C.L.O.T.H.

Ministers on country charges most always kept a horse to travel to preach on Sunday. There were five churches, service being held at Demorestville in the morning, Fairmount in the afternoon and Doxsee's at night, on the alternate Sunday, Big Island morning, Bethel afternoon, Demorestville at night, for many years. I went to church and Sunday school as often as possible and there made many friends.

It was at Sunday school I met Norma Wright, Irene, Madelin and Ray Thompson, Dora Solmes, Tillie Walker, Violet Allison, Leo Hough, Irene Nelson, Cecil, Nora and Myrtle Thompson, Esolyth Smith and others whose names I cannot recall at the moment. Mrs. Elgin Gorsline played the organ for church. Mr. and Mrs. Elgin Gorsline, Mr. and Mrs. Flavius Gorsline, Mr. Cornelius Allison, Mrs.

Duellas Gorsline were some of the members of the choir.

About two weeks before I was to leave for home, Mr. and Mrs. Elgin Gorsline delivered a quarter of beef to the parsonage. In some way Rev. C. had heard I had canned beef, so nothing would do, I must can that meat for them. I was really worried for I had never done it on my own before. I made all kinds of excuses. They would not take no for an answer, I just could not go home till I did. It was a bitter, cold day, so telling them it must not freeze, the beef was carried in and put on the table overnight. I then told that preacher he would have to cut the meat from the bones, get some new glass sealers from the store as I was not going to be blamed if it was not a success, by putting it in old jars with old rubber rings and zinc bands that would not tighten. There were three stores in the village, Hough's, Smith's and Ryan's. Water also had to be carried from a well across the street, as the cistern was frozen.

Next morning we were up by 5.30 a.m. After breakfast we began the job, Rev. C. cutting meat from bones, into one and one-half inch squares, I sterilizing and filling jars, adding a heaping teaspoon of salt to each one. Mrs. Carmichael prepared dinner and washed dishes. She wanted to help fill the jars, (or sealers) but that was taboo after her illness. After filling two dozen jars, a rack was made of laths and placed in the bottom of the wash boiler, the jars placed on it and lukewarm water poured around them up to the zinc band and let boil for two and one-half hours. If water decreased in the boiling more hot water was added, to keep the right depth of water around the sealers till done. The stove had a door that opened at the side to put wood in to keep it going. If I remember correctly there was two boilers of meat, one and one-half dozen each time. Some small roasts were cut and hung high in the woodshed to freeze, to be used later. I was sure a tired young woman come supper time. Next day the bones were placed in large kettles and boiled for soup. This too, after cooling and fat skimmed, was again heated, poured into sterilized jars and placed into boiler and cooked for one hour.

I was rewarded after I was through with letters to read. The mail got through that day, first time in over two weeks. I had three or four from mother as she always found time to write me twice a week. I also wrote mother twice a week when away from home. Mr. Irvine Thompson, son Ernest and grandson Ray, were the faithful mail carriers, bringing the mail from Picton, with horses in all kinds of weather.