

MEMORIES

By MRS. EMILY MOORE

Hearing so much these days of pollution of water and air, I am taken back a number of decades, and am reminded of a wonderful personality who was well-known in our county town by so many people.

Main Street knew him as "just plain Bill". He was the health guardian for our citizens, their No. 1 enemy of dirt; and champion of sanitation. For some 35 years he was the "new broom that swept clean," as he relentlessly chased the straying waste papers and general litter that was a threat to the health of a community. With his two wheel push barrel, shovel and broom he was named Picton's "White Wings", dressed in his white suit, as he went about his task of keeping Picton clean. Bill Skitteral was better known, up and down Main Street than any other single individual, with his cherry smile and likeable personality.

I am also taken back in memory to the days when Picton streets were sprinkled with a large tank of water drawn by horses to settle the dust, and if you were walking too near the edge of the sidewalk you got a spray over your feet, the sidewalks were much narrower then as was also the street. There were stand pipes at certain points to fill the tank.

Also there were three wells, I especially remember, for the cool crystal water where one could get a refreshing drink on a warm day. One was on the corner of Talbot and Main Streets with a trough where horses could drink too. The town pump as it was called, on the corner of Elizabeth and Main Streets, had a receptacle chained to the pump to drink out of. A third pump was on East Main, near where St. Mary Magdalene Church now stands; it too had a cup chained to the pump from which to drink.

The ice supply for the town and many ice houses in the county was cut in large square cakes from the bay for use in summer, with no thought of water pollution. I think before the ice was cut, though, it had to get a health department okay. There were iron troughs on many parts of Main Street for horses to get a cool drink, too. This was before the Main Street was paved or covered with tamarac as it was called.

Hearing the Johnny Cash song, Come and Ride This Train, as I entered Stedman's Store the other day brought back another memory when we had three passenger trains in and out of Picton daily, and nearly all stores had tie posts for horses.

Or yes! we might have been old fashioned but we had cool, clear water. With no air or water pollution and that was good. "Do your own thing" is the slogan of youth today. What bigger challenge for youth to do their own thing, than in helping to stem and fight air and water pollution! If we had given more thought to littering and dumping trash and refuse, and not been so careless in our thinking in our stride toward progress, we would not be faced with this problem of pollution.

Let us wake up before something like this happens to our fair County of Prince Edward, as is described in these verses taken from a Collegiate Institute paper where the students have become deeply concerned over water and air pollution in their town, and are trying to do something about it. Here are the verses as copied from that high school paper:

Verses taken from "The Conservation Volunteer" (May-June 1968).

"The Last Chapter of Genesis"

In the end,
There was Earth, and it was with
form and beauty,

And man dwelt upon the lands
of the earth, the meadows
and trees, and he said,

"Let us build our dwellings in
this place of beauty."

And he built cities and covered
the earth with concrete and steel
And the meadows were gone.

And man said, "It is good".

On the second day, man looked
upon the waters of the Earth

And man said, "Let us put our
wastes in the waters that the
dirt will be washed away."

And man did.

And the waters became polluted
and foul in their smell,

And man said, "It is good."

On the third day, man looked
upon the forests of the Earth
and saw they were beautiful.

And man said, "Let us cut the
timber for our homes and grind
the wood for our use."

And man did. And the lands be-
came barren and the trees were
gone.

And man said, "It is good."

And the fourth day man saw that
animals were in abundance and
ran in the fields and played in the
sun.

And man said, "Let us cage these
animals for our amusement and
kill them for our sport."

And man did. And there were no
more animals on the face of the
Earth.

And man said, "It is good."

On the fifth day man breathed the
air of the Earth. And man said,
"Let us dispose of our wastes into
the air for the winds shall blow
them away."

And man did. And the air became
heavy with dust and choked and
burned.

And man said, "It is good."

On the sixth day man saw himself,
and seeing the many languages and
tongues, he feared and hated.

And man said, "Let us build great
machines and destroy these lest
they destroy us."

And man built great machines and
the Earth was fired with the rage
of great wars.

And man said, "It is good."

On the seventh day man rested
from his labors and the Earth was
still, for man no longer dwelt upon
the earth. And it was good.

Did I hear someone say? that's
crazy! But! is it so crazy?
Just think about it.

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Friday, March 7, 1969, is World Day of Prayer. Women the world over will gather to observe a day of prayer for a better world for all people.

Never did the world, nation and governments stand so in need of prayer. What this world needs is "Love Sweet Love," the sweet love of God, and of Jesus Christ, God's son. Do the leaders of our country turn to God in prayer with one voice for help to solve their's and our country's problems? In times like these we need a Saviour. In times like these we need to pray more.

A memory of a World Day of Prayer our extra leap year day, February 29, 1952. From dawn on the Fiji Islands to dusk on the Arctic Island of the St. Lawrence, women of 104 countries united in services of dedication, hymns and prayers ascended to the Father of all. This service had been planned and printed in the January issue of the W.M.S. Missionary Monthly 1952. (Our beloved King George VI died February 6, 1952). Excerpts from that service: Theme "Christ our Hope." Happy is he who hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the Lord his God. The Lord preserveth the strangers. He relieveth the fatherless and widow. Praise ye the Lord. (Psalm 146:5, 9, 10).

On this day our prayers become a part of the great volume of prayer that as a flood surrounds the Throne of Grace, and we plead with our Heavenly Father on behalf of all sorts and conditions of men. We see about us "man's inhumanity to man," we realize the failure of even the best of human efforts; we turn to the living God, in whom alone there is help. The Lord's hand is not shortened that it cannot save, neither His ear heavy that it cannot hear (Isa 59:1). The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear Him, and His righteousness unto children's children (Psalm 103:17). Ist, let us pray for the nations of the world, their leaders, and especially for the representatives of those forming United Nations Organization; for all refugees and displaced persons, for those robbed of their liberties and living in want and fear; for all those caught up in the grip of war.

Let us pray for our King and Queen, for Princess Elizabeth and Philip Duke of Edinburgh, for all counsellors and advisers of the Crown, for the leaders of our great Commonwealth, and especially our own Dominion of Canada, our own local communities, and for a keener reality of our own responsibility as citizens.

Let us pray for the homes of our land, for our young people, the many new homes being so rapidly set up amongst us by people of other lands; for all children and young people everywhere, and especially for those whose lives have been scarred by hunger, homelessness, falsehood and fear.

Let us pray for the Church Universal, that the older Church of the West may be renewed in spiritual life, the younger churches of the East that they may stand firm and go forward, and for all Christians being persecuted for their faith wherever they may be.

Let us pray for all missionaries, their work and witness, especially for those having had to leave their fields to an uncertain future; for ourselves that we realize more urgently our share in the advance of the Kingdom at this time of upheaval and danger.

In unison "O God, who hast put into the heart of men a great longing for peace, but hast also given to man the power to choose, grant us to make that choice in accordance with Thy will. Bind the world together O God, in fellowship, service and love, and help us to take part in the fulfillment of Thy purpose. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen. Benediction: Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing that ye may abound in hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost. Amen. (Romans 15:13).

The country Church where that day of prayer was held has been closed for a number of years. The W.M.S. and Missionary Monthly are no more, and most of the members of whom I was one, who met for that service of prayer, have passed on to their reward. As one of this generation looking at an antique long handled bed warmer, asked: what's this, a corn popper? Will in a few short years Prayer too, become an antique. God forbid! Will your child be asking "What's a prayer?"

One of the most cherished memories of my life is learning to pray at my mother's knee. Remember the pilot of World War 2 who brought all his passengers to safety coming in on one wing and a prayer. Let us Dare to be a SQUARE.

To do God's work.

We must have God's power.

To have God's power

We must know God's will;

To know God's will,

"We must study God's word."

Lord, teach us to pray.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,

Unuttered or unexpressed;

The motion of a hidden fire,

That trembles in the breast.