APRIL IS HER BIRTHDAY MONTH

SHE lives on the homestead farm, near the village of Fenwick, in Pelham Township, Welland County, Ontario—this singer of poem-songs to Mother Nature—Agnes Ethelwyn Wetherald, and she has a birthday on the 26th of this month. There, in the midst of a large orchard, surrounded by many rural charms, this well-loved Canadian poet has dreamed and visioned, and put her thought and visions into words, pouring out her soul in rare, sweet poem-songs—songs that will live and be remembered and sung by Canadians all down through the ages.

To those of us who know and yearn for the sheltering comfort of the trees—who have found solace in the deep forest glades of our Canada, she has given us a song-poem that stirs the deep-down heart cords of our very soul—the cords that echo our inherited and inborn yearning for Mother Nature.

THE HOUSE OF TREES.

Ope your doors and take me in,
  Spirit of the wood;
Wash me clean of dust and din,
  Clothe me in your mood.

Take me from the noisy light
  To the sunless peace,
Where at midday standeth Night
  Signing Toil's release.

All your dusky twilight stores
  To my senses give;
Take me in and lock the doors,
  Show me how to live.

Lift your leafy roof for me,
  Part your yielding walls;
Let me wander lingeringly
  Through your scented halls.

Ope your doors and take me in,
  Spirit of the wood;
Take me—make me next of kin
  To your leafy brood.

EARL GREY was a great admirer of Agnes Ethelwyn Wetherald's work, and when a collection of her best poems, entitled "The Last Robin," was published, he wrote a personal letter of appreciation to the author, and purchased twenty-five copies of the first edition for distribution among his friends.

AGNES ETHELWYN WETHERALD

Great lover of Mother Nature, and writer of poems dedicated to her name and fame. A true Canadian song-bird who has given us some "gems" for our Canadian literature. Our sincere congratulations are extended on this her birthday month and anniversary.

Perhaps her Quaker-English parentage—for she was the daughter of the late Rev. William Wetherald, and although born in Rockwood, Ontario, came of Quaker-English folk—has something to do with the depth of feeling in some of her shorter verses. One particularly apt poem, full of fervor and heart-felt expression, is that entitled

LEGACIES.

Unto my friends I give my thoughts,
  Unto my God my soul;
Unto my foe I leave my love—
  These are of life the whole.

Nay, there is something—a trifle—left;
  Who shall receive this dower?
See, Earth Mother, a handful of dust—
  Turn it into a flower.

Courage in hers, and great hope. Smouldering in her bosom is a spark of the world-famed Canadian fighting spirit. Her courage and hope find expression in the two short poems, every line of which thrills with the real fervor of deep feeling:

MY ORDERS.

My orders are to fight;
  Then if I bleed, or fail,
Or strongly win, what matters it?
  God only doth prevail.

The servant craveth naught
  Except to serve with might.
I was not told to win or lose—
  My orders are to fight.

* * * *

PLUCK.

Thank God for pluck—unknown to slaves—
  The self ne'er of its Self bereft,
Who, when the right arm's shattered, waves
  The good flag with the left.

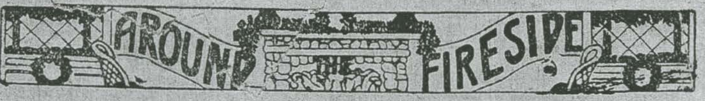
NOTE.—Woman's Century readers are indebted to Mr. John Garvin—whose volume, "Canadian Poets," is well known in all literary circles—for the courtesy of using the matter in connection with this well-known Canadian poet. Each month it is our plan to make a feature of one of our Canadian poets, to the end of giving our readers the opportunity of knowing and appreciating the many clever and noteworthy Canadian men and women who have and are contributing to our nation's poetry.

TASTES DIFFER.

BY ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

"If you would only be gentle and kind,"
Said our little kitty one day,
"And always speak low,
And move rather slow,
How pleasantly then we should play!
For cat rimes with mat,
And with afternoon chat,
And a little love-pat;
So don't forget that
If you would only be gentle and kind,
And smooth my fur just the right way,
And call me some pet name, you'd certainly find
How pleasantly then we should play!"

"If you were only a livelier child,"
Said our puppy, Ravels,—called Rav,—
"And would hop, skip and jump
Over bush, snag and stump,
What a glorious time we should have!
For dog rimes with log,
And with loud-splashing frog,
Or a twenty-mile jog
Through a nice, muddy bog;
So if you were only a livelier child,
And would call out, 'Here, Ravels! Come, Rav!'
And then dash off and prance through the wilderness wild,
What a glorious time we should have!"



Agnes Ethelwyn Wetherald

Every boy and girl, I know, is looking forward to Valentine Day, and so perhaps the following verses entitled "Gracie's Valentine" will appeal to young people. They are written by a Canadian poetess, Agnes Ethelwyn Wetherald, who recently brought out a book of poems for children entitled "Tree-top Mornings."

Miss Wetherald was born at Rockwood, Ontario, and her father was the late Rev. William Wetherald, who founded the Rockwood Academy. At one time she conducted the woman's department of The Globe, using "Bel Thistlewaite" as a pen name. She has published several books of verse, but none more sweet than "Tree-top Mornings." Just listen to this dear little Valentine poem:

Gracie's Valentine.

Little Gracie wrote a letter; it was only just a line,
And 'twas printed very neatly: "Won't you be my valentine?"
With a heart
And a dart
And a Cupid pink and smart,
And a shower of doves and roses, some together, some apart—
These were only colored pictures, cut from plates, you understand,
Smeared with mucilage and pounded with a moist and chubby hand.

Little Gracie in her letter printed neatly as before,
"To the very sweetest dolly in my Uncle Joseph's store":
With an "Oh!"
Uncle Joe,
Laughing loud and smiling low,
Pinned the note upon the sweetest dolly in a lovely row.
Pinned another note that said, "Yes, dear, I'll be your valentine."
Then he wrapped it up in paper and he tied it up in twine.

Little Gracie was at supper when the bell went ting-a-ling,
And she said, "Why, there's the postman. Oh! I wonder what he'll bring?"
Through the hall
Pattered small
Eager feet and then a call:
"Papa, mamma, Florence, here's the dearest valentine of all;
It's that lovely, lovely dolly in a satin dress—Oh, Oh!
Isn't she as sweet—as sweet as—most as sweet as Uncle Joe!"

Every person loves a baby and Miss Wetherald must be devoted to the wee things or she could not have written so charmingly of "Sister Sue":

The Baby Who Was Three-fourths Good.

"Now will you be good?" said little Bob Wood,
To his baby sister Sue,
As he lifted his hand with a look of command,
And the baby answered "Goo!"

"You've sucked Noah's paint till he looks quite faint,
And wrecked nearly all his crew.
"Is that being good?" asked stern Bobby Wood,
And the baby gurgled out "Goo!"

"You mean pretty well, so seldom you yell,
And you never were known to look blue;
But you're not always good—that's quite understood——"
And the little one laughed and sai

Author of "Tree-top Mornings."

millionaires, though they do not realiz[e] it. It is not money that makes them rich, but mother-love, fun, joys, leisure hours, hopes, plans, health, dancing blood, shells and stones, moss and mud, and castles in the air. In "Little Millionaires" Miss Wetherald says:

Twenty little millionaires
Playing in the sun:
Millionaires in mother-love,
Millionaires in fun,
Millionaires in leisure hours,
Millionaires in joys,
Millionaires in hopes and plans
Are these girls and boys.

Millionaires in health are they,
And in dancing blood,
Millionaires in shells and stones,
Sticks and moss and mud;
Millionaires in castles
In the air, and worth
Quite a million times as much
As castles on the earth.

Twenty little millionaires,
Playing in the sun.
Oh, how happy they must be,
Every single one!
Hardly any years have they,
Hardly any cares;
But in every lovely thing
Multi-millionaires.

A great many more beautiful poems are contained in "Tree-top Mornings," and I hope to print one on the Circle page now and then.

Saturday Night

tablished A.D. 1887 June 26, 1937 10 Cents

ON BECOMING EIGHTY

BY ETHELWYN WETHERALD

THERE seems to be some difficulty in finding a suitable title for this article. "How to be Eighty and Like It" looks too much like an old face under a smart hat, set rakishly askew. "The Fun of Being Eighty" whistles to keep its courage up. The one objection to "Life Begins at Eighty" is that it doesn't. "How to be Happy Though Eighty" reminds one of "How to be Happy Though Married," a book enjoyed by the Victorians. They were a strange, simple people, who made a point of staying married, whether they were happy or not.

It is not by reason of strength that I am fourscore, for I am the weakling who survived in a family of seven boys and two girls. The modern physician who boldly declared, "Dyspeptics Never Die," expressed, with some exaggeration, the cause of my lingering so long in this very attractive world.

I HAVE read at least as many books on the subject of Health as I have years to my credit, and have made uncounted experiments. All the books helped me, especially when they contradicted each other, as that induced putting assertions to the proof. The reason I survived these books and "proofs" is probably the habit of taking them with plenty of salt. Salt is a great preservative.

When I was sixteen I lived through the entire month of May on unbuttered whole wheat bread and fresh rain-water. After supper, on the evening of May 31, I walked four miles to see my brother Sam, who was foreman at the Fonthill Nurseries. He had been practising precepts laid down in a little book translated from the German of Schlickensen. It was called "Fruit and Bread: A Natural and Scientific Diet." Sam walked most of the way back with me. We felt so well, so young and happy, so confident we should find the Perfect Way of Life, and follow it together.

THE French have a saying, "Your mother may be your misfortune, but your wife is your own fault." It is equally true that your constitution may be your misfortune, but your disease is your own fault. All the health rules, reduced to one statement might read, "Avoid over-exercise, especially at table and while cultivating painful thoughts."

In extreme youth the state of body and mind is of supreme importance. Seventy-three years ago it appeared to me to be an indignity beyond endurance that my only sister, younger than I, should dominate me. She was a chubby child, like Mother, full of prettiness and pep. I was Father's girl, with so very little body that, in sheer self-defence, I had to develop what little mind I had. While not actually "red in tooth and claw," Jane and I were completely under the spell of Browning when he wrote:

"I was ever a fighter, so one fight more!"

Our favorite derisive epithets, usually shouted at each other, were (a) Lean, Thin Skinnybone, and (b) Big Fat Pig. The fact is I envied her bigness, her fatness and her splendid appetite.

STRANGE how one sympathizes with one's small, faraway self. To this day I consider my sister's descriptive phrase as redundant and tautological, while mine seems to merit Milton's estimate of poetry—"simple, sensuous, passionate." Very often, however, victory perched on Jane's banner. On my seventh birthday I received a book entitled "Original Poems for Infant Minds." The giver evidently had considered me capable of appreciating a fine large-mouthed title like Original Poems. But all my pride wilted when my sister placed her finger on that contemptible adjective "Infant." Had Jane Taylor named her book "Original Poems for Adult Minds" it would have saved me a world of trouble.

The tie that bound us close in later years was the sense of humor and the love of poetry. Our earliest scrap books were filled with quips and jests and verse of all kinds. The old jokes are still alive, dressed in modern garb, but many good poems of an earlier date seem to be forgotten. One who has outstayed a large family and has

" . . . . lived to be
The last leaf upon the tree,
In the spring,"

is not sorrowful over it, because in her heart she knows that the leaf and the tree and the spring are all regulated by a Higher Power outside of human comprehension.

Everyone who has reached old age will admit that we soon learn to look with smiles upon our woe. But joy, unless in excess, does not produce tears. Upon the varied joys of long life—and there is an innumerable company of them—we look with appreciation and sympathy.

THE easiest death to die comes to him who refuses to be old, and who will not take in sail. Not for him is that baleful inquiry, "And you say he has all his faculties? Wonderful! Still he must be quite a care." The fate of Edwin Markham stirs the depths of pity. He, the great poet of democracy, spokesman of the inarticulate "Man With the Hoe," brought down to the dust of a living death.

This age has no use for the plaintive couplet,

"If Youth but knew;
If Age could do."

Common observation today shows that youth is putting all its energy into the effort to know, and that age means to do, as long as there is an infinitesimal fraction of a fragment of a future left to it. As some preacher has said, "Whatever else the Lord intended, He never meant us to loaf on the job."

THE GLOBE
AND MAIL, TORONTO, TUESDAY, MARCH 26, 1940.

nemaker Page

THE HOME FORUM

A Tribute to the Late Ethelwyn Wetherald

The little village of Rockwood, Ont., did not know on April 26, 1857, that the soul of a poet had come to dwell within it. Born and cradled in the arms of Mother Earth, Ethelwyn Wetherald lived close to nature, except for a few years in the full life of a journalist and writer in the heart of the city.

Contemporary with Duncan Campbell Scott, Sir Charles G. D. Roberts, the late beloved "Seranus," and John W. Garvin of beloved memory. Together with these immortals, Miss Wetherald has left behind a priceless legacy to Canada, songs of rare simplicity and beauty. Serenity, keenness of insight vision and enduring faith shone through all her work.

Of Mr. Garvin's friendship, the poet wrote: "All things through thee take nobler form." What higher tribute could one poet pay another? And again she said: "He was the unfailing encourager," and "under the spur of his faith I re-wrote many lines."

In some personal correspondence with me following the writing of a sonnet dedicated to her, which she so graciously received, Miss Wetherald wrote: "If I could have written 'I would not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honor more, I would have gladly cast all my lyrics and sonnets into oblivion.'

At such a time as this our thoughts turn instinctively to her poem:

At Waking.

When I shall go to sleep and wake again
At dawning in another world than this,
What will atone to me for all I miss?
The light melodious footsteps of the rain,
The press of leaves against my window pane,
The sunset wistfulness and morning bliss,
The moon's enchantment and the twilight kiss
Of winds that wander with me through the lane.
Will not my soul remember forevermore,
The earth's sweet hunger for the spring,
The wet cheek of April, and the rush
Of roses through the summer's open door;
The feelings that the scented woodlands bring
At evening with the singing of the thrush?

Living close to nature as she did, Miss Wetherald sang of every phase of its beauty. Birds on the wing, trees, flowers and bees, were the themes of her impassioned pen. From her vantage point, a house amid the trees, she drew near to her beloved nature, and heard the sweet song of "The Last Robin," and became "Tangled in Stars."

In a later letter to me, Miss Wetherald said:

"Every human express train has to slow down as it nears the station."

Ethelwyn Wetherald's train has entered the Grand Central Depot at the end of the railroad of life, and her farewell words are found in her immortal poem:

Legacies.

Unto my friends I give my thoughts,
  Unto my God my soul,
Unto my foe I leave my love—
  These are of life the whole.
Nay, there is something, a trifle left,
  Who shall receive this dower?
See, Earth Mother, a handful of dust . . .
  Turn it into a flower.

Mother Earth has received her child, and God will fashion her dust into a flower of everlasting bloom and rare beauty, and her sweet influence will shed its perfume down through the years, and true lovers of beauty will rejoice in its immortal fragrance.

Voyageur.

Correspondence

CACTI IN SASKATCHEWAN.

Dear Homemaker: In a recent Globe and Mail I note that Will-o'-the-Wisp is inquiring re cacti. It may interest her to know that here in Southern Saskatchewan the cactus thrives. In the southern portions and on the south sides of gravelly hills there is plenty of it. I have seen two different varieties in bloom. A flat leaf variety has a creamy pink flower not unlike a single rose, and very pretty, and another variety has a smaller cerise flower. This variety has a barrel-shaped leaf, and the flower resembles a dandelion in shape.

Should Will-o'-the-Wisp care to have these I might be able to send some to her, bloom and all, next June. I have also seen these in Southern Alberta in places where nothing else seems to thrive.

X. Y. Z.

Thank you, X. Y. Z. This is interesting, and I'm sure Will-o'-the-Wisp will be grateful for your reply.

Our Canadian Writers

Ethelwyn Wetherald —By Morning Glory.

MISS ETHELWYN WETHERALD was born in Rockwood, Wellington County. As I have known her all my life I may mention some details of her career that are not generally known.

She is of English Quaker parentage, but the grandmother she most resembles was an Irish Quaker. One hundred years ago this grandmother, Miss Sarah Harris, was working as a governess in a well-to-do family in Cork. She came to this country to escape the attentions of a young man, but he was more determined than she was, for he followed her to Canada, where they were married, and lived happily together. This grandmother was light of foot and light of heart, thinking nothing of walking nine miles to Guelph over roads that would make a present day motorist faint away.

She opened a little school, for which she obtained a Government grant, and was renowned for keeping good order without striking a single blow.

When Miss Wetherald was a child, Rockwood Academy, founded by her father, was going strong. She was a special pet of the housekeeper, known as "Big Old Ann," to distinguish her from Annie O'Connor, a dining-room girl. There was also Big Mary, distinguished from Mary, the house-keeper's little girl, and Big Willie, who was not to be mistaken for little brother Willie. So many people and things are "big" to childish eyes.

When Ethelwyn was seven years old, her father accepted a position at Haverford College, near Philadelphia. A few years later, failing health compelled him to leave Haverford, and the family moved to the farm in Welland county, which is known as the Wetherald homestead. Miss Wetherald was educated at a "Friends'" boarding school, near Union Springs, New York, and at Pickering College, Ontario.

One of her classmates at Pickering Dr. Lewellys Barker, has since become famous. Ethelwyn began to write rhymes at the age of ten, but was sixteen before her first bit of verse was accepted. Since then she has received liberal cheques from many magazines, but that first one brought the purest joy.

She has written a number of short stories, which sold readily, also sketches, and scores of newspaper articles. She did all the editorial writing of "Wives and Daughters," a woman's magazine which ran for three years in London, Ontario, and later she was assistant editor on the Ladies' Home Journal. After this, she assisted in biographical and critical works in C. D. Warner's library of the World's Best Literature.

Among her treasures are personal letters from T. B. Aldrich and H. C. Bunner, American poets of assured fame. Also from personal friends among Canadian poets, such as Marjorie Pickthall, Helena Coleman, Wilfrid Campbell, Archibald Lampman, Bliss Carman, Charles G. D. Roberts, Duncan Campbell Scott, and the novelist, Basil King.

She has published five books of poetry: The House of the Trees, Tangled in Stars, The Radiant Road, The Last Robin, and a book of children's verses, Tree-top Mornings. When Earl Grey was Governor-General of Canada, he ordered twenty-five copies of The Last Robin, and told Miss Wetherald that his favorite in the collection was the sonnet called "To February." One of my own favorites is "Three Years Old."

According to the critics, the chief characteristics of Miss Wetherald's poetry are spontaneity, sincerity, unusual power of condensation, and an intense love of nature. Some of her poems have been printed in the school readers of Ontario and the Western Provinces, so she is secure of a place in the hearts of the next generation.

For several years she has been living with an unmarried brother, near Fenwick, and in 1911 adopted a baby girl, to whom "Tree-top Mornings" was inscribed.

TO FEBRUARY.

O Master-builder, blustering as you go
About your giant work, transforming all
The empty woods into a glittering hall,
And making lilac lanes and foot-paths grow
As hard as iron under stubborn snow;
Though every fence stand forth a marble wall,
And windy hollows drift to arches tall,
There comes a might that shall your weight o'erthrow.

Build high your white and dazzling palaces,
Strengthen your bridges, fortify your towers;
Storm with a loud and a portentous lip;
And April, with a fragmentary breeze,
And half a score of gentle, golden hours
Shall leave no trace of your
Stern workmanship.

—Ethelwyn Wetherald.

Ontario Life in Poetry

LYRICS AND SONNETS. By Ethelwyn Wetherald. Complete edition. Arranged and with an introduction by John W. Garvin. (Thomas Nelson & Sons.)

MISS Wetherald's work is best known to an older generation. She was born at Rockwood, Ont., in 1857, and in the later years of last century she was a fluent writer of much-loved little poems concerning old Ontario. Nearly all of her life has been spent on the family farm, near Fenwick, in the Welland district.

A new place will be earned by Miss Wetherald's work through the collection arranged by Mr. Garvin, who had already compiled the work of Isabella Valancy Crawford and Charles Mair. This poet is best known for her exquisite little lyrics on nature, but her complete work will enlarge her sphere of influence through its inclusion of many poems of a more thoughtful character, with notes of humor, love, children's verse and life in general.

At first the group of lyrics of the seasons seem disproportionately long, but the reader soon feels the power of the poet's observations, as she describes nature at every period of the year and at almost every hour of the day. The style is clear-cut and incisive, every word ringing in its place, and reflecting the influence of discriminating reading in youth. The scenes are photographic in clarity, whether we read "The Hay Field," "The Sun in the Woods," or "The Stump Fence." When we turn to "The Shy Sun," we find a more delicate imaginative quality, as in these lines:

"The sun went with me to the wood,
And lingered at the door;
One glance he gave from where he stood,
But dared not venture more."

This sense of mystery grows in some of the other nature verse, such as "The Wind World," and "September," where we read that the trees, "their mistress gone, enrobe themselves for revelry." "The Passing Year" continues this pleasant illusion of nature resembling real people:

"The feast is over, the guests are fled;
It is time to be old, it is time for bed.
The wind has blown out every light,
And the pleasure garden is turned to blight."

A VETERAN POET

MISS ETHELWYN WETHERALD,
Whose Complete Poems Are Published in "Lyrics and Sonnets."

When we leave the nature verse, there is something deeper. The reader who wonders at the broad philosophy of Miss Wetherald's work may find some answer in the early years she spent in various cities and in contact with brilliant minds, not to speak of her own secluded later life of contemplation. Her little poem "My Orders" has some of the inevitableness of Henley's "Invictus," and was once quoted by Sir Wilfrid Laurier in a speech. "Crosses and Kisses" has the sweet joyousness of a child's mind. "The House We Used to Live In" and "The Deserted House" touch a wistful note in country life. A comforting philosophy is found in the sonnet "In a Dark Hour," with this conclusion:

"Come loneliness, or lovelessness, or grief,
The memory of days too sweet to last
Shall make my heart run o'er with joy again."

Miss Wetherald was one of the first women writers for The Globe, in the late eighties. She has lived a busy and happy life in her quiet retreat. Many friends and others will welcome her kindly messages for a more noisy world, her thoughts on the many-sided nature and types of humanity about her.—M. O. H.

My Legacy

(This is a corrected version of the poem recently sent to the page by a correspondent. Mr. John W. Garvin, editor of the complete edition of Miss Wetherald's works, has pointed out the errors in the lyric as it previously appeared and provided us with the following):

The little tree I planted out
And often muse upon,
May be alive to grow and thrive
And out into the sunlight strive
When I am dead and gone.

So shall it be my legacy
To toilers in the sun.
So sweet its shade, each man and maid
May be induced to take a spade
And plant another one.

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

Three Years Old

What is it like, I wonder, to roam
Down through the tall grass, hidden, quite?
To feel very far away from home,
When the dear house is out of sight?

To want to play with the broken moon
In the star garden of the skies?
To sleep through twilight eves of June,
Beneath the sound of lullabies?

To hold up hurts for all to see,
Sob at imaginary harms,
To clasp in welcome a father's knee,
And fit so well in a mother's arms?

To have life bounded by one dull road,
A wood, and a pond, and to feel no lack,
To gaze with pleasure upon a toad,
And caress a mud-turtle's horny back?

To follow the robin's cheerful hop,
With all the salt small hands can hold,
And plead in vain for it to stop—
What is it like to be three years old?

Ah, once I knew—but 'twas long ago;
I try to recall it in vain, in vain!
And now I know I shall never know
What it is to be a child again.
—Ethelwyn Wetherald.

Boston, 1895. A little green book of poems by Ethelwyn Wetherald has appeared. It is entitled, "The House of the Trees and Other Poems." An exquisite portrait of the young Miss Wetherald is found in one of the first pages of the volume. Large brown eyes look out on a new world which she views from her actual "House of the Trees," and thus she sings to a woods, part of which must still stand near Fenwick:

"Ope your doors and take me in,
Spirit of the wood;
Take me—make me next of kin
To your leafy brood."

* * * * *

Dear Homemaker: Your article under caption "Among Ourselves" in the page of April 13, was very interesting, and your tribute to the efforts of Ethelwyn Wetherald (Bel Thistlewaite) in the realm of literature is only another illustration of the debt we owe to the pioneers of our land—in literature, science, and art. It does one good too, to note a word of praise given by a present occupant of an honored position on The Globe staff, to one who, in one sense of the word, was a predecessor.

Ethelwyn Wetherald: Although I think once or twice in the course of my reading I have noticed the name Ethelwyn Wetherald, I never paid any particular attention to it, but after reading your "brochure" my curiosity was aroused, so I hied to the library—the College Street branch—a literary haven containing gems of the centuries. Besides writing many volumes of poetry, she collaborated with another writer of many volumes, Adam Mercer Graeme, who wrote no fewer than twenty-one books dealing with Quebec, Muskoka, Toronto, and some biographies. Ethelwyn Wetherald was part author with Adam Graeme of a story of 240 pages—The Algonquin Maiden—a romance of the early days of Early Canada. This was published in 1887. The following are the titles of Agnes Ethewyn Wetherald's books in the order in which they appeared. The author was born in 1857—the title of her first book of poems was "The House of the Trees" and other poems —a book of ninety-four pages—published simultaneously in New York, Boston and Toronto, in 1895. The copy I saw in the library is nicely bound, contains an excellent frontispiece portrait of the author. Apparently the book has been little used, it is in splendid condition, although it has been in the library since 1921. This is the only book I had time to look through. However, if she had written nothing else, her memory deserves to be perpetuated, because this volume contains some real poetic gems. I am sending a few for your perusal. The second volume from her pen was entitled "Tangled in Stars," 1902, a book of forty-five pages, published in Boston. Next came "The Radiant Road" and other poems, also published in Boston, a book of forty-three pages, issued in 1904. Following this come "The Last Robin," a book of 193 pages, containing lyrics and sonnets, issued in 1907. Then came "Tree Top Mornings," published also in Boston, a book of sixty-five pages, issued in 1921.

The poems in the only book I've read, "The House in the Trees," are far above the average. Among other notable poems the book contains are the following, "In April," "Three Years Old," "Twilight," "Sometime, I Fear," "Words," "At the Window," "Out of Doors."

Poems of Ethelwyn Wetherald appeared at various times in the New York Independent, the New England Magazine, the Youths' Companion, Toronto Week, Travellers' Record, and other journals of an earlier day.

Glen-Wotty.

Thank you, Glen-Wotty, for this and for copying out so carefully some of Ethelwyn Wetherald's poems, one of which I hope to have in the page today. I cannot be sure, however, and the last time I made such a plan it didn't materialize. However, we'll hope for more space and less disappointment this time.

THE HOME FORUM

Congratulations to Ethelwyn Wetherald

Canada's own dear Ethelwyn Wetherald has reached another milestone, and is today celebrating her eighty-second birthday. Canadians are very proud of Ethelwyn Wetherald, for the pearls of wisdom, humor, and beauty, which have come from her pen. The beauty of her poems will live through all time. It is not by the grey hair that silvers over the evening of life that one knows the age of the heart. To resist age one must combine the body, mind, and heart, and so, with Ethelwyn Wetherald, her power of intellect is unaltered, or increased, and her power of judgment has grown broader, and gentler as the river of life flows onward.

Life is beautiful to her, and she is still a valued writer for the press. Life owes great things to her, for she has given and is still giving great things to life. Her yesterdays follow her, forming a beautiful background for the present.

And from some sacred, inner shrine,
  A light burns through her gentle eyes,
That from their depth to me consign,
  A glimpse of poet's paradise!

She lives in the peaceful quiet of her old home, "The Tall Evergreens, near Fenwick, preferring solitude to clash of thought.

Around her the ripened wheat waving,
  In the west, evening tints in the sky,
Merge purple and gold with the sunset,
  Touching bright homing birds passing by.

There creeps on the soft air of twilight
  A faint odor of lilac and musk,
The fragrance of old-fashioned flowers,
  That are hidden away in the dusk.

Amid sunshine, shadows, and silence,
  With the light of the moon on her hair,
We see her between Life's two twilights,
  So lovely, descending Life's stair.

E. Dee

Thank you, E. Dee, and I am sure we are all happy to add our good wishes. My father was a pupil, many years ago, at Rockwood Academy, when Miss Wetherald's father was the principal of that notable boarding school for boys.

THE HOME FORUM

INDOOR EXERCISE.

As promised in "Among Ourselves," we are reproducing here a part of one of Ethelwyn Wetherald's articles, published many years ago in The Globe, over the pen-name Bel Thistlethwaite:

"If there is anything that farmers' wives and daughters suffer from more than lack of outdoor exercise it is excess of indoor exercise. There are a hundred things to be done and a thousand steps to be taken, and only one pair of hands and one pair of feet to meet the demand. They are eager for the fray. When one pair pause for a moment the other two quicken their speed. Early in the morning the sound of their varied activities arises up to the ear of the sluggard and permanently sours the 'last sweet trippings of sleep' imbibed in the morning nap. What frantic rushings outdoors and in again, down cellar and up again, up stairs and down again, into other rooms and back again, round about the different corners and closets of the same room again and again, not twice, nor a dozen, nor a score of times, but countless times in the course of a day. Nor do the hands lag behind. Hark to the sound of the broom, of the churndasher, of the egg-beater. Hear the rattling stove lids and the clattering dishes. Think of the stirring, skimming, grinding, kneading, lifting, carrying, scouring, dusting, with occasional washing and ironing, and frequent mending and patching. No wonder that the hands are toilworn and the feet are wayworn and the brain is careworn. The house mistress who would grieve and shame to see worn-out carpets on her floors or worn-out clothing on her children, will admit, quite as a matter of course, nearly every night of the week, that she herself is completely worn out. A woman is to her home precisely what a book is to its binding, what a picture is to its frame, what a jewel is to its case. If the jewel is cheap and the book gives one no idea, and the picture no emotion, the immediate outside surroundings of these things are of little value. The victim of excessive indoor exercise is ungladdened by the sight of the tall grass reaching up to the low boughs in the orchard and by the touch of her child's hand, and by the sound of a favorite book read aloud in the evening. She is too tired to think or enjoy or read, and the idea of writing a letter to an absent friend involves an expenditure of brain power not to be thought of after the steady drain made upon it by the muscles all through the day."

A SWEET VOICE STILLED.

The death of the poet, Ethelwyn Wetherald—who long ago contributed regularly to The Globe a column devoted to women's interests—recalls my one glimpse of this gentle lady, a good many years ago, and a brief but pleasant exchange of letters of more recent date.

My father was, many years ago, a pupil of Miss Wetherald's father, the Rev. William Wetherald, at Rockwood Academy, of which boarding school he was founder and principal.

It is comforting to think that the bright spirit passed from the aging body so quietly, in sleep.

We are glad to have tributes to a lovely memory in today's page from Voyageur and Quinte Gal. The former was read at a recent gathering of poets and poetry lovers held in the Heliconian Club.

BLUE AND WHITE.

way. Gifted as she was with kindly heart and helping hand all must

IN MEMORY OF ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

Lover of trees and worshipper of stars,
When dawn raised up adoring slumberous eyes,
And birds outflung their paeans to the skies,
Your prisoned spirit slipped its finite bars.
May Heaven give to you her magic key,
And bid you wander where your fancy roves,
To rarest heights serene, 'mid heavenly groves,
With kindred souls in joyous ecstasy.

As here on earth, may some celestial power
Envelope your pure soul with quickening flame,
With heavenly glory we can never name,
In this new dawn and crowning hour.
May waiting angels at your coming fling,
The gateway wide to God's eternal spring.

ANNIE MARION FOX.

Correspondence

A RARE SPIRIT.

Dear Homemaker: On learning of Ethelwyn Wetherald's passing the thought came to me: Being frail and earth-weary, what could be lovelier than closing one's eyes in the velvet darkness of a March night, alone with God, and opening them at the golden portals of Eternal Spring. Peace to her gentle spirit.

In her reminiscences Ethelwyn Wetherald has told us of a memorably happy holiday many years ago at the island cottage of Helena Coleman in the St. Lawrence, near Gananoque, where Marjorie Pickthall and a few other congenial souls were guests. Outdoor meals were a delightful "movable feast" according to sun and wind, and she continues:

"My choicest pleasure came in the morning for, as the early light awakened Marjorie Pickthall in the room next to mine and Helena Coleman just across the hall, we fell into frequent talk and discussion before arising. . . . I remember distinctly that Marjorie Pickthall did not argue. She questioned, mused awhile, differed gently, or expressed her differing attitude by a little laugh that was as charming as it was free from self-consciousness. She was a poet to the innermost fibre of her beautiful and unaffected nature." Ethelwyn Wetherald earned a worthy share of this generous tribute for herself as poet and woman.

A few years ago she visited the book store of a town not far from her home. The proprietress told a friend that she was enchanted by her guest and long afterward still thrilled with the meeting of so "sweet" a woman.

"Blessings be with them and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares,
The poets—who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!"

Quinte Gal.

Thank you, Quinte Gal, for a lovely letter.

WHEN DIMPLEFEET WAS CUPID

When Dimplefeet was Cupid
His marksmanship was fine;
His bow was made of willow branch,
His arrows all of pine.
And first he sent an arrow straight
At mamma's dress of blue.
"That means you're sweet," said Dimplefeet,
"And somebody loves you."

And then he aimed at grandma's shoes.
Oh, mercy, how she jumped!
Her cheek it turned from pale to red,
Her heart it thumped and thumped.

She caught the boy and kissed him well,
Then as away he flew,
"That means you're sweet," said Dimplefeet,
"And somebody loves you."

And then when Katie went to hang
Her towels on the hedge,
He crept up close and took good aim
And hit her apron's edge.
"That means you're sweet," cried Dimplefeet,
"If all the signs are true!"
"'Tis you that's swate," said Irish Kate,
"And every one loves you."

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

SILENT MEETING

BY ETHELWYN WETHERALD

SILENT meeting contradicts itself, like alert slumber, colorless cohorts or sub-zero blossoms. There are silent avoidances: the averted glance, lifted chin and icy atmosphere; but apart from meetings for worship and a friendly assemblage of deaf mutes, there are few men and no women who can meet without talking. They may not want to talk, but there's no choice in the matter.

My parents were married in a log meeting house, a few miles from Guelph, in 1847. Born ten years later, I early learned that Fourth day as well as First day meant forsaking the things I liked to do and following a decorous path to the sanctuary, where the only attraction was a table drawer, actually holding business papers, but, to the infant imagination, full of bull's-eyes and other sweets, to be distributed (possibly!) after divine service. So easy is it to suppose we shall be paid in material blessings for "being good."

HOPE of reward was not the only "mitigating sarcumstance." There was a fascinating old bachelor across the aisle from me, who wasn't afraid of anything or anybody. Swartz, Hans and Gluck and the King of the Golden River had nothing on him. When preaching (or lack of it) wearied him, he would yawn, fidget, bite his nails, stretch and give an audible "Yaw"—the equivalent of our modern "Oh, yeah." When acutely bored he would scratch the ankle reposing on his other leg, reaching well up toward the knee. We of the younger generation wondered just how far he would go. It was said that ordinarily he suffered from inactivity; but on

"Fair First-day mornings
steeped in balm"

he was a changed man. Non-resistance has its limits, so, being immune to ocular and verbal protestations, he was finally ejected; but not till patience had had its perfect work.

Meetings were not always silent. The battle cry (or pacifist lullaby) of the Society of Friends being "Dare to be a Daniel, dare to stand alone," any man or woman who had a message inspired by the Christ-spirit, which, incredible as it seems, abides in each of us, was assured of reverent attention. But this privilege was abused by the wordy, the opinionated and the autobiographical.

ONE member (A. T. H.) came many rough miles on horseback, his steed covered with sweat or mud, and himself all smiles. "Another Time Hiram" sat humbly near the door and branched out after this fashion:

"As my wife says—not the wife I got now but the first one—and I never knowed how good she was—never growling, ner snapping, ner even crying and whining, which is whut sickly wives most allus do—but she's dead and gone and no sense talking about that; but she'd say, 'Never give up when trials come, never look—' " and so on and on and on.

At the end of two hours a kindly voice would call from the head of the meeting, "Another time, Hiram, Friends will be glad to hear thee." At this point A. T. H. would put on steam, increasing the speed with successive minutes till exhaustion brought him down with a tremendous thud—wrongs, wives and woes in one swift burial blent.

SOUL-SEARCHING queries were read each month, and received such answers as, "We believe most Friends are careful to avoid the use of alcohol and tobacco, attendance at the theatre, and the reading of pernicious books. With a few exceptions we have no record of unbecoming behavior in meeting." Unbecoming behavior meant going to sleep.

A pioneer smelling of sassafras and penny royal, who hadn't had a full night's sleep since Candlemas night, welcomed the mid-week interval of silent worship. The seats were hard, but not so hard as it was to keep awake. The Quaker bonnets made due and decent allowance for heads devoutly bent, but snoring was frowned upon.

Impossible to find a woman asleep in meeting—or anywhere else, for that matter, except, of course, on the operating table of a hospital. Few and fair are the Quaker wives who keep a close watch on the incomings and outgoings of their respective mates, but the rest of the feminine world have no time to slumber. Instead of going to bed when too tired to breathe they prefer to sit up all night and talk it over.

IT SHOULD be explained that restrictions regarding unseemly behavior referred to the body alone. The mind—the immortal part—was left entirely free to skip, hop and jump as usual. In that delectable combination of freedom and leisure reposed the endless charm of silent meeting. They don't have them nowadays.

Perhaps you cannot be a star, but you need not be a cloud.

AMONG OURSELVES

BEL THISTLETHWAITE. Ethelwyn Wetherald

A good many years ago, before the first appearance of the Homemaker page, its present editor met, in the home of Katherine Hale, a charming and fragile little lady, Ethelwyn Wetherald, of whose book of verse, "The Last Robin," Pharos, at one time editor of the Circle of Young Canada, wrote: "It is an attractive volume, showing in the cover design the songster most closely associated with the spring, whose ecstatic chant so nearly assimilates the poet's own gift of overflowing, uplifting melody. . . . The salient quality of Miss Wetherald's work is its freshness of feeling, a perennial freshness, renewable as spring. This has a setting of harmonious form, for the poet's ear is delicately attuned to the value of words, both as to the sound and the meaning. . . . Dealing for the most part with the familiar objects of nature and of life, she remains the poet, as well in the level regions of her subjects as in the elevated. The sonnets are an important part of the volume, and, to some minds, will represent the most important part. Miss Wetherald's sonnets are flowing in expression, and harmonious in thought."

When a correspondent wrote recently that Miss Wetherald, over the pen-name Bel Thistlethwaite, had once conducted the women's page of The Globe I immediately recalled my meeting with her, and also some favorites among her poems, such as "Legacies," which has been used a number of times in our page, and "Ope Your Doors and Take Me In," which we are quoting today.

Then came another letter from "A Long-Time Reader and Friend," who said:

"I think your page is a very valuable part of my favorite newspaper. I remember it from far, far back when it was begun by Mrs. John Cameron and Bel Thistlethwaite (Agnes Ethelwyn Wetherald)."

A little inquiry revealed the fact that, while there was no regular woman's page in those days, as far as the writer could recall, Miss Wetherald contributed under the heading "Woman's World," sometimes one, sometimes two or three articles in a week. They were such excellent articles that I hope to quote part of one on "Indoor Exercise" in the Home Forum today, and the rest another day.

"Woman's World," to this early writer with regard to it, was, as she herself says, "not a world of cooking and cleaning." Such subjects were treated as "Cruelty to Parents," "Household Fallacies," "Concerning Funerals," "Governing Children by Fear," "Spring Medicine," "Two Words to the Timid" (the two words being "Don't Care"), "The Moral Quality of Clothes," "Gossip as Related to Friendship," "Women and Money," "The Old-Fashioned House and the Summer Boarder," "The Man's Side of the Woman Question." When you have read today's Home Forum I know you will wish you could read them all.

It was about 1885 or 1886 that Bel Thistlethwaite's articles began to appear in The Globe. The pseudonym was taken from the maiden name of the writer's grandmother, Isabel Thistlethwaite.

"It struck me as a beautiful running vine of a name," she says, "so I adopted it. Many people spell and pronounce it Thistlewaite, but it is really Thistlethwaite—so long a name that I shortened the first name to Bel."

"I can truthfully say," she writes, also, in a letter to a friend, "I never wrote a recipe or a fashion note or directions for any kind of fancy work. Occasionally my readers took fire and wrote to The Globe ardently advocating (or objecting to) my views on the folly of corsets and high heels, or my beliefs that the health of the human family would be immeasurably increased if we fed ourselves with the scientific regard for quality and quantity we give to our animals."

What an advance has since been made in some of these matters. And who can tell how much the writings of this pioneer may have helped to bring it about?

When John Cameron left the editorship of The Globe in 1890 Miss Wetherald went to London to write for his new magazine, "Wives and Daughters," which, however, ceased publication in 1893, when she returned to her home to compile her poems in a book, "The House of the Trees," which appeared in 1896.

"Canadian Poets," edited by John W. Garvin, refers to this, to the poet's collaboration with G. Mercer Adam, in writing and publishing a novel, "An Algonquin Maiden"; to the appearance of further volumes of verse, "Tangled in Stars," in 1902; "The Radiant Road," in 1904; and, in 1907, "The Last Robin," which so greatly appealed to Earl Gray, then Governor-General of Canada, that he wrote the author a personal letter of appreciation, and bought twenty-five copies of the first edition for distribution among his friends. In 1921, "Tree Top Morning," a book of verse for children, was published.

"For years," says the sketch in "Canadian Poets," "Miss Wetherald has resided on the homestead farm near the Village of Fenwick . . . and there, in the midst of a large orchard and other rural charms, has dreamed, and visioned, and sung, pouring out her soul in rare, sweet songs, with the naturalness of a bird."

The Homemaker

Ethelwyn Wetherald

Nature Poet Was Born April 26, 1857

By ELSIE POMEROY

Ethelwyn Wetherald, a member of the grand old Group of the Sixties, was born in the village of Rockwood 100 years ago. Rarely indeed is her name mention in these modern days. As Lorne Pierce wrote in the Introduction to Selected Poems of Bliss Carman: "The entire Group of the Sixties has slowly receded into the dim and distant past." There are still many friends of the poet and admirers of her work, however, who, when reminded of the 100th anniversary of her birth on April 26, will find themselves thinking of the past with a deep nostalgic yearning.

Miss Wetherald gained her first prominence as a writer during the years 1887-'89 by the articles she contributed regularly to the Toronto Globe under the penname, Bel Thistlethwaite. For a comparatively brief period she continued to occupy various editorial positions in London, Ont., and in the United States. Editorial work, however, left her with too little energy to develop her own creative ability. So in the late 1890's she returned to the farm at Fenwick, known as the Tall Evergreens, which had been her home since she was seven or eight years old.

During these years stories and articles from her pen, as well as her poems, had been appearing in leading U.S. journals but to her poetry had become of supreme importance. Her first volume, The House of the Trees and Other Poems, appeared in 1895. There followed in quick succession Tangled in Stars, The Radiant Road, and The Last Robin: Lyrics and Sonnets. In 1931 her collected poems were published under the tile, Lyrics and Sonnets, edited and with an introduction by John Garvin.

Like the nature poetry of the other members of the famous early group, the poetry of Ethelwyn Wetherald had the power to touch the heart of every reader and to awaken imagination. Thanks to her, a starry sky on a summer night suggested the refrain, "Tangled in stars and spirit-steeped in dew;" in an April shower was felt "the wet sweet cheek of April;" the falling leaves became "Little fellow-travellers, gentle, frail, and flaming;" and when a red-winged blackbird was glimpsed among the trees one listened for:

"That exquisite call with its
sweet, sweet fall,
O-ke-lee, o-ke-lee, o-ke-lee!"

Not only in regard to nature come memories of Miss Wetherald's poetry. Many of her lyrics concern human life and emotions and while not so well-known may be said to be of deeper significance. The common experience of a "dark hour" brings memories of the treasured lines:

"For me the boarded honey
of the past
Outlives the wintry interval
of pain;
Come loneliness, or loveLessness, or grief,
The memory of days too
sweet to last
Shall make my heart run o'er
with joy again."

With the passing of the years came the inevitable sorrows yet the poet retained her happy outlook on life. "The tall timbers" was her never-failing refuge. Once only did her letters contain a note of advice—"Don't let the years bully you." She didn't! Occasionally came a new poem. Her New Year's Greeting for 1938 was a delightful lyric, "These Shall Persist."

In no letter to the writer was her joyous spirit more clearly revealed than in the last which was dated December 26, 1939. As usual the trouble referred to was already a thing of the past. "During the past two or three summers I have been greatly troubled by loss of memory . . . a sort of semi-amnesia in which I was afraid to speak lest I should be unable to finish the sentence.

Happily when my health and strength came back (for the heat of the summer always leaves me a rag) my vocabulary returned like a flood on arid land. Since then I have been so happy that living is a most enthusiastic process. This Christmas is one of the happiest periods of my life." During her sleep on the following March 8, her happy spirit passed on to another life. Her last poem, "These Shall Persist," remains a triumphant farewell.

Whether I stir over the earth
Or the earth stirs over me,
With weeds and flowers that
come to birth
After I cease to be,
Courage shall keep its worth,
Truth shall make men free,
Whether I move upon the earth
Or earth moves over me.

Whether I tread on the grass
Or the blades are green above,
Never from earth shall Beauty
pass
Nor joy from the eyes of Love;
Peace to the heart that grieves,
To the toiler victory,
Whether I tread the drifting
leaves
Or the leaves drift over me.