

# NEWS

*Have I Got e-*  *for You!*



News from the Communities in and around the  
Old Barns and Hilden United Churches



No 3

June 2016

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## *Message from Your Editor*

Thank you to those who submitted items for the newsletter. Today I sit at my table with computer at hand and look out the window at a beautiful, fresh, green and blue day. The recent rain was welcome. The crops are growing and second cut is just around the corner. Summer arrived with sunshine and a special moon – Atlantic Canada has not had a full moon rise on the same day as the Summer Solstice since 1967. Did you know that the full moon is also called the “Strawberry Moon” according to Algonquin legend as it marks the beginning of the strawberry season? A further fact – did you know that we had a full moon on Christmas Day 2015, for the first time since 1977?

*Leslie*



## Church Services – July to September

All Services will be Joint Services.

*We are Welcoming and Affirming Churches.  
All are invited in.*

### *July*

- 3 9:30 a.m. in Old Barns
- 10 10:30 a.m. in Hilden  
followed by Pot Luck Picnic
- 17 9:30 a.m. in Old Barns
- 24 9:30 a.m. in Hilden
- 31 9:30 a.m. in Old Barns

### *August*

- 7 9:30 a.m. in Hilden
- 14 9:30 a.m. in Old Barns
- 21 9:30 a.m. in Hilden
- 28 9:30 a.m. in Old Barns

### *September*

- 4 9:30 a.m. in Hilden



*A Summer Sight!*



### *What is the Summer Solstice?*

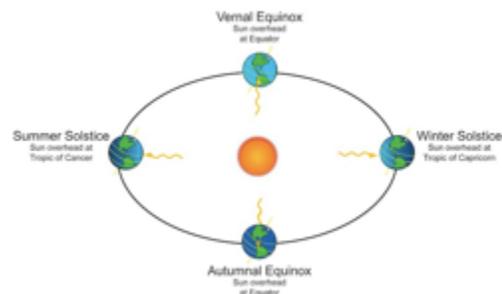
The summer solstice occurs when a planet's rotational axis, in either northern or southern hemispheres, is most inclined toward the star that it orbits. Earth's maximum axial tilt toward the Sun is 23° 26'.

This happens twice each year (once in each hemisphere), at which times the Sun reaches its highest position in the sky as seen from the north or the South Pole.

The summer solstice day has the longest period of daylight – except in the polar regions, where daylight is continuous, from a few days to six months around the summer solstice.

Worldwide, interpretation of the event has varied among cultures, but most recognize the event in some way with holidays, festivals and rituals around that time with themes of religion or fertility. The most famous takes place at Stonehenge.

*Solstice* is derived from the Latin words *sol* (sun) and *sistere* (to stand still).



## Hilden Events

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### *Farewell to Elva Haggarty*

Submitted by Sylvia Patterson



On Sunday, April 1st, the Hilden Congregation celebrated Elva Haggarty's retirement as our organist for eight years with a potluck dinner following our church service.

Elva's parents, Doris and Bus McCallum, and two cousins, Vonnie Brenton and Wanda Swallow, attended this special gathering.

Elva was presented with a plaque, a plant and we all enjoyed a delicious cake decorated with musical notes.

We all wish to express our gratitude to Elva for her many years of dedicated service.



Yard Sale Tables



### *The United Refugee Sponsorship Group*

Submitted by Marnie Smith

The Hilden representatives on this committee are Wayne Smith and George Creelman (who are joint chairpersons of the Transportation Committee), Joy Mann and Marnie Smith.

A few folks from our congregation have volunteered to help when the time comes. We welcome any others who wish to give a few hours of their time. You may be called only once, entailing just a few hours of your time.

Each church is expected to raise \$2000 for their share of the refugee expenses. The Hilden congregation held two very successful fund raising events. Jam sessions held in the church hall for four consecutive Sunday afternoons and a large indoor yard sale were both great successes. Thereby, we have easily reached our financial obligation.

We would like to thank all the people who donated food, worked in the kitchen, volunteered their services and enthusiastically cleaned out their "household goodies" for our yard sale. You are really a wonderful congregation and pastoral charge. We are so fortunate to be a part of these two great churches.



Jam Sessions



## *Games at Hilden*

Submitted by Glenda MacDonald

An enthusiastic group meets at the Hilden church hall twice a month from fall to spring to sharpen their mental faculties, strengthen their social network, and exercise their laughing muscles. No, it's not a fitness class.

The activities of choice are Mexican train dominoes, cribbage, 45's, and any other game that is suggested. Coffee, tea and snacks are served, and conversation and laughter abound.

There is no admission fee, although people may make a donation if they wish, and proceeds are used to buy equipment for the hall kitchen.

Meeting times are Wednesday mornings and Friday evenings, to accommodate as many people as possible. The group will be starting up again in the fall. Watch the church bulletin for dates and times.



Clifton Acres Annual Winter Games Night with Residents and Board Members.

## Old Barns Events

### *May to September Anniversaries*

#### **50 Years or More!**

56 – John and Janet Kent

61 – Colie and Hazel Brenton

*May your mornings bring you joy  
And your evenings bring peace  
May your troubles grow few  
And your blessings increase.*

### *May to September Birthdays*

#### **80 Years or More!**

82 – Mildred McKim

82 – Colie Brenton

86 – Jessie McCormick

88 – Gerald McLeod

89 – Doris McCallum

?? – Jack Johnson – he's not telling!

*Wishing you the Blessings of LOVE, JOY,  
and HAPPINESS today and always!  
Happy Birthday*

### *Youth Drama Club Graduates*

Gillian Blackburn

Kayla Giddens

Nicole Giddens

Taylor Masters

### *Grade Twelve Graduates*

Gillian Blackburn

Mitchell Crowell

Sean Ferguson

Kayla Giddens

Nicole Giddens

Robert Loughhead

Kayla Low

Taylor Masters

Therese McCurdy

Brogan Woodman

Alexis Zegray

*You're off to Great Places!  
Today is your day!  
Your mountain is waiting,  
So... get on your way!"*

— Dr. Seuss, Oh, The Places You'll Go!

## *Retiring Teacher*

Karen Archibald-Waugh  
After 33 years of teaching!



*A teacher TAKES a hand,  
OPENS a mind, and  
TOUCHES a heart.*

This is certainly true of Karen.  
Enjoy your retirement!

## *A New Barn in Green Oak*

All the best to the Burris Family as they build a new barn to replace what was lost in a fire a year ago.



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*There are 4 things you must never do:  
lie, steal, cheat, or drink.  
But if you must lie,  
lie in the arms of the one you love.  
If you must steal,  
steal away from bad company.  
If you must cheat,  
cheat death.  
And if you must drink,  
drink in the moments  
that take your breath away.*

## *Scholarship Winners*

There are three scholarships that have a connection to our community that were presented this year at CEC

Congratulations to the recipients!

Hon. FB McCurdy Scholarship  
**Sean Ferguson**

Clifton District Federation of Agriculture  
Scholarship  
**Gillian Blackburn**

Dr. Stanley Curtis Memorial Scholarship  
**Therese McCurdy**

## *Presenting -*

*Dr. Bethany Ferguson, MD*



Bethany (on the right) recently graduated from The Royal College of Surgeons in Dublin, Ireland with honours. She also won the International Citizen Award.

Bethany will be doing her internship in Galway and plans to do a residency in Paediatric Cardiology.

The very proud Ferguson Family along with Grandmother Betty Peddle traveled to Ireland to watch Bethany receive her degree.

All the best to Bethany as she continues down her path of healing.

## *Good Bye, Dear Friends*



The Reverend Russell Burns  
February 23, 2016 in his 91<sup>st</sup> year



Lorna Rushton  
1937 – March 10, 2016



Connie Chisholm Weinberg  
January 27, 1956 – June 14, 2016

### *In Loving Memory*

*Those we love do not go away,  
They walk beside us every day.  
Unseen, Unheard,  
But always near.  
Still loved, Still missed  
And very dear.*



## *A Note from Rev. Ian*

Greetings dear friends!

As many of you have gathered by now, a lot has happened to me over the last couple of months, a lot that has been life changing, unsettling, and challenging. For those not yet informed, I have been diagnosed with Crohn's disease, a gastro-intestinal disorder that can affect everything from the digestive system on down. In my case, the inflammation was so severe they had to remove the larger part of my colon and large intestine after several blood transfusions failed to put back what I was losing at an alarming rate. As part of the surgery, I have been attached with an ileostomy. The hope is that in six months to a year, enough healing will take place that they will be able to reattach everything back together and put that part of me back to normal. Unfortunately, Crohn's disease is still without a cure, despite various treatments and dietary regulations, one of which I am on now.

All of this became my reality very quickly and without much time to think. As you can imagine, I have been through a great amount of adjustment and trauma, where so many of my bodily functions I once took for granted now have to be built up again and second-guessed. Every day brings new learning curves related to what I can now safely eat, the maintenance of the ostomy, and how much energy I can sustain during the day. Every day is different, some very much like the ones before I was diagnosed, others where I wonder how I got to the point I am now. During those first days and weeks after the surgery, I was strangely waiting any moment for when I would wake up from what has felt like an awful dream, but slowly I am coming to grips with all this and what it means in terms of my new lifestyle and day-to-day activity.

Even through all that has happened and changed, there are blessings. I cannot say enough about the wonderful care I have had from the doctors and nurses at the Truro hospital who saw me through 2 1/2 weeks of my time there. Their compassion, support, and 24-hour watch over me was nothing but

superb. I marvelled at their ability to be there during the most indelicate moments without registering a complaint or breathing a sigh. I wish all patients could be as blessed as I was with the care team I had. Mary Jo and my parents have been incredible in their tireless presence with me, I don't know how they have found the strength. And all of you congregation members and friends: my deepest thanks to you for visiting me in hospital and at home, for daring to step into places that can be uncomfortable and unpredictable. You have been great in ministering to me during these uncertain times. Blessings to you all!

The doctors have recommended for me to return to work early in July, which I hope will give me enough time to heal, get my daily life back together as much as I possibly can, and restore my body and my spirit. Till then, I welcome your continued visits and give thanks for all the well wishes. I promise I will find my way back to you in good time.

In faith and love, Rev. Ian



## *Six tiny stories with great meanings...*

Submitted from the Internet via Glenda Kent

### **Story Number One**

Once all villagers decided to pray for rain. On the day of prayer, all the people gathered, but only one boy came with an umbrella.

That's **FAITH**

### **Story Number Two**

When you throw a baby in the air, she laughs because she knows you will catch her.

That's **TRUST**

### **Story Number Three**

Every night we go to bed, without any assurance of being alive the next morning, but still we set the alarms to wake up.

That's **HOPE**

### **Story Number Four**

We plan big things for tomorrow in spite of zero knowledge of the future.

That's **CONFIDENCE**

### **Story Number Five**

We see the world suffering, but still we get married and have children.

That's **LOVE**

### **Story Number Six**

On an old man's shirt was written a sentence 'I am not 90 years old .... I am sweet 16 with 74 years experience'.

That's **ATTITUDE**

Have a good week and live your life like the six tiny stories!

May you always have love to share, health to spare & friends who care...

## *How We Came Here*

Submitted by Beth (Robertson) Saunders

This account is dedicated to the late Leland Weatherbee of Truro Heights, without whose carpentry skills I doubt we'd have been able to make this our family home for four-plus 47 years. He showed one of our sons, age seven, how to drive nails, and they worked side-by-side building a kitchen. Leland answered his Uncle Russell's head-shaking with, "He can't learn unless you let him help." (This son's now a skilled carpenter, renovating his home in Seeley's Bay, Ontario.)

As a young kid, I'd travelled a few times to Truro from Moncton with my mother to visit my dad, who was stationed at Camp Debert. He served in the Royal Canadian Corps of Signals (RCCS-G16593). Seems to me it was an overnight trip then.

In Sackville, NB, where Gary was finishing a degree in Fine Arts and we were living in a renovated woodshed, a fellow renter was a Stewart girl from Old Barns. So we knew there was such a place. And that summer of 1964, Gary worked in Truro at Lands and Forests while I went home to Mom and Dad's with two and 6/9ths children.

Upon his graduation next spring, Gary's best job offers were teaching Art near Saint John, or back to L&F in Truro. He'd liked his boss and the job—a mix of forestry, writing/and art—and I liked the idea. So Truro it was.

By now we needed a house for five. Truro had only one realtor then. And our oldest son being a year too young to start school, I thought it would be nice to rent a house in the country for a while.

As luck would have it, Hazel Yuill worked in the same Bank of Montreal office building as Gary. She said, "I think Carman Forbes has a house he might rent." Young Johnny Forbes had just graduated from NSAC. Gary hopped on his Simpson-Sears Allstate motorbike and drove out from town to see Carman.

I've always been grateful that Carman and "Vi" were willing to take a chance on us. After all, this was the 60's and you never knew who might show up at the door offering to divest you of some of your family acres or asking to sleep in your barn when an unexpected tide washed them in. All we wanted was a roof over our heads.

We arrived by train from Sackville. Stan Hanes' Transfer with our stuff crossed the highway up ahead as friends from Onslow deposited us to the vacant farmhouse and returned later that evening with popcorn. Vi showed up with a dust cloth in case there was any dust on the windowsills. (There wasn't.)

Now it was time to stroll up the lane and pay our first month's rent. When we entered the kitchen and stated our errand, Vi said, "Oh, I thought you were coming to say goodbye." We handed her a \$20 bill, and that took care of that.

Next, we needed our oil range hooked up. George McCurdy was the resident plumber. With blowtorch in one hand and tobacco pipe in the other, it took him a while because he had to go home and milk the cows. When we asked what we owed him, he said, "How big's your check?" Seems the price was geared to income. Anyway, I believe Carman paid.

In the meantime Sybil McCurdy and children paid a neighbourly call. Interestingly, we'd already met her mother and father at St James Presbyterian Church in town. Sybil, seeing we had no stove working, left and returned with brownies and cinnamon rolls.

The then local minister, Rev. Mr Favier, arrived at the same time. He stated, "I assume you'll be transferring your "lines" to Old Barns United Church, and asked me if the children had been baptized. (You bet your boots, Reverend: one at Knox Presbyterian in Toronto, one at St David's in St John's and one at St Andrew's in Sackville, NB.

We settled in – with almost a bedroom apiece (that would soon change). Meanwhile I had told Gary, "Don't even think of taking me out for an evening—no car, no

baby-sitters. The car situation soon improved. On the advice of his boss, Lloyd Hawboldt at L & F, we bought a *Rambler Classic*, first entertaining, in our “new” kitchen, the salesman and the bank manager, who tried to persuade us to make smaller payments.

With some coaching from Hazel, Gary learned to drive. That *Rambler* lasted well beyond its due date, thanks to Yuill Moore's garage and, don't ask me how else. The babysitter dilemma was solved when Miss Beckie McCurdy showed up to gain experience for a CGIT baby-sitting course under the leadership of Kathie Chisholm. Soon we had two more children, making five so far. The future in baby-sitting was looking good.

Carman, seeing me try to hack out a kitchen garden on the north side of the house—on top of a cement cistern—offered a corner beside his barn—or his half-barn, since Beckie's father Allison owned the other half. I planted seeds that yielded one carrot (which morphed into Queen's Lace--wild carrot and an abundance of pigweed (now considered a fine organic green). Out front, near the Manitoba maple “climbing tree”, I planted a small flowerbed. Mae Blackburn contributed some yellow flowering plants since mine all turned out blue.

We always knew that Carman and Vi would eventually be wanting that house as a retirement dwelling for themselves when the time came. However, since there was no indoor bathroom, they obligingly had one installed while we were still living there, thus eliminating the little house out back that our children regarded as a status symbol; none of their friends had one.

When the time came for us to move, two of our children were already in Cobequid School with another due to start that fall. With “Liney” Archibald, Melissa Fancey and Mildred Burrows on staff, we wanted to remain in the same school district. So we asked around. Gary gave Lower Truro a half-hearted look. (Tideview Heights was still just a gleam in realtors' and developers' eyes.)

Then Carman said, “We'd like to keep you people in the community. I have another house up the road you could look at. And Russell Weatherbee could see if it can be fixed up.” We looked – and bought the oak table stored in it. Then we looked some more.

A key requirement – we could still see the daily Windsor-Truro train go by! Other assets were a good well, a roof that didn't leak and a huge healthy elm shading the whole south side. Then Carman drove by and offered to teach our oldest son, 9, to drive his tractor. Well, that cinched it.

One morning soon after, Carman and I had a meeting in McNutt's Superette van that came around weekly with groceries. I said, “We're ready when you are.” Paid cash this time and the deal was done; no banker, no mortgage—no problem. Also no kitchen, but who cared. Our friends and parents had varied opinions about our purchase.

Mr. Weatherbee & Co. went right to work from the bottom up, jacking up basement joists to level the ground floor, and didn't encourage us to visit. Meanwhile, we packed up and discovered it would be easier to move across the country than up the lane, for we were able to take every jam jar, tricycle and wash tub, cats, kittens, etc. and etc. At first the kids and I hauled stuff with the children's wagon, followed by Wrinkles our dog. Then Dick and Ruth Bulmer from town drove out with a car trailer. At the last, Bill McCurdy and John Forbes, after milking, gave us a hand with the large appliances. I don't remember who moved the piano.

At midnight on the last day of May, I looked around and realized we had more *there* than *here*. So we moved up. When Russell & Co. found us eating breakfast in the “new house” next morning, they weren't long in leaving and Russell finally handed me the keys to our own front door. Before the week was out, contractor, electrician, plumber and Gary, for various reasons, all left for Newfoundland.

That spring and summer I pounded plaster while Gary planted fruit trees. One daughter relocated frogs from below the Irving Oil storage tank—which one day she climbed,

to the dome's very top – to the old bath tub we'd hauled indoors. When I asked Gary where we should put the garden, he replied, "The what?" Mae Blackburn solved the dilemma by informing us that our predecessors, the Raymond McCurdys, had had a market garden on the west side. Soon we got chickens. Gary wanted a goat, but the kids nixed that, saying their friends would make fun of them!

After a few years, we decided it would be nice to have a kitchen. The only thing holding us back was that a decrepit old woodshed/summer kitchen/garage was in the way. Gary's cousin-in-law Allan Brake, a good Anglican priest and an even better carpenter, quickly solved the problem. Borrowing a chainsaw from next door, he sawed the west end off our house.

We said hello to Weatherbee & Co. again. One morning early, a huge commercial excavator arrived, made one scoop, then left. We waited several weeks, then were told there wasn't room for the rig to manoeuvre. We were left with a big crater in front of the back door. Our dog did not like it and would sit very close, his back turned. Russell nailed the back door shut. We had to exit by the front door.

Now what? Well, it turned out that the county's only excavator small enough to finish the job was owned by a Mr. Milton Hoyt of Onslow. He and Russell hadn't spoken for years over some misunderstanding or other, so Russell went cap-in-hand and persuaded him to come. (Years later, we welcomed a grand-niece of Mr. Hoyt's as our next-door neighbour.)

When Mother came to live with us in 1978, Gary lost his painting space. We decided to build a two-storey garage with a top-floor studio. We contacted Leland Weatherbee, now working on his own. Helped by our sons, he framed up this mini-barn on a further piece of adjacent land. Gary clad the structure board-and-batten style from saw logs off our woodlot, and our eldest son shingled the roof.

Needing good north light upstairs, he found in town a big discarded thermal picture window. Three friends, Reg Henderson

(Sr.), Charlie Raymond (who lived with wife Thelma and family where Sandra and Garry Matthews now live), helped him install it. Rev. Sandy MacPherson showed up later with refreshments.

What else? All seven of us had lots of adventures here with cats, dogs, rabbits, chickens, snakes, frogs, stray birds, mice, ants – and one summer of fleas. And then two more girl babies were added to the family – giving us joy again.

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### *Building Projects in Old Barns*



Above: Sandra and Greg Dill have transformed the Chisholm home. Beautiful!



Above: Dan and Marlout have a new home started from which they can watch the scenery and the cats!

..... and somewhere at the back of a field, up the Irwin Lake Road, there is a hole in the ground where Stuart & Tiffany Yuill are building a house.



***Following are copies of papers found when Glenda Kent and I cleaned out the filing cabinets, the contents of which we delivered to the Archives at the Maritime Conference Office in Sackville, NB.***

**1916 (newspaper clipping)**

- Sabbath, May 28<sup>th</sup>, was an eventful day at Hilden when the sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper were administered for the first time in the history of the congregation with elders of their own choice constituting the session. The Presbyterian families at Hilden have been connected with other congregations, chiefly in the town of Truro. Some years ago they were formed into a Mission Field and placed under the services of a Catechist. Recently the Presbytery of Truro appointed Rev. L.W. Parker, moderator and directed that Hilden be organized in conjunction with Harmony. The call for elders resulted in the election and, on April 30<sup>th</sup>, the ordination of Mr. David Murphy and Mr. Daniel Taggart. The roll has now been prepared and certificates received from the other congregations in favor of those who wish to transfer. About twenty persons sat at the Lord's table in the service on Sunday last, some coming on the usual invitation. The field, with North River included, will be in charge of Mr. J.E. Forbes during the summer. Mr. Forbes is no stranger to the people and is much appreciated in the sections of the field where he has given service faithfully within the last two years.

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***The following was hand written by Mrs. Wilfred Farr, Hilden, in answer to a questionnaire by Allen Gibson, Chester, for column "Churches By the Sea". November 28, 1977***

Hilden United Church

In 1879, Lewis Tupper, grandson of James Dunlap, gave a parcel of land off the Dunlap farm for the site of a public hall in which public worship services were held for many years. The Temperance Lodges were also granted use of this hall.

On September 19, 1911, Truro Presbytery places the Mission Statement of Hilden under the care of St. Andrews Session, Truro.

In 1914. Hilden and Alton were worked during the summer months by Catechist E. Vincent Forbes and in December, 1915, Hilden and Harmony were united with Rev. L.W. Parker appointed moderator.

In 1923, Rev. A.D. Sterling took over Hilden as a part of the Brookfield congregation. On January 1, 1962 Hilden became a part of the Clifton Pastoral Charge under the ministry of Rev. Murray Favier.

Although there is no list of charter members in the church records, I understand there were about a dozen Presbyterian families here at that time. The first elders were Mr. David Murphy and Mr. Daniel Taggart, with the first communion service being held May 28, 1916.

The church was built in 1924 with Mr. John Notting of Lower Truro, in charge of the building and assisted by Mr. John Ross of Hilden.

The present church is the original structure. Rev. A.D. Sterling was the minister when the church was built.

Rev. William McCulloch of Truro was the first known minister in Hilden. (This would be before the hall was built or any formal organization had taken place.)

The entrance of the church was renovated in 1959 – making a larger entrance, adding a vestry room and additional classrooms in the basement. This took place during the ministry of Rev. R.G.R. Webber.

There is a date recorded of the first wedding held in the church as the ceremony was performed by Rev. A.M. McNitch of the Baptist church. The bride and groom were Miss Emily Bryson and Jared Kennedy of Hilden. (The date was September 23, 1931).

There is a Sunday School but I can't find any information in the records. I believe the first Sunday School was organized by David Murphy around the year the hall was built.

The church stands on the original land deeded from Lewis Tupper in 1879. There is no church cemetery, our cemetery being a separate corporation.

Noteworthy gifts to the church include a communion table and two chairs given in memory of David and Susan Murphy. This gift was made possibly through the W.M.S. who sponsored the project – donations were made from former residents and members of the congregation in summer of 1926. Electric light fixtures, wiring and labor were the gift of Mrs. David Vernon of Truro, in memory of her brother Stanley Rath, formerly of Hilden. An electric organ was donated by U.C. Hilden Ladies Circle, and an electronic chimes system by the Willis Ivany, Senior family.

Rev. D.A. Frame gave the longest service – 8 years. There are two plaques in the church. One on the Communion table in memory of David and Susan Murphy and one in memory of Stanley Rath.

An item of interest re. the congregation might be an agreement with the Baptist people of Hilden. On June 23, 1921, an agreement, drawn up by a committee representing both Presbyterian and Baptist people was unanimously adopted. The Baptist people were granted the use of the hall (and later the church) on the second Sunday of each month for their worship services. This agreement, which carried on until a few years ago when it was phased out due to a decline in Baptist membership, was a satisfactory one. The same congregation, choir and organist attended Baptist services as well as Presbyterian.

A similar agreement was also carried out in W.M.S. with the Baptist ladies being responsible for quarterly meetings.



***Next, is handwritten piece by Mrs. Angus Forbes from 1944.***

Historical Sketch of Old Barns W.M.S.

As we look back across the years that are flying so swiftly by, the first thought that attracts our attention is the immeasurable debt of gratitude that we owe to the pioneers. They labored on year after year without any of the conveniences which we today regard as ordinary necessities.

We speak with pride of the noble sons and daughters reared in these humble homes, on a diet, as old Dr. Sedgewick was fond of saying, of oatmeal and the shorter Catechism.

We of the Maritime Provinces have much for which to be proud and thankful in this respect. We would remind ourselves that Dr. Geddie, the first missionary sent out by the Presbyterian Church in 1848 was one of our own men and sponsored by the church of the Maritimes. Also that the W.F.M.S. had its birth at Malpique, a small village in P.E.I.

From that humble beginning has grown the great organization, almost world-wide, which has been so blessed by the Master, and has done such wonderful work in carrying the gospel to other lands.

The first records we have of our own auxiliary are in the year 1884, just sixty years ago. It appears that there was already a flourishing organization in the city of Halifax, known as the W.F.M.S. A lady from that organization was invited to come to Clifton congregation, for the purpose of organizing a branch or Auxiliary, so called.

Accordingly, a meeting was called in the church and an Auxiliary was formed with the following officers –

President – Mrs. James Crowe

Treasurer – Mrs. McGillviary

Secretary – Mrs. Robert Archibald

The new Auxiliary was in good working order and everything went on smoothly. Several meetings were held and a motion passed that the money raised should be

sent to Halifax to help defray the Foreign Mission Debt.

Delegates were sent to Halifax to attend the Annual meeting. They brought back reports of progress made and a movement was on foot to form a Presbyterial Society.

When this was discussed at the next meeting of the Auxiliary it met with some opposition. Their Pastor, Mr. McGillviary told the ladies very plainly, that woman's place was in the home, trying to influence their husband and children and while it might be all right for them to have a society in their own community for carrying on the work of the church, he thoroughly disapproved of women starting off by themselves to outside work. He suggested that instead of the W.F.M.S. they substitute a Missionary and Benevolent Society, such as was doing good work in St. Andrew's Church Truro.

The meeting was adjourned to meet again the following month when further discussion took place. Mr. McGillviary's views were upheld by the Session, and the members at length agreed to the change. A letter was written to the Halifax W.F.M.S. breaking off all connection with it. The date of this meeting was July 14, 1885.

Now perhaps it would be interesting to some of you to hear the list of members at this date. Mrs. Dan Yuill, Mrs. Vashti Yuill, Mrs. Isaac Yuill, Mrs. Francis Forbes, Mrs. Elias Nelson, Mrs. JR Loughead, Mrs. Matthew McCurdy, Mrs. Sials Black, Mrs. James Crowe, Mrs. Alex Chisholm, Mrs. J.Y. Loughead, Mrs. Edmund Archibald, Mrs. McGillviary, Mrs. Robt. Wilson, Mrs. James Archibald, Mrs. James Loughead, Mrs. John Crowe, Mrs. Robert McCurdy, Mrs. Arthur Archibald, Mrs. Wm Park, Mrs. John Loughead, Mrs. John C. Yuill, Mrs. Hezekiah Yuill, Miss Clara Yuill, Mrs. Iona Yuill, Mrs. Samuel Forbes, Mrs. Robert Archibald, Mrs. James McCurdy, Mrs. Charles Yuill, Miss Mattie Crowe, Mrs. David Smith, Mrs. Walter Marshall, Mrs. Thomas Crowe, Mrs. Albert McCurdy, Mrs. Margaret Miller, Miss Hannah Forbes, and Mrs. R.R. Forbes.

These were the Charter members of the Missionary and Benevolent Society which

was organized at this time, and from which our W.M.S. had its beginning inception.

One marvels at the work accomplished by this devoted band of women. It is recorded that in the first three years they paid \$863.50 on the manse debt, bought chandeliers for the church costing \$70, painted the church \$191.25, besides giving \$125 to Foreign Missions. The money was raised by socials, tea-meetings, lectures, etc. At one time they made an autograph quilt which netted them \$85 and the quilt was afterwards presented to Mr. and Mrs. McGillviary.

As one by one the older members were called up higher, their work on earth finished, the younger women stepped into their places, and new names were added to the list, some of which are still familiar to us.

No sketch, however brief, of our Auxiliary would be complete without some reference to the work of the late Mrs. L.W. Parker. She came to us as a bride and endeared herself to all who knew her. She was keenly interested in every department of church work, but the Missionary Society was her chief delight. It was during her Presidency that we again became affiliated with the W.F.M.S.

Even after she and her husband were removed to other fields, she came to us on many occasions, and as always she was an inspiration to us as she told us of the work so dear to her heart. Her passing has left a vacancy in Missionary Circles that will be hard to fill.

There is not much of general interest to report as we carry on in our usual routine from year to year, holding our meetings regularly every month. Some years we have had quite a struggle to raise our allocation, but when everything else failed some kind friend would send a donation or supply money to buy a Life Membership Certificate.

Time would fail to tell of Mission Boxes packed, money raised for special objects and our many activities from time to time.

Now I regret to have to admit that our membership has dwindled shamefully of later years. Many of the older members

have ben called home, others have removed to other communities, and there seems to be no one to take their places. I am sure you will all agree that this is no time to slacken our efforts. The church is faced with a larger task than ever before. It behooves us as a band of Christian women to rally our forces and be ready to do our share of the work. And as we work, let us pray that He who is the light and in whom there is no darkness at all, may lead us into the light of a better day where greed and cruelty and strife are unknown and Christ shall reign supreme.

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***And finally, a letter written by Harry Chisholm, Treasurer for the church in 1936.***

Dear Friends:

Clifton United Congregation met with a very heavy loss in the burning of their church building on December 22<sup>nd</sup>, 1935. Plans for a new building have been drawn and have been approved by the congregation. The construction of the building is now going on. While the insurance on the old building erected in 1869 has been paid and will be a substantial nucleus for the new building fund, the bulk of the fund will have to be raised by contribution. We are making a vigorous canvass for contributions from members of our Congregation still resident with us, and we are hereby asking former members and even sons and daughters of former members to help us in the erection of a new Church and thus give evidence of their former and continued interest in our Congregational affairs. Several substantial contributions have already been paid or assured without solicitation on our part, Clifton is the birthplace of many who have achieved a commanding position in the Province and abroad. Is it asking too much to solicit support of an institution that has contributed somewhat to the development of the characters of these people?

Any contribution for this fund may be forwarded to the treasurer of the Finance Committee and will be thankfully acknowledged.



*... and the last word – make sure you have a picnic this summer!*

Make some homemade lemonade or iced tea, cut up a watermelon, a hunk of bread, yummy cheese, bring some cold chicken and your favourite salad.

Walk a trail, visit a park, or spread a blanket in your own backyard.

Bring a book, hum a song, talk about life, but leave all electronics in the house!

Take a little time for yourself. Enjoy what Mother Nature has to offer. Breathe in the fresh air and listen to the songs of the birds.

*A book of verse beneath the bough,  
A loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and thou  
Beside me singing in the Wilderness –  
Ah, wilderness were paradise enow!*

*Omar Khayyam  
From his 12<sup>th</sup> Century Rubaiyat*



*A kite is joy on a leash*