

Countess of Aberdeen? In her every movement, in her every action, in her every discourse, we see in this noble lady that woman of whom the immortal Milton speaks :

O fairest of creation, last and best,
Of all of God's works, creature in whom excelled
Whatever can to sight or thought be formed,
Holy, divine, good, amiable or sweet !

Lady Aberdeen, by her modest, by her thoroughgoing, tireless services to her own sex, has benefitted the whole Canadian community. She has dried up many a tear, she has gladdened many a home, she has brightened many a life, in a word, she has made our homes more homelike and our hearts more humane and more Christian, too. It is Cicero who says: "Ignorantia rerum bonarum et malarum maxime hominum vita vexatur." Through the ignorance of what is good and what is bad, the life of man is indeed greatly perplexed. This very pernicious and baneful ignorance, condemned in terms so righteous by the very greatest of Roman orators, the Countess of Aberdeen has ever since her arrival striven to dispel. We are Canadians, proud of Canada's manhood and Canada's womanhood, unexcelled, we believe, on earth ; but we suffer from that self-same

ignorance of what is good and what is bad, which, according to Cicero himself, afflicted the most civilized empire of antiquity. This ignorance Lady Aberdeen has successfully combated. Her efforts for the good and the true in life have achieved very happy results. With regret and mortification we find that there are in this grand and noble and manful Dominion of Canada, persons so far forgetful of manhood's very first duties as to assail this illustrious representative of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. As the whole empire looks to Queen Victoria as the best of wives and noblest of mothers, so this Dominion of Canada looks to Lady Aberdeen as all that is good and true and gentle and holy in the charmed circles of Christian womanhood. To those very few who, in the bitterness of disappointment, have employed language towards the Countess of Aberdeen unworthy themselves and unworthy this great country, we will employ no language of severity, much less of vituperation. but say with Byron :

The very first
Of human life must spring from woman's breast ;
Your first small words are taught you from her lips ;
Your first tears quenched by her, and your last sighs,
Too often breath'd out in woman's hearing.

