

THE MEN'S TRIBUTE TO THE WOMEN OF THE EMPIRE

"Why?—ask the true heart why
Woman hath been
Ever where brave men die,
Unshrinking seen?"

—Mrs. Hemans.

(Dedicated to Mrs. Nellie McLung, Edmonton).

It's quite a cheering note these days,
That fast as world's progressing,
To hear that woman's working ways,
Must prove a lasting blessing!
We know that some have had a craze,
(They are the small exception,)
Far more do seek to clear life's maze,
Present of it a bright conception!

Now we of species classed as "man,"
Who sceptre long's been used to sway,
Should thankful be, much as we can,—
She excels gold this troubled day:
For ne'er before in hist'ry-time,
Has work of hers been more, sublime;
Not coruscatory. No! far more:
Fairer than light from moon's bright core:
She's yielding up much precious store,
Yea Empire needs her more and more!

Mere man is rather apt to lose
The sight of lights in earth's dark ages:
Where woman high aloft arose:
Left brilliant deeds on hist'ry pages:
Wasn't there a man of tyrant-bent,
Oppressed old Israel's kith and kin,
Who fell asleep within a tent,
*And Deborah bored his temples with a pin.

And didn't a woman hide the spies:
Those sent from they who good news tell:
Thus gained for self a worthy prize:
'Twas well with her when Jer'cho fell!
Now go a little further back: to Nile,
Where woman's sound tuition
A babe did save from despot vile:
Proved Pioneer of Moses' mission!

We cannot name the women all:
The Marys, Marthas, Dorcas'—
Who stand of moral shoulders tall,
Among earth's famous, heroic daughters;
Suffice to say that from an early minute,
And down its wondrous pages,
There's always been a woman in it,
Who's earned the praise of wisest sages!.

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If sick or lame, thou mortal man,
What good's to thee thy money,
If woman from thine heart dost ban,
Thy life's devoid her honey!
She'd soothe thy wounds, thy sickness heal,
And watch thee every minute,
And where of faithfulness and zeal
Are needed, she'll be in it!

Yea! in this fight for all that's right,
She's there with every dower,
And toiling hard to expedite
The Kaiser's closing hour!

In troth, there's not of life a part,
But strength in it she's shedding,
And if you've got a lonely heart,
She'll share THAT,—at your wedding.

*Deborah prophesied the event, but Jael, the wife of
Heber, was the actual slayer of Sisera.