

most important—ay, perhaps the most important that the world knows—immediately ‘productive’ in so far as by her care and encouragement her husband may be strengthened for the work he has to do in the outer world. Ultimately productive in so far as her children, growing up under her care, shall go forth at last to *their* work, strong in body, noble in soul, righteous in conduct—but deriving its importance far less from its ‘productiveness’ in the economic sense of the word, than from its influence—an influence almost infinitely far-reaching in its effects for good or evil—upon the character and happiness of her husband, of herself, of her children, of her servants, of her friends, of all that come within the charmed circle of her sacred work :—I say tell her this and get her to thoroughly grasp and believe it, and you will give to herself and to her life in her own eyes a dignity and value that will make her what she should be, the noblest creature in the glorious universe. And that the work of the wife and mother is the most important part of the world’s work is true. We do not live to eat : we eat to live. Productive labour is most important from the standpoint of the economist, because the economist has to do solely with the science of material wealth. But material wealth and progress are chiefly valuable because they make favourable conditions for that other kind of labour (‘non-productive’ in the economic sense of the word), whereby man becomes better and nobler,

more worthy of veneration, more truly happy, ‘more angel and less worm.’ And it is the wife and mother that does the most of that other kind of labour. So that her labour really bears the more immediately and directly upon the great end for which all should work, and the ‘productive’ labour of the husband is secondary to that of the wife and mother. She does most of the really important work : he helps her by providing favorable conditions for her to work in.

But these comparisons should not be made at all :—

‘Nothing useless is or low,
Each thing in its place is best,
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.’

The grand resultant effect upon the sum of human happiness of the joint efforts of a true man and a true woman as man and wife, and as the father and mother of a family, is utterly incapable of analysis into what is due to one and what to the other. An individual excellence in the discharge of duty is from the point of view of the moralist, dependent not upon what others do or have done, but upon what is the *capacity* of each. Let each do his or her *best* in the conditions by which each is surrounded, and each will deserve that highest of all praise—‘She hath done what she could.’ Nor will the bestowal of that praise on the one in any way detract from its value when deserved by the other.

F. B. R.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Orion and other Poems. By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS, Fredericton, N.B. Philadelphia : J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co.

The readers of the CANADIAN MONTHLY are familiar with the name of Mr. C. G. D. Roberts, as the author of a beautiful lyric, ‘The Ballad of the Poet’s Thought,’ published in these columns. Most of us have also read with pleasure and pride

as Canadians the lyrics contributed by this young Canadian poet to the pages of *Scribner’s Magazine*, and high expectations were formed of the treat which lovers of genuine lyric poetry might expect from this volume. The volume takes its name from the longest poem, *Orion*, which is epic in form : the blank verse, vigorous and musical, bears the impress of no particular school, certainly