

girls to whom "service" had become a science, and house work a profession.

But we cannot hope for Government to take hold of this matter quickly: that is not its way. In the meantime, let some of our philanthropic leaders, aided by our philanthropic givers, open such a school in some centre and demonstrate to the public that a school for home-makers is needed.

The men have their engineering schools, their schools of practical science, their agricultural college, and are soon to have a school for miners. Let us, as women, arise and assert our rights. We have a profession as grand and as important as any: we need training for it—and we will have it.

KINGSTON.

## A GREAT MAN'S DEATH.

When falls on cedar'd Lebanon  
Some giant, many-centuried chief,  
The forest, vocal in its grief,  
Makes long-reverberating moan ;

From cliff to cliff the echoes fly,  
Each vale prolongs the notes of woe ;  
Wind-wafted, on and on they go  
Till in the infinite they die !

When sinks some isle that wont to be,  
Though smooth the waves above it roll,  
The news is borne from pole to pole  
And round the circle of the sea ;

When dies some star that gemmed the night,  
To us, whose little earth-ball turns  
About another sun, still burns  
A thousand years its vanished light.

So, some are born of Adam's sons,  
Whose loss involves the land in tears,  
Whose passing echoes through the years,  
Whose thought through sequent cycles runs.

Nor is that course impulsive staid  
Till all the world has felt the pain,  
Till all the world absorbs the gain,  
Till all the round of man be made.

—A. F. CHAMBERLAIN.