



*SHE wakes! in the furthest West
the murmur has reached our
ears—*

*She wakes! in the furthest East
the Russian listens and
fears—*

*She wakes! the ravens clamour,
the winds cry overhead;
The wandering waves take up
the cry, "She wakes whom
nations dread!"*

*At last, ye have roused the Sea Queen; at last, when
the world unites,
She stirs from her scornful silence, and wakes to her
last of fights.*

*She wakes! and the clang of arming echoes through all the
earth;*

*The ring of warriors' weapons, stern music of soldiers' mirth,
In the world there may be nations, and there gathers round every
throne*

The strength of earth-born armies, but the sea is Britain's own;

As she ruled, she still shall rule it, from Plymouth to Esquimalt,

As long as the winds are tameless— as long as the waves are salt.

This may be our Armageddon; seas may purple with blood and flame

As we go to our rest forever, leaving the world a name.

*What matter? There have been none like us, nor any to tame our
pride;*

If we fall, we shall fall as they fell, die as our fathers died.

What better? The seas that bred us shall rock us to— at last,

If we sink with the Jack still floating, nailed to the nation's mast.

—CLIVE PHILLIPS WOOLEY.

JUST YOU AND I.

SOMEONE—a very nice man suggested that we should have "a page for girls" in our journal; "talks with them and all that sort of thing," he said, with a comprehensive vagueness truly masculine.

I understood exactly how much of femininity "that sort of thing" included in the very nice man's mind, but only answered that some day, the coming some day, when we double the present size of our magazine, we shall have just such a department devoted to manners and ways of feminine daintiness, girl loves and girl thoughts—which are long, long thoughts indeed, before the world trains them into cynicisms and epigrams.

In the meantime this is a page for girls, old and young; for the dearest old woman is the one who keeps within her all the pure impulses of the girl heart, and the nicest girl is she who even in her teens reaches with those long, long thoughts far down into the gravities of womanhood.

We are none of us far apart; we keep in touch clear from seventeen to seventy, and it is one of the beautiful things how tender and pure and simply girlish the heart of an old woman may be.

A page for girls well written is a page for women also; and a page for women is not altogether despised by men. Why should it not be so, since the humanities are common to all?

It is still difficult to make men understand that, being women and girls, we are yet capable of appreciating something beyond the distinctively feminine literature—if so it may be termed—of household, fashion and modes. These have their place in our interest—a useful lower place,—but they do not feed intellect or heart of the women of to-day.

The higher education has at least done us

service in causing the gradual disappearance of the distinctive woman's journal of the old type. The most popular woman's magazine of to-day has much in it of interest to men; that of to-morrow will be read with equal pleasure by men and women alike.

It is a natural sequence of the broadening of woman's horizon, her larger interests and knowledge, which is bringing not only mutual but reflex interest in what has hitherto been considered the other's special sphere.

Women understand something of business, politics, science, while men understand—well, I won't say "babies," although it is possible since the introduction of kindergartens that men realize more of the science of child life than they did twenty years ago.

But at least the stronger sex have been sufficiently brought in touch with us to find grounds of common interest unknown in the days of fragile *Amandas*, fainting *Sophies* and the *Gentlewoman's Guide*.

I do not mean to say that the inclinations literary or otherwise of the sexes will ever reach uniformity. Women are women, men are men; the difference is divinely appointed. But we are reaching a broader sympathy in all things.

We were spending a few days in the country—the little maid and I. Walking home from church on Sunday morning in company with the vestryman, we noticed an odd figure of a woman ahead of us. She was dressed in a rusty black cloak and straight hanging short gown, a bonnet of ten years' service, stout heavy boots, and a cotton umbrella which served the purpose of a stick and aided the long, active strides.

I commented on the quaint figure as it rapidly lengthened the distance between us.

The vestryman smiled.

"That's the most independent woman in the county," he said. "She lives with her

husband in a little shanty out under the mountain. He is a sickly man, and they are very poor, living chiefly on the produce of their little plot of ground and the odd bits of work the woman can get to do. But it doesn't cost them much to dress; and I imagine they are contented in spite of their poverty.

"The woman walks three miles in to church every Sunday morning, and contributes always one cent to the collection. We have the envelope system of contribution, and she always demands her envelopes, into which Sunday by Sunday she slips her one cent and places it on the plate. Once when we neglected to send the envelopes, she was quite aggrieved.

"The widow's mite, we call that hard-earned cent; and when counting the collection we look for it every Sunday, and always find it fastened securely in its envelope."

I looked at the woman bent in form, odd in dress, as she disappeared down the long street and out on the country road, with a new respect.

"That one cent is worth a good deal to her," said the vestryman.

"I should think it would be worth a good deal to your church also," I said.

* * *

Two letters came to me by the same mail on one of these early April days; one from Salt Lake City, the other from a little settlement under the shadow of the Rockies.

Both the writers are unknown to me—Canadians in far-off places; and both hold the same cry of loneliness and longing for dear home spots in Ontario. "Only to be under the Union Jack again, I am weary for a sight of our flag," cries one. "If I could be back in sunny, fruitful Ontario; these great mountains make one feel so unutterably insignificant," writes the other.

And many of us who are under the Union Jack and in sunny Ontario, yet not appreciating our privileges, are fretting and chafing to get away out into that unknown which, because of the clouds that veil it, seems so full of possibilities.

It is a natural restlessness perhaps, belonging to the season so tingling with fresh life; yet, when our straining snaps the cords that hold us down, and we are free to depart, shall we not find that after all old things are best, and familiar faces the dearest? Whitcombe Riley voices the thought in his homely verse:

*Right here at home, boys, is the place, I guess,
For you an' me an' dear old happiness;
They say the world's happier, mebbe so,
We'll take the world's word for it—'an' not go.*

New scenes, new labours are for the young, who have yet made no heart ties, or for those upon whose lives the shadow of some great sorrow or crime has descended, that they may begin again in the sunlight of a fresh field.

Yet changeful fortune is no respecter of persons, and we must all move on from day to day, from place to place, from one experience to another, until we reach the promised land—which shall be the great Home-coming.

The bit of stirring imperial verse upon our page this month has been copied from a British Columbia newspaper.

The breezy, inspiring strength of the sea dwells in the lines. We regret that due inquiries have not enabled us to find the author, who is, we are informed, a Canadian of the far West.

FAITH FENTON.