

We are, as yet, however, far too provincial. We think, speak, and act provincially. There are elements of a national greatness, of power and of prestige among us, but they require development, combination and concentration if they are to be factors in the sum of our national unity. We all need a broader outlook, a widening of view, a deepening of thought on the great questions which affect us not only provincially but nationally. We are builders building not only for time but for eternity; and in the making of any nation it is the conduct of individuals, multiplied indefinitely and broadly considered as a whole, which determines its moral worth.

The individual, the family, the state, with the standards of conduct of the two first, lies all the responsibility for the well-being of the nation.

I do not think that as Canadians we are sufficiently patriotic. We are loyal—intensely loyal to the particular spot of earth which we call home, or to the province to which we belong. And, too, there are probably few among us "with soul so dead" as never to have felt a glow of enthusiasm in the thought of the future of their country, but most probably, in so doing, they have made a mental reservation in favour of their own particular corner of it. Until then we have fully realized our glorious possibilities from a national, not a provincial standpoint, we have not begun to grasp the conception of the golden future before us.

Closely interwoven, however, with the history of any nation are those silken strands of individual life and character which, "in the roaring loom of time," serve to give to the fabric its colour, form and purpose. And the web of our national destiny which, day by day is unfolding before the eyes of the world, contains many a golden thread of quiet, patient, loving service, the value and worth of which, like the finished pattern of the tapestry weavers of old, is not dreamed of by the worker.

In the making of any nation the women of that nation have a high and holy calling. And from the very outset those faithful and loyal souls who went bravely forth with their husbands, sons or brothers into untrodden paths of the pine forests, or who, for the love of Christ, ministered to His needy and perishing children in His name, have commanded our deepest veneration and respect. I am sure that we, as Canadian women, are justly proud of our foremothers. We love to read the stories of their early pioneer days, of their brave endurance of hardship in privation, and of their heroism under circumstances of danger.

For the most part they laboured that we might enter into the fruit of their labours. In loving their homes and their families, they loved and served their adopted country better than they knew. We, who to-day, because of their faithfulness, enjoy a wider, broader life, who possess privileges and luxuries of which they never dreamed, but which they toiled to win for us, have also, like them, a sacred mission to those who are to come after us—like them we are builders. The Good Book tells us that "every wise woman buildeth her house, but the foolish plucketh it down with her hands." One of the most wonderful signs of the times is the spread of the principles of co-operation. It would be as unnecessary as it would be wearisome for me to point out to you the thousand and one ways in which this principle of co-operation is carried out. Each component part of the National Council of women is in itself an illustration of this point, and it is only necessary to consider in the instances thus practically brought before us that most wonderful discovery of the age—woman's discovery of herself—and its corollary—woman's discovery of the other woman.

We are all often asked individually, and as societies, "What is the meaning of the Woman's Council?" Can you answer that question fully? Can I?

The full purpose and significance of it lies hidden in the heart of the Eternal Father of us all; we who are in the storm and stress of the work and routine have, as it were, no perspective, we can but guess at its breadth of meaning, and dimly grasp some of the possibilities which it may, ay, and with God's blessing, in His own good time, shall, yet accomplish. Shall I venture to name some of these? I see, then, first, a united Canadian womanhood, race distinction, class distinction, sectarian shibboleth fused into one harmonious whole, under the transforming and transmuting power of the spirit of Christ, whose Golden Rule we seek to follow and to carry out. For, ever in the sisterhood, the comradeship of women, not only in this our land but the world over, I see the beginnings of the brotherhood of man. I see wrongs righted and

peaceful victories won by the overwhelming force of righteous convictions worked out by an enlightened public sentiment. I see not *more* mother love—for Canadian mothers are devoted mothers—but more mother-wisdom, as we study together how to make the most and the very best of the precious lives committed to our care. Home making, character building, centralization of effort, only that it may flow out in ever-widening circles of blessing to the world. I see women everywhere lifting up higher standards of true living and moral worth, and as they investigate the causes which lead to the poverty and oppression of their less favoured sisters, learning with shame and deep contrition how greatly their own unthinking selfishness and indifference, and the arrogance of their utter disregard for the comfort of lives which ministers to them, has added to the weight of these very same burdens which now they seek to unbind from the shoulders of those who plod wearily along life's dusty highway. I see them studying the correlation of certain social conditions to the laws by which these conditions are sought to be controlled, and fearlessly condemning these man-made laws where they are defective, and as in course of time the true nature of the evils, which now lurk in secret places, with those also which flaunt so defiantly in the very faces of Canadian people—as these are seen in all their hideousness by those of us women who have not hitherto enquired much into the matter; I see—and may God speed the day!—the Canadian home and the Canadian nation alike freed from the shadow and the blight of a legalized drink traffic.

I see all things lovely and pure and of a good report, fostered and helped upward and onward by our united effort and influence so that the budding genius of the nation shall expand in song and story, and art and science shall alike flourish.

And thus, in the days to come, when there shall be in all matters of state, as well as those of home, "Two heads in council, two beside the hearth; two in the tangled business of the world," it shall come to pass that men will wonder how it was that not so very long ago they should have classed their women (politically) with idiots and lunatics, criminals and paupers, and under pretence of carrying all the burden of the state, should have, through very inadvertence in many cases, left them to grapple with wrongs arising from unjust or clumsy legislation.

All this and more may be—yes, shall be—if we are but true to ourselves and to our responsibility. But there must be a word of warning also. We must not dare to trust in the strength of our organization, however great; nor the prestige of its power and influence however widely known or felt. Only so far as each individual member of all the widely different societies of which our National Council of Women is comprised is true to the highest and best that is in her, is humbly and reverently and determinedly anxious to have all she possibly can of God's purpose for her in life—only so long as we are true and loyal to our God and to each other can we hope to do and dare for Canada.

Beloved friends, into every life there come supreme moments—crises, as it were, of our being, fraught with great and momentous issues for weal and for woe.

The Woman's Council is, as it were, on trial before the whole of Canada. It is in our power to make of it what we will. When the testing time comes at some future dark hour of our country's need may it be said of each of us as of one of old to whom much was forgiven, "She hath done what she could."

Let us live for our children, for our homes, and above all for our beloved country. Let us not rest content until into the very fibre of our national being we have woven such standards of truth and honour that we shall be known in all the wide earth as a people fearing God and loving righteousness.

Stand fast, then, Canadian women, good and true! Dare to stand fast for your God-given right to be inspiration of the manhood of the nation, the true Queens and chosen help meets of its lonely homes.

Only be strong of heart and true of purpose.

"Honour Canadian heart and home and name
This time—which yet shall glow
Till all nations know
Us for a patriotic people, heart and hand,
Loyal to our native earth, our own Canadian Land."

EDITH J. ARCHIBALD.