

though the daylight may be dimming the electric lights. Her devotion to her husband knows no limitations, and whether his fate be to stand or fall, her place must be not far from his side.

Lady Macdonald is a strong church-woman, and an active adherent of St. Albans, the only Anglican church in Ottawa with "high" proclivities. Yet nothing is farther from her nature than bigotry or supercilious antagonism to dissent. In company with Sir John she may from time to time be found worshipping with the Dominion Methodist, or St. Andrew's Presbyterian congregations, and two years ago they were both regular attendants upon a series of revival services.

To the full extent of her time and ability she co-operates in all religious and philanthropic enterprises and associations that commend themselves to her approval. Neither does she hold aloof from balls, dinners, receptions and other fatiguing features of social life at the Canadian capital, nor disdain to take a lively personal interest in the fascinating subject of dress. Here her southern nature asserts itself in a preference for effective colors and striking combinations, which her dark complexion and stately figure enable her to carry well.

Lady Macdonald's home is peculiarly well situated on a point jutting out into the Ottawa river, where it commands enchanting views of the Parliament Buildings crowning their tree-clad eminence; of the valley of the Ottawa, extending eastward and westward, with the Grand Rivers speeding swiftly through its centre, and of the Laurentian Mountains lifting their smooth shoulders to close in the northern horizon. All this may be seen from the windows of her boudoir, a lovely bright room, furnished with desk, book-shelves, tables, easy chairs, sofa, pictures and other pleasant accessories, where much hard work is done by its occupant. "Earncliffe," if not precisely an imposing edifice, is at all events, an exceedingly comfortable one, and is competently if not luxur-

iously furnished. The everyday life of the household is somewhat after the French fashion; a cup of chocolate before rising, breakfast at eleven, and dinner at seven, this arrangement being found most convenient for the Premier. The guest chambers are rarely unoccupied, Lady Macdonald delighting in a cheery home, and the hum of happy voices. She has only one child, a daughter, whose precarious state of health has unhappily precluded her from being aught but a constant care to her mother.

The part that Lady Macdonald plays in her husband's life is not to be set forth in a few words. All that Lady Beaconsfield was to the Conservative Premier of England, Lady Macdonald has been, and is, to the Conservative Premier of Canada, who singularly enough, bears a striking physical likeness to Disraeli. She enjoys his fullest confidence. If any one on earth knows his mind it is she. Their understanding of each other is complete, and their matrimonial felicity unruffled. How much Canada owes Lady Macdonald for the help she has given her greatest statesman, only the Premier himself can fitly estimate.—[From the Ladies Home Journal.

A ROSE AND ITS MISSION.

Just near by to the way-side Inn

A little Rose tree grew,
Why it was there none gave a thought,
Of its mission they little knew.

"Beautiful rose," ah some had said;
While others had passed it by,
Unheeded, unnoticed, she drooped her head,
While she seemed to drop a sigh.

A sigh, for why, oh why should I,

A beautiful rose, be put here to die.
For down-trodden, beautiful rose had been
Many, and many a time again,

By careless feet that had staggered away
From that great brown house just over the way
But beautiful rose picked up her head
Ready to bow to the next she said.

But the next was a stranger that came that way
A great strong man, with a forlorn look.
And Miss Rose bowed and swayed her head
As a drink of the pure morning dew she took.