

This, as well as physical labour, is what is meant by a help-mate.

If you go to our fairs and exhibitions you see women's handiwork, a crown of honor to themselves, displayed everywhere. Women have great taste for the beautiful, but after all, sir, what object in the world can be compared to a beautiful woman herself, nature's greatest handiwork.

"Her prentice hand she tried on man,  
And then she formed the lasses oh."

Poets have sung, during countless ages the charms of woman, and will do so while time endures. Beautiful women themselves are conscious of their beauty, and their plainer sisters always try to enhance their appearance by the aid of dress. This love of dress seems almost universal to the sex, and from the time when Eve first adorned herself with a fig leaf down to the crinolines and paniers of the present day the love of dress has always been shown. Go to the most barbarous tribe of Indian savages, and you will find the squaws decorated with their gaily painted blankets and using their looking-glass like their more highly civilized sisters of New York and Kingston.

Next, Mr. Chairman, we come to the great theme of love. What is love without a woman? It is like a nut without a kernel, a case without its jewel.

Men always have and always will love the dear creatures while the world exists

"Not always wisely, but too well."

What so beautiful as the love of a young man and woman:

"There's nothing half so sweet in life,  
As love's young dream."

We are commanded to love one another, and this is easily done if the other is a lovely young lady. I cannot, however, sir, enter upon an analysis of love, for the subject overpowers me, and if I am still a bachelor I assure you, sir, it is not from want of love for the ladies. My opinion is that every man should be married. He is only half a man that is not, and the poorer half at that. The endurance of woman's love is a wonderful mystery; how often do we see it bestowed on unworthy objects, and yet their love still clings. As the coloured poet beautifully expresses it:

"Woman's love, like Ingy Rubber,  
It stretch the more, the more you lub her."