

audible presence of the godhead, as much as Huldah ever was or Deborah. There is simply no end to what a woman like that can do "to warn, to comfort, and command." There is in her and in others a queenly motherhood, the supreme benediction of this city, which, apart from the immeasurable force it wields at home, can spread its wings, if only it awake and come to itself, to gather under their shelter, to protect and heal all that is broken, bruised, and wounded in the young life of Montreal. Ladies, let it live and work in you; no mortal standards can measure the influence on our national character you can exert if it does; no time, down to the last records of Canadian history, can exhaust it. It will vibrate, like the light from a fixed star, through all the future ages of our story; or rather it will prove a living seed of eternal, self-propagating light. Love is your power, not hatchets, and not logic-chopping, divine love and pity. I wish I could sing Burns's song; but as I cannot—it is in more senses than one too high for me—I will adapt it and say:

" Your love is like a red, red rose,  
That's newly sprung in June;  
Your love is like a melody,  
That's sweetly played in tune."

So fair and strong it is that it will work "till all the seas go dry, and the rocks melt in the sun." "Das ewig Weibliche zieht uns hinan." 'Tis the everlasting motherhood that lifts us to the heights.

JOHN MACNAUGHTON