

I have spoken in exalted strain with a purpose. I have put the subject at its highest in order to appeal with the greater power to women's hearts. I am persuaded that there are thousands of girls and women who have a dim instinctive feeling—vague it may be and far off—but one that haunts them in their holiest hours, that God made them to be queens, that they need somehow to grow oh so beautiful, and pure, and true and helpful, in order to become that true self which aches within them for realisation; and I want to speak to that. I want to persuade them that their instinctive feeling is divinely true. I want to startle it into conscious life, to bid it know itself, to give it shape and form, to fan it to a flame of aspiration, that they may follow it and embrace it, and love it, and toil for it, and so attain to their coronation, to the full beneficent queenship of some home of love or charity, in which they will beautifully reign. And therefore, I say, with all the force of words I can command, "O woman, thou art a queen, and home is thy kingdom. Be a queen, then, in thy own thoughts. Realise thyself, and so realise thy kingdom. God will tell thee how if thou wilt offer thy prayer before Him."

This is an age which sorely stands in need of queenly women to save and regenerate our homes. Much of what is called progress, and the spirit of the age, tends to make both man and woman forget or depreciate the priceless value of "Home, sweet Home!" Good things as well as bad things go against it. This or that is ever calling us to live our life and take our pleasure out of doors. Home is being turned, or will be, if we do not take care, into a mere lodging-house, into a place to eat and sleep in, and from which to saunter forth in search of novelties and excitements, instead of being, as it ought, the place of love's deepest culture and life's richest treasures of joy.

But if we lose home, woman will lose her kingdom, and her noblest queenship, and her truest self, and her sweetest happiness. Is not home at least seven-tenths of woman's life? Home gone, where will she go? What will she do? What kind of creature will she become in a world from which her true kingdom has vanished away? That is a most serious question for women. But it is equally serious for men, and for the nation. If we lose home, we shall have certainly lost the best of England, and the best of English manhood. Our children, it is true, may be cleverer; but they will neither be so virtuous, nor so happy. They may know more of the sciences, but they will not be able to feel such generous emotion, and neither religion nor patriotism will be so rich and pathetic and noble. We may gain in externals, and lose in inner vitality. We may have finer carpets on the floors, better pictures on the walls, a greater abundance of articles of fashion, and luxury, and comfort in artistic corners, but our affections will shrivel, and our brotherly compassions and impulses of self-sacrifice will wither away. The "coming race" will perhaps be able to discuss politics and literature with keener wit and more intellectual insight; they may be able to perch themselves on loftier philosophic heights, and look down on the whirl and woe of the struggling world with more cynical superiority, but they will not be able to sympathise so deeply with their fellow-men, nor so dutifully to believe in the God who made them.

Trembling, therefore, as I do at the danger which threatens to undermine our dear old English home-life, with all its national blessings, I make my appeal to women, to consider seriously this great matter, and realise their place and power. I am sure it is they who *must* help, who alone can set it right. It is woman's peculiar gift to build up home; it is her spiritual tact and influence which makes its attractive feeling. I have seen poor widows left with sons and daughters who have saved them all, and

made of them good men and women. I have seen men left with sons and daughters, and they have lost them. How helpless is a man to make a home; how awkward his fingers, how bewildered his thoughts! See, then, O women, that I am not laying it on woman as a piece of man's selfishness when I say woman must do this great thing; but I speak as doing her noblest honor. It is really crowning her with her splendid crown of queenship. It is coming to her and saying, "O woman, help us men in the deepest things of this strange, deep, human life of ours. We need thee to be good, and pure, and true to all that is lovely and virtuous, or how can we be pure and true? As is the seed, so is the harvest. Do thou our mother, our sister, our maiden-love, our wife, sow in us holy dispositions, gentle, delicate, generous, honourable thoughts, without which life grows coarse, and hard, and barren, and sensual."

From my heart, I believe that this is the truth which lies latent in the responsibilities of womanhood, of woman's finer nature, of her more subtle forces of affectionate being. It is profoundly true that woman is man's better angel. He cannot be true man except she first be true woman. The mother is before the child. So the appeal lies at woman's feet. Let her be herself, tender, pitiful, pure; let her be lovingly wise, wise to mould hearts, wise to shame evil; let her be that noblest human creature, a gentle woman who lives to serve, and thinks her service freedom, being full of love, and then man is safe, and home is a place of virtue and joy.

And, never yet, has there been an age more favorable than this for the issue of such an appeal. If woman's emancipation from intellectual bonds and political oppression has had its extravagances, still more has it had its splendid justifications, and its widening horizons of visionary good. Woman's devotion to the world's moral life, to its children, its sick, its destitute, its ignorant, its irreligious, its degraded, has increased in volume and intensity with the increase of her social honor and her intellectual and religious gains. And so it is coming about, it seems to me, that the conviction is slowly stealing into the minds of men that the true womanly woman, she to whom purity of heart is the precious jewel of life, she of the meek and quiet spirit, she of the Christly heart of self-sacrifice in love, that she, made true by the possession of the faith of that Lord Jesus whose Divine regard has been her great enfranchisement, is to be the preserver of our home and all the finer heart-life of humanity for which it stands.

Thus, I say, the appeal lies at the feet of woman, entreating her to be willing to realise her own dear queenly self for man's sake, for the world's sake, for the sake of "Home, sweet Home."

What a glorious vision it is! what possible wonders are in it how many social changes for good? how great and widespread happiness! And yet it is in the power of every woman to help to fulfil it; for its fulfilment lies not in the doing of some great thing, but in doing sweetly the smallest duties of life; it does not demand intellectual attainments, but just only womanly fidelity to love's own most excellent way.

Who will be a queen?

You

Should

HAVE A GOOD CHURCH PAPER for the family, and **The Church Guardian**, Montreal is the one to have. ONE YEAR to new Subscribers for **\$1.00**.

THE right kind of religion doesn't mean twenty-five cents a year for missions, and turkey for yourself every Sunday for dinner.—*The Ram's Horn*.

## News from the Home Field.

### Diocese of Fredericton.

#### STUDHOLM.

The members of the church at Studholm, held a very enjoyable and successful picnic on the grounds of Major Campbell at Fox Hill, on the 29th ult. The weather was very favorable and a large company assembled. The Rev. H. W. Little, through the generosity of friends, was provided with a fine supply of toys and cash prizes for the young people. Races, swings, and other amusements were all heartily enjoyed by the children of the Sunday school. Tea was provided by the ladies of the church for the gathering, and the visitors from Sussex, and, as is the custom, the repast was choice and varied. The event was voted the most successful of the kind ever held there.

#### APOHAQUI.

The Sunday-school of this parish held their annual picnic on the grounds of Major H. M. Campbell, Fox Hill, on the afternoon of the 28th ult. A very enjoyable time was spent by all present.

#### WELSFORD.

A successful concert was held at Welsford on Thursday evening, Aug. 30th, the proceeds being for the debt on the organ of St. Luke's church. The rector, the Rev. W. B. Armstrong, acted as chairman. An excellent programme was presented, at which Mrs. Fenwick Arnold, of Sussex; the Misses Hattie Brown (of Sussex), Nellie Harding and May Armstrong; Ina S. Brown (of St. John), Chrissy Robinson, Addie Harding, Beatrice Armstrong and M. G. Robinson, of St. John, took part. Miss Ina S. Brown gave some attitudes descriptive of various dispositions of the mind, such as defiance, argument, ridicule, mirth, etc., etc. The concert seemed much appreciated by all present, the singing of Mrs. Arnold and the readings and 'attitudes' of Miss Ina S. Brown called forth especial applause.

### Diocese of Montreal.

#### WEST SHEFFORD.

On Friday, August 24th, the annual picnic of St. John's church Sunday-school, (including Sheffington Sunday-school), was held at Foster Park, Knowlton, which was kindly placed at their disposal by Judge Foster. The weather was all that could be desired. Four large double teams carried those who had no means of conveyance of their own. Eighteen private rigs conveyed a large number of the parishioners, in all about 150 were present. After a bountiful dinner supplied by the Ladies' Guild had been partaken of, the party scattered around the lovely park. A large number spent the afternoon boating on the beautiful lake. The swings were in great request, and the wee mites amused themselves throwing stones in the clear water and digging in the sand. A generous distribution of candy added to the children's pleasure. Shortly after four o'clock the picnic broke up, and all returned home well pleased with the day's outing. On Tuesday, 28th inst., a grand concert was given in the basement of St. John's church, in aid of the church debt. Miss McFarlane, violinist, of Waterloo, and Miss Roberts, pianist, of Granby, very kindly gave their valuable assistance, and were greatly appreciated by the audience. Messrs. Collins and Hull, of East Farnham, contributed greatly to the enjoyment of the evening by the following