

talks which have been mentioned. When years ago I myself had something to do with the instruction and training of youth, the wonder always was to me why in a country where we have such healthy surroundings, and where any person who thinks about it knows in a moment that nine-tenths of the sickness comes from actual ignorance of the simple laws of health and sanitation—the wonder, I say, was to me why more of this sanitary knowledge is not imparted as a fundamental requisite in the schools of the country. But even if it is not so imparted to an adequate extent these Women's Councils may do most excellent work in that direction by sanitary talks and by the dissemination of sanitary literature pointing out the simple rules of sanitation which can be easily understood and followed. Out of the larger range of subjects which are occupying the attention of your Council those two seem to me to be very important, and there can be no doubt that the dissemination of practical knowledge on these two subjects will immensely benefit our country.

I am not going to inflict a sermon upon you. These few remarks I felt I ought to make if they would be any encouragement at all to the work of your Local Council here. His Excellency has kindly said that he would launch this resolution; the boat is launched, and well launched; I only want to set the sails and steer it as far as I can under a fair wind. The moment I see a squall rising I am going to hand the vessel over to my honorable friend who comes after me (Mr. Laurier) and ask him to bring it safely into port. (Laughter.)

But one point I must mention before I sit down, and that is this. I remember eighteen years ago (I did not know it was so long) looking down from an elevated ridge of hills upon the valley of the Neckar in Germany, near the mouth of the river where it flows into the Rhine. I saw a village with its houses grouped close together, as is the fashion in village life there, and under the bright sky of an early summer day I saw all the people turning out from the village and going to the fields to till the soil. Every one had his appropriate work; there were ditches to be dug, drills to be made, seeds to be sown, vines to be trained; and now and then I would see some one repairing some damage that had been done by winter or by storm. The whole of the work of those rural people on that day was given to the propagation and cultivation of the products which were their living. I remember watching that and thinking of a larger and wider field, the great field of humanity, where man and his soul is the soil that is tilled, where there are constantly at work good forces from every quarter, from art, from literature, from music, from education, the voice of the priest or the clergyman,—all the influences which philanthropic societies diffuse around them—the passions, the ambitions, the likes, the dislikes of life—all permeating that mass, and all making for good or for ill, some forming and others reforming. In that great field of human effort every man and woman must be doing something, and must be adding either to the