secret of faithful service, from which everyone can draw his or her own deductions.

To fill one's place fitly—Is that not the ideal of home-life ?

"There is a work," says Ruskin, "for all of us. And there is a special work for each; work which I cannot do in a crowd, or as a mass, but acting singly, and under a sense of my personal responsibility. . . . By doing my own work, poor as it may seem to some, I shall better fulfil God's end in making me what I am, and more truly glorify His name, than if I were either going out of my own sphere to do the work of another, or calling in another into my sphere to do my proper work for me."

Perhaps the time is not far off when the relative positions of trivial and great will be more clearly taught, more perfectly understood. Perhaps the pettiness of tyranny and dignity of true humility will then become accepted realities instead of theories suitable for copy-book quotations. Then, possibly, we women may re-read the ever-fresh tale of "Una and the Lion," with new (and yet very old) views on our rights and rule, our power and our influence. We may then possibly realise that it is given to the poorest in earth's dross, the least influential in earth's puppet-show, to govern by a better and nobler right than can ever be gained in ludicrous and incompetent struggles. Our kingdom will be a garden for weary men and women to rest in. Our ambition will be to make it so fair that the world will protect it unasked.

The noblest lady in our land is such a Queen. Not by right of the crown she wept to wear and wears so fitly, but by right of a broad and noble charity, that can sympathise with the weak, encourage the strong, that is purified by personal suffering into a more tender pity for those that weep. Not only because Victoria reigns Queen and Empress of the grandest country in the world, are we women of England proud to serve her, but because, in the words of Carlyle, "she has been a guide and deliverer of many by being servant of many." "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

In conclusion, a few words about bread-winning, money-earning women in general. Of course, their motives for working are manifold. Want, ambition, interest, industry, and last, not least, family affection. A great deal of pity is wasted on this last class. I know several ladies, married and single, who support various members of their family in comfort on the proceeds of their brain and hand-work. They are as happy and contented among their grown-up depen-





