

The Women's Institute.

A SEED, a seed, a little seed,
Yet it held promise of our need,
It struck its roots and deeply grew,
Until a mighty tree we view;
Its branches stretch abroad to-day,
From Puget Sound to Fundy's Bay.

'Twas nourished in Old Ontario's soil,
Deep in the hearts of those who toil
At homely tasks on lonely farms,
And though they're near to Nature's
charms,

Companionship is what they ask,
With those who share their common
task.

At Stoney Creek the seed took root,
That since has borne such glorious
fruit;

From hidden springs its strength it drew,
And blossomed forth so bravely new,
That those who scoffed were won to
praise,
Seeing a herald of better days.

A mother who had lost her child,
And in her pain and grief so wild,
Saw the great need everywhere
That children should have better care;
And thus her loss became the gain,
Of countless mothers in their pain.

So now the Institute indeed
Is but the breath of woman's need;
Giving her vision where the sight is weak,
Teaching the good in everyone to seek;
Binding together for the common weal,
Keeping the faith alive that Life is real.

A rich perennial it has proved,
Changing its form where ever moved,
Yet always full of homely grace,
Filling the need of each new place;
Its fragrant blooms enrich our land,
Helping the women understand.

For Home and Country set apart,
To bind the two our women's art;
The home comes first and always dear,
We must not shun the larger sphere;
The children soon will be out there,
It is our task to keep it fair.

The home's the bulwark of the state,
For health and morals come not late,
They're learned about the mother's knee,
In temperance and simplicity;
The best is but the mother's due,
If to her work she would be true.

Here golden age, and youthful fire
Are hers the vision to inspire,
Till in the little child appears,
The full-grown man of future years:
And youth and age are richer far,
Where e'er the child and mother are.

The governments give fostering care,
In party strife we have no share;
Our great emprise to stand serene,
Bearing our witness to the things
unseen,
Which party will not violate;
This is our contribution to the state.

And Canada is not alone,
The Institute has wider grown;
It flourishes beyond the sea,
Holding the Motherland in fee;
With promise of an Empire bond,
To which our hearts must quick
respond.

And this the pledge that we must give,
If still the Institute would live;
To loyally serve each other's need
And jealousy disdain to breed,
To see our country's good our own,
And at its root, the one word "Home."
Ont. ETHEL ROBSON.

(These verses were read by Miss Robson
at the "Western" convention of 1925.)