

THE REIGN OF WOMANHOOD.

Address by Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney in the Mechanics Institute, June 20, 1897, on the Occasion of the Unitarian Service in Commemoration of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee.

So God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him ; male and female created He them. — *Genesis* i. 27.

THIS one verse contains a condensed statement of the great beginning of creation. First, God created man in His own image, and this is repeated, in the image of God created He him ; then as duality begins to appear, male and female created He them, and the history of mankind in its struggle begins to be related.

The problem of our age is womanhood ; and therefore on this day when we celebrate the longest, the most prosperous and peaceful reign which England has ever known, and under the beneficent guiding hand of a true woman, it is becoming for us to consider this great problem, not so much in its outward and practical form, which it will take our next century to work out, as in its inner meaning, and in reference to the eternal principles which alone will lead us to its final and triumphant solution.

For the true meaning of this primal question of sex does not consist alone of the outward form, which envelops the human spirit, but in its essential spirit. We are seeking to fathom the secret of life and to enter into the purposes of creation. We are trying, if not to comprehend, at least to apprehend the thought of God, when out of the peaceful unity of being He brought all this complex, warring, jarring life of creation, in which the two forces ever tending to reunion and mutual action are the necessary condition of all life. Sex as the most universal manifestation of the first step in creation is traceable throughout all life, and for perfect knowledge of it we must study it alike in the formation of the zoöphyte as in the imagination of the angelic natures. Such cannot be the work of a brief hour. Only a sketch of the essential points can be given. This great mystery, how out of the One comes first the two, and out of the twain again come

the many, confronts us everywhere, in science, in life, in metaphysics, in religion.

We, as Unitarians, may rightfully give up the narrow form of a Trinity which saw the incarnation of God in one mystic Being alone, and not in all the wondrous world of life, but we cannot get away from the philosophic Trinity which recognizes the One, the All, the two through which unity acts, and the resulting third which is the Spirit of Life, making possible all this universe of infinite variety and yet underlying harmony.

You will find this Trinity, which has its representation in sex, running through all the phenomena of life which we investigate by science. It is as true and as easily exemplified in the most practical mechanics, the most subtle chemistry, as in the sublimest astronomy.

"It is as high as heaven; it is deep as hell." No mythology can begin to read the riddle of the universe, but it has to meet the question of man and woman. Poetry is never weary of celebrating this relation, and finding every charm and glory of the universe but a symbol of its power and beauty. Law has a maxim that "everything has a woman in it," and until you get at the part she has played in the case you are groping in the dark. Goethe, who well knew the importance of this thought, has expressed his Trinity in the simplest form of the joy of family life.

After the birth of Euphorion, the mystical child of love, the chorus sing,

"Love in human wise to bless us,
In a noble pair must be,
But divinely to possess us,
It must form a perfect Three."

In the most ancient religions known to us the human mind has recognized that the duality which it finds in life has its origin in the divine nature. Samuel Johnson says of the old Hindu writings that "they treat both sexes as equally necessary to the conception of Deity. Creation proceeds from the divine love or desire becoming twain, male and female."

The Hebrew saw the same truth expressed in the manifestation, "God created man in His own image; male and female created He them," and the latest scientist traces the whole evolution of this duality running through the mineral world, and becoming ever clearer through the whole range of vegetable and animal life, until it blooms

out in the beauty of human love, and the whole earth in its springtide of beauty resounds with the divine epithalamium, the marriage song of insect and bird which call to each other from treetop to treetop, "God is love and we are His offspring."

The same thought runs through the Egyptian, Phœnician, Babylonian and other primitive religions. It becomes somewhat obscured in Christian theology, because of the tendency to dogma in the Christian church, but it has still always existed there in the essential thought of the Trinity, and in the very inadequate, though beautiful symbolism which accepted the Virgin Mary, the mother of Jesus, as the Divine Mother of mankind. And so necessary is this recognition to the human heart that the honor and love due to the primal Infinite God, or to His representative in humanity, the Divine Son, was almost obscured by the tenderer trust and affection given to the Queen of Heaven. In our own day this great thought has again found expression from the deep heart of Theodore Parker, whose reverent invocation to the Source of all good, as "our Father and Mother, too," will never be forgotten by those who were wont to hear it.

It is an interesting coincidence which shows how the highest things of heaven are mirrored in the humblest human life, that the poor widow whose welfare the great sculptor, Michael Angelo, made his care, addresses him in her letter of gratitude as "My father and my mother, too."

In his greatest poem, Faust, the German Goethe, the leading thinker and poet of our age, has given immortal expression to the thought of the divine womanhood, in the line which is spoken by the chorus Mysticus at the close of the man's life-long struggle, and which opens the way to his redemption:

"Das Ewig Weibliche zieht uns hinan."
(The Eternal Womanly leadeth us on.)

The word "eternal" makes the grand thought of this line. Woman is not an accident of creation, a necessity of earthly life, a second thought of God, who found man too lonely if left to himself, and who therefore made for him a pleasing toy to charm his leisure hours and soothe him when ill or weary. It is not woman as a minister to earthly pleasure that leadeth us on. It is the eternally womanly, as truly divine, as essential to the order of being as the manly, who is to lead the soul upward and onward, into that entire oneness with

God which is redemption and Heaven. "What a promise of continual life and fresh creation is there in these words, what abounding love, what infinite hope." What leadeth us on? The attractive principle, the love which receives impulse and becomes creative. It is at once attraction which stimulates action and the centripetal power which holds action true to its centre. While the degradation of womanhood is the most terrible evil of all time, our own fully included, while the actual manifestations of it, the fearful, unspeakable, appalling sin, misery, shame, the leprosy of soul and body resulting from it, fill us with a loathing, a horror, a despair of God and man, which almost turn the sun to blood and the dearest hopes of life to misery, there remains yet one Pole Star of Faith which shines through the gloomiest darkness and gives us hope that humanity can never wholly lose its way, but is bound to the eternal throne of God by a link that can never be wholly broken. The lowest, vilest man does not willingly lose his ideal of woman, does somehow cherish some feeling of motherhood, some belief in an unselfish love, some little gleam of romance in his heart, some sense that a woman's prayers are more powerful than his curses, some thought of the child that might have clung about his knees, some recognition that there is a power of love, an "eternally womanly" that may yet lead him upward and on to redeemed life out of the very jaws of death and hell. Hence, men judge actual women so severely as not answering to their ideal. You remember when the miners of California, living for months and years their wild, half-savage life, heard that an emigrant train was coming, bringing women in their company, they exclaimed: "Thank God, the women are coming to make us better." They knew not who they were; they might be the very refuse of the slums of the cities, driven out by dishonor and vice, but the men did not think of that; they recognized the "eternally womanly" and the first thought was the manly, noble one: "They have come to make us better." The natural religion of these rough men clung to their ideal and hoped thence their salvation. As Goethe said: "My idea of woman is not abstracted from the phenomena of actual life, but has been born within me. God knows how!"

Man's relation to woman is the great fact of his moral life. If he fails in it, no matter how the world may condone his fault, it saps the very strength of his manhood, and as Shakespeare so truly says, "Our pleasant vices are made the whips to scourge us." None but

the poor victim can fully know how keen are the tortures, how bitter the humiliations that follow. But does man alone need to worship a lofty ideal born instead of the Spirit, but most blessed also when revealed in flesh and blood? Does not woman, too, need to feel the thrill of equal divinity in her partner and companion? When it is claimed that women should take their share of the active work and vital responsibility of the world's life we often hear men say, "Oh, we do not want woman brought down from her lofty pedestal; we want our ideal kept high and pure." Do you ever think that woman, too, must have her ideal of man kept pure and holy? Can she touch pitch and not be defiled? Her ideal of man must match her own standard of spiritual purity and truth, or instead of leading him on she is dragged down to the dust with him. The whole meaning of sex is mutual relation and the one sex must be fit to mate the other. "All are needed by each one; nothing is fair or good alone." A man expressed to me the other day his hopelessness of the moral condition of his own sex, which he believed was sinking lower and lower in depravity. I could not, would not, despair with him, and I find my best hope in the fact that the noblest men everywhere are earnestly longing that a higher standard, a standard as high for them as for women, shall be held up before them, and that the women of actual life whom they meet day by day should demand of them the strictest fidelity to it.

If the human heart was not satisfied in its earliest efforts to draw near to the secrets of life without the recognition of the woman, the mother, in God, whence came then the debasing views of woman which have had such sway in the world and have produced such corruption and misery that we shrink from any effort to portray it? Even the effort to express this dual thought of God, mingled with an anthropomorphism which, "making of God even such a one as themselves," has enlarged the selfish, narrow passions of humanity into universal proportions, until the great fact of evil and sin covered the whole sphere of thought and religion. This tremendous problem of the existence of evil demanded a solution. Man must have been wholly divine, pure in his origin; what could have separated him from God? It must be a power almost equal to God that could thus strive against and often seemingly overcome him; and, as this power was subtle and wise after its kind, and knew that when the best is turned to evil it becomes the worst, so the evil power sought his instrument in woman,

the embodiment of love, and she came to express in the popular theology, not the upward, redeeming source of good, but the arch temptress to sin and evil. Thus woman in many mythologies is both the tempter and savior. She represents attractive love, and that love is capable of being the greatest incentive to good or the most fearful impulse to evil, as it is received and developed. So in Hebrew thought woman is the tempter; yet the pure mother bringing forth the son, that is, restoring the whole, the harmony brings also salvation. So even the thought of fatherhood and motherhood became tainted with sin, and the monstrous doctrine, which lies like a heavy pall over the sweet region of theology, the doctrine of innate depravity and total alienation from God, being conceived and born in sin, has carried its message of doubt, despair, and hate into the fairest regions of life. Against it the doctrine of the divine motherhood is perpetually striving, and it is to the recognition of the holiness of the feminine principle that we must look for the regeneration of the world. Jesus set a little child in the midst of them and said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." Could He have been thinking of him as the offspring of the devil? In the Christian church the two opposite conceptions of woman have remained side by side struggling with each other; but where in the words of Jesus Himself, even when He speaks to one who calls herself a sinner, is there ever a want of recognition of the love to which all will be forgiven? There was a time when woman was the type of all evil, and when the deepest and holiest of human relations could not be consecrated within the walls of a church. It was a great step in the recognition of her nature when marriage was recognized as a sacrament, a symbol of that divine union which can alone promote harmony and life. Even now it is felt that the presence of woman desecrates many of the holy places of the church, and, while the Virgin is honored, and saints and martyrs are objects of prayer and devotion, the human, living mother is not received into the active service and honors of the church. Nor are our Protestant skirts free from this reproach, while large bodies of religious men refuse to hear the divine message if it come from the lips of a woman. Yet in all religions and all mythologies woman has had direct reception from divinity and become the inspired prophetess. There is one aspect of the religious veneration for woman which, while it has its deep meaning and beautiful expression, has yet worked great mischief, because it is partial and not the whole truth. In the ancient religions

we find that it is mainly as the human mother that woman is honored. As a wife she is loved indeed, but loved as a possession, and this love, so often selfish and exacting, allied so closely to selfish enjoyment and the lust of power, has thus become the greatest of dangers, the worst of foes to woman. It is only the mother who has always claimed a certain independent value and secured a measure of pure honor and respect, and even this feeling is vitiated by the selfish superstition that, as the father of sons whom she has brought to him the lasting glory of the man is secure. Thus even in the deepest corruption of womanhood something of purity and nobility and truth has lingered about the idea of motherhood, and its power to restore purity to the soul, and hope to the life, is acknowledged even in those whom the world counts as lost. The Koran says: "Woman is admitted to paradise only when she becomes a mother." If woman is not immortal by nature she is not worthy to become a mother. She cannot give immortal life to her son. Until it recognizes the true essential life of woman, Islam will always be a partial, not a universal religion. That this is the greatest distinctive function of earthly womanhood who will deny? But sin, falsehood, misery come in whenever we separate one function, however important, from the whole of life. Wholeness is holiness, and when we assume to cut off one part we destroy the harmony, we vitiate the purity of the whole. Fatherhood, too, is great and holy, so holy that we have transferred its name to the One, the Author of all good, but fatherhood is not the only duty of humanity. We reverence the Roman father who sacrificed his son at the bidding of the public law which he had sworn to support. Woman is a mother; but she is more than a mother. She is a living, immortal soul. She is a child of God and she is bound to fulfil all life and all righteousness as much as man is. Her life, her duty as wife and mother is great and holy. But she has a larger responsibility to the State, to her own soul, to truth and righteousness, to the Infinite Whole. God is a very jealous God, and will accept no human relation as before the high allegiance to His truth. You remember, in Scott's beautiful story, the sore trial of the noble Jeanie Deans, who will not save her sister's life at the cost of truth; and the same courage which enabled her to hold true to right in spite of the entreaties of the poor girl, and most of all of her own loving heart, gives her the strength for the great effort which can redeem her sister and keep God's law unbroken.

There is an old legend, well told by Chaucer, of the wife Griselda, a poor peasant maiden beloved and wedded by a rich lord. After she had become the mother of his children he took the fancy to try her virtue (for he and she deemed absolute submission and self-sacrifice to be the sum of all virtue for a woman) by driving her from her home and children back to the peasant's hut from which he took her. She yields uncomplainingly, and separated from her home spends long years in poverty and exile, only to be restored to her children when the tyrant's greed of power was satisfied.

James Russell Lowell well says: "No woman approves Griselda, and I would not wish a woman for my wife who did. She sacrificed all other duties to one she had taken a fancy to."

So woman has too often accepted a fancied duty, a romantic virtue, instead of recognizing her whole relation to God and humanity, which demands of her the full development of her nature, and the employment of every God-given faculty. And as "he who loseth his life for my sake shall find it," so the seeming sacrifice of the partial duty to the higher will give her back to the nobler fulfilment of the nearest and tenderest ties. "I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honor more." With the exclusive acceptance of special function has grown the idea of woman as an accident of creation, an adjunct to the masculine type of humanity, created for his enjoyment and help, and having no right to seek her own fulness of life and action. Every great error is related to some great truth so closely that it is often very hard to separate them. So this false idea which has engendered all woman's wretchedness and fatal wrong to herself and others is nearly related to the great truth that the idea of womanhood always suggests that of relation. Symbolizing as she does the attractive forces of existence, beauty winning to union, the part never complete without its complement, in one all-comprehensive word, love.

Woman is constantly tending towards relation, and her happiness is not complete, her life is not fulfilled except in recognition of the life of others, in perpetual receiving from and giving out to others.

You will tell me and tell me correctly that this is also true of man, and that the highest man is no more self-dependent than the most loving woman.

But this truth of relation which has been emphasized and developed, though often in the poorest way, as regards woman, has been obscured in man, as he has so largely taken the material aggressive part of the

life of the world, and as woman, in so far truly his worst enemy, has yielded to his exactions and fostered his pride of authority and self-love.

But woman's ideal of man is as truly that of a nobly, grandly, unselfish self-forgetfulness as his of her. Philip Sydney, passing the water from his own fevered lips to those of his dying fellow-soldier, is dearer to her memory than the conqueror of a battle-field, and Charles Lamb, giving up his own dearest hopes in life to shelter his unfortunate sister, is beloved and revered in spite of many a failing.

You may smile at the trifling anecdote I tell you, but the thought of it has remained with me nearly sixty years. On my first long journey to the mountains, as we stopped at a hotel, and the elders were making arrangements for rooms, I overheard a bright young fellow say, "Oh, put me anywhere, it does not matter what I have." In my girlish innocence I thought, "What a blessed privilege of manhood which does not ask to be guarded and sheltered and pleased, but can have the higher part of serving others and renouncing his comfort for their good." This chance word gave me an ideal of manhood, which, thank God, I have never lost, and have seen realized in many a noble, many an humble soul. True manhood and true womanhood are ever appearing in various forms, for the two are one. I know not whether Coleridge is right in asserting, or Theodore Parker was wrong in denying, that there is sex in souls. I fear we shall have to wait until we know more about souls and more about sex before we can settle that question; but I do know that the outward form, even the distinctive functions of sex, do not always secure the special characteristics which we suppose to belong to them; or rather, I believe that, as we rise higher and higher in the scale of spiritual being, the differing qualities which we find expressed in sex are blended into a more perfect harmony, and that out of the differentiation, out of the duality which is necessary for creation and life, we come ever and ever nearer to a restored harmony and unity of being.

So when we consider the highest representatives of masculine humanity, Philip Sydney, Fénelon, St. Francis, Channing, and above all the great founders of religions, Buddha and our own blessed Jesus, we cannot but recognize in them the perfect blending of the finest womanly traits with the strength and power which we attribute to man. And so in woman, Joan of Arc, the girl warrior; Elizabeth of

Hungary ; Catharine of Siena ; Louise of Prussia ; Florence Nightingale, — hold our reverence by their firm, manly courage and endurance, as much as they win our hearts by their feminine beauty and tenderness.

Dr. Bartol says : “ The ever womanly leadeth us on, but the ever manly, too.” Attractions must become equal for harmony and peace.

I have said that this is the era of womanhood. He who runs may read the prophecy of the future in the signs of the present. From Japan to Australia, in India, Russia, Finland, as well as in the foremost countries of Europe and America, we hear the echoes of her onward tread, and those who fear its victory are helping it on by the interest and discussion they excite. Everywhere there is new recognition of her rights and her duties. The Mohammedan woman of India rides in her palanquin to the polls to vote, and the woman on her bicycle is no more a wonder on the streets than a baby in its go-cart. The young woman no longer prides herself on the delicacy of her constitution and the nervous weakness which screams at the sight of a spider, but guards her health as a precious possession, not to preserve her personal beauty, but to give her strength to do her work.

Everywhere there is fresh inquiry in woman's essential nature. Science seeks to discover it by the analogies of the zoöphyte and the trilobite and the loves of plants ; and poetry finds it in the instincts of her heart. The great problem of the mutual relations between man and woman is the constant theme of discussion, and its solution varies from the old view, which gives all the rights to man and all the duties to women, to the sentimental dream which puts woman on a pedestal to be worshipped, instead of into the great school of life to be nourished and taught.

The scale has dipped pretty heavily on one side, until it becomes very evident that something must be done to restore the balance, or civilization will fall of its own false position. There may be not a little jarring before it is rightly adjusted. Already there are those who fear that man may have become so sure of his intellectual and bodily superiority that he is in danger of losing hold of his true equality, and that the highest offices of life, the spiritual guiding of the child, the religious influence on the community, the aspiration for the highest purity are in danger of passing from his grasp, and he is likely to be left powerless and be obliged to give up the sceptre to woman. Was it not sadly significant when the great lawyer had to

say, "I don't understand Emerson; my gals do"? It is said that, great lawyer as Jeremiah Mason was, this recognition that it required the feminine intuition to understand the highest mind of his time is the only thing likely to be remembered of him.

Still sadder, still more alarming is the fact that man's grasp on moral truth has been in danger of loosening, and that in the selfish struggles of his lower nature for power and enjoyment he has sold his birthright of integrity and purity for the miserable pottage of sensual and worldly pleasure. A late speaker on Evolution finds this the danger of the hour, and asserts that woman is now in the van of the world's progress of evolution, but that until she can draw man up to her standard of truth and purity the onward march of the world will be stayed.

In the intellectual world the advance of woman is so rapid in comparison with that of the average man that educators are considering it as a serious problem which may disturb the right equilibrium. The finer faculties of the brain in man are so much injured by indulgence in intoxicating liquor, in the use of tobacco from an early age, and from still more dangerous and sinful sensual indulgences, that the danger is serious that they may not be able to do their rightful share of the thinking and the best working of the world. My heart leaped with joy when I heard the other day of two young men who said: "No; I cannot afford to drink; I cannot consent to smoke; it will hinder my power to do my work." And when I be-thought myself that the mother of that family was one of the most celebrated intellectual women of the country I felt how this noble spirit was born in them, and that "the eternally womanly was leading them on."

While pessimism has been rampant in our day and the degeneration of society has been the theme of philosophers and the despairing question, "Is life worth living?" is answered by a jest, there are gleams of hope and promise which show us that "the eternally womanly is still leading us on," and that man's noblest nature is asserting itself and struggling up to the same high aims.

In our own day we are blessed with the reign of womanhood (long may it continue), which is enough to cheer our hearts and confirm our faith in its ultimate power in the kingdom of man.

England was wise indeed when she repudiated the salique law and recognized the right of the daughters of kings to their fathers' throne,

even while her laws still held the common woman in abject servitude to her husband. By this means she has preserved an ideal of womanhood, an acknowledgment of her right in the universe, which, however partial and obscured, has kept an image for loyal devotion in the hearts of men, and has thus, by preserving for her a legitimate power, saved the nation from the basest influences. Michelet says: "France, which established the salique law, has always been ruled by the distaff." And the distaff has not been in the hands of the honest working-woman, but France has too often been ruled by the imperious false favorites of her kings, who, receiving nothing from their country, have given her nothing but treachery in return.

For sixty years a woman has sat upon the throne of the foremost nation of Europe. Her name is known, beloved, and honored all around the earth, for the sun does not set upon the world that owns her sway. We do not claim her as an exceptional woman, but as a true woman. Not gifted with the dangerously fascinating beauty of Mary of Scotland, the genius of Elizabeth of England, or the daring of Catherine of Russia; she is a typical woman, clear in her perceptions of right, entire in her devotion to duty, loving and tender in her heart, holy and pure in her life. She has accepted the high position to which she was called by inheritance, with its heavy responsibilities, but has done so, not that the nation might be governed by her personal will, but that the whole wisdom of the past, as embodied in law and the best intelligence of the whole people, might find expression in her action.

She has not, in gaining the kingdom of the world, lost her own soul; she has preserved her personality untouched, the Queen in all public relations; she has never forgotten her personal responsibility to her God in her private duties.

She has fulfilled every function of human life with simple fidelity. Blessed, thrice blessed among queens, her marriage was consecrated by deep and lasting affection, and in the partner of her life she found a fitting mate, a true and noble man whom she could value and respect for his own worth, and whom she did not consider as the first of her subjects, but as her equal and life helper. To his independent thought and life England is largely indebted for many a noble work, as well as for the happiness which he brought to her Queen. The royal home was as sweet and sacred as the peasant's cot. She has been the mother, not of future kings and queens alone,

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It seems as if it were indeed a shining light set upon a hill to show that the truest womanliness is in union with the broadest usefulness, the widest relations of influence and responsibility.

The last sixty years have not been a period of millennial peace. It has been a time of wars and revolutions upon the earth, teeming with the most burning questions of capital and labor, of races and religions, of systems of thought, of material changes. England has had her full share in all these movements. Far different is the England of to-day from that over which the young maiden was called to preside, but under the leading of the ever womanly it has gone upward and onward. It has known progress through struggles, alternations of misery and hope, bitter passions seeking vent in violent action, cruel indifference to others' wrongs, and selfish quarrels for personal rights.

But through it all we can look back and see a marked progress in moral as well as material growth, and it has come through reform and not through revolution. Can we not feel through all these years a calm, sweet influence which has made itself quietly felt through the turmoil, and held many a turbulent spirit under the mild check of a loyalty which was of love rather than of enforced obedience? I am a born and bred Republican, yet I have long felt that the gracious influence of England's Queen has brooded like a benediction over all her people, and has done more to hold closer the ties of country in the far-off homes of many an Englishman than any other influence. "I cannot forswear my allegiance to Queen Victoria" is the thought which fills the heart of many an emigrant and still holds it true to his native land.

Thus in many different ways the "eternally feminine leadeth us on;" thus it will more and more find its full expression in all departments of the life of the world.

Last week when I listened to the glorious celebration of our young martyr to liberty for the negro, Robert Shaw, the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" was sung. A chorus of male voices began the strain with a quick, sharp rhythm, which sounded like the quick tread of armed

men or a volley of musketry. It left something wanting to the ear and mind, of the majestic flow of a great nation's life; but one by one the voices of the people began to mingle with the strain, and soon there came a sweet, harmonizing tone which seemed to float down from heaven, as the women's voices mingled with the music; and the rattle of the guns appeared to cease, and the step to become more glad and free, and the watchword of the mystical chorus as they sang, "As He died to make men holy, let us die to make them free," recalled the beautiful voice and life of the young leader, and we felt the eternally feminine leadeth them on. So will that feminine voice mingle more and more in the world's life and complete the full harmony.

We are thankful to-day for the noble life of the Queen of these realms; we are thankful for it as a history of human progress towards more and better national life; but more than all do we prize it and thank God for it, as a prophecy of the finer, broader development of womanhood, and of the time when all the strength of manhood and all the love of womanhood shall be so blended in life that they shall bring us nearer to the kingdom of God, the reign of truth and peace.

TO MRS. CHENEY.*

Thy voice so clear, persuasive, half convinces
 Even before the mind receives thy words;
 For candor, tolerance, freedom from pretences
 Breathe in its penetrating fine accords.
 Yet so impersonal and pure thy pleading
 We think of thee less than what thou hast said,
 And follow all confidingly thy leading
 Unconscious we are led.

HARRIET W. SEWALL.

* Found among Mrs. Sewall's papers after her death.