

we are asking you earnestly and solemnly,—will you also be just? It is not adoration we want but justice. Women are not all angels but neither are they all fools, and it is hardly consoling to be called an angel when one has a suspicion that it is nearly synonymous with the latter term.

There is a long silence. Israel is recovering from the effects of his flood of eloquence and I am thinking—well, I am wondering if any one but a woman knows what it is to be a woman.

ISRAEL, (suddenly.) Mimi, what do you want with the ballot?

MYSELF. Who said anything about the ballot. You men seem to think nothing can be said upon the Woman Question without "lugging in", (pardon the expression, but it is what I mean), the everlasting ballot. Why should we not have it?

ISRAEL. Because you cannot afford it. If you had it your hands would be tied, your influence would be weakened, your disinterestedness in the consideration of all questions would be destroyed and a flood of corruption would be poured into the domains of your moral nature. It would rob you of your peculiar power—a power which cannot be too carefully guarded.

MYSELF. Well done Israel. You have learned your lesson well. But your whole argument rests on the assumption that the ballot is only to be used in seeking political power and preferment and in the interests of party. The mass of women are not going to rush into politics any more than the majority of men do. There will be some demagogues of course. There are already. But it is an open question as to which is the better or rather the worse, a demagogue or a gossip. And let us dispose of this question of our "moral nature" and "peculiar power." Granting that women possess this power and those purer instincts and clearer ideas of right which are attributed to them, why should they not bring them to bear upon politics and thus be able to instruct their sons in the right and teach them to be pure as themselves. If a mother knows the temptations to which her sons and daughters will be exposed as they enter the lists of life will she not be better prepared to teach them how to guard against those perils? God knows that a few honest words from a mother's lips would often preserve a son from the very gates of hell; but through ignorance or prudery they are not spoken and another soul goes down to darkness. Do not "tell me that this peculiar influence is best fostered by seclusion—

ISRAEL. But that is what I do say, Euphrosyne. No woman can enter political life, mingle with the men there, compete with them in the struggles and contests of parties and not lose that delicacy and purity which is indispensable to our conception of a true woman.

MYSELF. Then she is no true woman. Who could place much confidence in a virtue that had never been tried? If delicacy and purity can only be preserved by seclusion from contact with the living, pulsing heart of the world, of what real value are they? It is not because women know too much that they so often sin but because they are taught too little and so much more is conceded and left for them to discover unaided. If a woman is a true woman, she will receive sympathy, respect and affection in politics. If she is not, she will receive them nowhere—

not even in the deepest seclusion of her home.

ISRAEL. Now who is to take care of the home? Our staid old puritan fathers and mothers always considered that the woman's duty.

MYSELF. Certainly it is one of her duties to make her home the happiest place on earth. And it is one of the man's duties to do this also. But it is the exclusive work of neither. They are co-partners for that purpose; she can no more effect her part of this duty by entire exclusion from public offices than by exclusion from the home itself. You cannot separate man and woman so much as that. You can not say to one, "Your work is in the home," and to the other, "Your work is out of the home." They are co-workers everywhere—in and out, around and through all things. Much, far much more of life is the life of humanity than of man or of woman. Do you not remember these words? "I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world; but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil that is in the world."

ISRAEL. At any rate, you are not yet ready for the ballot. The majority of women regard it as a calamity and would not accept it if it were offered them.

MYSELF. No, we are not yet ready. And what is more, the trouble is of a complex nature. It is like our prairies—it does not rain because there are no trees and the trees cannot grow for there is no rain. So we cannot have the ballot because we are not ready for it and we are not ready for it because we cannot have it. But we desire what is the perfectly good even though all of us do not yet understand exactly what it is, and we believe with George Eliot, that we are a part of the power to widen the skirts of light and make the darkness narrower. We have the hope, like Eugenie De Guerin, that if we can not now occupy ourselves with great matters, sometime we may. Light is given us though our way is hidden and God hath not forever hedged us in!

Over head there are light footsteps and a sweet voice hums the dreamy measure of a waltz. Some one comes softly down the stairs and Marie stands before us white-robed and ready for the dance. Israel glances quickly up. Their eyes meet for a moment only. But that moment might be an age for the story it tells me. My heart throbs once and then is calm as ever, for I know 'tis fate. I fold Marie tenderly in her wrappings and kiss her with a kiss that is the baptism of her joy. She looks surprised, for I seldom caress any one, but forgets it soon in her new happiness. I say "Good Night" quietly and see them pass out and with them the hope of my life. Well "the gods will it and 'tis right." There are other things in life, other joys to win, there is other work to do. Perhaps not what will bring greater happiness, but I will not mourn over what is lost forever. If I have missed that which would have made my life most complete, no other shall fill the void, my work alone shall be my thought. It is a lesson women are slowly learning that devotion to some idealized man is not their only object in life—and that our existence may be made so large that loving will not, can not monopolize it wholly.

Why weep then O Heart? Take up the burden again with joy for the time to come, for the calm content that shall be thine own when thou hast won thy peace! Begin thy new course of life with clear

purpose and thy lamentations shall change to songs of triumph.

#### EPILOGUE SPOKEN BY THE CHORUS.

"The play is done,—the curtain drops,  
Slow falling to the prompter's bell;  
A moment yet the actor stops,  
And looks around to say farewell."

Truly if I have failed to make you see the moral of my tale 'twere better that I had not written at all. Be sure that if you see it not 'tis not worth the telling and I shall not detain you to point it. All the world's a stage, said one infinitely wiser than you and I. If my Three in playing their short drama have amused you for a time or perchance encouraged you to keep the good true way, 'tis all I ask and more than I hoped, and I am glad. One thing only—it matters little.

"Who misses or who wins the prize,—  
Go, lose or conquer as you can."

F. E. H.

#### Vacation Rambles.

##### I

Once more seated in a Saxon railway carriage we pass from beneath the flying cinders of Chemnitz' factories. Two hours riding over the large grain districts of the kingdom brings us to Leipsic. We find the city thronged with strangers, who are in attendance at the fall *messe*. Three times a year these large fairs are held, and at every favorable season the city is suffocatingly crowded with visitors and tradesmen. It would be easier to name what nationalities of Europe are not represented on these occasions than those that are represented. The articles for sale are legion, and prices vary to satisfy the most penurious customers. The Poland Jews are an attraction. In a locality by themselves, they have an eye to every person who passes their booths, and at the slightest inclination to purchase, a half dozen of these northern traders will shower you with the produce of Poland. They are ever attired in a large overcoat reaching to the ankle, and a bleaching Italian sun wouldn't remove the garment. We noticed one sitting on a street corner in Vevey, sweating from the heat of mid-day, doubtless waiting for the cooling shades of evening.

The searcher for historical places does not fail to visit Leipsic. A short distance from the city is a monument which designates the spot where Napoleon viewed one of the bloodiest of modern battles. It was here the forces of three great powers met, and, after a desperate struggle, defeated the veterans of France. Napoleon saw the flower of his army beaten back through the narrow streets, and the Elster, itself, tinted by the blood of the dead and wounded.

Among other favorite resorts of Leipsic is Auerbach's cellar. Visitors are attracted there for its having been the place where Goethe held his midnight revels, in company with fellow students, and within its walls he laid one of his scenes in the tragedy of Faust. All who visit the place are expected to purchase a bottle of wine, a circular, and pay a small fee for seeing some of the rooms not now in use. A waiter will be at the door to bid you "adieu" and you are at liberty to satisfy him with a groschen.

We leave Leipsic by the Thuringiabahn. This railway traverses one of the most beautiful and interesting portions of Germany. The eye is constantly relieved by a change of landscape, mediæval castles, with shattered walls decked with ivy, appear on neighboring heights, and queer looking farm houses, built before the era of railroads, are seen from the car window. Our first resting place is Weisenfels. The only attraction here is the old *schloss* where Adolphus was embalmed. The young guide first conducted us through the chapel, a dusky looking hall bearing the marks of age and neglect, he threw open a trap door to the basement and we followed him down long winding stairs. Presently two more huge doors are swung open and we pass into the vault which contains bodies of former dukes and members of the royal family. A dim ray of light made this hall of the dead look dismal indeed. Our youthful guide skipped among the metal coffins, repeating his little story, as unconcerned as if he were exhibiting so many toys. We thought nothing would become us so well as the leaving of that place.

Continuing westward by rail, we pass the charming towns of Weimar, Erfurt and Gotha. Names prominent in German literature, are connected with these places, and in Gotha's cemetery repose the bodies of Schiller and Goethe. A few miles further is the ancient little city of Eisenmach. Here we leave the cars for a visit to the Castle of Wartburg, rendered famous from the fact of its being the place where Martin Luther was detained a prisoner several years. C. M. C.

#### To a Lady of High Culture.

I think that the greatest misfortune in the intellectual life of women is that they do not hear the truth from men.

All men in cultivated society say to women as much as possible that which they may be supposed to wish to hear, and women are so accustomed to this that they can scarcely hear without resentment an expression of opinion which takes no account of their personal and private feeling. The consideration for the feelings of women gives an agreeable tone to society, but it is fatal to the severity of truth. Observe a man of the world whose opinions are well known to you—notice the little pause before he speaks to a lady. During that little pause he is turning over what he has to say, so as to present it in the manner that will please her best; and you may be sure that the integrity of truth will suffer in the process. If we compare what we know of the man with that which the lady hears from him, we perceive the immense disadvantages of her position. He ascertains what will please her, and that is what he administers. He professes to take a deep interest in things which he does not care for in the least, and he passes lightly over subjects and events which he knows to be of the most momentous importance to the world. The lady spends an hour more agreeably than if she heard opinions which would irritate, and prognostics which would alarm her, but she has missed an opportunity for culture, she has been confirmed in feminine illusions. If this happened only from time to time, the effect would not tell so much on the mental constitution; but it is incessant, it is continual. Men disguise their thoughts as if to venture into the feminine world were as dangerous as traveing in Arabia, or as if the thoughts themselves were criminal.

The primary cause of this tendency to say what is most pleasing to women is likely to be as permanent as the distinction of sex itself. It springs directly from sexual feelings, it is hereditary and instinctive. Men will never talk to women with that rough frankness which they use between themselves.

Conversation between the sexes will always be partially insincere. Still I think that the more women are respected, the more men will desire to be approved by them for what they are in reality, and the less they will care for approval which is obtained by dissimulation. It may be observed already that, in the most intellectual society of great capitals, men are considerably more outspoken before women than they are in the provincial middle-classes. Where women have most culture men are most open and sincere. Indeed the highest culture has a direct tendency to command sincerity in others, both because it is tolerant of variety in opinion, and because it is so penetrating that dissimulation is felt to be of no use. By the side of an uncultivated woman a man feels that if he says anything different from what she has been accustomed to she will take offense, whilst if he says anything beyond the narrow range of her information he will make her cold and uncomfortable. The most honest of men in such a position, finds it necessary to be very cautious, and can scarcely avoid a little insincerity. But with a woman of culture equal to his own, these causes for apprehension have no existence, and he can safely be more himself.

These considerations lead me to hope that as culture becomes more general woman will hear truth more frequently. Whenever this comes to pass, it will be, to them, an immense intellectual gain. —Philip Gilbert Hamerton.

We acknowledge the assistance of Emma L. Williams in preparing the review of the exchnages.—[Ed.]