

ing persons: Hon. J. M. McKenzie, Dr. Freeman, Hon. B. E. B. Kenned,

Church of the University.

The exercises both evenings were amply supplied with good music, and well appreciated by a large audience.

The "Beard of Education" visited the school Thursday, and expressed themselves as highly pleased with its condition

Three.

THEIR SAYINGS, BOTH WISE AND FOOLISH.

With an Epilogue by the Chorus.

"Would to God that my thoughts, my spirit, had never taken their flight beyond the narrow round in which it is my lot to live! In spite of all people say to the contrary I feel I cannot go beyond my needlework and spinning without going too far; I feel it, I believe it; well, then, I will keep within my proper sphere; however much I am tempted, my spirit shall not be allowed to occupy itself with great matters until it occupies itself with them in Heaven."

Israel stops reading and glances over towards me. I sit perfectly unmoved with my eyes steadily bent upon my sewing. I am determined not to provoke a discussion. I have an idea that there are some things, and pertinent ones too, to be said upon that subject that one cannot say to everybody. But Israel is not to be rebuffed by any silence on my part if he has something to say. He is the most pertinacious questioner I ever knew and there is no way of getting rid of him if he wishes to talk. By and by he crosses the room and throws himself down on the lounge near by. Israel is like myself—lazy.

ISRAEL. Now Sis, I see very well you don't want to talk but I am going to see if I cannot compel you.

MYSELF. Oh, if you are very anxious to hear me I am ready for exhibition. What question shall be settled first? Predestination, First Cause, or who wrote Betsy and I are Out?

ISRAEL. Don't try to be sarcastic, Eugrophonic. It's not your forte. But do tell me if those sentiments agree with yours and what you think of them.

MYSELF. There is one expression, the very last one at that, which is the language of nature. All the rest is the language of grace and, I imagine, a vast amount of grace was needed in order to say it. You know very well I have no sympathy with such sentiments as are expressed in that paragraph.

ISRAEL. Yes, I know you progressive women profess to scorn all such ideas and affect contempt for women who know their real place and duty. But surely the honest words of such a cultivated, religious woman as Eugenie De Guerin ought to have some weight. In few women has such true genius and deep religious power been united. For she had genius of a high order—higher perhaps than that of her young brother to whom she so nobly devoted her life—and no one could be more thoroughly penetrated by the power of religion. She was not, could not be a saint.

MYSELF. She had too much force of character for that.

ISRAEL.—but she brought every thought, every hope every aspiration into harmony with the teachings of religion. The sincere confession of such a noble self-sacrificing woman demands, at least, your careful consideration and ought not to be thrown aside with a sneer.

MYSELF. (meditatively.) Seems to me I

have read in her diary something like this—"It is the instinct of my life to write as if a fountain to flow".

ISRAEL. (sublimely indifferent.) If her religion taught her the bounds of her sphere it ought to teach you the same.

MYSELF. That I deny. If Eugenie De Guerin's religion taught her to say those words, I honor her for obeying it—but she was not right and I am sorry for it. Such a character as hers would have exerted more influence for good (and that I suppose is what we live for), if it had had a wider sphere of usefulness. And when she restrained her inclination for literary life or for a life outside of home, when she repressed the instincts of her nature and sacrificed her self for her brother, she committed a sin against humanity. Religion does not demand such a sacrifice. Perhaps it may have done so then. I doubt it. It certainly does not now.

ISRAEL. What authority have you for such a statement? Christianity and the Bible will not uphold you and you surely do not think to do away with them. Seems to me the position of women is very clearly defined there.

MYSELF. No more clearly than many other things, slavery for instance, that time and custom have altered. You can find as good authority for our total subjection as slaves and concubines as for our partial subjection in the present day. The "argument from Scripture" to which so many of you cling proves quite as much for us as for you. Christianity is like a vast kaleidoscope. The same central truths are always within, but the revolving years bring new positions, new combinations and new views. What may have been true yesterday may not be, is not true to-day and to argue that because certain things were right and proper for women centuries ago they are right and proper for us now is the weakest of fallacies. The religion which fifty years ago taught Eugenie De Guerin repression and merging of self in another, teaches us the individuality of every human soul. "This day shall thy soul be required of thee." Thy soul, not another's—nor another for thee.

"Thou wast alone at the time of thy birth, thou wilt be alone at the moment of death; alone thou must answer at the bar of the inexorable Judge." In the Bible or the Vedas, the truth is the same.

ISRAEL. And cannot you have this "individuality" if you do not go beyond your needlework and spinning just as well as if you occupied yourself with great matters? When a woman leaves the sacred precincts of her home, when she relinquishes the duties of the domestic circle, when she steps over the bounds of her proper sphere, she loses her distinctive being and becomes an anomaly—neither woman nor man. Then is the time when she loses her individuality.

MYSELF. Every woman cannot find her happiness in needlework or spinning any more than every man can find his in carpentering or blacksmithing. And this is what we claim—liberty and the right to follow the career we choose, to do as we think best and to live the life best suited to us, be it in the home circle or in public life. This is the individuality we claim and the only one. It is no more than you allow to every man—the right to choose for himself.

ISRAEL. But the majority of you are not competent to choose for yourselves. You need some one to guide and protect you. The feminine mind is completely

penetrated with the desire of dependence upon a stronger power. It is your very nature to need support and assistance, so that you cannot succeed without it. Not one woman in ten is strong enough to withstand the temptations of public life of any kind.

MYSELF. And not one man in twenty does. But if the feminine brain is so deeply penetrated with this desire you speak of, it is a glorious fact that we are fast outgrowing such a humiliating passiveness. It is not a sexual characteristic, as you would have us believe, but it is the result of centuries of repression, not only by positive physical force, but by that more potent power—public opinion.

I do not claim that we are yet competent to wisely chose. That would be in opposition to the laws of development. We cannot and do not expect to reform in twenty years an abuse it has taken more than twenty centuries to effect. "My wife is my shoe," has been a proverb for too long a time to lose its influence in a day.

ISRAEL. You ask for more liberty, but when there is much liberty there is also much error. The path of duty is narrow but it is safest.

MYSELF. I do not deny that. But who is to decide what the path of duty is? Dare you arrogate to yourself the right to point out my duty? Dare I dictate to you? You certainly will admit that no one individual has that power over another. Yet you, as a class, have given the law to us for many ages. Custom does not make right, though it may give a specious authority. Suppose we, in turn, should undertake to determine your "highest duty," to bound your "sphere," to restrict your rights and to mark out your course in regard to your education, your wish and your life? How would you like that? I imagine there would be a greater hue and cry than we have ever raised. Yet all this is only what you have done for us till we have well nigh lost all power to judge or reason for ourselves,—and now you cast it in our teeth, that we are not capable of choosing for ourselves.

ISRAEL. What are you going to do about it? If you will not permit us to decide and can not yourselves what other alternative is there?

MYSELF. Just this—to accept things, (with a mental protest always), as we find them in the hope of gradually changing them, of straightening the crooked paths, brightening the dark places, making smooth the rugged ways, doing a little here and a little there, helping, tolerating, pitying, loving, cherishing all possible hopes, all possible patience, and working together though letting each go on in her own way and doing her own part in the best manner she can. Slowly educating you up to a higher manhood; a manhood which will compel you to accept us as co-workers in every field, and to accept us as we are, neither your superiors in one direction, nor your inferiors in another. But above all, building up for ourselves a purer, nobler womanhood than we now possess, that shall fit us for the equality you will then heartily and loyally grant us. When we have earned a throne you will recognize the signet of royalty and there will be no need of asking on one hand or of giving on the other. For a king will make a queen or a queen a king, be it a King of Worlds or a Queen of Hearts.

ISRAEL. But at what are you aiming?

What higher plane could you wish than men have always assigned to women?

MYSELF. Yes, there it is again. "Men have assigned to women"—why have they not been allowed to make and to take their own plane?

ISRAEL. Mimi, every man stamps his value upon himself. The price we demand for ourselves is given us. The place we have "assigned" you is the place you have made for yourselves.

MYSELF. You have been the stronger. So far we have tried in vain to set our value and make it received. Will is powerful, who knows the mysteries of its vigor which conquers death itself, but there are things worse than death and they can crush even its strength.

ISRAEL. I affirm again you have ever held the highest possible place. In all ages, all nations have exalted you as the summit of humanity. We have worshipped you with the most solemn Mysteries as the Great Mother—as Isis, as Demeter, as Mary—

MYSELF. And as Astor, as Venus, as Magdalen.

ISRAEL. Beneath the mystic tree Eve, the living, stood in the calm vales of Eden. On the plain of Palestine Sarah walked a princess. By the Red Sea Miriam the prophetess sang as the waves engulfed the foes of her people. Ruth the lowly one trembled not, even

"When sick for home

She stood in tears amid the alien corn."

Esther the beautiful Queen knelt at the feet of her lord but knelt in confidence, and each and all prevailed. What they asked they received. These are representative women. What they accomplished by their silent and peculiar power you should aim to do by the exercise of the same force. Natural, unconscious, true and sweet, taking in every good element and giving out, from your abundance, all there is pure to give. You should be content that within the four walls of home you can exert a mighty influence that shall be felt while

"Time like a pulse shakes fierce
Through all the worlds."

We have looked to you for all that is good; have made you our ideal of purity; have deemed you the embodiment of truth; have canonized you as the incarnation of virtue. We have instinctively felt that your nature was something higher and nobler than our own—that you stood a step above us in the scale of morality and as we have toiled slowly and painfully upwards you have reached down a helping hand with tender words of hope. We have sought your counsel, your advice, your encouragement in every matter from the ruling of a world to the ruling of a home. A woman's word has turned the fate of nations. A woman's hand has held the helm of state. A woman's deed has cheered the heart of despairing millions. You have been flattered in the wildest hyperbole of poetry. As Helen of Troy, as Laura, as Beatrice, you have been the theme of the poets. As Philomel, as St. Cecilia a the Nightingale of Sweden you have been the vestals of song. As Aphrodite, as Helen Fourmet, as the Fornarina you have been the adoration of artists. Chivalry has yielded to Rowena, to Ermengarde, to Guinevere, as your representatives, the homage of love and honor. As Zenobia, as Catherine, as Elizabeth you have been crowned queens in your own right. You have had love, caresses, adoration, worship, power and influence, what more can you ask?

MYSELF. One thing more, my friend