

And concerning the road, they could never agree,
The *Old* or the *New* way, which it should be,
Nor ever a moment paused to think :
That both would lead to the river's brink.

And a sound of murmuring, long and loud,
Came ever up from the moving crowd,
" You're in the *Old* way, and I'm in the *New*,
That is the false, and this is the true ;"—
Or, " I'm in the *Old* way, and you're in the *New*,
This is the false, and *that* is the true."

But the *brethren* only seem'd to speak,
Modest the sisters walk'd, and meek,
And if ever one of them chanced to say
What troubles she met with on the way,
How she long'd to pass to the other side
Nor fear'd to cross over the swelling tide,

A voice arose from the brethren then :
" Let no one speak but the ' holy men ;'
For have ye not heard the words of Paul,
' Oh, let the women keep silence all ? "

I watched them long in my curious dream,
Till they stood by the borders of the stream,
Then, just as I thought, the two ways met,
But all the brethren were talking yet,
And would talk on, till the heaving tide
Carried them over, side by side ;
Side by side, for the way was one,
The toilsome journey of life was done,