

implement. And what have men accomplished by them, in politics or reform? Changed the "vox populi" into the "vox diaboli," mayhap, but never into the "vox Dei." Our work must be done better, and by better tools. "We know not yet, but we shall know hereafter."

And *the Life* of which I spoke! — Women of New England, I demand this life of you. Wrecks of noblest humanity are continually floating by you. A George Sand,* breaking loose from the ties which bind her to society, only in later years to recognize with profoundest sincerity the strength of those which link her to her God. A Fredrika Bremer, a Charlotte Bronte, full of restless longings, of unsatisfied aspirations, show you the path before you. Why is it that a low wail runs through all the literature that women have given to the world, and that the voice which man uplifts, is often, though far less eloquent, more cheerful and strong? It is because women feel a helplessness that they think without remedy. Show them that it is not so. Show them, each one of you, by living that life, you dare to wish.

"Be sea-captains, if you will," — but never be profane, drunken incapable sea-captains. Show yourselves in whatever posts you claim, gentle, steadfast, and modest. These are the virtues of men as well. Do not, as women, discard them. Be efficient, brave, and helpful. Seek duty always; perhaps it were better to say, and more modest, be ready for it when it comes, for notoriety never. One lost sister in our ranks would be an argument against us, stronger than any which legions of lawyers could furnish. While we demand of *men*, lives pure as a virgin thought,

* Most of our readers, but perhaps not all of them, will know that this is the literary name assumed by Madame Dudevant.—ED. L. C.