

making is in fact the *lowest* duty in our temple service, — a duty, yet the lowest. It is needed now, it may be forever, but in itself it proves nothing.

A woman like Harriet K. Hunt, who established herself as a physician in this city in spite of bigoted resistance, and now protests against the taxes she is compelled to pay on property which she may neither protect nor represent, — a woman, who like yourself, Mrs. President, entered the field as a lecturer, to teach mothers the meaning of scrofula and the value of health, — a woman who adds, like Elizabeth Browning, the sound learning of a man to the tender feeling of a woman ; — one who like Margaret Fuller, unites a blameless private life to the most thorough scholarship, and the inspiration of a seer, is indeed a noble advocate of woman's true position, whether she ever make a speech or not.

*Life* is what we want. Responsible, earnest life, such as Hatty Hosmer's,\* when she crossed the Alleghanies to get the freedom of the dissecting-room — when she stood by the rough marble block, and with her own energetic hand, broke away the stone, till those who loved her looked upon the dawning of her Hesper. *Life*, such as Florence Nightingale's, when she sailed for the Crimea, and exchanged the Saloons of St. James for the hospitals of a badly managed war ; — when she seized the supplies, refused to her by craven officers, and saved her Majesty's dying soldiers in spite of her Majesty's transport service. *Life*, such as the primary school teacher leads, when day after day she goes up to her pupils, and by patient well-doing, earns her own, perhaps her children's bread. *Life*,

\* A young lady from the vicinity of Boston, whose genius for Sculpture makes her one of the most promising students of the Art now in Rome.—Ed. L. C.