

You had of other laurels to be won—  
Your love of science?

PHILIP.

Nay, it is not dead ;  
Good work for science still I love to do—  
This, too, a part of God's eternal truth,—  
Through study of the myriad-featured life  
That bursts to life beneath a tropic sun.  
My years of preparation will avail  
For reading Nature there and planting thoughts  
In the new soil of those untutored minds  
As yet undreamed of,—thus enriching them  
By sharing with them my long-garnered store,  
And doubly blessed in thus imparting it !  
While you, my love, should have your fitting place,  
No less beneficent, for you could lead  
Those simple, gentle, lowly woman-souls,  
Not knowing yet what dignity may crown  
The lot of women,—into all that gives  
Grace, power, and winning charm to her who rules  
By right divine the kingdom of sweet home !  
You could mould mothers for the future years,  
And wives to mate with nobler, wiser men ;  
Your music, dear, would win their simple hearts,  
And teach them sweeter melodies to sing  
Than those wild, plaintive, wavering chords that seem  
The outcome of their half-developed souls,  
Seeking for fuller life as yet unknown.  
Then, think you, dearest, you could leave your home,  
Cherished and dear, with all its sacred links  
With our departed, for a task like this ?

CLARA.

Indeed, I think I could not happier be ;  
For helping you in such a task as this  
Would be the highest good my heart could ask.

PHILIP.

Worth leaving all you love—for ?