

pierces his side. Adam had fallen into a sleep—into no common sleep, but into a trance, the first and sublimest of prophetic trances. He was to be not merely passive, but conscious and active, consenting inwardly, in the light of prophecy, to that which was wrought upon him from without. Adam slept in ecstasy, he waked in prophecy; he saw the wound that had been opened in his flesh—this rib that had been separated from next his heart, all warm and pure from contact with that abode of love and innocence—and in that rib the marvelous structure of woman. "God builded the rib into a woman." A biblical expression, full of marvels, and full also of instruction—marking the structure on which the master architect had exhausted his art—the visible structure of that body in which shines the highest beauty, the invisible structure of that soul in which the highest goodness breathes, the complete structure of that person in which the highest dignity resides! All honor, all honor to the highest work of God, O all ye whosoever have not forgotten what it is to honor any thing here in this world.

And when Adam awoke, he no longer spoke, he sang! his lips unclosed in grace and sanctity, and from his heart came forth these words:

"Now is this bone of my bones,
And flesh of my flesh.
And Woman shall she be called,
For she was taken out of man.
Therefore shall man leave father and mother,
And cleave unto his wife,
And they twain shall be one flesh."

Thus speaks the Bible; that ancient book of ancient wisdom, that virgin page, which tells me nothing of *mother*, everything of *wife*! Man is suffering, or about to suffer, from loneliness: God creates for him society, and, best of all, conjugal society. There is no reference to anything else in the sacred narrative. It is not till after the fall that the woman receives a distinctive name:—"Eve, the mother of all living." Hitherto she was called by the one name common to the pair, which indicated the perfect unity which love creates between a true husband and true wife. "He called their name *Adam*, in the day when they were created."

MOTHERHOOD.

Recall that charming type of Christian art, that from the Catacombs to the Renaissance is so often modified, but which is never changed—that type of the Virgin Mother, the pure and tender mother carrying in her arms the Divine Child! Ah! I know that it is a reality; I know that there was at Nazareth a daughter of royal stock, a mechanic's wife, ever virgin, yet the mother of Jesus Christ; but I know also that this woman has become, in the glory of Christianity, the supreme type of

motherhood! O Christian mother!—or, rather, whoever thou art, daughter of humanity, created by the Almighty, redeemed by Christ—O human mother, if only thou have a mother's heart and sympathies, look at the woman of our sculpture and our painting, the mysterious and radiant image of our cathedrals! it is thy sister, thy model, and thy law—it is thyself, if thou canst understand it! Be thou the stem rising from the earth, and never separating from its flower, so full of tender beauty and sweet perfume; be the blooming "branch that groweth out of his root." Be the mother that holds her infant, night and day, cradled in the caresses of her arms—cradled in her own purity and love. Like her, nourish it on thine own substance; it is God who has filled thy breast; *ubere de calo pleno*, as the Church sings. Lavish upon it that divine food, the best of all for its physical and its moral life. This substance is living with the life of thy own soul, which penetrates and quickens it; with every wave of this sweet draught, with every gush of this chaste intoxication, something of thy heart and thy thoughts is passing into thy son!

It is, then, in the arms and from the heart of its mother that the child receives its primary education. It is there that it receives those first cares for the body, which are at the same time the first things to waken and stir the heart. The infant is sensible only of that which touches its body; it is upon that that its entire attention is concentrated; consequently, the mother herself should hold this body, this little sacred body, in her arms, not only because she has for the task inimitable hands, hands instinct with intelligence and delicacy, such as other men and women have not, but also because in touching the body she shall reach the heart, and awaken its life in a smile. O Gentlemen, this is not poetry; or, if it be poetry, it springs from the very bosom of fact. What, then, is the meaning of a child's smile? Look at the animal, and on its inert lips and its eye, deep as it often is when nature is dreaming there, you will never catch a smile. The smile is the first gleam of intelligence, the dawning twilight of reason and affection: that is the reason why it belongs only to man. So long as no distinct thought has lighted up the baby's mind, it does not smile. But, some day, among the chaos of forms that flit before the dim gaze of its bodily eye, and the still more uncertain gaze of its mental eye, one form is perceived more distinctly defined; the child has seen its mother, the first individuality that has been revealed to it, the first thought which has enlightened its mind, the first affection which has throbbed in its heart. The human world opens before it, the clouds of native ignorance are