

Adolphus is trained in the Art of Expression,
 While the virtue impressed on *Aileen* is Repression,
 Through childhood and maidenhood, taught to
conceal,

The *woman* oft finds it hard to reveal
 Most earnest conviction, and loftiest thought,
 With opinions of weightiest import inwrought.
 While in this New Age there are questions, involving
 The fate of the race, which await her resolving,
 She dare not yet speak, untutored and callow,
 Lest her speaking appear pedantic or shallow,
 None so keen as herself, in herself to find flaws,
 Thus, though feeling and knowing, she answers—
 “ Because ! ”

Then too, that is hers, which men call Intuition,
 As though books alone revealed true erudition ;
 —What 'tis called, matters not—it exists—and its
 naming
 Is unworthy alike either praising or blaming ;
 By its light, woman's gaze pierces clouds strangely
 riven ;
 And a clearer perception unto her is given
 Of all that is noble and worthily leal,
 Than you have beheld in your fairest ideal.
 Thus, even if language were hers, to express
 Just what her soul sees, nothing more, nothing less ;
 It were useless to speak, for none would commend,
 The many would scoff, and few comprehend !
 Not till “ Cause and Effect ” have recognised laws,
 Can you possibly fathom a woman's “ Because ! ”