

of whom Tennyson and Longfellow sing are different creatures from the women of Virgil and Horace, because Christ lived and died. Now we feel that the words of our own Lowell are more true than those which heathen poet ever penned.

“Earth's noblest thing a woman perfected.”

Now we feel the force of Barrett's verse :

“Not she with trait'rous kiss her Saviour stung,
Not she denied him with unholy tongue;
She, while Apostles shrank, could danger brave,
Last at his cross and earliest at his grave.”

But we have not time to linger over the poets, ancient or modern, if we make even an unimportant contributor to the most important subject of a young woman's rights. I trust that no enthusiastic friend of the political rights of woman who may read these addresses, will be disappointed because I have nothing to say