

from impiety in woman. It involves a coldness and hardness of character offensive both to taste and feeling. The mere suspicion of irreligion lowers a woman in general esteem—it implies almost a reflection on her character. A woman must hold no converse with anything which might bear the suspicion of immorality. She knows that the romance, which invests impiety with the charm of sentiment, must not lie upon her table. Nor must she be supposed to be acquainted with the poem which decks out vice with the witchery of song. Religion is indeed a woman's panoply, and no one who wishes her happiness would divest her of it. No one who appreciates her virtues would weaken their best security. There is nothing so well adapted as religion to her wants. woman has many trials, and she therefore needs support, and religion is her asylum, not only in heavy afflictions but in petty disquietudes; these, as they are more frequent, are perhaps almost as harrassing—at least they equally need a sedative influence—and religion is the anodyne. Religion is just what woman needs, without it, she is ever restless or unhappy; ever wishing to be relieved from duty or from time; she is either ambitious of display or greedy of pleasure, or sinks into a listless apathy, useless to others and unworthy of herself; but when the light

>