

can say things to women which we would not bear from men,—things which men do not *know*. There is with us a Guild of Sentiment with which a stranger may not intermeddle, as there is a Guild of Suffering known in its fulness of bitterness only to the initiated. The drawback to a woman's advocacy of any cause is that her idealistic, sympathetic, *maternal* nature makes her a partisan. Her subject becomes her bantling. She is restive in argument. Her "*can't* you see it?" anticipates logical deduction. Woman is an instinctive diagnosian. Man is patient and systematic in following the clue leading to the source of a malady, and in adopting the successive stages that promise cure. He, in his turn, is irritated by the inconsequence of readers of the other sex; tenacious of technicalities dear to the scientific soul, loses strength of style when he tries to simplify his treatise to their comprehension.

I have not the vanity to believe that I can convince the educated reason which Clarke and Greg, Napheys and Mitchell, Frances Power Cobbe and Mary Putnam Jacobi have not moved.

And yet, my book is written! After the first page I could not stay heart or pen. I send it forth to homes where other "Familiar Talks" from the same source have found, first indulgent, then loving auditors. I have aimed to avoid abstruseness on one hand, and baldness on the other. I hope there is not a sentence which mother and daughter may not read together. I know