

Remonstrance. —

Daughters of Eve! your mother did not well
She laid the apple in your father's hand.
And we have read, O wonder! what befell —
The man was not deceived, nor yet could stand;
He chose to lose, for loss after his throne —
With her could die, but could not live alone.

Daughters of Eve! he did not fall so low,
Nor fall so far, as that Sland woman fell;
For something better, than as ~~God~~ gods to know,
That husband in that home left off to dwell.
For this, till loss be reckoned, less than ~~his~~ love,
Shall man be first & best for evermore.

Daughters of Eve! it was your dear sake
The world's first hero died an uncrowned king;
But God's great pity touched the Grand mistake.
And made his married love a sacred thing:
So yet his nobler sons, if aught be true,
Find the lost Eden in their love for you.

Jean Ingelow.

April 2nd

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