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About
Women



What Men
Have Said

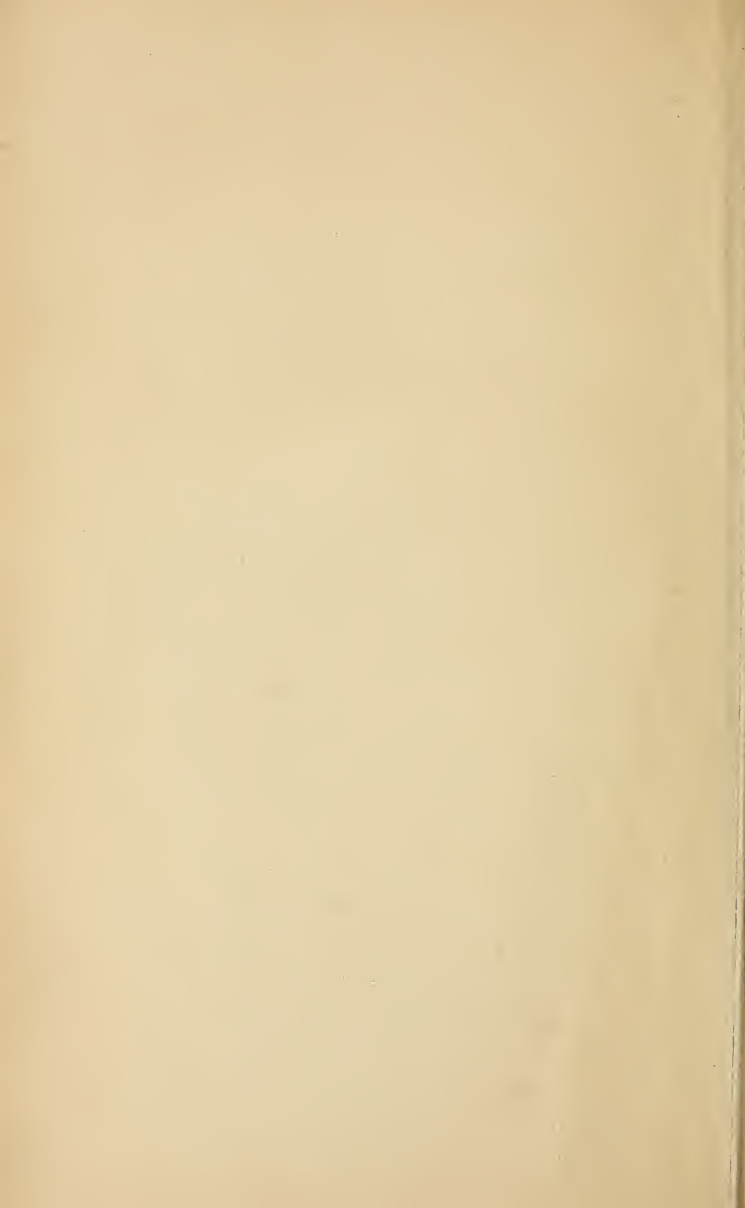
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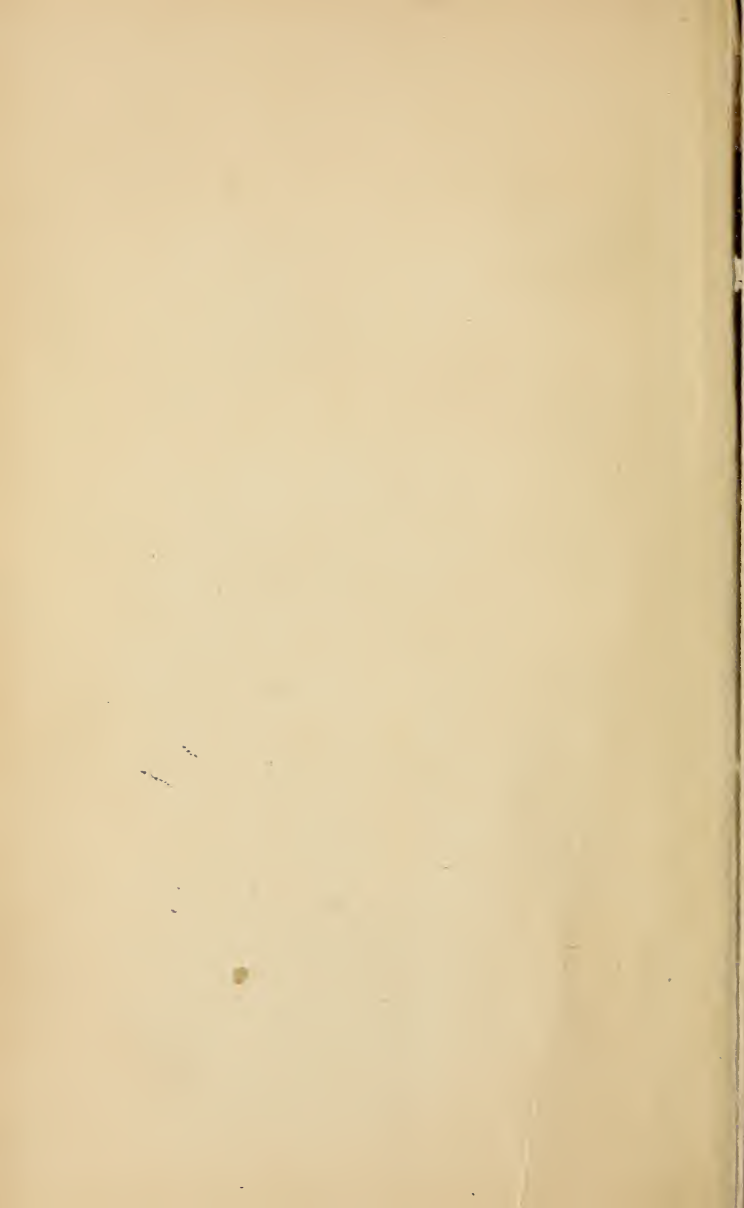
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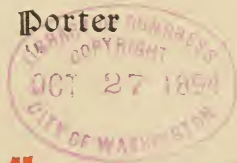
“For thy most sweet understanding
a Woman.”

SHAKESPEARE

Chosen and Arranged

By

Rose Porter



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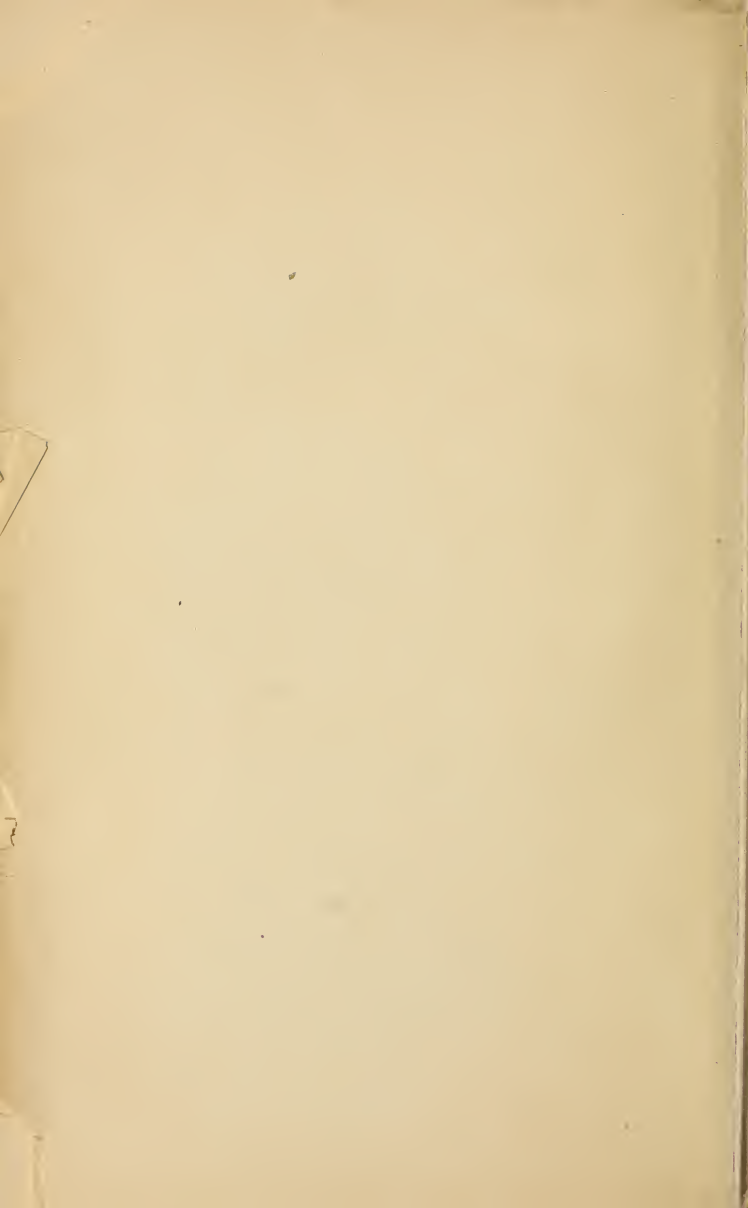
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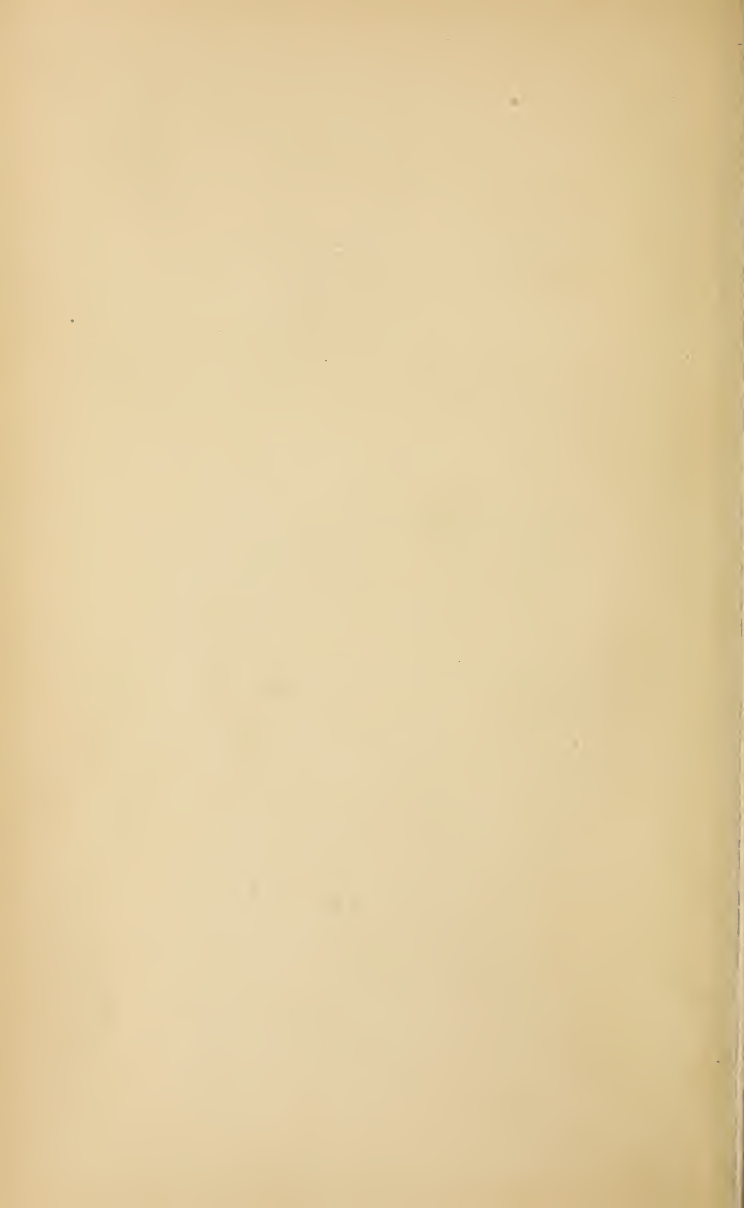


January

William Shakespeare

Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way of starved
people.

Merchant of Venice, A. 5, S. 1.



January

First Day.

Where is any author in the world
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye ?

Love's Labour's Lost, A. 4, S. 3.

Second Day.

The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination ;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparel'd in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul.

Much Ado About Nothing, A. 4, S. 1.

Third Day.

Kindness in women, not their beauteous
looks,
Shall win my love.

Taming of the Shrew, A. 4, S. 2.

January

Fourth Day.

Win her with gifts, if she respect not
words ;
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's
mind.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 3, S. 1.

Fifth Day.

You, that have so fair parts of woman on
you,
Have too a woman's heart : which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty.

Henry VIII., A. 2, S. 3.

Sixth Day

'T is beauty that doth oft make women
proud ;
'T is virtue that doth make them most admired.

Henry VI., Pt. 3, A. 1, S. 4.

January

Seventh Day.

From woman's eyes this doctrine I derive ;
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire ;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world.

Love's Labour's Lost, A. 4, S. 3.

Eighth Day.

Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low : an excellent thing in woman.

King Lear, A. 5, S. 3.

Ninth Day.

Have you not heard it said full oft,
A woman's nay doth stand for naught ?

The Passionate Pilgrim, Line 14.

Tenth Day.

Thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

The Tempest, A. 4, S. 1.

January

Eleventh Day.

Good name in man and woman,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.

Othello, A. 3, S. 3.

Twelfth Day.

Women are soft, pitiful, and flexible.

Henry VI., Pt. 3, A. 1, S. 4.

Thirteenth Day.

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband ;
And, when she 's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she, but a contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord ?

Taming of the Shrew, A. 5, S. 2.

January

Fourteenth Day.

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety : other women cloy
The appetites they feed : but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 2, S. 2.

Fifteenth Day.

She's beautiful, and therefore to be wooed ;
She is a woman, therefore to be won.

Henry VI., Pt. 1, A. 5, S. 3.

Sixteenth Day.

Say, that she rail ; why, then I'll tell her
plain
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale ;
Say, that she frown ; I'll say, she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew ;
Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word ;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence.

Taming of the Shrew, A. 2, S. 1.

January

Seventeenth Day.

Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their
graces ;

. . . Say they have angels' faces.

That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 3, S. 1.

Eighteenth Day.

Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount,
And natural graces that extinguish art ;

.

And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full-replete with choice of all delights,
But, with as humble lowliness of mind,
She is content to be at your command.

Henry VI., Pt. 1, A. 5, S. 5.

January

Nineteenth Day.

Let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.

Twelfth Night, A. 2, S. 4.

Twentieth Day.

'T is beauty truly blent, whose red and
white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.

Twelfth Night, A. 1, S. 5.

Twenty-first Day.

Fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

Titus Andronicus, A. 3, S. 1.

January

Twenty-second Day.

Patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have
seen
Sunshine and rain at once ; her smiles and tears
Were like a better day : those happy smilets,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes ; which parted
thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.

King Lear, A. 4, S. 3.

Twenty-third Day.

She is mine own ;
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 2, S. 4.

January

Twenty=fourth Day.

A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
In time of action.

Troilus and Cressida, A. 3, S. 3.

Twenty=fifth Day.

A woman's face, with Nature's own
hand painted,
Hast thou . . .
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false woman's
fashion :
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in
rolling
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth.

Sonnet XX.

Twenty=sixth Day.

No other but a woman's reason ;
I think him so, because I think him so.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 1, S. 2.

January

Twenty-seventh Day.

The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good : the goodness that is cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in goodness ; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, should keep the body of it ever fair.

Measure for Measure, A. 3, S. 1.

Twenty-eighth Day.

If ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it.

As You Like It, A. 2, S. 7.

Twenty-ninth Day.

If she do frown, 't is not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you :
If she do chide, 't is not to have you gone ;

.

Take no repulse, whatever she doth say ;
For " *Get you gone,*" she doth not mean
" *Away!*"

Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 3, S. 1.

January

Thirtieth Day.

She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek : she pin'd in thought,
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat, like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.

Twelfth Night, A. 2, S. 4.

Thirty-first Day.

She shall be
A pattern to all . . . living with her. . . .
Holy and heavenly thoughts shall still counsel
her ;
She shall be lov'd, and fear'd. Her own shall
bless her. . . .
. . . Those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of
honour. . . .
. . . Yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all shall mourn her.

Henry VIII., A. 5, S. 4.

February

John Milton

Creator bounteous and benign,
Giver of all things fair! but fairest this
Of all Thy gifts! . . . Woman is her name.
Paradise Lost, Book 8.

February

First Day.

Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.

Paradise Lost, Book 8.

Second Day.

When I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems
And in herself complete, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best.

Paradise Lost, Book 8.

Third Day.

Nothing lovelier can be found
In woman than to study household good,
And good works in her husband to promote.

Paradise Lost, Book 9.

February

Fourth Day.

For contemplation he and valour form'd ;
For softness she and sweet attractive grace ;
He for God only, she for God in him.

Paradise Lost, Book 4.

Fifth Day.

Among daughters of men . . .
Many are in each region passing fair
As the noon sky ; more like to goddesses
Than mortal creatures ; graceful and discreet ;
. . . Persuasive . . .
Such objects have the power to soften and tame
Severest temper.

Paradise Regained, Book 2.

Sixth Day.

Ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence.

L'Allegro.

February

Seventh Day.

Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined.

Sonnet.

Eighth Day.

O fairest of Creation, last and best
Of all God's works, creature in whom excell'd
Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd,
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet !

Paradise Lost, Book 9.

Ninth Day.

Curiosity, inquisitive, importune
Of secrets, then with like infirmity
To publish them, both common female faults.

Samson Agonistes.

Tenth Day.

In argument with men, a woman ever
Goes by the worse, whatever be her cause.

Samson Agonistes.

February

Eleventh Day.

Thus it will befall

Him who to worth in woman overturning
Lest her will rule ; restraint she will not brook,
And left to herself, if evil thence ensue,
She first his weak indulgence will accuse.

Paradise Lost, Book 9.

Twelfth Day.

Daughter of God . . .

I, from the influence of thy looks, receive
Access in every virtue : and in thy sight
More wise, more watchful, stronger, if need were
Of outward strength ; while shame, thou look-
ing on,

Shame to be overcome or overreach'd,
Would utmost vigour raise, and raised unite.
Why shouldst not thou like sense within thee
feel

When I am present, and thy trial choose
With me, best witness of thy virtue tried ?

Paradise Lost, Book 9.

February

Thirteenth Day.

By his countenance he seem'd
 Entering on studious thoughts abstruse ; which
 Eve
 Perceiving, where she sat retired in sight,
 With lowliness majestic from her seat,
 And grace that won who saw to wish her stay,
 Rose, and went forth among her fruits and
 flowers,
 To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom,
 Her nursery ; they at her coming sprung,
 And, touch'd by her fair tendance, gladlier grew.
Paradise Lost, Book 8.

Fourteenth Day.

So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity,
 That, when a soul is found sincerely so
 A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
 Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt ;
 And in clear dream and solemn vision

February

Fourteenth Day (*continued*).

Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear ;
Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on the outward shape.

Comus.

Fifteenth Day.

A smile that glow'd
Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue.

Paradise Lost, Book 8.

Sixteenth Day.

She has a hidden strength . . .
. . . The strength of Heaven,
It may be termed her own.
'T is chastity . . . chastity . . .
She that has that, is clad in complete steel ;
And, like a quiver'd Nymph with arrows keen,
May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths,
. . . and sandy perilous wilds . . .
She may pass on with unblench'd majesty
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.

Comus.

February

Seventeenth Day.

O Woman, in thy native innocence, rely
On what thou hast of virtue : summon all,
For God toward thee hath done His part, do
thine.

Paradise Lost, Book 8.

Eighteenth Day.

What higher in her society thou find'st
Attractive, human, rational, love still ;
In loving thou dost well, in passion not
Wherein true love consists not.

Paradise Lost, Book 8.

Nineteenth Day.

The wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,
Safest and seemliest by her husband stays,
Who guards her, or with her the worst endures.

Paradise Lost, Book 9.

February

Twentieth Day.

Greatness of mind and nobleness their seat
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
About her, as a guard angelic placed.

Paradise Lost, Book 8.

Twenty=first Day.

Those graceful acts,
Those thousand decencies that daily flow
From all her words and actions mix'd with love
And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd
Union of mind, or in us both one soul ;
Harmony to behold in wedded pair
More grateful than harmonious sound to the ear.

Paradise Lost, Book 8.

Twenty=second Day.

Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure.

.
With even step and musing gait ;
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy wrapt soul sitting in thine eyes.

Il Penseroso.

February

Twenty=third Day.

Innocence and virgin modesty
Her virtue, and the conscience of her worth,
That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won,
Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retired
The more desirable.

Paradise Lost, Book 8.

Twenty=fourth Day.

Lady, thy care is fix'd, and zealously attends
To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light,
And hope that reaps not shame.

Sonnet.

Twenty=fifth Day.

A creature . . .
. . . So lovely fair,
That what seem'd fair in all the world seem'd
now
Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd.

Paradise Lost, Book 8.

February

Twenty=sixth Day.

All things from her air inspired
The spirit of love and amorous delight.

Paradise Lost, Book 8.

Twenty=seventh Day.

It is for homely features to keep home—
They had their name thence : coarse complex-
ions

And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply
The sampler and to tease the housewife's wool.

Comus.

Twenty=eighth Day.

With dispatchful looks in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent.
What choice to choose for delicacy best,
What order, so contrived, as not to mix
Tastes, not well join'd, inelegant, but bring
Taste after taste upheld with kindest change.

Paradise Lost, Book 5.

February

Twenty-ninth Day.

I do not think my sister . . .
. . . So unprincipled in Virtue's book
And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,
As that the single want of light and noise
Could stir the constant mood of her calm
thoughts,
And put them into misbecoming plight.
Virtue could see to do what Virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude :
Where, with her best nurse, Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her
wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.

Comus.

March

Lord Byron

Woman—

The star that guides the wanderer, thou!
The dove of peace and promise to mine ark!

.

Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life!
The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,
And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray.

The Bride of Abydos, Canto 2.

March

First Day.

Around her shone
The nameless charms unmark'd by her alone :
The light of love, the purity of grace,
The mind, the music breathing from her face,
The heart whose softness harmonized the
whole—

And, oh ! that eye was in itself a soul !

The Bride of Abydos, Canto 1.

Second Day.

Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,
And Mammon wins his way where seraphs
might despair.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto 1.

Third Day.

She was a form of life and light,
That, seen, became a part of sight ;
And rose where'er I turned mine eye,
The morning-star of memory !

The Giaour.

March

Fourth Day.

You know, or ought to know, enough of
women,
Since you have studied them so steadily,
That what they ask in aught that touches on
The heart, is dearer to their feelings or
Their fancy than the whole external world.

Sardanapalus, A. 4.

Fifth Day.

Oh! too convincing—dangerously dear—
In woman's eye the unanswerable tear!
That weapon of her weakness she can wield,
To save, subdue—at once her spear and shield.

Corsair, Canto 2.

Sixth Day.

Who hath not proved how feebly words essay
To fix one spark of beauty's heavenly ray?
Who doth not feel, until his failing sight

March

Sixth Day (*continued*).

Faints into dimness with its own delight,
His changing cheek, his sinking heart confess
The might—the majesty of loveliness?

Bride of Abydos, Canto 1.

Seventh Day.

So bright the tear in beauty's eye,
Love half regrets to kiss it dry ;
So sweet the blush of bashfulness,
Even pity scarce can wish it less !

The Bride of Abydos, Canto 1.

Eighth Day.

Her glossy hair was cluster'd o'er a brow
Bright with intelligence, and fair and smooth ;
Her eyebrow's shape was like the aërial bow,
Her cheek all purple with the beam of youth,
Mounting, at times to a transparent glow,
As if her veins ran lightning.

Don Juan, Canto 1.

March

Tenth Day.

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
'T is woman's whole existence.

Don Juan, Canto 1.

Tenth Day.

Her very smile was haughty, though so sweet ;
Her very nod was not an inclination ;
There was a self-will even in her small feet,
As though they were quite conscious of her
station ;—

.
But nature teaches more than power can spoil,
And when a strong although a strange sen-
sation

Moves—female hearts are such a genial soil
For kinder feelings, whatso'er their nation,
They naturally pour the "wine and oil,"
Samaritans in every situation.

Don Juan, Canto 5.

March

Eleventh Day.

The earth has nothing like a she epistle,
And hardly heaven—because it never ends.
I love the mystery of a female missal,
Which, like a creed ne'er says all it intends.
Don Juan, Canto 13.

Twelfth Day.

Her chief resource was in her own high spirit,
Which judged mankind at their due estimation ;
And for coquetry, she disdain'd to wear it :
Secure of admiration, its impression
Was faint, as of an every-day possession.
Don Juan, Canto 13.

March

Thirteenth Day.

An eye's an eye, and whether black or blue,
Is no great matter, so 't is in request.
'T is nonsense to dispute about a hue,
The kindest may be taken as a test.
The fair sex should be always fair ; and no man
Till thirty, should perceive there's a plain
woman.

Beppo.

Fourteenth Day.

She was not violently lively, but
Stole on your spirit like a May-day breaking ;
Her eyes were not too sparkling, yet, half shut,
They put beholders in a tender taking.

Don Juan, Canto 6.

March

Fifteenth Day.

The very first
Of human life must spring from woman's breast,
Your first small words are taught you from her
lips,
Your first tears quench'd by her, and your last
sighs
Too often breathed out in a woman's hearing,
When men have shrunk from the ignoble care
Of watching the last hour of him who led them.

Sardanapalus, A. 1.

Sixteenth Day.

Soft, as the memory of buried love ;
Pure, as the prayer which childhood wafts above
Was she.

Bride of Abydos, Canto 1.

March

Seventeenth Day.

She was a soft landscape of mild earth,
Where all was harmony, and calm and quiet,
Luxuriant, budding; cheerful without mirth,
Which, if not happiness, is more nigh it
Than are your mighty passions and so forth,
Which some call "the sublime": I wish
they'd try it;
I've seen your stormy seas and stormy women,
And pity lovers rather more than seamen.

Don Juan, Canto 6.

Eighteenth Day.

The tender blue of that large loving eye.

The Corsair, Canto 1.

March

Nineteenth Day.

Now Laura moves along the joyous crowd,
Smiles in her eyes, and simpers on her lips ;
To some she whispers, others speaks aloud ;
To some she curtsies, and to some she dips ;
Complains of warmth, and this complaint
avow'd,

Her lover brings the lemonade,—she sips :
She then surveys, condemns, but pities still
Her dearest friends for being drest so ill.

One had false curls, another too much paint,
A third—where did she buy that frightful
turban ?

A fourth's so pale she fears she's going to faint,
A fifth's look's vulgar, dowdyish, and sub-
urban,

A sixth's white silk has got a yellow tint,
A seventh's thin muslin surely will be her
bane,

And lo ! an eighth appears,—I'll see no more !
For fear, like Banquo's kings, they reach a score.

Beppo.

March

Twentieth Day.

She was blooming still, had made the best
Of time, and time return'd the compliment,
And treated her genteelly, so that, drest,
She look'd extremely well where'er she went ;
A pretty woman is a welcome guest,
And her brow a frown had rarely bent ;
Indeed she shone all smiles, and seem'd to
flatter
Mankind with her black eyes for looking at her.
Beppo.

Twenty-first Day.

I think, with all due deference
To the fair *single* part of the creation,
That married ladies should preserve the prefer-
ence
In tête-à-tête or general conversation—
Because they know the world, and are at ease,
And being natural, naturally please.
Beppo.

March

Twenty-second Day.

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies ;
And all that 's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes ;
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impair'd the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face ;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent !

Hebrew Melodies.

March

Twenty-third Day.

I saw thee weep—the big bright tear
Came o'er that eye of blue :
And then methought it did appear
A violet dropping dew ;
I saw thee smile—the sapphire's blaze
Beside thee ceased to shine,
It could not match the living rays
That fill'd that glance of thine.

As clouds from yonder sun receive
A deep and mellow die,
Which scarce the shade of coming eve
Can banish from the sky,
Those smiles unto the moodiest mind
Their own pure joy impart ;
Their sunshine leaves a glow behind
That lightens o'er the heart.

Hebrew Melodies.

March

Twenty-fourth Day.

I have observed your sex, once roused to wrath,
 Are timidly vindictive to a pitch
 Of perseverance, which I would not copy.

Sardanapalus, A. 2.

Twenty-fifth Day.

She was pensive more than melancholy,
 And serious more than pensive, and serene,
 It may be, more than either . . .
 The strangest thing was, beautiful, she was
 wholly
 Unconscious, albeit turn'd of quick seventeen,
 That she was fair, or dark, or short, or tall ;
 She never thought about herself at all.

Don Juan, Canto 6.

March

Twenty-sixth Day.

A learned lady, famed

For every branch of every science known—

In every Christian language ever named,

With virtues equall'd by her wit alone,

She made the cleverest people quite ashamed,

And even the good with inward envy groan,

Finding themselves so very much exceeded

In their own way by all the things that she did.

Don Juan, Canto 1.

Twenty-seventh Day.

'T is pity learned virgins ever wed

With persons of no sort of education,

Or gentlemen who, though well-born and bred,

Grow tired of scientific conversation :

.

Oh ! ye lords of ladies intellectual,

Inform us truly, have they not hen-peck'd you
all ?

Don Juan, Canto 1.

March

Twenty=eightth Day.

What a strange thing is man! and what a
stranger

Is woman? what a whirlwind is her head,
And what a whirlpool full of depth and danger
Is all the rest about her! whether wed,
Or widow, maid, or mother, she can change her
Mind like the wind; whatever she has said
Or done, is light to what she'll say or do;—
The oldest thing on record, and yet new!

Don Juan, Canto 9.

Twenty=ninth Day.

Round her she made an atmosphere of life,
The very air seem'd lighter from her eyes,
They were so soft and beautiful, and rife
With all we can imagine of the skies;—

.
Her overpowering presence made you feel,
It would not be idolatry to kneel.

Don Juan, Canto 3.

March

Thirtieth Day.

Through her eye the Immortal shoue ;
· · · · ·

Her eyes' dark charm 't were vain to tell,
But gaze on that of the gazelle,
It will assist thy fancy well ;
As large, as languishingly dark,
But soul beamed forth in every spark
That darted from beneath the lid,
Bright as the jewel of Giamschid,
Yea, soul !

The Giaour.

Thirty-first Day.

So—this feminine farewell
Ends as such partings end, in *no* departure.

Sardanapalus, A. 4.

April

Sir Walter Scott

O, Woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made,—
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!

Marmion, Canto 6.

April

First Day.

Even the most simple and unsuspecting of the female sex have (God bless them!) an instinctive sharpness of perception in love matters, which sometimes goes the length of observing partialities that never existed, but rarely misses to detect such as pass actually under their observation.

Waverley.

Second Day.

Her accents stole
On the dark visions of their soul,
And bade their mournful musings fly,
Like mist before the zephyr's sigh.

Rokeby, Canto 4.

April

Third Day.

She sung with great taste and feeling, and with a respect to the sense of what she uttered, that might be proposed in example to ladies of much superior musical talent. Her natural good sense taught her, that if, as we are assured, "music must be married to immortal verse," they are very often divorced by the performer in a most shameful manner. It was perhaps owing to this sensibility to poetry, and combining its expression with those of the musical notes, that her singing gave more pleasure to all the unlearned in music, and even to many of the learned, than could have been communicated by a much finer voice and more brilliant execution, unguided by the same delicacy of feeling

Waverley.

April

Fourth Day.

Like every beautiful woman, she was conscious of her own power, and pleased with its effects. . . . But as she possessed excellent sense, she gave accidental circumstances full weight in appreciating the feeling she aroused.

Waverley.

Fifth Day.

There was a soft and pensive grace,
A cast of thought upon her face,
That suited well the forehead high,
The eye-lash dark, and downcast eye ;
The mild expression spoke a mind
In duty firm, composed, resign'd.

Rokeby, Canto 4.

April

Sixth Day.

The rose, with faint and feeble streak
So slightly tinged the maiden's cheek,
That you had said her hue was pale ;
But if she faced the summer-gale,
Or spoke, or sung, or quicker moved,
Or heard the praise of those she loved,
Or when of interest was express'd
Aught that waked feeling in her breast,
That mantling blood in ready play
Rivall'd the blush of rising day.

Rokeby, Canto 4.

Seventh Day.

What woman knows not her own road to
victory?

The Talisman.

April

Eighth Day.

She had been beautiful, and was stately and majestic in her appearance. Endowed by nature with strong powers and violent passions, experience had taught her to employ the one, and to conceal, if not to moderate, the other. She was a severe and strict observer of the external forms, at least, of devotion ; her hospitality was splendid, even to ostentation ; her address and manners were grave, dignified, and severely regulated by the rules of etiquette. . . . And yet, with all these qualities to excite respect, she was seldom mentioned in the terms of love or affection. Interest,—the interest of her family, if not her own—seemed too obviously the motive of her actions : and when this is the case, the sharp-judging and malignant public are not easily imposed upon by outward show.

The Bride of Lammermoor.

April

Ninth Day

Reasoning—like a woman, to whom external appearance is scarcely in any circumstance a matter of unimportance, and like a beauty who has confidence in her own charms.

Kenilworth.

Tenth Day.

Her affection and sympathy dictated at once the kindest course. Without attempting to control the torrent of grief in its full current, she gently sat her down beside the mourner. . . . She waited a more composed moment to offer her little stock of consolation in deep silence and stillness.

The Betrothed.

Eleventh Day.

Her kindness and her worth to spy
You need but gaze on Ellen's eye ;
Not Katrine in her mirror blue,
Gives back the shaggy banks more true,

April

Eleventh Day *(continued)*.

Than every free-born glance confess'd
 The guileless movements of her breast ;
 Whether joy danced in her dark eye,
 Or woe or pity claim'd a sigh,
 Or filial love was glowing there,
 Or meek devotion pour'd a prayer,
 Or hate of injury call'd forth
 The indignant spirit of the North.
 One only passion unreveal'd,
 With maiden pride, the maid conceal'd,
 Yet no less purely felt the flame—
 O need I tell that passion's name ?

The Lady of the Lake, Canto 1.

Twelfth Day.

She is fairer in feature than becometh a man
 of my order to speak of ; and she has withal a
 breathing of her father's lofty spirit. The look
 and the word of such a lady will give a man
 double strength in the hour of need.

The Betrothed.

April

Thirteenth Day.

Her smile, her speech, with winning sway,
Wiled the old harper's mood away.
With such a look as hermits throw
When angels stoop to soothe their woe,
He gazed, till fond regret and pride
Thrill'd to a tear.

The Lady of the Lake, Canto 2.

Fourteenth Day.

All her soul is in her eye,
Yet doubts she still to tender free
The wonted words of courtesy.
.
Go to her now—be bold of cheer,
While her soul floats 'twixt hope and fear :
It is the very change of tide,
When best the female heart is tried—
Pride, prejudice . . .
Are in the current swept to sea.

Rokeby, Canto 2.

April

Fifteenth Day.

She was highly accomplished; yet she had not learned to substitute the gloss of politeness for the reality of feeling.

Waverley.

Sixteenth Day.

A deep-thinking and impassioned woman, ready to make exertions alike, and sacrifices, with all that vain devotion to a favorite object of affection, which is often so basely rewarded.

The Fortunes of Nigel.

Seventeenth Day.

The spotless virgin fears not the raging lion.

The Talisman.

April

Eighteenth Day.

Sweet was her blue eye's modest smile . . .
And down her shoulders graceful roll'd
Her locks profuse of paly gold. . . .
She charm'd at once, and tamed the heart.

Marmion, Canto 5.

Nineteenth Day.

At length, an effort sent apart
The blood that curdled to her heart,
And light came to her eye,
And color dawn'd upon her cheek,
A hectic and a flutter'd streak.
.
And when her silence broke at length,
Still as she spoke she gather'd strength,
And arm'd herself to bear ;—
It was a fearful sight to see
Such high resolve and constancy,
In form so soft and fair.

Marmion, Canto 2.

April

Twentieth Day.

She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up
to sigh,

With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.

Marmion, Canto 5.

Twenty-first Day.

Her very soul is in home, and in the discharge of all those quiet virtues of which home is the centre. Her husband will be to her the object of all her care, solicitude, and affection. She will see nothing, but by him, and through him. If he is a man of sense and virtue, she will sympathize in his sorrows, divert his fatigue, and share his pleasures. If she becomes the property of a churlish or negligent husband, she will suit his taste also, for she will not long survive his unkindness.

Waverley.

April

Twenty-second Day.

When there can be no confidence betwixt a man and his plighted wife, it is a sign she has no longer the regard for him that made their engagement safe and suitable.

The Heart of Mid-Lothian.

Twenty-third Day.

She was by nature perfectly good-humoured, and if her due share of admiration and homage was duly resigned to her, no one could possess better temper, or a more friendly disposition ; but then, like all despots, the more power that was voluntarily yielded to her, the more she desired to extend her sway. Sometimes, even when all her ambition was gratified, she chose to be a little out of health, and a little out of spirits.

The Talisman.

April

Twenty-fourth Day.

Her look composed, and steady eye,
Bespoke a matchless constancy.

Marmion, Canto 2.

Twenty-fifth Day.

The noble dame, amid the broil,
Shared the gray seneschal's high toil,
And spoke of danger with a smile ;
Cheer'd the young knights, and council sage
Held with the chiefs of riper age.

The Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto 3.

Twenty-sixth Day.

Woman's faith and woman's trust,
Write the characters in dust.

The Betrothed.

April

Twenty-seventh Day.

Ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, or Naiad, or a Grace,
Of finer form, or lovelier face !
What though the sun, with ardent frown,
Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown,
The sportive toil, which, short and light,
Had dyed her glowing hue so bright,
Served too in hastier swell to show
Short glimpses of a breast of snow ;
What though no rule of courtly grace
To measured mood had train'd her pace,—
A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dash'd the dew ;
E'en the slight hare-bell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread ;
What though upon her speech there hung
The accent of the mountain tongue,
Those silver sounds, so soft, so clear,
The list'ner held his breath to hear.

Lady of the Lake, Canto 1.

April

Twenty=eighth Day.

Spoilt she was on all hands. . . . But though, from these circumstances, the city-beauty had become as wilful, as capricious, and as affected, as unlimited indulgence seldom fails to render those to whom it is extended; and although she exhibited upon many occasions that affectation of extreme shyness, silence, and reserve, which misses are apt to take for an amiable modesty; and upon others, a considerable portion of that flippancy which youth sometimes confounds with wit, she had much real shrewdness and judgment, which wanted only opportunities of observation to refine it—a lively, good-humoured, playful disposition, and an excellent heart.

The Fortunes of Nigel.

Twenty=ninth Day.

The buoyant vivacity with which she had resisted every touch of adversity, had now assumed the air of composed and submissive, but dauntless, resolution and constancy.

Rob Roy.

April

Thirtieth Day.

Her complexion was exquisitely fair, but the noble cast of her head and features prevented the insipidity which sometimes attaches to fair beauties. Her clear blue eye, which sat enshrined beneath a graceful eyebrow of brown, sufficiently marked to give expression to the forehead, seemed capable to kindle as well as to melt, to command as well as to beseech.

Ivanhoe.

May

William Wordsworth

Show us how divine a thing
A Woman may be made.

Lines to a Young Lady.

May

First Day.

She was a Phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight ;
A lovely Apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament ;
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair ;
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair ;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn ;
A dancing Shape, and Image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

A Phantom of Delight.

Second Day.

A gentle maid, whose heart is lowly bred,
With joyousness, and with a thoughtful cheer.

A Farewell.

May

Third Day.

A Spirit, yet a Woman too !
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty ;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet ;
A Creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food ;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

A Phantom of Delight.

Fourth Day.

Sister . . . Thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies.

Tintern Abbey.

May

Fifth Day.

She gave me eyes, she gave me ears ;
And humble cares, and delicate fears ;
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears ;
And love and thought and joy.

The Sparrow's Nest.

Sixth Day.

'T is her's to pluck the amaranthine flower
Of faith, and 'round the sufferer's temples
bind

Wreaths that endure affliction's heaviest shower,
And do not shrink from sorrow's keenest wind.

Weak is the Will of Man.

Seventh Day.

I praise thee, Matron ! and thy due
Is praise. . . .

With admiration I behold
Thy gladness unsubdued and bold ;
Thy looks, thy gestures, all present
The picture of a life well spent.

The Matron of Jedborough.

May

Eightb Day.

A blooming girl, whose hair was wet
With points of morning dew. . . .

Her brow was smooth and white. . . .

.

No fountæin from its rocky cave

E'er tripped with foot so free,

She seemed as happy as a wave,

That dances on the sea.

The Two April Mornings.

Hintb Day.

The floating clouds their state shall lend

To her ; for her the willow bend ;

Nor shall she fail to see,

Even in the motions of the storm,

Grace that shall mould the Maiden's form

By silent sympathy.

The stars of midnight shall be dear

To her ; and she shall lean her ear

In many a secret place,

Where rivulets dance their wayward round,

And beauty born of murmuring sound

May

Ninth Day (*continued*).

Shall pass into her face.
 And vital feelings of delight
 Shall rear her form to stately height,
 Her virgin bosom swell.

Three Years She Grew in Sun and Shower.

Tenth Day.

How blest the Maid whose heart—yet free
 From Love's uneasy sovereignty—
 Beats with a fancy running high,
 Her simple cares to magnify ;
 Whom Labour, never urged to toil,
 Hath cherished on a healthful soil ;
 Who knows not pomp, who heeds not pelf ;
 Whose heaviest sin it is to look
 Askance upon her pretty self
 Reflected in some crystal brook ;
 Whom grief hath spared,—who sheds no tear
 But in sweet pity ; and can hear
 Another's praise from envy clear.

The Three Cottage Girls.

May

Eleventh Day.

A Being breathing thoughtful breath,
A Traveller between life and death ;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;
A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command ;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light.

A Phantom of Delight.

Twelfth Day.

She was happy,
Like a spirit of air she moved,
Wayward, yet by all who knew her
For her tender heart beloved.

The Westmoreland Girl.

May

Thirteenth Day.

This light-hearted Maiden. . . .
High is her aim as Heaven above,
And wide as either her good-will ;
And, like the lowly reed, her love
Can drink its nurture from the scantiest rill ;
Insight as keen as frosty star
Is to her charity no bar,
Nor interrupts her frolic graces.

The Triad.

Fourteenth Day.

O Lady bright,
Whose mortal lineaments seem all refined
By favouring Nature, and a saintly mind,
To something purer and more exquisite
Than flesh and blood !

Sonnet.

May

Fifteenth Day.

A maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love ;
A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye !
Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky.

Poems of the Affections, 8.

Sixteenth Day.

Whether in the semblance drest
Of Dawn, or Eve, fair vision of the west,
Come with each anxious hope subdued,
By woman's gentle fortitude,
Each grief, through weakness, settling into rest.

The Triad.

Seventeenth Day.

How rich that forehead's calm expanse !
How bright that heaven-directed glance !

Poems of the Affections, 17.

May

Eighteenth Day.

Softly she treads, as if her foot were loth
To crush the mountain dew-drops,—soon to
melt

On the flower's breast ; as if she felt
That flowers themselves, whate'er their hue,
With all their fragrance, all their glistening,
Call to the heart for inward listening.

The Triad.

Nineteenth Day.

Let other bards of angels sing,
Bright suns without a spot ;
But thou art no such perfect thing ;
Rejoice that thou art not !

Heed not though none should call thee fair ;
So, Mary, let it be
If naught in loveliness compare
With what thou art to me.

May

Nineteenth Day (*continued*).

True beauty dwells in deep retreats,
Whose veil is unremoved
Till heart to heart in concord beats,
And the lover is beloved.

Poems of the Affections, 15.

Twentieth Day.

What heavenly smiles ! O Lady mine,
Through my very heart they shine ;
And, if my brow gives back their light,
Do thou look gladly on the sight ;
As the clear moon with modest pride
Beholds her own bright beams
Reflected from the mountain's side
And from the headlong streams.

Poems of the Affections, 18.

May

Twenty=first Day.

How beautiful when up a lofty height
Honour ascends.

.

A Widow . . .

She wasted no complaint, but strove to make
A just repayment, both for conscience' sake
And that herself and hers should stand upright
In the world's eye.

The Widow.

Twenty=second Day.

The Maiden grew
Pious and pure, modest and yet so brave,
Though young, so wise, though meek, so reso-
lute.

Grace Darling.

Twenty=third Day.

In her face and mien
The soul's pure brightness he beheld,
Without a veil between.

The Russian Fugitive.

May

Twenty=fourth Day.

We her discretion have observed,
Her just opinions, delicate reserve,
Her patience, and humility of mind,
Unspoiled by commendation. . . .

The Borderers.

Twenty=fifth Day.

O Lady, worthy of earth's proudest throne !
Nor less, by excellence of nature, fit
Beside an unambitious hearth to sit
Domestic queen, where grandeur is unknown ;
What living man could fear
The worst of Fortune's malice, wert thou near,
Humbling that lily-stem, thy sceptre meek,
That its fair flowers may from his cheek
Brush the too happy tear !

The Triad.

May

Twenty=sixth Day.

Queen, and handmaid lowly !
Whose skill can speed the day with lively cares,
And banish melancholy
By all that mind invents or hand prepares ;
.
Who that hath seen thy beauty could content
His soul with but a glimpse ?

The Triad.

Twenty=seventh Day.

Dear girl . . .
If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,
Thy nature is not therefore less divine ;
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year ;
And worshipp'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not.

Sonnet.

May

Twenty-eighth Day.

I knew a maid,

A young enthusiast . . .

Her eye was not the mistress of her heart ;

Far less did rules prescribed by passive taste

Or barren, intermeddling subtleties,

Perplex her mind ; but wise as women are

When genial circumstance hath favoured them,

She welcomed what was given, and craved no
more.

Whate'er the scene presented to her view,

That was the best, to that she was attuned

By her benign simplicity of life,

. . . God delights

In such a being ; for her common thoughts

Are piety, her life is gratitude.

The Prelude.

May

Twenty-ninth Day.

Sweet girl, a very shower
 Of beauty is thy earthly dower! . . .
 Never saw I mien, or face,
 In which more plainly I could trace
 Benignity and homebred sense
 Ripening in perfect innocence.

 A face with gladness overspread!
 Soft smiles, by human kindness bred!
 And seemliness complete, that sways
 Thy courtesies, about thee plays.

To A Highland Girl.

Thirtieth Day.

A maiden . . .
 Lovely as spring's first note . . . Pure
 As beautiful, and gentle and benign.

 A Flower.
 Fairest of all flowers was she.
 She hath an eye that smiles into all hearts,

 Soon would her gentle words make peace.

The Borderers.

May

Thirty-first Day.

Yes! thou art fair, yet be not moved
To scorn the declaration,
That sometimes I in thee have loved
My fancy's own creation.

Imagination needs must stir ;
Dear Maid, this truth believe,
Minds that have nothing to confer,
Find little to perceive.

Be pleased that Nature made thee fit
To feed my heart's devotion,
By laws to which all forms submit
In sky, air, earth, and ocean.

Poems of the Affections, 16.

June

Thomas Carlyle

Woman was given to man as a benefit, and for mutual support; a precious ornament and staff whereupon to lean in many trying situations.

Essay on Voltaire.

June

First Day.

Clearly a superior woman.—That is the way with female intellects when they are good; nothing equals their acuteness, and their rapidity is almost excessive.

Frederick the Great.

Second Day.

Meek and retiring by the softness of her nature, yet glowing with an ethereal ardour for all that is illustrious and lovely.

Life of Schiller.

Third Day.

Perfection of housekeeping was her clear and speedy attainment in that new scene. Strange how she made the desert blossom for herself and

June

Third Day (*continued*).

me there ; what a fairy palace she had made of that wild moorland home of the poor man ! From the baking of a loaf, or the darning of a stocking, up to comporting herself in the highest scenes or most intricate emergencies, all was insight, veracity, graceful success (if you could judge it), fidelity to insight of the fact given.

Reminiscences.

Fourth Day.

She was of a compassionate nature, and had a loving, patient, and noble heart ; prudent she was ; the skilfulest and thriftiest of financiers ; could well keep silence, too, and with a gentle stoicism endure much small unreason.

Life of Schiller.

June

Fifth Day.

Her life was busy and earnest; she was help-mate, not in name only, to an ever-busy man.

Frederick the Great.

Sixth Day.

Peculiar among all dames and damosels, glanced Blumine, there in her modesty, like a star among earthly lights. Noblest maiden! whom he bent to, in body and in soul; yet scarcely dared look at, for the presence filled him with painful yet sweetest embarrassment.

Sartor Resartus.

Seventh Day.

A bright airy lady; very graceful, very witty and ingenious; skilled to speak, skilled to hold her tongue.

Frederick the Great.

June

Eightb Day.

Far and wide was the fair one heard of, for her gifts, her graces, her caprices; from all which vague colourings of Rumour, from the censures no less than from the praises, had our friend painted for himself a certain imperious Queen of Hearts, and blooming warm Earth-angel, much more enchanting than your mere white Heaven-angels of women, in whose placid veins circulates too little naphtha-fire.

Sartor Resartus.

Hintb Day.

A tall, rather thin figure; a face pale, intelligent, and penetrating; nose fine, rather large, and decisively Roman; pair of bright, not soft, but sharp and small black eyes, with a cold smile as of enquiry in them; fine brow; fine chin; thin lips—lips always gently shut, as if till the enquiry were completed, and the time came for something of royal speech upon

June

Ninth Day (*continued*).

it. She had a slight accent, but spoke—Dr. Hugh Blair could not have picked a hole in it—and you might have printed every word, so queenlike, gentle, soothing, measured, prettily royal toward subjects whom she wished to love her. The voice was modulated, low, not inharmonious; yet there was something of metallic in it, akin to that smile in the eyes. One durst not quite love this high personage as she wished to be loved! Her very dress was notable; always the same, and in a fashion of its own;—and must have required daily the fastening of sixty or eighty pins.

Reminiscences.

Tenth Day.

She had a pleasant, attractive physiognomy; which may be considered better than strict beauty.

Frederick the Great.

June

Eleventh Day.

That light, yet so stately form ; those dark tresses, shading a face where smiles and sunlight played over earnest deeps. . . . He ventured to address her, she answered with attention : nay, what if there were a slight tremour in that silver voice ; what if the red glow of evening were hiding a transient blush !

Sartor Resartus.

Twelfth Day.

The whims of women must be humoured.

French Revolution.

Thirteenth Day.

A woman of many household virtues ; to a warm affection for her children and husband she joined a degree of taste and intelligence which is of much rarer occurrence.

Life of Schiller.

June

Fourteenth Day.

She is meek and soft and maiden-like. . . .
A young woman fair to look upon.

Life of Schiller.

Fifteenth Day.

My dear mother, with the trustfulness of a mother's heart, ministered to all my woes, outward and inward, and even against hope kept prophesying good.

Reminiscences.

Sixteenth Day.

Women are born worshippers ; in their good little hearts lies the most craving relish for greatness ; it is even said, each chooses her husband on the hypothesis of his being a great man—in his way. The good creatures, yet the foolish !

Essay on Goethe's Works.

June

Seventeenth Day.

She is of that light unreflecting class, of that light unreflecting sex: *varium semper et mutabile*. And then her Fine-ladyism, though a purseless one: capricious, coquettish, and with all the finer sensibilities of the heart; now in the rackets, now in the sullens; vivid in contradictory resolves; laughing, weeping, without reason,—though these acts are said to be signs of season. Consider, too, how she has had to work her way, all along, by flattery and cajolery; wheedling, eaves-dropping, namby-pambying; how she needs wages, and knows no other productive trades.

The Diamond Necklace.

June

Eighteenth Day.

Thought can hardly be said to exist in her ; only Perception and Device. With an understanding lynx-eyed for the surface of things, but which pierces beyond the surface of nothing, every individual thing (for she has never seized the heart of it) turns up a new face to her every new day, and seems a thing changed, a different thing.

The Diamond Necklace.

Nineteenth Day.

Reader ! thou for thy sins must have met with such fair Irrationals ; fascinating, with their lively eyes, with their quick snappish fancies ; distinguished in the higher circles, in Fashion, even in Literature ; they hum and buzz there, on graceful film-wings :—searching, nevertheless, with the wonderfullest skill for honey ; *untamable* as flies !

The Diamond Necklace.

June

Twentieth Day.

Nature is very kind to all children, and to all mothers that are true to her.

Frederick the Great.

Twenty-first Day.

She is of stately figure ;—of beautiful still countenance.—A completeness, a decision is in this fair female figure ; by energy she means the spirit that will prompt one to sacrifice himself for his country.

French Revolution.

Twenty-second Day.

A clever, high-mannered, massive-minded old lady ; admirable as a finished piece of social art, but hardly otherwise much.

Reminiscences.

June

Twenty-third Day.

Who can account for the taste of females?

The Diamond Necklace.

Twenty-fourth Day.

A Beauty, but over light-headed: a Booby who had fine legs. How these first courted, billed, and cooed, according to nature; then pouted, fretted, grew utterly enraged and blew one another up.

Boswell's Life of Johnson.

Twenty-fifth Day.

With delicate female tact, with fine female stoicism too, keeping all things within limits.

Frederick the Great.

Twenty-sixth Day.

A true-hearted, sharp-witted sister.

Essay of Diderot.

June

Twenty-seventh Day.

A graceful, brave, and amiable woman ;—her choicest gift an open eye and heart.

Oliver Cromwell.

Twenty-eighth Day.

Every graceful and generous quality of womanhood harmoniously blended in her nature.

Life of Schiller.

Twenty-ninth Day.

She is a fair vision, the *beau idéal* of a poet's first mistress.

Life of Schiller.

June

Thirtieth Day.

Heaven, though severe, is *not* unkind; Heaven is kind, as a noble mother; as that Spartan mother, saying while she gave her son his shield, "With it, my son, or upon it!"—— Complain not; the very Spartans did not complain.

Past and Present.

July

Coventry Patmore

I think with utterance free to raise,
That hymn, for which the whole world longs,—
A worthy hymn, in Woman's praise.
The Angel in the House.

July

First Day.

“Woman,” “Lady,” “She,” and “Her”
Are names for perfect Good and Fair.

The Betrothal—Honoriam.

Second Day.

No skill'd complexity of speech,
No heart-felt phrase of tenderest fall,
No liken'd excellence can reach
Her, the most excellent of all,
The best half of creation's best,
Its heart to feel, its eye to see,
The crown and complex of the rest,
Its aim and its epitome.

The Paragon.

July

Third Day.

She 's so simply, subtly sweet,
My deepest rapture does her wrong ;
My thoughts, that, singing, lark-like soar,
Soaring perceive they 've still misprized,
And still forebode her beauty more
Than can perceived be, or surmised.

The Paragon.

Fourth Day.

By her gentleness made great,
I 'd teach how noble man should be
To match with such a lovely mate ;
And then in her would move the more
The woman's wish to be desired.

The Paragon.

July

Fifth Day.

In all she said,
I heard a peaceful seraph talk.
She seem'd expressly sent below
To teach our erring minds to see
The rhythmic change of time's swift flow
As part of calm eternity.

The Cathedral Close.

Sixth Day.

Her smile seem'd to confer
At once high flattery and reproof,
And self-regard, inspired by her,
Grew courtly in its own behoof.

The Cathedral Close.

Seventh Day.

In shape no more a Grace,
But Venus; milder than the dove :
.
Her large sweet eyes, clear lakes of love.

The Cathedral Close.

July

Eightb Day.

She confers
Bright honor when she breathes my name ;
Birth's blazon'd patents, shown with her's,
Are falsified and put to shame ;
The fount of honor is her smile.

The Paragon.

Ninth Day.

Her very faults my fancy fired ;
My loving will, so thwarted, grew ;
And, bent on worship, I admired
All that she was, with partial view.

Mary and Mildred.

Tenth Day.

I wonder'd where those daisy eyes
Had found their touching curve and droop.

The Cathedral Close.

July

Eleventh Day.

She is so perfect, true, and pure,
Her virtue all virtue so endears.

Honorio.

Twelfth Day.

Some hidden hand
Unveils to him that loveliness
Which others cannot understand.

.

His merits in her presence grow,
To match the promise in her eyes,
And round her happy footsteps blow
The authentic airs of Paradise.

The Lover.

Thirteenth Day.

She's far too lovely to be wrong ;
Black, if she pleases, shall be white ;

.

Being a Queen her wrong is right.

The Lover.

July

Fourteenth Day.

She was all mildness ; yet 't was writ
Upon her beauty legibly,
“ He that 's for heaven itself unfit,
Let him not hope to merit me.”

Honoriam.

Fifteenth Day.

Her disposition is devout,
Her countenance angelical.

The Morning Call.

Sixteenth Day.

Wrong dares not in her presence speak,
Nor spotted thought its taint disclose.

The Morning Call.

July

Seventeenth Day.

In mind and manners how discreet !
How artless in her very art ;
How candid in discourse ; how sweet
The concord of her lips and heart ;

.
How amiable and innocent
Her pleasure in her power to charm ;
How humbly careful to attract. . . .

The Morning Call.

Eighteenth Day.

She seems the life of nature's powers ;
Her beauty is the genial thought
Which makes the sunshine bright ; the flowers,
But for their hint of her, were nought.

The Morning Call.

July

Nineteenth Day.

Her face
The mirror of the morning seem'd.
The Morning Call.

Twentieth Day.

Her spirit, compact of gentleness,
If Heaven postpones or grants her pray'r,
Conceives no pride in its success,
And in its failure no despair.
The Parallel.

Twenty-first Day.

Girls love to see the men in whom
They invest their vanities admired.
The Dean.

July

Twenty=second Day.

Ah, wasteful woman, she that may
On her sweet self set her own price,
Knowing he cannot choose but pay,
How has she cheapen'd paradise ;
How given for nought her priceless gift—
How spoil'd the bread and spill'd the wine,
Which, spent with due, respective thrift,
Had made brutes men and men divine.

The Queen.

Twenty=third Day.

Her step 's an honor to the earth,
Her form 's the native-land of grace.

The Espousals—Prologue.

Twenty=fourth Day.

Let Love be true !
'T is that which all right women are.

The Love Letters.

July

Twenty-fifth Day.

She enter'd like a morning-rose
Ruffled with rain.

Beulah.

Twenty-sixth Day.

Ah, how she laugh'd! Diviner sense
Did Nature, forming her, inspire
To omit the grosser elements
And make her all of air and fire!

The Regatta.

Twenty-seventh Day.

Let my gentle Mistress be,
In every look, word, deed, and thought,
Nothing but sweet and womanly!
Her virtues please my virtuous mood,
But what at all times I admire
Is, not that she is wise or good,

July

Twenty-seventh Day (*continued*).

But just the thing which I desire.

With versatility to bring

Her mental tone to any strain,

If oft'nest she is anything,

Be it thoughtless, talkative, and vain.

Womanhood.

Twenty-eighth Day.

What

For sweetness like the ten year's wife?

The Epilogue.

Twenty-ninth Day.

Her wealth is your esteem ; beware

Of finding fault ; her will 's unnerv'd

By blame ; . . .

But praise that 's only half deserv'd

Will all her noble nature stir

To make your utmost wishes true.

The Departure.

July

Thirtieth Day.

Her face

Is the summ'd sweetness of the earth,
Her soul the glass of heaven's grace,
To which she leads me by the hand ;
Or, briefly all the truth to say

.
She is both heaven and the way.

The Friends.

Thirty-first Day.

Her lovely life's conditions close,
Like God's commandments, with content,
And make an aspect calm and gay,
Where sweet affections come and go,
Till all who see her, smile, and say,
How fair and happy that she 's so !

.
She 's perfect, and if joy was much
To think her Nature's paragon,
'T is more that there 's another such !

The Friends.

August

Victor Hugo

You gaze at a star for two motives, because it is luminous and because it is impenetrable. You have by your side a sweeter radiance and greater mystery—Woman.

Les Misérables.

August

First Day.

All her face, all her person, breathed an ineffable love and kindness. She had always been predestined to gentleness, but Faith, Hope, and Charity, those three virtues that softly warm the soul, had gradually elevated that gentleness to sanctity. Nature had only made her a lamb, and religion had made her an angel.

Les Misérables.

Second Day.

She was the very embodiment of joy as she went to and fro in the house ; she brought with her a perpetual spring.

Toilers of the Sea.

August

Third Day.

Her entire person was simplicity, ingenuousness, whiteness, candor, and radiance, and it might have been said of her that she was transparent. She produced a sensation of April and daybreak, and she had dew in her eyes. She was the condensation of the light of dawn in a woman's form.

Les Misérables.

Fourth Day.

The woman was weak, but the mother found strength.

Ninety-Three.

Fifth Day.

Woman feels and speaks with the infallibility which is the tender instinct of the heart.

Les Misérables.

August

Sixth Day.

What is a husband but the pilot in the voyage of matrimony? Wife, let your fine weather be your husband's smiles.

Toilers of the Sea.

Seventh Day.

No one knows like a woman how to say things which are at once gentle and deep. Gentleness and depth,—in these things the whole of woman is contained, and it is heaven.

Les Misérables.

Eighth Day.

Beauty heightened by simplicity is ineffable, and nothing is so adorable as a beauteous, innocent maiden, who walks along unconsciously, holding in her hand the key of Paradise.

Les Misérables.

August

Ninth Day.

She had the prettiest little hands in the world, and little feet to match them. Sweetness and goodness reigned throughout her person ; . . . her occupation was only to live her daily life ; her accomplishments were the knowledge of a few songs ; her intellectual gifts were summed up in her simple innocence.

Toilers of the Sea.

Tenth Day.

The coquette is blind : she does not see her wrinkles.

By Order of the King.

Eleventh Day.

A mother's arms are made of tenderness, and children sleep soundly in them.

Les Misérables.

August

Twelfth Day.

There are moments when a woman accepts, like a sombre and resigned duty, the worship of love.

Les Misérables.

Thirteenth Day.

She was pale with that paleness which is like the transparency of a divine life in an earthly face. . . . A soul standing in the dawn.

By Order of the King.

Fourteenth Day.

He looked at her, and saw nothing but her. This is love ; one may be carried away for a moment by the importunity of some other idea, but the beloved one enters, and all that does not appertain to her presence immediately fades away, without her dreaming that perhaps she is effacing in us a world.

By Order of the King.

August

Fifteenth Day.

She walked on with a light and free step, so little suggestive of the burden of life that it might easily be seen that she was young. Her movements possessed that subtle grace which indicates the most delicate of all transitions—the soft intermingling, as it were, of two twilights,—the passage from the condition of a child to that of womanhood.

Toilers of the Sea.

Sixteenth Day.

She had never been pretty, but her whole life, which had been but a succession of pious works, had eventually cast over her a species of whiteness and brightness, and in growing older she had acquired what may be called the beauty of goodness. What had been thinness in her youth had become in her maturity transparency, and through this transparency the angel could be seen.

Les Misérables.

August

Seventeenth Day.

A ray of happiness was visible upon her face. Never had she appeared more beautiful. Her features were remarkable for prettiness rather than what is called beauty. Their fault, if fault it be, lay in a certain excess of grace. . . . The ideal virgin is the transfiguration of a face like this. Déruchette, touched by her sorrow and love, seemed to have caught that higher and more holy expression. It was the difference between the field daisy and the lily.

Toilers of the Sea.

Eighteenth Day.

The glance of a woman resembles certain wheels which are apparently gentle but are formidable. . . . You come, you go, you dream, you speak, you laugh, and all in a minute you feel yourself caught, and it is all over with you. The wheel holds you, the glance has caught you.

Les Misérables.

August

Nineteenth Day.

She had listened to nothing, but mothers hear certain things without listening.

Ninety-Three.

Twentieth Day.

She was really a respectable, firm, equitable, and just person, full of that charity which consists in giving, but not possessing to the same extent the charity which comprehends and pardons.

Les Misérables.

Twenty-first Day.

She seemed a vision scarcely embodied ; . . . in her fairness, which amounted almost to transparency ; in the august and reserved serenity of her look ; . . . in the sacred innocence of her smile, she was almost an angel, and yet just a woman.

By Order of the King.

August

Twenty-second Day.

The girl becomes a maiden, fresh and joyous as the lark. Noting her movements, we feel as if it were good of her not to fly away. The dear familiar companion moves at her own sweet will about the house; flits from branch to branch, or rather from room to room; goes to and fro; approaches and retires. . . . She asks a question and is answered; is asked something in return, and chirps a reply. It is delightful to chat with her when tired of serious talk; for this creature carries with her something of her skyey element. She is, as it were, a thread of gold interwoven with your sombre thoughts; you feel almost grateful to her for her kindness in not making herself invisible, when it would be so easy for her to be even impalpable; for the beautiful is a necessity of life. (There is in the world no function more important than that of being charming.) . . . To shed joy around, to radiate happiness, to cast light upon dark days, to be the golden thread of our destiny, and

August

Twenty-second Day *(continued)*.

the very spirit of grace and harmony, is not this to render a service ?

Toilers of the Sea.

Twenty-third Day.

She scarcely knew, perhaps, the meaning of the word love, and yet not unwillingly ensnared those about her in the toils.

Toilers of the Sea.

Twenty-fourth Day.

She stopped. She walked back a few paces, stopped again ; she inclined her head, with those thoughtful eyes which look attentive yet see nothing. . . . Her lowered eyelids had that vague contraction which suggests a tear checked in its course, or a thought suppressed. . . . Her face, which might inspire adoration, seemed meditative, like portraits of the Virgin.

Toilers of the Sea.

August

Twenty-fifth Day.

She broke the bread into two fragments, and gave them to the children, who ate with avidity. "She has kept none for herself," grumbled the sergeant. "Because she is not hungry," said a soldier. "Because she is a mother," said the sergeant.

Ninety-Three.

Twenty-sixth Day.

Extreme simplicity touches on extreme coquetry. . . . They did not speak, they did not bow, they did not know each other, but they met; and like the stars in the heavens, they lived by looking at each other. It was thus that she gradually became a woman, and was developed into a beautiful and loving woman, conscious of her beauty and ignorant of her love. She was a coquette into the bargain, through her innocence.

Les Misérables.

August

Twenty-seventh Day.

Does not beauty confer a benefit upon us, even by the simple fact of being beautiful?— Here and there we meet with one who possesses that fairy-like power of enchanting all about her; sometimes she is ignorant herself of this magical influence, which is, however, for that reason only the more perfect. Her presence lights up the home; her approach is like cheerful warmth; she passes by, and we are content; she stays awhile, and we are happy.

Toilers of the Sea.

Twenty-eighth Day.

To behold her is to live; she is the Aurora with a human face. She has no need to do more than simply to be; she makes an Eden of the house; Paradise breathes from her: and she communicates this delight to all, without taking any greater trouble than that of existing beside

August

Twenty-eighth Day (*continued*).

them. Is it not a thing divine to have a smile which, none know how, has the power to lighten the weight of that enormous chain which all the living, in common, drag behind them?

Toilers of the Sea.

Twenty-ninth Day.

On the day when a woman who passes before you emits light as she walks you are lost, for you love. You have from that moment but one thing to do : think of her so intently that she will be compelled to think of you.

Les Misérables.

Thirtieth Day.

The soul only needs to see a smile in a white crêpe bonnet in order to enter the palace of dreams.

Les Misérables.

August

Thirty-first Day.

She had upon her lips almost the light of a smile, with the fulness of tears in her eyes. . . .

The reflection of an angel was in her look.

Toilers of the Sea.

September

Robert Browning

Women, models of their sex,
Society's true ornament.

Dramatic Lyrics.

September

First Day.

There is a vision in the heart of each
Of justice, mercy, wisdom, tenderness
To wrong and pain, and knowledge of its cure :
And these embodied in a woman's form
That best transmits them, pure as first received,
From God above her, to mankind below.

Colombe's Birthday.

Second Day.

This woman . . .
. . . Being true, devoted, constant—she
Found constancy, devotion, truth, the plain
And easy commonplace of character.

The Inn Album.

September

Third Day.

. . . The good and tender heart,
Its girl's trust and its woman's constancy,
How pure yet passionate, how calm yet kind,
How grave yet joyous, how reserved yet free
As light where friends are—how imbued with
 lore
The world most prizes, yet the simplest.

.

 Herself creates
The want she means to satisfy.

A Blot on the 'Scutcheon.

Fourth Day.

Truly, the woman's way
High to lift heart up.

Agamemnon.

September

Fifth Day.

And Michal's face
Still wears that quiet and peculiar light
Like the dim circlet floating 'round a pearl.

.
And yet her calm sweet countenance,
Though saintly, was not sad ; for she would sing
Alone . . . bird-like,
Not dreaming you were near.—Her carols dropt
In flakes through that old leafy bower.

Paracelsus.

Sixth Day.

. . . Such a lady, cheeks so round and lips so
red,—
On her neck the small face buoyant like a bell-
flower on its bed.

Lyric.

September

Seventb Day.

There 's a woman like a dew-drop, she 's so
purer than the purest ;
And her noble heart 's the noblest, yes, and her
sure faith 's the surest ;
And her eyes are dark and humid, like the
depth on depth of lustre
Hid i' the harebell, while her tresses, sunnier
than the wild-grape cluster,
Gush in golden-tinted plenty down her neck's
rose-misted marble ;
Then her voice's music . . . call it the well's
bubbling, the bird's warble !

A Blot on the 'Scutcheon.

Eightb Day.

How twink's thine eye, my Love,
Blue as yon star-beam.

Ferishtah's Fancies.

September

Ninth Day.

That flower-like love of hers ;

.

She was true—she only of them all !

True to her eyes, . . . those glorious eyes.

.

With truth and purity go other gifts,

All gifts come clustering to that.

The Return of the Druses.

Tenth Day.

Good as beautiful is she,

With gifts that match her goodness, no faint
flaw

I' the white ;—she were the pearl you think you
saw.

Daniel Bartoli.

September

Eleventh Day.

Since beneath my roof
Housed she who made home heaven, in heaven's
 behoof
I went forth every day, and all day long
Worked for the world. Look, how the laborer's
 song
Cheers him! Thus sang my soul, at each sharp
 throes
Of laboring flesh and blood—"She loves me
 so!"

A Forgiveness.

Twelfth Day.

It is conspicuous in a woman's nature
Before its view to take a grace for granted :
Too trustful,—on her boundary, usurpature
Is swiftly made ;
But swiftly, too, decayed,
The glory perishes by woman vaunted.

Agamemnon.

September

Thirteenth Day.

That fawn-skin-dappled hair of hers ;

And the blue eye

Dear and dewy,

And that infantine fresh air of hers !

.

Eyes and mouth too,

All the face composed of flowers. . . .

.

. . . The sweet face . . .

Be its beauty

Its sole duty !

A Pretty Woman.

Fourteenth Day

Women hate a debt as

Men a gift.

In a Balcony.

September

Fifteenth Day.

A pretty woman 's worth some pains to see,
Nor is she spoiled, I take it, if a crown
Complete the forehead pale and tresses pure.
Colombe's Birthday.

Sixteenth Day.

Sure, 't is no woman's part to long for battle ;
.
Who conquers mildly
God from afar benignantly regardeth.
Agamemnon.

Seventeenth Day.

Man's best and woman's worse
Amount so nearly to the same thing.
Daniel Bartoli.

Eighteenth Day.

Nature's law . . .
Given the peerless woman, certainly
Somewhere shall be the peerless man to match.
The Inn Album.

September

Nineteenth Day.

Show me where 's the woman won without
The help of one lie which she believes—
That—never mind how things have come to pass,
And let who loves have loved a thousand times—
All the same he now loves her only, loves
Her ever . . .

The Inn Album.

Twentieth Day.

Girl with sparkling eyes . . .
.
What an angelic mystery you are—
.
You have a full fresh joyous sense of life
That finds you out life's fit food everywhere ;
.
By joyance you inspire joy.

The Inn Album.

September

Twenty=first Day.

Now makes twice
That I have seen her, walked and talked
With the poor pretty thoughtful thing,
Whose worth I weigh ; she tries to sing :
Draws, hopes in time the eye grows nice ;
Reads verse and thinks she understands ;
Loves all, at any rate, that 's great,
Good, beautiful . . .

Dis Aliter Visum.

Twenty=second Day.

Wave my lady dear a last farewell,
Lamenting who to one and all of us
Domestics was a mother, myriad harms
She used to ward away from every one,
And mollify her husband's ireful mood.

Balaustion's Adventure.

September

Twenty-third Day.

Men? say you have the power
To make them yours, rule men, throughout
 life's little hour,
According to the phrase : what follows?
 Men, you make,
By ruling them, your own ; each man for his
 own sake
Accepts you as his guide, avails him of what
 worth
He apprehends in you to sublimate his earth
With fire ; content, if so you convey him
 through night,
That you shall play the sun, and he, the satel-
 lite,
Pilfer your light and heat and virtue, starry
 pelf,
While, caught up by your course, he turns upon
 himself.

Fifine at the Fair.

September

Twenty=fourth Day.

Any sort of woman may bestow
Her atom on the star, or clod she counts for
such,—
Each little making less bigger by just that
much.
Women grow you, while men depend on you at
best.

Fifine at the Fair.

Twenty=fifth Day.

Woman, and will you cast
For a word, quite off at last
Me your own, your You,—
Love, if you knew the light
That your soul casts in my sight,
How I look to you
For the pure and true,
And the beauteous and the right,—
Bear with a moment's spite
When a mere mote threatens the white!

A Lover's Quarrel.

September

Twenty-sixth Day.

Love, you did give all I asked, I think—
More than I merit, yes, by many times.
But had you—oh, with the same perfect brow,
And perfect eyes, and more than perfect mouth,
And the low voice my soul hears, as a bird
The fowler's pipe, and follows to the snare—
Had you, with these the same, but brought a
mind!

Some women do so. Had the mouth there
urged,

“God and the glory! never care for gain;
The present by the future, what is that?
Live for fame, side by side with Agnolo!
Rafael is waiting: up to God, all three!”
I might have done it for you. So it seems;
Perhaps not. All is as God overrules.

Andrea Del Sarto.

September

Twenty=seventh Day.

All women love great men
If young or old ; it is in all the tales ;
Young beauties love old poets who can love—
.
Who was a queen and loved a poet once
Humpbacked, a dwarf? ah, women can do that!
In a Balcony.

Twenty=eighth Day.

For women
There is no good of life but love—but love !
What else looks good, is some shade flung from
love ;
Love gilds it, gives it worth. Be warned by me.
Never you cheat yourself one instant ! Love,
Give love, ask only love, and leave the rest !
In a Balcony.

September

Twenty-ninth Day.

Oh, the beautiful girl . . .
. . . Her flesh was the soft seraphic screen
Of a soul that is meant . . .

To just see earth, and hardly be seen,
And blossom in heaven instead.

Yet earth saw one thing, one how fair?
One grace that grew to its full . . .
. . . She had her great gold hair.

Hair, such a wonder of flax and floss,
Freshness and fragrance—floods of it, too!
Gold, did I say? Nay, gold's mere dross!

Gold Hair.

September

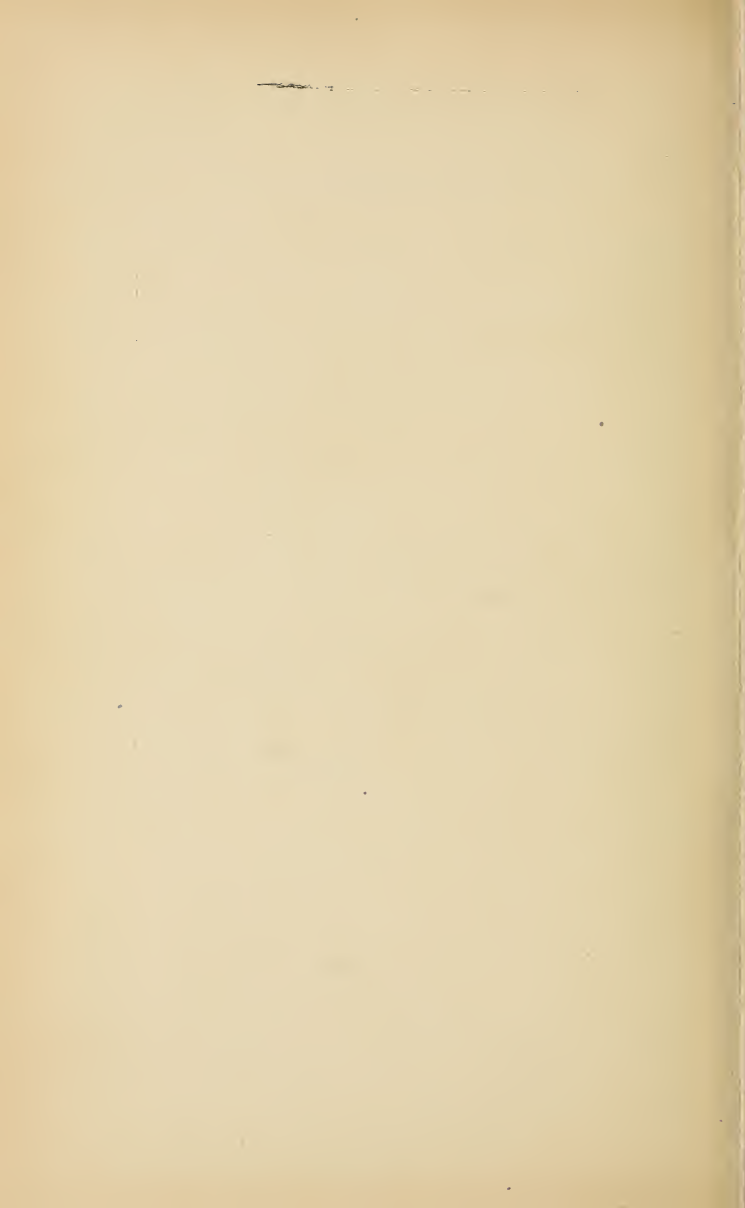
Thirtieth Day.

She had

A heart—how shall I say?—too soon made glad,
Too easily impressed : she liked whate'er
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.

.
'T was all one ! My favour at her breast,
The dropping of the daylight in the West,
The bough of cherries some officious fool
Broke in the orchard for her,—all and each
Would draw from her alike the approving
speech,
Or blush at least . . .
. . . Who 'd stoop to blame
This sort of trifling ?

My Last Duchess.



October

William Makepeace Thackeray

Blessed he—blessed though maybe undeserving—who
has the love of a good woman.

The Newcomes.

October

First Day.

To be doing good for some one else, is the life of most good women. They are exuberant of kindness, as it were, and must impart it to some one.

Henry Esmond.

Second Day.

Who ever accused women of being just? They are always sacrificing themselves or somebody for somebody else's sake.

Pendennis.

October

Third Day.

I think it is not national prejudice which makes me believe that a high-bred English lady is the most complete of all Heaven's subjects in this world. In whom else do you see so much grace, and so much virtue; so much faith, and so much tenderness; with such a perfect refinement and chastity? And by high-bred ladies I don't mean duchesses and countesses. Be they ever so high in station, they can be but ladies, and no more. But almost every man who lives in the world has the happiness, let us hope, of counting a few such persons amongst his circle of acquaintance,—women, in whose angelical natures there is something awful, as well as beautiful, to contemplate; at whose feet the wildest and fiercest of us must fall down and humble ourselves, in admiration of that adorable purity which never seems to do or to think wrong.

Pendennis.

October

Fourth Day.

What kind-hearted woman, young or old, does not love match-making?

The Newcomes.

Fifth Day.

Who does not know how ruthlessly women will tyrannize when they are let to domineer? And who does not know how useless advice is? . . . A man gets his own experience about women, and will take nobody's hearsay; nor, indeed, is the young fellow worth a fig that would.

Henry Esmond.

Sixth Day.

Stupid! Why not? Some women ought to be stupid. What you call dulness I call repose. Give me a calm woman, a slow woman,—a lazy, majestic woman. Show me a gracious

October

Sixth Day (*continued*).

virgin bearing a lily ; not a leering giggler frisking a rattle. A lively woman would be the death of me. . . . Why should n't the Sherrick be stupid, I say? About great beauty there should always reign a silence. As you look at the great stars, the great ocean, any great scene of nature, you hush, sir. You laugh at a pantomime, but you are still in a temple. When I saw the great Venus of the Louvre, I thought,—Wert thou alive, O goddess, thou shouldst never open those lovely lips but to speak lowly, slowly ; thou shouldst never descend from that pedestal but to walk stately to some near couch, and assume another attitude of beautiful calm. To be beautiful is enough. If a woman can do that well ; who shall demand more from her? You don't want a rose to sing. And I think wit is as out of place where there's great beauty ; as I would n't have a queen to cut jokes on her throne.

The Newcomes.

October

Seventh Day.

And so it is,—a pair of bright eyes with a dozen glances suffice to subdue a man; to enslave him, and inflame him; to make him even forget; they dazzle him so that the past becomes straightway dim to him; and he would give all his life to possess 'em.

Henry Esmond.

Eighth Day.

She is as good a little creature as can be. She is never out of temper; I don't think she is very wise; but she is uncommonly pretty, and her beauty grows on you. . . . I look at her like a little wild-flower in a field,—like a little child at play, sir. Pretty little tender nursling. If I see her passing in the street I feel as if I would like some fellow to be rude to her, that I might have the pleasure of knocking him down. She is like a little song-bird, sir,—

October

Eighth Day (*continued*).

a tremulous, fluttering little linnet that you would take into your hand, and smooth its little plumes, and let it perch on your finger and sing.

The Newcomes.

Ninth Day.

That fine blush which is her pretty symbol of youth, modesty, and beauty. . . . I never saw such a beautiful violet as that of her eyes. Her complexion is of the pink of the blush-rose.

The Newcomes.

Tenth Day.

He thought and wondered at the way in which women play with men, and coax them and win them and drop them.

Pendennis.

October

Eleventh Day.

It was this lady's disposition to think kindnesses, and devise silent bounties and to scheme benevolence, for those about her. We take such goodness, for the most part, as if it were our due ; the Marys who bring ointment for our feet get but little thanks. Some of us never feel this devotion at all, or are moved by it to gratitude or acknowledgment ; others only recall it years after, when the days are past in which those sweet kindnesses were spent on us, and we offer back our return for the debt by a poor tardy payment of tears. The forgotten tones of love recur to us, and kind glances shine out of the past—O so bright and clear!—O so longed after ! because they are out of reach ; as holiday music from within a prison wall—or sunshine seen through the bars ; more prized because unattainable, more bright because of the contrast of present darkness and solitude, whence there is no escape.

Henry Esmond.

October

Twelfth Day.

Brighter eyes there might be, and faces more beautiful, but none so dear,—no voice so sweet as that of his beloved, who had been sister, mother, goddess to him during his youth,—goddess now no more, for he knew of her weaknesses; . . . but more fondly cherished as woman perhaps than ever she had been adored as divinity. What is it? Where lies it! the secret which makes one little hand the dearest of all? Whoever can unriddle that mystery?

Henry Esmond.

Thirteenth Day.

In houses where, in place of that sacred, inmost flame of love, there is discord at the centre, the whole household becomes hypocritical, and each lies to his neighbor. . . . Alas that youthful love and truth should end in bitterness and bankruptcy. . . . 'Tis a hard task for women in life, that mask which the

October

Thirteenth Day (*continued*).

world bids them wear. But there is no greater crime than for a woman who is ill used and unhappy to show that she is so. The world is quite relentless about bidding her to keep a cheerful face.

Henry Esmond.

Fourteenth Day.

O, what a mercy it is that these women do not exercise their powers oftener. We can't resist them if they do. Let them show ever so little inclination and men go down on their knees at once; old or ugly it is all the same, and this I set down as a positive truth. A woman with fair opportunities, and without an absolute hump, may marry whom she likes. Only let us be thankful that the darlings are like the beasts of the field and don't know their own powers. They would overcome us entirely if they did.

The Newcomes.

October

Fifteenth Day.

As for women—O my dear friends and brethren in this vale of tears—did you ever see anything so curious and monstrous and annoying as the way in which women court Princekin when he is marriageable!

The Newcomes.

Sixteenth Day.

She was as gentle and amenable to reason, as good-natured a girl as could be; a little vacant and silly, but some men like dolls for wives.

The Newcomes.

October

Seventeenth Day.

She had been bred to measure her actions by a standard which the world may nominally admit, but which it leaves for the most part unheeded. Worship, love, duty, as taught her by the devout study of the sacred law which interprets and defines it—if these formed the outward practice of her life, they were also its constant and secret endeavor and occupation. She spoke but very seldom of her religion, though it filled her heart and influenced all her behavior. What must the world appear to such a person?

The Newcomes.

Eighteenth Day.

There are ladies, who may be called men's women, being welcomed entirely by all the gentlemen, and cut or slighted by all their wives. . . . But while simple folks who are out of the world, or country people with a taste for the genteel, behold these ladies in their seem-

October

Eighteenth Day (*continued*).

ing glory in public places, or envy them from afar off, persons who are better instructed could inform them that these envied ladies have no more chance of establishing themselves in "Society," than the benighted squire's wife in Somersetshire, who reads of their doings in the *Morning Post*. Men living about town are aware of these awful truths. You hear how pitilessly many ladies of seeming rank and wealth are excluded from this "Society." The frantic efforts which they make to enter this circle, the meannesses to which they submit, the insults which they undergo, are matters of wonder to those who take human or woman kind for a study; and the pursuit of fashion under difficulties would be a fine theme for any very great person who had the wit, the leisure, and the knowledge of the English language necessary for the compiling of such a history.

Vanity Fair.

October

Nineteenth Day.

I can fancy nothing more cruel than to have to sit day after day with a dull handsome woman opposite ; to answer her speeches about the weather, housekeeping, and what not. . . . Women go through this simpering and smiling life and bear it quite easily. Theirs is a life of hypocrisy. What good woman does not laugh at her husband's or father's jokes and stories time after time and would not laugh at breakfast, lunch, and dinner if he told them? Flattery is their nature,—to coax, flatter, and sweetly befool some one is every woman's business. She is none, if she declines this office.

The Newcomes.

Twentieth Day.

He had placed himself at her feet so long that the poor little woman had been accustomed to trample upon him. She did n't wish to marry

October

Twentieth Day *(continued)*.

him, but she wished to keep him. She wished to give him nothing, but that he should give her all. It is a bargain not unfrequently levied in love.

Vanity Fair.

Twenty=first Day.

Every woman would rather be beautiful, than be anything else in the world,—ever so rich, or ever so good, or have all the gifts of the fairies.

The Virginians.

Twenty=second Day.

Is not a young mother one of the sweetest sights which life shows us? If she has been beautiful before, does not her present pure joy give a character of refinement and sacredness almost to her beauty, touch her sweet cheeks with fairer blushes, and impart I know not what serene brightness to her eyes?

The Newcomes.

October

Twenty-third Day.

If a man is in grief, who cheers him; in trouble, who consoles him; in wrath, who soothes him; in joy, who makes him doubly happy; in prosperity, who rejoices; in disgrace, who backs him against the world, and dresses with gentle unguents and warm poultices the rankling wounds made by the stings and arrows of outrageous Fortune? Who but woman, if you please? You who are ill and sore from the buffets of Fate, have you one or two of these sweet physicians? Return thanks to the gods that they have left you so much of consolation. What gentleman is not more or less a Prometheus? Who has not his rock, his chain? But the sea-nymphs come,—the gentle, the sympathizing; . . . they do their blessed best to console us Titans; *they* don't turn their backs upon us after our overthrow.

The Virginians.

October

Twenty-fourth Day.

She's very kind, you know, and all that, but I don't think she's what you call *comme il faut*. . . . I can't tell you what it is, or how it is, only one can't help seeing the difference. It isn't rank and that; only somehow there are some men gentlemen and some not, and some women ladies and some not. . . . And so about Aunt Maria, she's very finely dressed, only somehow she's not—she's not the ticket, you see. . . . What I mean is,—but never mind, I can't tell what I mean. . . . but Aunt Ann is different, and it seems as if what she says is more natural; and though she has funny ways of her own, too, yet somehow she looks grander,—And do you know, I often think that as good a lady as Aunt Ann herself is old Aunt Honeyman—that is, in all essentials, you know. And she is not a bit ashamed of letting lodgings or being poor herself.

The Newcomes.

October

Twenty-fifth Day.

This lady moved through the world quite regardless of all the comments that were made in her praise or disfavor. She did not seem to know that she was admired or hated for being so perfect, but went on calmly through life, saying her prayers, loving her family, helping her neighbors, and doing good.

Pendennis.

Twenty-sixth Day.

She had a fault of character which flawed her perfections. With the other sex perfectly tolerant and kindly, of her own she was invariably jealous; and a proof that she had this vice is, that though she would acknowledge a thousand faults that she had not, to this which she had she could never be got to own.

Henry Esmond.

October

Twenty=seventh Day.

She was a critic, not by reason, but by feeling.
Feeling was her reason.

Henry Esmond.

Twenty=eighth Day.

She was silent for a while. I could see that she was engaged where pious women ever will betake themselves in moments of doubt, of grief, of pain, of separation, of joy even, or whatsoever other trial. They have but to will, as it were an invisible temple rises round them; their hearts can kneel down there; and they have an audience of the great, the merciful, untiring Counsellor and Consoler.

The Newcomes.

October

Twenty-ninth Day.

Her eyes were gray; her voice low and sweet: and her smile when it lighted up her face and eyes as beautiful as spring sunshine, also, they could brighten and flash often, and sometimes though rarely rain.

Pendennis.

Thirtieth Day.

They were now in daily communication and “my-dearesting” each other with that female fervor which cold men of the world as we are—not only chary of warm expressions of friendships, but averse to entertaining warm feelings at all—we surely must admire in persons of the inferior sex, whose loves grow up and reach the skies in a night; who kiss, embrace, console, call each other by Christian names in that sweet kindly sisterhood of misfortune and compassion, who are always entering into partnership here in life.

The Newcomes.

October

Thirty-first Day.

Sure, love *vincit omnia*; is immeasurably above all ambition, more precious than wealth, more noble than name. He knows not life who knows not that: he hath not felt the highest faculty of the soul who hath not enjoyed it. In the name of my wife I write the completion of hope, and the summit of happiness. To have such a love is the one blessing, in comparison of which all earthly joy is of no value; and to think of her is to praise God.

Henry Esmond.



November

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Every man, for the sake of the great blessed Mother in heaven, and for the love of his own little mother on earth, should handle all womankind gently, and hold them in all honour.

The Foresters.

November

First Day.

Behold her eyes
Beyond my knowing of them, beautiful,
Beyond all knowing of them, wonderful,
Beautiful in the light of holiness.

The Holy Grail.

All her thoughts as fair within her eyes,
As bottom agates seem to wave and float
In crystal currents of clear morning seas.

The Princess.

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer.

In Memoriam.

Second Day.

The bearing and the training of a child
Is woman's wisdom.

The Princess.

November

Third Day.

Eyes not down-dropt nor over bright, but fed
With the clear-pointed flame of chastity,
Clear, without heat, undying, tended by
Pure vestal thoughts in the translucent fane
Of her still spirit ; locks not wide dispread,
Madonna-wise on either side her head ;
Sweet lips whereon perpetually did reign
The summer calm of golden charity.

.

The stately flower of female fortitude,
Of perfect wifehood and pure lowlihead.

Isabel.

Fourth Day.

Everywhere
Low voices with the ministering hand
Hung 'round the sick ; the maidens came, they
talked,
They sang, they read ; till she not fair, began
To gather light, and she that was, became
Her former beauty treble ; and to and fro

November

Fourth Day (*continued*).

With books, with flowers, and angel offices,
Like creatures native unto gracious act,
And in their own clear element, they moved.

The Princess.

Fifth Day.

The woman's cause is man's ; they rise or sink
Together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free ;
.

If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,
How shall men grow ?

The Princess.

Sixth Day.

When the man wants weight, the woman takes
it up,

And topples down the scales ; but this is fixt
As are the roots of earth and base of all.

Man for the field, and woman for the hearth ;

Man for the sword, and for the needle she ;

Man with the head, and woman with the heart ;

Man to command, and woman to obey.

The Princess.

November

Seventh Day.

From earlier than I know,
Immersed in rich foreshadowing of the world,
I loved the woman. . . .
Yet was there one through whom I loved her,
 one
Not learned, save in gracious household ways,
Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants,
No Angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
In Angel instincts, breathing Paradise,
Interpreter between the Gods and men,
Who looked all native to her place, and yet
On tiptoe seemed to touch upon a sphere
Too gross to tread, and all male minds perforce
Swayed to her from their orbits as they moved
And girdled her with music. Happy he
With such a mother! faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him, and though he trip and fall,
He shall not blind his soul with clay.

The Princess.

November

Eighth Day.

One arm aloft—

Gown'd in pure white, that fitted to the shape—
Holding the bush, to fix it back, she stood,
A single stream of all her soft-brown hair
Pour'd on one side; the shadow of the flowers
Stole all the golden gloss, and, wavering
Lovingly lower, trembled on her waist—
Ah, happy shade—and still went wavering down,
But, ere it touch'd a foot, that might have danced
The greensward into greener circles, dipt,
And mix'd with shadows of the common ground!
But the full day dwelt on her brows, and sunn'd
Her violet eyes, and all her Hebe bloom,
And doubled his own warmth against her lips,
And on the bounteous wave of such a breast
As never pencil drew. Half light, half shade,
She stood, a sight to make an old man young.

The Gardener's Daughter.

November

Thirteenth Day.

Woman is not undeveloped man,
But diverse ; could he make her as the man,
Sweet love were slain, whose dearest bond is
this

Not like to thee, but like in difference :
Yet in the long years liker must they grow ;
The man be more of woman, she of man ;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,

.
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care ;
More as the doubled-natured Poet each ;
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto nobler words ;
And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,
Sit side by side, full-summed in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,
Self-reverent each and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other even as those who love.

The Princess.

November

Tenth Day.

Mystery of mysteries,
 Faintly smiling Adeline,
 Scarce of earth nor all divine,
 Nor unhappy, nor at rest,
 But beyond expression fair,
 With thy floating flaxen hair ;
 Thy rose-lips and full blue eyes
 Take the heart from out my breast.
 Wherefore those dim looks of thine,
 Shadowy, dreaming Adeline ?

Whence that aery bloom of thine,
 Like a lily which the sun
 Looks thro' in his sad decline,
 And a rose-bush leans upon,

.
 Some honey-converse feeds thy mind,
 Some spirit of a crimson rose
 In love with thee forgets to close
 His curtains. . . .

November

Tenth Day (*continued*).

.
What aileth thee? whom waitest thou
With thy soften'd, shadow'd brow,
And those dew-lit eyes of thine,
Thou faint smiler, Adeline?

Adeline.

Eleventh Day.

My mother was as mild as any saint,
And nearly canonized by all she knew,
So gracious was her tact and tenderness.

The Princess.

November

Twelfth Day.

The intuitive decision of a bright
 And thorough-edged intellect to part
 Error from crime; a prudence to withhold;
 The laws of marriage character'd in gold
 Upon the blanched tablets of her heart;
 A love still burning upward, giving light
 To read those laws; an accent very low
 In blandishment, but a most silver flow
 Of subtle-paced counsel in distress,
 Right to the heart and brain, tho' undescried,
 Winning its way with extreme gentleness
 Through all the outworks of suspicious pride;
 A courage to endure and to obey;
 A hate of gossip parlance, and of sway,

 The queen of marriage, a most perfect wife.
 . . . The world hath not another

 Of such a finish'd chasten'd purity.

Isabel.

November

Thirteenth Day.

A maiden of our century, yet most meek ;
A daughter of our meadows, yet not coarse ;
Straight, but as lissome as a hazel wand ;
Her eyes a bashful azure, and her hair
In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell
Divides three-fold to show the fruit within.

.
A little flutter'd, with her eyelids down,
Fresh apple-blossom, blushing for a boon.

Darling Katie.

Fourteenth Day.

She has neither savor nor salt,
But a cold and clear-cut face.
Perfectly beautiful ; let it be granted her ;
.
Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null,

November

Fourteenth Day (*continued*).

Dead perfection, no more : . . .

.

Pale with the golden beam of an eyelash dead
on the cheek,

Passionless, pale, cold face, star-sweet on a
gloom profound.

Womanlike, taking revenge too deep for a
transient wrong

Done but in thought to your beauty.

Maud.

Fifteenth Day.

Kind the woman's eyes and innocent,
And all her bearing gracious.

The Holy Grail.

November

Sixteenth Day.

I see thy beauty gradually unfold,
Daily and hourly, more and more.
I muse, as in a trance, the while
Slowly, as from a cloud of gold,
Comes out thy deep ambrosial smile.
I muse, as in a trance, whene'er
The languors of thy love-deep eyes
Float on to me. . . .

.
Sometimes, with most intensity
Gazing, I seem to see
Thought folded over thought, smiling asleep,
Slowly awaken'd, grow so full and deep
In thy large eyes. . . .

.
In thee, all passion becomes passionless,
Touch'd by thy spirit's mellowness. . . .

Eleanore.

November

Seventeenth Day.

Faithful, gentle, good,
Wearing the rose of womanhood.

The Two Voices.

Eighteenth Day.

She strove against her weakness,
Though at times her spirit sank ;
Shaped her heart with woman's meekness
To all duties of her rank.

The Lord of Burleigh.

Nineteenth Day.

The woman is so hard
Upon the woman !

The Princess.

November

Twentieth Day.

Petulant she spoke, and at herself she laughed ;
A rose-bud set with little wilful thorns.

The Princess.

Twenty-first Day.

Yet I hold her,
True woman : but you class them all in one,
That have as many differences as we.
The violet varies from the lily as far
As oak from elm : one loves the soldier, one
The silken priest of peace, one this, one that,
And some unworthily ; their sinless faith,
A maiden moon that sparkles on a sty,
Glorifying clown and satyr ; whence they need
More breadth of culture : . . .
They worth it? truer to the law within?
Severer in the logic of a life?
Twice as magnetic to sweet influences
Of Earth and Heaven?

The Princess.

November

Twenty-second Day.

Thou art not steep'd in golden languors,
No tranced summer calm is thine,
 Ever varying Madeline.

Thro' light and shadow thou dost range,
Sudden glances, sweet and strange,
Delicious spites, and darling angers,
And airy forms of flitting change.

Smiling, frowning, evermore,
Thou art perfect in love-lore.
Revealings deep and clear are thine
Of wealthy smiles; but who may know
Whether smile or frown be fleeter?
Whether smile or frown be sweeter,
 Who may know?

Frowns perfect-sweet along the brow
Light-glooming over eyes divine,
Like little clouds sun-fringed, are thine,
 Ever varying Madeline.
Thy smile and frown are not aloof

November

Twenty-second Day (*continued*).

From one another,
Each to each is dearest brother ;
Hues of the silken sheeny woof
Momently shot into each other.

All the mystery is thine ;
Smiling, frowning, evermore,
Thou art perfect in love-lore,
Ever varying Madeline.

Madeline.

Twenty-third Day.

Twin sister of the morning-star,—

.
The loveliest life that ever drew the light
From heaven to brood upon her, and enrich
Earth with her shadow !

†
A woman I could live and die for.

The Cup.

November

Twenty-fourth Day.

She did not weep,
But o'er her meek eyes came a happy mist,
Like that which kept the heart of Eden green
Before the useful trouble of the rain.

Enid.

Twenty-fifth Day.

Enid easily believed,
Like simple, noble natures, credulous
Of what they long for ; good in friend or foe,
There most in those who most have done them
ill.

Enid.

Twenty-sixth Day.

She cast aside
A splendor dear to women, new to her,
And therefore dearer.

Enid.

November

Twenty=seventh Day.

Where could be found face dainter? then her
shape

From forehead down to foot perfect—again

From foot to forehead exquisitely turned.

Elaine.

Twenty=eighth Day.

She, as her carol sadder grew,

From brow and bosom slowly down

Thro' rosy taper fingers drew

Her streaming curls of deepest brown

To left and right, and made appear

Still-lighted in a secret shrine,

Her melancholy eyes divine,

The home of woe without a tear.

Mariana.

November

Twenty-ninth Day.

O sweet pale Margaret,
O rare pale Margaret,
What lit your eyes with tearful power,
Like moonlight on a falling shower?
Who lent you, love, your mortal dower
Of pensive thought and aspect pale,
Your melancholy sweet and frail
As perfume of the cuckoo-flower?
From the westward-winding flood,
From the evening-lighted wood,
From all things outward you have won
A tearful grace, as tho' you stood
Between the rainbow and the sun.
The very smile before you speak,
That dimples your transparent cheek,
Encircles all the heart, and feedeth
The senses with a still delight
Of dainty sorrow without sound,
Like the tender amber round,
Which the moon about her spreadeth,
Moving thro' a fleecy night.

November

Twenty-ninth Day *(continued)*.

You love, remaining peacefully,
To hear the murmur of the strife,
But enter not the toil of life.
Your spirit is the calmed sea,
Laid by the tumult of the fight,
You are the evening-star, always
Remaining betwixt dark and bright ;
Lull'd echoes of laborious day
Come to you, gleams of mellow light
Float by you on the verge of night.

.
A fairy shield your Genius made
And gave you on your natal day.
Your sorrow, only sorrow's shade,
Keeps real sorrow far away.

Margaret.

November

Thirtieth Day.

All beauty compassed in a female form,
The Princess ; liker to the inhabitant
Of some clear planet close upon the sun,
Than our man's earth ; such eyes were in her
 head,
And so much grace and power, breathing down
From over her arch'd brows, with every turn
Lived thro' her to the tips of her long hands
And to her feet.

The Princess.

December

John Ruskin

What the woman is to be within her gates, as the centre of order, the balm of distress, and the mirror of beauty; that she is also to be without her gates, where order is more difficult, distress more imminent, loveliness more rare.

Sesame and Lilies.

December

First Day.

The perfect loveliness of a woman's countenance can only consist in that majestic peace, which is founded in the memory of happy and useful years,—full of sweet records ; and from the joining of this with that yet more majestic childishness, which is still full of change and promise ;—opening always—modest at once, and bright, with hope of better things to be won, and to be bestowed. There is no old age when there is still that promise—it is eternal youth.

Sesame and Lilies.

December

Second Day.

This is the true nature of home—it is the place of Peace ; the shelter, not only from all injury, but from all terror, doubt, and division. . . . And wherever a true wife comes, this home is always round her. The stars only may be over her head ; the glow-worm in the night-cold grass may be the only fire at her foot ; but home is yet wherever she is ; and for a noble woman it stretches far round her, better than ceiled with cedar, or painted with vermilion, shedding its quiet light far, for those who else were homeless.

Sesame and Lilies.

December

Third Day.

If young ladies really do not want to be seen, they should take care not to let their eyes flash when they dislike what people say : and, more than that, it is all nonsense from beginning to end, about not wanting to be seen. I don't know any more tiresome flower in the borders than your especially "modest" snowdrop ; which one always has to stoop down and take all sorts of tiresome trouble with, and nearly break its poor little head off, before you can see it ; and then, half of it is not worth seeing. Girls should be like daisies : nice and white, with an edge of red, if you look close ; making the ground bright wherever they are ; knowing simply and quietly that they do it, and are meant to do, and that it would be very wrong if they did n't do it.

Ethics of the Dust.

December

Fourth Day.

You cannot think that the buckling on of the knight's armour by his lady's hand was a mere caprice of romantic fashion. It is the type of an eternal truth—that the soul's armour is never well set to the heart unless a woman's hand has braced it; and it is only when she braces it loosely that the honour of manhood fails.

Sesame and Lilies.

Fifth Day.

Be in your heart a Sister of Charity always, without either veiled or voluble declaration of it.

Preface—Sesame and Lilies.

December

Sixth Day.

Lady means "bread-giver" or "loaf-giver." . . . And a Lady has legal claim to her title, only so far as she communicates that help to the poor representatives of her Master, which women once, ministering to Him of their substance, were permitted to extend to that Master Himself; and when she is known, as He Himself once was, in breaking of bread.

Sesame and Lilies.

Seventh Day.

Your fancy is pleased with the thought of being noble ladies, with a train of vassals. Be it so; you cannot be too noble, and your train cannot be too great; but see to it that your train is of vassals whom you serve and feed, not merely of slaves who serve and feed *you*; and that the multitude which obeys you is of those whom you have comforted, not oppressed,—whom you have redeemed, not led into captivity.

Sesame and Lilies.

December

Twelfth Day.

Generally we are under an impression that a man's duties are public, and a woman's private. But this is not altogether so,—a woman has a personal work and duty, relating to her own home, and a public work and duty, which is also the expansion of that.

Sesame and Lilies.

Twelfth Day.

The woman's work for her own home is, to secure its order, comfort, and loveliness.

Sesame and Lilies.

December

Tenth Day.

We hear of the mission and of the rights of woman, as if these could ever be separate from the mission and the rights of man;—as if she and her lord were creatures of independent kind and of irreconcilable claim. This, at least, is wrong. And not less wrong—perhaps even more foolishly wrong—is the idea that woman is only the shadow and attendant image of her lord, owing him a thoughtless and servile obedience, and supported altogether in her weakness by the pre-eminence of his fortitude. This, I say, is the most foolish of all errors respecting her who was made to be the helpmate of man. As if he could be helped effectively by a shadow, or worthily by a slave!

Sesame and Lilies.

December

Eleventh Day.

Note, Shakespeare has no heroes;—he has only heroines. . . . The catastrophe of every play is caused by the folly or fault of a man; the redemption, if there be any, is by the wisdom and virtue of a woman.

Sesame and Lilies.

Twelfth Day.

Always dress yourselves beautifully—not finely, unless on occasion; but then very finely and beautifully too. Also, you are to dress as many other people as you can; and to teach them how to dress, if they don't know; and to consider every ill-dressed woman or child whom you see anywhere, as a personal disgrace; and to get at them, somehow, until everybody is as beautifully dressed as birds.

Ethics of the Dust.

December

Thirteenth Day.

Was any woman, do you suppose, ever the better for possessing diamonds? but how many have been made base, frivolous, and miserable by desiring them?

Ethics of the Dust.

Fourteenth Day.

Dwell on your own feelings and doings;— and you will soon think yourselves Tenth Muses; but forget your own feelings; and try, instead, to understand a line or two of Chaucer or Dante; and you will soon begin to feel yourselves very foolish girls, which is much like the fact.

Ethics of the Dust.

Fifteenth Day.

Remember, that nothing is ever done beautifully, which is done in rivalry; nor nobly, which is done in pride.

Ethics of the Dust.

December

Sixteenth Day.

You must either be house-wives or house-moths; remember that. In the deep sense, you either weave men's fortunes, and embroider them; or feed upon, and bring them to decay.

Ethics of the Dust.

Seventeenth Day.

The woman's power is for rule, not for battle,—and her intellect is not for invention or creation, but for sweet ordering, arrangement, and decision. She sees the qualities of things, their claims and their places. Her great function is Praise: she enters into no contest, but infallibly judges the crown of the contest. By her office, and place, she is protected from all danger and temptation.

Sesame and Lilies.

December

Eighteenth Day.

We are foolish, and without excuse foolish, in speaking of the "superiority" of one sex to the other, as if they could be compared in similar things. Each has what the other has not: each completes the other, and is completed by the other: they are in nothing alike, and the happiness and perfection of both depends on each asking and receiving from the other what the other only can give.

Sesame and Lilies.

Nineteenth Day.

The best women are indeed necessarily the most difficult to know; they are recognized chiefly in the happiness of their husbands and the nobleness of their children; they are only to be divined, not discerned by the stranger.

Sesame and Lilies.

December

Twentieth Day.

There is one dangerous science for women—one which let them indeed beware how they profanely touch—that of theology.

Sesame and Lilies.

Twenty-first Day.

A woman must—as far as one can use such terms of a human creature—be incapable of error. So far as she rules all must be right, or nothing is. She must be enduringly, incorruptibly good: instinctively, infallibly wise—wise, not for self-development, but for self-renunciation; wise, not that she may set herself above her husband, but that she may never fail from his side; wise not with the narrowness of insolent and loveless pride, but with the passionate gentleness of an infinitely variable, because infinitely applicable, modesty of service—the true changefulness of woman is variable as the light, manifold in fair and serene

December

Twenty-first Day *(continued)*.

division, that it may take the color of all that it falls upon, and exalt it.

Sesame and Lilies.

Twenty-second Day.

A woman's question—"What does cooking mean?" It means the knowledge of all herbs, and fruits, and balms, and spices; and of all that is healing and sweet in fields and groves and savory in meats; it means carefulness, and inventiveness, and watchfulness, and willingness, and readiness of appliance; it means the economy of your great-grandmothers, and the science of modern chemists; it means much tasting and no wasting, it means English thoroughness, and French art, and Arabian hospitality, and it means, in fine, that you are to be perfectly and always "ladies"—"loaf-givers": and, as you are to see that everybody has something pretty to put on—so you are to see that everybody has something nice to eat.

Ethics of the Dust.

December

Twenty-third Day.

You bring up your girls as if they were meant for sideboard ornaments, and then complain of their frivolity. Let a girl's education be as serious as a boy's.—Give them the same advantages that you give their brothers—appeal to the same grand instincts of virtue in them; teach *them* also that courage and truth are the pillars of their being.

Sesame and Lilies.

Twenty-fourth Day.

Remember, you are to go the road which you see to be the straight one; carrying whatever you find is given you to carry, as well and stoutly as you can: without making faces, or calling people to come and look at you—You are neither to load, nor unload yourself; nor to cut your cross to your own liking. . . . All you have really to do is to keep your back as straight as you can, and not think about what is upon it—above all, not to boast of what is upon it.

Ethics of the Dust.

December

Twenty=fifth Day.

What should be the place, and what the power of women? . . . The first of our duties to her is to secure for her such physical training and exercise as may confirm her health, and perfect her beauty, the highest refinement of that beauty being unattainable without splendor of activity and of delicate strength. To perfect her beauty, I say, and increase its power: it cannot be too powerful, nor shed its sacred light too far: only remember that all physical freedom is vain to produce beauty without a corresponding freedom of heart.

Sesame and Lilies.

Twenty=sixth Day.

All such knowledge should be given woman as may enable her to understand, and even to aid, the work of men: and yet it should be given, not as knowledge,—not as if it were, or could be, for her an object to know; but only

December

Twenty=sixth Day *(continued)*.

to feel, and to judge. It is of no moment, as a matter of pride or perfectness in herself, whether she knows many languages or one ; but it is of the utmost, that she should be able to show kindness to a stranger, and to understand the sweetness of a stranger's tongue.

Sesame and Lilies.

Twenty=seventh Day.

No man ever lived a right life who had not been chastened by woman's love, strengthened by her courage, and guided by her discretion.

Sesame and Lilies.

Twenty=eighth Day.

Marriage—when it is marriage at all—is only the seal which marks the vowed transition of temporary into untiring service, and of fitful into eternal love.

Sesame and Lilies.

December

Twenty-ninth Day.

“*Right-doers*”; they differ but from the Lady and Lord, in that their power is supreme over the mind as over the person—that they not only feed and clothe, but direct and teach. And whether consciously or not, you must be, in many a heart, enthroned; there is no putting by that crown; queens you must always be; queens to your lovers; queens to your husbands and your sons; queens of higher mystery to the world beyond, which bows itself, and will for ever bow, before the myrtle crown, and the stainless sceptre of womanhood.

Sesame and Lilies.

Thirtieth Day.

It is not the object of education to turn a woman into a dictionary, but it is deeply necessary that she should be taught to enter with her whole personality into the history she

December

Thirtieth Day (*continued*).

reads; to picture the passages of it vitally in her own bright imagination. . . . But, chiefly of all, she is to be taught to extend the limit of her sympathy with respect to that history which is being for her determined, as the moments pass in which she draws her peaceful breath. . . . She is to be taught somewhat to understand the nothingness of the proportion which that little world in which she lives and loves, bears to the world in which God lives and loves;—and solemnly she is to be taught to strive that her thoughts of piety may not be feeble in proportion to the number they embrace, nor her prayer more languid than it is for the momentary relief from pain of her husband or her child, when it is uttered for the multitudes of those who have none to love them,—and is, “for all who are desolate and oppressed.”

Sesame and Lilies.

December

Thirty-first Day.

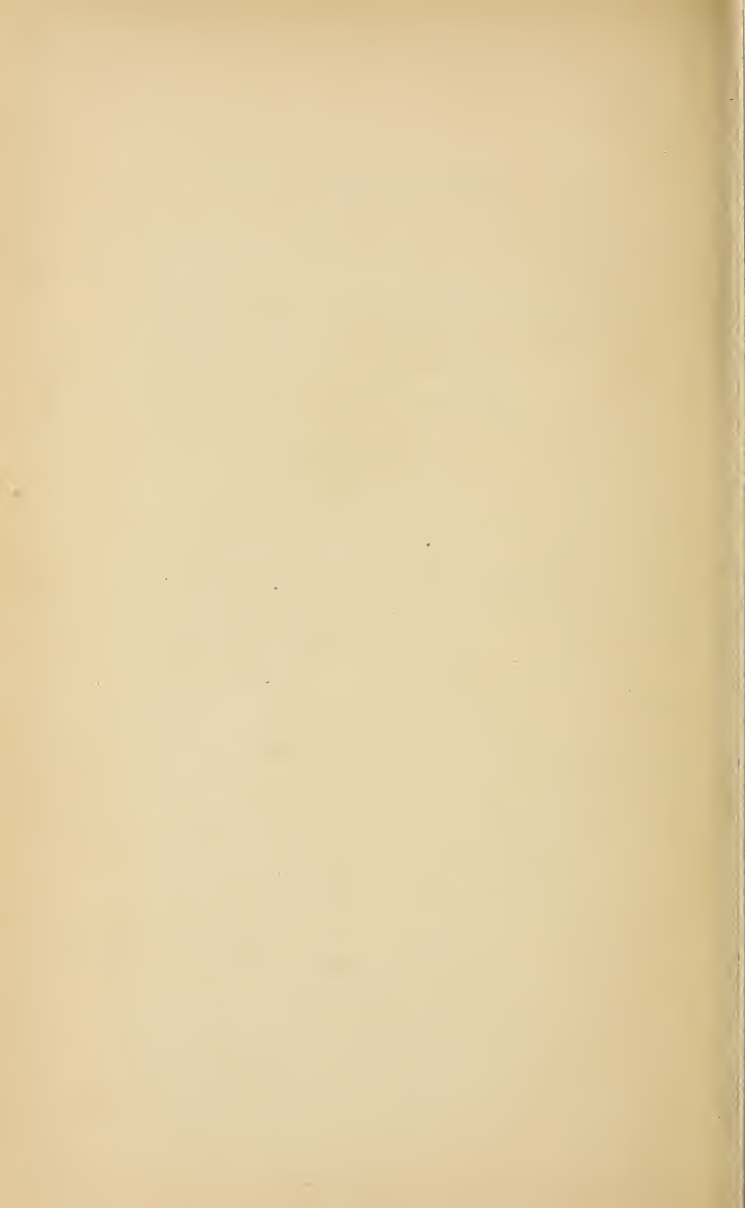
The path of a good woman is indeed strewn with flowers; but they rise behind her steps and not before them. "Her feet have touched the meadows, and left the daisies rosy." You think that only a lover's fancy :—false and vain! How if it could be true? . . . It is little to say of a woman, that she only does not destroy where she passes. She should revive. . . . You have heard it said that flowers only flourish rightly in the garden of some one who loves them. I know you would like that to be true; you would think it a pleasant magic if you could flush your flowers into brighter bloom by a kind look upon them: nay, more, if your look had the power, not only to cheer, but to guard them—if you could bid the black blight turn away, and the knotted caterpillar spare—if you could bid the dew fall upon them in the drought, and say to the south wind, in frost—"Come, thou south, and breathe upon my garden; that the spices of it may flow out."

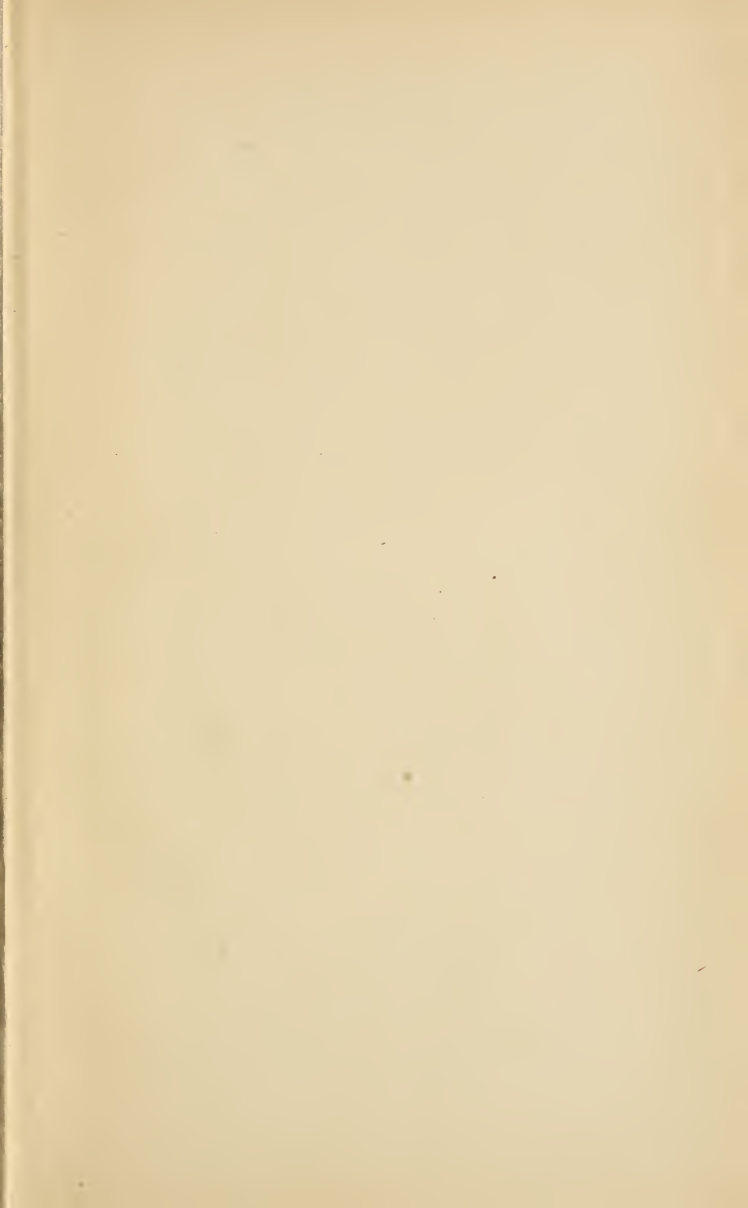
December

Thirty-first Day (*continued*).

This you would think would be a great thing?
And do you think it not a greater thing, that
all this (and how much more than this!) you
can do, for fairer flowers than these—flowers
that could bless you for having blessed them,
and will love you for having loved them;—
flowers that have eyes like yours, and thoughts
like yours, and lives like yours; which, once
saved, you save forever? Is this only a little
power? . . . Oh—you queens—you queens!

Sesame and Lilies.







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