Remonstrance.

Daughters of Js! your mother did not well
She laid the apple in your father's hand.
And we have read, O wonder! that he fell.

The man was not deceived, nor yet could stand;
He chose to lose for love of her his throne.
With her could die, but could not live alone.

Daughters of Js! he did not fall so low,
Nor fall so far, as that sacred woman fell
For something better, than as gods, gods to know
His husband in that home left off to dwell.
For this, will not be reckoned, less than to bear
Shall man be first that for evermore.

Daughters of Js! in your dear sake
The world's first hero died an unconquered king.
But God's great pity touched the Grand mistake.
And made his married love a sacred thing:
To yea his mother does, if ought be true,
And the last Eden in their love for you.

Jean Ingelow.

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