

labor about his place, and become the creature of his wants and wishes. Does he entertain any ideas of any value that pertains to the institution of marriage beyond this; if he does, it is but little. A great many men live in the world, and throughout all their lives they never appreciate the value of marriage in such a way as to ever induce them to marry; they think they can get along better in single life.

How can we be led to an understanding, in a limited degree, of the many advantages that result to men and women who are honorably married? Why, look at the evil and the corruption, and consequent wretchedness that curse the condition of that broad margin of women that never are made to feel the responsibility, comforts and blessings resulting from a pure, and healthy, and virtuous marriage. Where is this state of things to be found? In every Christian community that I know anything about. It is the root of that festering corruption that is eating out the core and vital energies, and sapping the foundation of life in the race of man. It is found in every community where it is declared that a man shall marry one wife only, and it shall be considered a virtue; but to marry a second wife while the first wife is alive, is considered a crime and punishable by confinement in prison, or the payment of a fine, because it is a sin. What, this in a Christian land? Yes, this in a Christian land! Christianity of the most approved kind is advocated where it exists. In the same thoroughfare the victims of corruption and vicious passion, and the devotees of Christianity jostle against each other. In the same locality edifices, whose lofty towers point to heaven, and wherein are held sacred the paraphernalia of Christian worship casts its lengthening shadows over the dens of corruption and

crime, where the victims of passion and unhallowed lust live to drag out a miserable existence; in the reeking corruption which is the result of their own sins. The religious sanctuary and the brothel flourish together; they have their development there; in that land we see woman in her most wretched condition. We first see her in the morning of her life, innocent and pure—innocent as innocence itself, pure as the spirit that comes from God. In this condition we see her enter upon her life's journey. We meet with her when she has progressed, when she has trod far in the path of folly, degradation, wretchedness, and sin; but she is innocent no more. Are the blessings of home extended around her any more? No. Has she the blessings of the warm sympathy of kind friends any more? No; they are frigid and cold; the warm heart gushing out the blessings of friendship is closed against her; she is not fit to be associated with any more; she is unfit to be welcomed to the society of her more fortunate sisters; and, consequently, she is not welcome to return to a pure and better life, could a disposition be awakened in her to do so, and she seeks for the means of prolonging that worthless life as best she can find them. If she carries personal charms, they are to feed the wishes and satiate the appetite of the gloating libertine; for he will give her money. When those charms have faded from her form—when youth is passed and followed by decrepit old age, she becomes the loathsome thing that no one claims or desires, for which none manifests any warm sympathy and affectionate regard. This is the fate of a class of women who were born pure and innocent as you, my sisters, were born, situated as you were, bearing the same relationship to high heaven by creation as you bear, yet she drags out her miserable