

existence to her resting place, the grave, when death terminates her suffering and wretched existence; no father was there, no mother was there, no kind sister to weep over her departure, no brother had regard for her, no kindred relationship to pay so much as the tribute of a single tear on the spot where her frail dust found its last resting place.

This is the unwept, friendless fate of an extensive class of our erring sisters. What do we call them? Oh, she is merely “a common woman on the street,” “prostitute,” which means a woman, created by and bearing the image of God our Heavenly Father—a woman prostituted to become the victim of passion—passion unhalloved, impure passion in man who should have guarded her virtue with the most scrupulous care, with the most vigilant watchfulness—man who should ever have recognized in her his sister, who should have regarded her as the personification of the purity and innocence of heaven itself, and who should never have made her the victim of his unholy passion. But she has fallen, and this terminates her wretched career. If she leaves an offspring, the vile stain of bastardy is attached to it, and her children are cast out of society, like their disgraced mother; they are discarded and shunned by what is called refined and Christian society; no paternal provisions are made for them, no paternal care and anxiety is cherished in relation to them. The state only sees in them, if males, prospective soldiers, who for a little pay are marshaled to fight its battles, and bleed and die upon the battlefield. If any of them happened to be brave, can venture further and kill more than his associates, the probability is that he will gather to himself the honor, and the glory, and respect which his frail mother failed to secure.

This is the most favorable termination of the earthly career of that class of unfortunate women and their children. I appeal to you, who are honorable wives and mothers, if you do not think there is real, unmitigated misery in this? Or do you think that it is merely something of my picturing? I am not here to treat you to empty romance. The tithing of all the misery, wretchedness, and crime that exist among the female sex, or our race, in the great Christian cities and heathen cities of the world, cannot be told; it would be vain for me to undertake to tell it all. I have instanced what I have, that you who are wives and mothers may see something of what you have been saved from, by being blessed with the opportunity of becoming honorably married. You are saved from all the wretchedness which characterizes the life and death of your unfortunate sisters.

Does marriage possess any value, then? Would it not be a very good thing if the blessings arising from it, which you enjoy, could be extended to all? Why is it not so? Because monogamic Christianity says it shall not be extended to all. This Christianity is like the prophet's bed, “shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it; and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it.” I do not know that the prophet thought anything of Christianity as it now exists in the world, although this figure is very apt in its fitness to it. Comparing monogamic Christianity with the prophet's covering, it may be of a fine texture and good, as far as it goes, but it is decidedly too small. This is unquestionably the fault with a Christianity that does not extend the mantle of salvation to all who should be the recipients of its blessings. If all men and all women in a community were honorably married, you can readily understand one