

in some instances over to the third, fourth, and even to the fifth and sixth. The great truth I wish to impress upon you is this, that in the new life springing from a vivified germ, there is no sifting out of the individualities of either parent. They touch the race alike, though they touch the same generation unequally. Sometimes there are found in offspring an equable blending and a beautiful and perfect harmonizing of the individualities of either parent. This is the realization of God's original and perfect plan of reproduction; and I believe that could the marital relation always secure a perfect adaptation of organization, such as He designed it should, the resultant progeny would always present this completeness and harmony and beauty of being. As it is, however, in the economy of permitted things, the immediate offspring are most commonly unequally impressed, though time never fails to equalize the impression as the family runs on into successive generations. Individuality embraces the entire being, body and spirit, and everything engrafted on either, so as to become an integral part thereof. Accordingly there are transmitted in the act of impregnation, diseases which, as a class, so engraft themselves on the life-forces, so grow into and become an integral part of the constitution as to stamp themselves irrevocably as the individuality of either parent.

Diseases of this class may or may not have a local habitation or a name; may or may not be expressed through localized or general suffering; they may pervade the life-forces so subtly as to escape the consciousness of the victim and the eye of the medical adviser. What a solemn, startling truth this is! I wish I could write it in letters of inextinguishable light on the altar of every home which consumption haunts with hectic beauty and cheating hope; or where scrofula stalks with hydrocephalic head, distorted vertebra and leprous skin; or where a dethroned intellect roams lawless, aimless, demon-haunted; or where misery-reeking idiocy has made wreck of all that is beautiful in human form, all that is God-like in human soul. Yes, I wish I could indelibly inscribe it on the door-panels of every house of shame, high as well as low, where woman, with powers given her of God to elevate and bless, woos to corrupt and wins to destroy.

My mind is so impressed with the truth of this last proposition, that as I watch death, the destroyer, in his swift and wide-spread devastation, despoiling alike palace and cottage and hovel, and