

do with all this?" Everything. What other agent is supposed to fashion and regulate the social organism? Seduction, coupled with desertion, is one of the basest and blackest of crimes. What pulpit paints the seducer so? *She* is ruined: *he* laughs: society shakes its head at him with smiles of mock disapproval: the preacher is mute—waiting a chance to smash some poor fellow that "drinks."

When a convict has paid the penalty of his offence against society, does that society cry quits? Call it "even"? Not a bit of it. His sentence undergone, he is as far as ever from reconciliation with society. Now, is this just? It is simply black injustice—as if one should be used as still owing a debt after the last farthing was paid! Christians will not "touch him with a forty-foot pole"; and so is he driven to despair and destruction. What are the churches doing to rectify all this? What pulpit rings with indignation against this gross injustice? this heartless inhumanity, this nauseous Pharisaism? Not one. The self-complacent, but most un-Christ-like verdict is, "He made his bed, let him lie on it." Oh, what a choice morsel is that! What a luxury to know that *he*—not *you*—is under the lash! One would suppose *you* never did, and never could, do wrong. A comfortable couch, but not stuffed with Christianity. And this is the prevailing spirit, too—