

hood, but if she is trying to rise again and be clean should we not give her both hands to help her stand on her feet again? "The blame is on many," not on *one*, and it is the duty of every woman to protest against that which has been rightly called "the curse of the world." One standard for men and another for women. There are some who think 'tis no matter what is done so long as it isn't spoken of, and so the dark cesspools of impurity are covered up from sight; we fain would shut our eyes and believe that they do not exist, but these things that are done must be spoken of, if evil is to be swept away, "Overcome evil with good" the Bible says. And the wise physician knows that to heal disease he must first ascertain the disturbing cause. He must probe deep to reach the cancerous spot before he attempts its healing. Wherever malaria broods disinfectants must be applied, and the light of Gospel purity must shine into dark places before society will be purified. Mrs. Josephine Butler, of Winchester, England, is one whom all women should honor. Experience in work among degraded women made her feel most keenly the deeper degradation to which society doomed them and to realize the awful wrong of that society that never forgives in woman what it condones in man. She has devoted her life, which has been frequently threatened, in seeking redress for the wrongs of women. She became a "voice for the voiceless," and proclaims an equal code of morals for both sexes. It costs much for refined and sensitive women to enter this work and to meet the criticisms invoked against them; but dare we keep silent when we know that there are girls in our midst depraved, helpless, and unsound, that once were as clean and as pure as the daughters in our own homes. Does not common humanity plead with us to do what we can to rescue and save them? to redress their bitter wrongs and break down that infamous system that has robbed them of virtue and liberty and is "fast hurrying them into loathsome and hopeless graves. An exceedingly great and bitter cry, the agonizing wail of wronged, despoiled, ruined and helpless womanhood, is in our ears. These voices are the voices of our sisters. God grant they fire our hearts and nerve our hands