

ishment provided by nature—"intoxicants." A certain mother of our acquaintance, having a family of ten noble sons and daughters, daily sends two bright lads for a jug of ale to be used at luncheon, and these human beings, given her by God to rear for Him, are allowed—nay encouraged—to sip and drink; there is more than a possibility that they will become drunkards in after years, and we need scarcely pause to state the fact that a woman, who is a drunkard, unless hedged around by barriers impassable, invariably becomes sensual and abandoned.

A third cause is, an intense, a blinding, an all absorbing love for one, who proves faithless. Young girls get tired at home; life seems dull and monotonous on the farm where they were born and brought up. Father cannot, or is not willing, to give them all "the dress" they think they need, and then, as wages are good and work comparatively easy in the city, they break away from the old home to go "to service," or into one of our large manufactories. These girls are simple, innocent, trusting; perhaps have fresh beautiful faces, no education, and but a vague dim knowledge of the priceless value of the treasure—virtue—which rests in their keeping. Some fiend, in the shape of a man, discovers this sweet flower, and by and by, tells her he loves her, and oh! how the face glistens and shines, how eyes deepen and darken, how the whole being seems transformed with the knowledge of being beloved. Soon he makes a demand, from which the whole woman's nature shrinks; but in the end, and oh, God! that the end comes so soon—this lovely girl, in her mad, eager, intense, longing to hold this one love for herself, yields, and we have the oft repeated story, "more sinned against than sinning." We looked into the face of just such a young mother yesterday, as she stood beside the corpse of her three weeks' old baby, and listened to the wail from her broken, bleeding heart, "I was once good, oh! can I get back to God. I used to belong to a church; how did I do this great sin?" If parents would only gain the confidence of their daughters, sympathize with them, make home the happiest, the pleasantest, the dearest spot on earth; and if Christian women would only take with a kindly grasp the hands of the "strangers" who come into our cities to engage in various kinds of toil, some of this evil might be avoided.

A fourth cause for such a life, is the money it assuredly brings. Some women sacrifice virtue for their children's bread, and many a young woman, with an invalid father or mother, and brothers and sisters, depending on her exertions, wearied with the struggle for life, sick at heart with the effort to make the "pitiful wages" doled out by her employer—probably a good man, a church member, but whose heart unknown to himself has become encrusted with selfishness—answer all the demands upon it, stumbles under the weight of her care. Money she must have, or the helpless ones will starve. It does not matter what the world says, or how she gets the glittering coins, if only her scanty purse be replenished—and she sells her soul for money. If "employers" only knew, or cared to know, the heart his-