

not wonder that you ask these questions; but I am utterly unable to give you any light."

How could I make that poor, persecuted babe understand that God loveth whom he chasteneth? No, indeed. I didn't attempt it; for in the heaviest of my own afflictions, that and kindred passages failed to give me the least satisfaction. I make this statement with due reverence, for I honestly believe that God is at the helm, and will bring things out all right one of these days. But why the innocent should suffer for the guilty will take more light and grace than I ever expect to attain to in this world to either explain or reconcile.

"I promised to tell you of myself," said the hollow-eyed woman, breaking in upon a solemn pause, and fondly stroking the little one's curls. "Now, Mary, you go and sit with old Mother Thurston while I talk to this lady."

The child obeyed—only saying as she went out—"Please call me before this lady goes; I want to see her again."

"My name is Mary Montgomery," she continued, looking into her lap. "I was born in Philadelphia, of American parents, and very respectable parents, too. They are both dead now, thank God. I was well brought up, well educated, and quite accomplished. These hands, holding up her attenuated fingers, do not remind one very forcibly of Beethoven's sonatas, or Mozart's symphonies, yet they could manage them all once. I wonder if I could play a single tune now? My father and mother never seemed to love me—at least as I wanted to be loved. They were never demonstrative. My first impression of my mother was her iciness, and the extreme formality of my father in all matters of social intercourse. At seventeen I had never been in the society of young men at all. My father would not consent to an evening party, a dance, or to the least mingling with the terrible class of which he made one. One afternoon, returning from my aunt's, I strayed into Chestnut street and stole an hour's walk, as I had done many times before. As I stood looking into a book store, I felt that some one stood beside me, and was conscious that a gentleman was examining my features attentively. I turned with the intention of saying something sharp and saucy—but his pleasant and respectful expression speedily drove that idea from my mind. Without the least reserve he said:—

"Here we have all the poets, and most daz- zlingly arrayed too. Which of the number do you prefer?" enumerating the authors.

"It seemed very proper and natural for me to answer him. So after a little conversation concerning our favorites, he walked with me, until within a block of my house, when I bade him good afternoon. During our conversation, I had given him my name and some idea of my life, and had promised to meet him the next day, in front of the book store in Chestnut street. A few interviews, and the man had declared his love, and I had confessed mine. It would never do to mention this to my parents. I should have been immediately confined in my own room, with no prospect of ever seeing my lover again during the term of my natural life. So we continued to meet stealthily. At last, he proposed a secret marriage, saying that he would take me to New York, and, after the ceremony was performed, we could plead for the forgiveness and blessing of my parents. I agreed to that also. Oh! I loved him so, that I would have sunk my soul in the lowest depths of the inferno to have given him pleasure! and

oh, my God, how I love him this minute! how I love him! how I love him! Excuse me, these exhibitions are not interesting to you," and then continued. "I left my home one day with nothing save the clothes I had on. We took a train to New York—then a carriage from the depot to some minister's house, and were married. After that to a hotel, where we remained for a few days, and then my husband took me home. Oh, and wasn't it home? Everything that money could buy was lavished upon that house; and as I crept into his arms, after a careful examination of every nook and corner, I thanked God from the bottom of my heart that I had found so good and loving a husband.

(To be Continued.)

#### MRS. STANTON'S DAUGHTERS.

WILL THE COMING NATION FEED ON STRAW?

DEAR REVOLUTION: Is it indeed so hard to outgrow the shackles of superstition and prejudice after you have shaken them off? Even your fair pages have been betrayed into suggesting the superiority of man over woman. A fallacy that God Himself controverted, once for all, when he made her the acme of His creations, and placed her between Himself and every man whom he should permit thenceforth to appear on the face of the earth.

Your last issue twice announces Mrs. E. Cady Stanton as "the mother of five sons," but not one word of her two daughters. Has not Mrs. Stanton a better reason for wanting to vote, in the fact that her two beautiful daughters inherit with their womanhood more wrongs than her sons can ever suffer from the licensed vices of this city? Or, if there is any degree of glory in a woman's crown of motherhood, is it not in the bearing of daughters?

We have men enough for the present—judging from the specimens before the public. The world needs a whole generation of daughters, so many that all the offices of wife and motherhood could be filled, and an overwhelming majority be left to take possession and "clean house" in the places that men have rendered vile.

From the White House down, the air reek with fumes of brutalizing potations and debasing weeds, whose omnipotent power over their victims should alone declare them unfit to make and administer the laws of free men and women. For, true to the laws of correspondence, spiritual and intellectual degradation accompanies the impurity of these Senate chambers" (menageries) and "halls (pens) of justice."

The corruption which signalizes every election and attends its candidates through their career of bribery, fraud, perjury, private aggrandizement, and public betrayal, to the centre of the vortex of depravity which not one politician out of five hundred escapes—all these are universally acknowledged and deplored.

Another fact, just growing into recognition, is, that the political body is rapidly undergoing decomposition. This is simply and inevitably because it has lacked the conservative element of humanity.

Let women, then, be ambitious to become the mothers of daughters. They are to humanity what the germ-bearing fruit is to orchards, golden grain to fields, and nuts to forests. Each preserving the species which without it would become extinct. The germ may be clothed in some with luscious beauty to delight the eye and refresh the soul; others represent the plain exterior which holds within its husk

the "staff of life;" still others are in exterior so harsh and rough and dry that the rich treasures within yield their sweetness not to the passing clown nor flippant top, but richly repay whomsoever shall penetrate to their essences, for from these spring the monarchs of the forest.

Thus in woman is the life of the race. Man, too, has his place in the correspondence. He may represent the noble tree, often loaded with fair foliage, but black and hollow at the core, yet standing as erect among his fellows as the purest and soundest. But not so with a blemished apple or smutted head of grain—these, from the very nature of the case, are cast out. To complete the figure, we have straw—very useful too, even apart from the golden grains which it upheld in its ugly husks. Poor enough to lean upon, certainly, but it served the Israelites to make bricks with, and is good stuffing for scare-crows or models for tailors to hang new clothes on; but in the main, it is dreadfully in the way after the grain is garnered. The very oxen that nibble at it would starve had they no other food. The farmer understands this, and cuts his hay in time to intercept the rich currents mother earth sends up to perfect her darlings at the top of the stalk.

Yet the tree by the wayside, and the stubble of the field may confer blessings—if they do not pierce one's feet, or shower ugly worms upon one's devoted head. So we tolerate them, and are even thankful for them, for all are a part of the economy of the all-wise Father. The problem is to secure from each the performance most appropriate. Husks are good in their place. They would have even satisfied the famished prodigal, had there been plenty of corn in them.

The nearer we approach our understanding of the works of nature, the more are we impressed with her economy in putting every element to use. Throughout her three kingdoms there is not a single instance where a molecule of matter or atom of power is wasted except in the poor, deformed and depraved specimens of the human race, in its degeneracy under the control of man. For here we find woman created and endowed by God in His own image. Representing her physical possibilities, a degree of perfection—mechanical, and artistic—not even approached by the combined beauties and uses of the whole animal kingdom. Bearing within this matchless casket a soul which nature's noblemen—taking their word for it—aspire to mate with. Yet all this glorious harmony must remain silent! Who can credit such wastefulness on the part of the Creator?

The possibilities of a woman's life have, one by one, been denied her, except that of child-bearing, and she is thwarted in even this, for the fruit of her stunted soul and cramped body is, in too many cases, either a reproach to humanity, or torn from her womb by infanticidal violence. Is it strange that women are refusing to suffer such wrongs?

Every one whose brain is clear, and heart strong enough to lift herself above them should do so, and if it is her privilege to bear children, be proud and thankful in doing it. If she bear sons, she can make of them powerful allies in every good cause. And when she is granted a daughter, then her joys should be completed! for here she can reach the source whence shall flow streams for the healing of the nations.

Mrs. Stanton has two daughters, to whom, if they follow in her footsteps, the world will owe