

PRESBYTER ANGLICANUS TO DIOGENES :

"THE CONFESSIONAL."

RITUALISM.—On Sunday night the Rev. Mr. Wood preached a sermon in favor of the Confessional. He said the main object of his recent journey to England was to consult others, older than himself, on the propriety of introducing the practice—a question which had been long on his mind—and, acting on their advice, he had determined to receive confessions from all who desired to make them. No doubt the practice had been abused. It should not consist in improper inquiries of penitents; but properly managed it must be a great "ease" both to the penitents and the clergy. —*Montreal Herald.*

See also a recent article in the *Daily Witness*,—a hint from which has been embodied in the following lines:—

My Cynic friend, you've heard, no doubt,
I lately cross'd the broad Atlantic
To seek the best advice about
A point that nearly drove me frantic.
And now illumined with new light,
No longer fearful of transgression,
I practise (when I can) the rite
Of full Auricular Confession.

Of course for universal "ease"
This offer of Confession made is :
And luckily it seems to please
One class especially—the Ladies.
Men shun Confession—strange to say,
They don't appreciate the system—
But though they've always kept away,
I frankly own—I never missed 'em.

'Tis sweet to breathe absolving words
O'er pouting lips and drooping lashes,
More sweet than to Creation's lords
With bushy beards and big moustaches ;
And if those only who "confess"
Can hope, of grace to be the winners,
'Tis sweetest to remit, I guess,
The petty sins of pretty sinners :

For oh ! my friend, I can't believe
Their sins are really very awful—
They merely copy Mother Eve
In sometimes loving things unlawful ;
And when the Penitents rehearse
In trembling tones, their peccadilloes,
I bless them that they are not worse,
And send them smiling to their pillows !

INCOMPATIBILITY OF TEMPER.

The public mind has of late been much occupied with the subject of Divorce for "Incompatibility of Temper." A few years ago arose the question "Why don't girls marry?"—Nearly every newspaper in England was loud in its denunciation of the "pretty Horse-breakers,"—those young ladies who, preferring the luxuries of their aristocratic homes, carriages, horses, livery-servants, maids, balls, parties, routs, dresses and the Park, sneered at marriage, a husband, a house in Brompton or at Peckham, and £500 or £600 a year, with domesticity and boiled mutton for dinner.—Nor was the rising male generation allowed to escape; all expensive habits were attacked. Why should Marmaduke, who is a clerk in the War or Foreign Office, keep his park-hack, and dine at the Epicurean with all the luxury of early peas and iced champagne? Why should Harry frequent Tattersall's, and why should Arthur employ Poole to cut his coats, and sport a stall at the Opera? Even the minor matters of Regalias de Londres and Brandy and Seltzer Water were touched upon, and public opinion—that self-constituted critic of men and manners—proclaimed aloud that ease and vanity kept the sexes apart and would continue to do so until it

(public opinion) should bring them to a proper understanding of their own enormities. The affair was supposed to involve the vital existence of the aristocracy, and some did not hesitate to assert that if things continued long in the same way, England would be ultimately depopulated. Many enthusiasts rushed into an opposite extreme, and it was not uncommon for young couples, hand in hand, to seek the altar of Hymen, after an acquaintance and courtship not exceeding two months' duration. "Marry in haste, and repent at leisure," is an old saw, but not the less true. Many apparently charming and engaging persons conceal the lurking demon of ill-temper, who often shows his horns only when it is too late to recede, and what fate more unhappy than to be linked like a lame ass with a clog tied to its leg, to a partner whom you cannot really respect and esteem.

But whilst quoting early and ill-assorted marriages as prolific in incompatibility of temper, there are others which we must take into consideration of more personal interest for us with respect to the subject we have taken in hand.

There are two great epochs in a man's life; the first is his choice of a profession, and the second and greatest is his choice of a wife. Indeed it has been said, "On marriage one's wellbeing not only here but hereafter mainly depends." In France a young couple are hardly ever allowed to choose for themselves. There the *mariage de convenance* or *mariage de raison* prevails; it is generally a mercenary affair arranged and settled by the parents, and tacitly acquiesced in by the parties themselves, possibly because they consider it too much trouble to dissent, or more probably because they feel that their lot might be cast, peradventure, with some one infinitely more disagreeable. In England it was formerly the custom to make up marriages much in the same way. A young lady was helress to a property—her parents or guardians immediately looked round for some eligible young proprietor in the neighbourhood, and joining land to land was all that was talked of, as if it was more sacred than the rite of joining man to wife. Fortunately the *mariage de convenance* is not now in vogue in England, as it can never bring the true happiness through life, and the true solace in old age, which it is the appointed mission of marriage to fulfill. It is calculated only to bring about the verdict of "incompatibility of temper," and is so ably satirized in Mr. Robertson's Comedy, "Ours," that we quote the passage: "I, Brew-house, Malt-kilns, Public-houses and premises, take thee Landed Property, Grass and Arable Farm, Houses, Tenements, and Salmon Fisheries, to be my wedded wife, to have and to hold for evening and dinner parties, for carriage and horseback, to love or to tolerate till mutual aversion do us part."

But still there is a serious stumbling-block to matrimonial happiness. "What is the appointed end and aim of every sensible woman?" asks a worldly lady of her daughter. "To make an eligible match," is the worldly reply. And of what does an eligible marriage consist now-a-days? A carriage and pair, a footman, the sea-side, or a spring tour, a few dinners, so many bonnets, and a certain supply of new dresses per annum. A mercenary man marries for money; a mercenary woman marries for position. Such a childish passion as love never enters the head of the present generation. Cupid might put his bow and arrows up to auction, and they'd be knocked down to some Jew pedlar for an old song. A young lady speaks of her intended, "Oh! I like George very well, and then he's got lots of money," but what are the gold mines of Ophir or the jewels of Golconda to the true, the pure, the real love. "A virtuous woman is a crown unto her husband," and he unto her a strong tower of support against the day of trouble. The victims of the *mariage de convenance* are sometimes to be pitied, as they are more sinned against than sinning, but ye seekers after