

WEDLOCK'S PEACEFUL REPOSE.

Josiah Allen's Wife, in Peterson's Magazine. They have been havin' a female lecturer here to Jonesville, as pretty a girl as I ever see in my life; and it was a pretty lecture, too—dreadful pretty. The name of the lecturer was "Wedlock's Perfect and Peaceful Repose."

A pretty name, I think. And it was a beautiful lecture—very, and flowery. It affected some of the hearers awfully; they was all carried away with it. Josiah Allen went like a child durin' the rehearsal of it. I myself didn't weep, but I enjoyed it, some of it, fast-rate.

I can't begin to tell it all as she did, in such a lovely flowery way, but I can probably give a few of the beads of it. It ain't no ways likely that I can give the beads she held the stylish eloquent look that she did as she held 'em up; but I can just give the bare heads.

She said there had been a effort made in some directions to speak against the holy state of matrimony, and she felt it to be her duty as well as her privilege to speak in its praise.

I liked it fast rate, I can tell you, when she went on like that; for no livin' soul can uphold marriage with a better grace than can she whose name was once married.

I love Josiah; I am glad I married him. But, at the same time, my almost devoted love doesn't make no blind, I can see on every side of a subject; and although, as I said heretofore and prior, I love Josiah Allen, I also love meanness, and I could not fully agree with every word she said.

But she went on perfectly beautiful—I didn't wonder it brought the school-house down—about the holy calm and perfect rest of marriage, and how that heaven was never invaded by any rude cares—how man watched over the woman he loved—how he shielded her from every trouble; kept labor and sorrow far, far from her—how woman's maiden life was like a uneasy, roarin', rushin' river that swept along discontented and unsatisfied, moanin' and lonesome, until it swept into the calm sea of repose—melted into union with the grand ocean of rest—marriage.

And then, oh how calm, and holy, and sheltered was that state! How peaceful, now comforted by any changes. Happiness, peace, calm. Oh how sweet, how deep, was the ocean of true love in which happy united souls bathed in blissful repose.

It was dreadful pretty talk—middylin' affection. There wasn't a dry eye in Josiah Allen's head; and I didn't make no objections to it; I was willin' he should give vent to his feelin's. Only when I see him bust out a weepin', I just slipped a pocket-handkerchief round his neck, and pinned it behind, not knowin' whether he had one with him or not, and knowin' that salt water spots black satin awfully; for he had on a new vest.

I myself didn't shed any tears, as I said heretofore. And what kept me calmer was, I knew—knew from the bottom of my heart—that she went too far; she wasn't meajm enough.

And then she went on to draw up illustrations comparin' married life and single—just as good illustrations as I ever see brung up, only they every one of 'em had this fault: when she got to drawin' 'em, she drew 'em too far, and though they brought the school-house down, they didn't convince me.

Once she compared single life to a lonely white goose travellin' alone across the country, 'cross lots, lonesome and despairin', travellin' along over a thorny way and delicate, weighed down by melancholy and gloomy forebodin', and takin' an occasional rest by standin' on one cold foot and puttin' its weary head under its wing, with one round eye lookin' out for dangers that menaced it, and lookin' also, perhaps, for a possible mate—for the comin' gander—restless, wobbly, uneasy, miserable.

Why, she brought the hull school-house down, and got the audience all wrought up with pity and sympathy; and then she went on and compared that lonesome voyager to two wedded ones—a pair of white swans floatin' down the waveless calm, bathed in silvery light—floatin' down a shinin' stream that was never broken by rough waves, bathed in a sunshine that was never darkened by a cloud.

And then she went on to bring up lots of other things to compare the two states to—flowery things, and sweet and eloquent. She compared single life to quantities of things—strange, weird, melancholy things—and curious, but powerful. Why, they was so powerful that every one of 'em brought the school-house down.

And then she compared married life to two apple-blossoms, hangin' together on one leafy bough, in the perfumed May air, floatin' back and forth under the peaceful benediction of summer skies. And she compared it to two white lambs gambolin' on the hillsides—two strains of music meltin' into one dulcet harmony, perfect divine harmony, with no discordant notes.

Josiah hunched me; he wanted me to cry there, at that place, but I wouldn't. He did; he cried like a infant babe, and I looked close and searchin' to see if my handkerchief covered up all his vest. He didn't seem to take no notice of his clothes at all, he was a weepin' so. Why, the hull school-house wept—wept like a babe.

But I didn't. I see it was a eloquent and powerful effort; I see it was beautiful as anything could be; but it lacked that one thing I have mentioned prior and before this time—it lacked meajmness.

I knew they was all powerful and beautiful illustrations. I could not deny it, and I didn't want to deny it. But I knew in my heart that the lonely white goose that she had talked so eloquent about—I knew that though its path might be tejas the most of the time, yet occasionally it stepped upon velvet grass and blossomin' daisies; and though the happy swans floated considerable easy a good deal of the time, yet occasionally they had their wings rumped by storms—

thunder storms, sudden squalls, and ectoetry, ectoetry.

And I knew that the divine harmony of wedded love, though it was the sweetest that earth afforded—I knew that, and my Josiah knew it—the very sweetest and happiest strains that earthly lips could sing—yet I knew that it was both heavenly sweet and divinely sad, blended discord and harmony. I knew there was minor chords in it as well as major. I knew we must await love's full harmony in Heaven. There shall we sing it with the pure melody of the immortals, my Josiah and me. But I am epipodin', and to continue and reason.

Wal, we was invited to meet the young female after the lecture was over, to be introduced to her, and talk it over. She was the minister's wife's cousin, and the minister's wife told me she was dreadful anxious to get my opinion on it. I s'pose she wanted to get the opinion of one of the first wimmen of the day; for though I am fur from bein' the one that ought to mention it, I have heard of such things bein' said about me all round Jonesville, and as far as Looctown and Stackville. And so I s'pose she was anxious to get a-holt of my opinion.

Wal, I was introduced to her, and I shook hands with her, and kissed her on both cheeks, for she was a sweet girl, and I liked her looks.

I could see that she was very, very sentimental, but she had a sweet confidin' innocent look to her, and I give her a good kissin', and I meant it. When I like a person, I do like 'em, and visey versy.

But at the same time, my likin' for a person mustn't be strong enough to overthrow my principles. And when she asked me in her sweet accents "how I liked her lecture, and if I could see any faults in it?" I told her I liked it fast-rate, but I couldn't agree with every word of it.

Here Josiah gave me a look enough to take my head clear off, if looks could behaad anybody. But they can't. And I kep' right on, calm and serene, and says I:

"It was full of beautiful ideas—as full of 'em as a rose-bush is full of sweetness in June. But," says I, "if I speak at all, I must tell the truth, and I must say that while your lecture is as sweet and beautiful a effort as I ever see tackled, full of beautiful thoughts and eloquence, still I must say that in my opinion it lacked one thing—it wasn't mean enough."

"Mean enough?" says she. "I don't understand you."

"Why," says I, "mean—mean temperature, you know; middlin'ness, meajmness, or whatever you may call it. You go too fur."

She said, with a modest look, "that she guessed she didn't—she guessed she didn't go too fur."

And Josiah spoke up, cross as a bear, and says he: "She didn't go an inch too fur, she didn't say a word that wasn't Gospel truth." Says I: "Married life is the happiest life, in my opinion; that is, when it is happy. Some nint' happy. But at the same time, the happiest of 'em ain't all happiness."

"It is," says Josiah, cross and surly; "it is, too."

And she said, gently, "that she thought I was mistaken—she thought it was."

And Josiah joined right in with her, and said: "He knew it was, and he would take his oath to it."

But I went right on, and says I: "It is, mebbly, in one sense, the most peaceful; that is, when the affections are firm set and stabled; it makes 'em more peaceful than when they are a trapezin' round and a-wanderin'. But," says I, "marriage ain't all peace."

Says Josiah: "It is, and I'll swear to it." Says I, goin' right on cool and serene: "The sunshine of true love glides the pathway with the brightest radiance we know any-thing about, but it ain't all radiance."

"Yes, it is," says Josiah, firmly. "It is, every mile of it."

And she says, tenderly and amiably: "Yes, ma'am, I think Mr. Allen is right; I think it is."

"Wal," says I, in meain' axents—awful meain'—"when you are married, you will change your opinion, you mark my word."

And she said, gently but persistently, "that she guessed she shouldn't; she guessed she was in the right of it."

Says I: "You think when anybody is married they have got beyond all earthly trouble, and nothin' but perfect peace and rest remains."

And she says, gently: "Yes, ma'am."

"Why," says I, "I am married, and have been for above twenty years, and I think I ought to know sumthin' about it; and how can it be called a state of perfect rest, when some days I have to pass through as many changes as a comet, and every change a tejas one? I have to wobble round and be a little of everything, and change sudden, too."

"I have to be a cook, a stepmother, a housemaid, a church-woman, a wet-nurse—lots of things I have to wade into in the wet grass, to take care of wet chickens and lambs—a tailor, a dairy maid, a literary soarer, a visitor, a fruit-canner, an adviser, a dressmaker, a hostess, a milliner, a gardener, a painter, a surjin, a carpenter, a woman, and more than forty other things. Marriage is a fast-rate state, and agreeable, a good deal of the time, but it ain't a state of perfect peace and rest, and you'll find out it ain't, if you are ever married."

But she said, mildly, "that she thought I was mistaken—she thought it was."

"Yes, ma'am," says she. I got up, and says: "Come, Josiah, I guess we had better be a-goin'."

And she says: "I have heard that you and your husband were jest devoted to each other." And I told her that "our love for each other was like two rocky pillows that couldn't be moved."

And she says: "On them very two accounts she fairly hankered after my advice and criticism."

She said she hadn't never lived in any house where there was a man livin', her father havin' died several months before she was born, and she hadn't had the experience that I had, and she presumed that I could give her some ideas that she hadn't thought of.

And I told her calmly "that I presumed I could."

It seemed that her father died two months after marriage, right in the midst of the honeymoon, before he had time to drop the ecstatic sweetness of courtship and newly-married bliss, and come down into the ordinary every-day good and bad demeanors of men.

And she had lived always with her mother and three sentimental maiden aunts, who had drawn all their knowledge of mankind from Moore's poems and Solomon's Song. So her ideas of men and married life was as thin and jest about as well suited to stand the wear and tear of actual experience with 'em as a gauze dress would be to face a Greenland winter. And so after considerable urgins on her side—for I kinder hung back, and hated to tackle the job—but not knowin' but it was duty's call, I finally consented, and it was arranged this way:

She was to come down to our house some day, early in the mornin', and stay all day; and she was to stand up in front of me, and rehearse the lecture over to me, and I was to set and hear it; and when she came to a place where I didn't agree with her, I was to lift my right hand, and she was to stop rehearsin', and we was to argue with each other back and forth.

And when we got it all arranged, we set out for home—I calmed in my mind, though dreadin' the job some.

But Josiah Allen was jest crazy over that lecture—crazy as a loon. He raved about it all the way home, and he would repeat over lots of it to me—about how a man's love was the firm anchor that held a woman's happiness steady—how his calm and peaceful influence held her mind in a serene calm, a waveless repose—how tender men was of the fair sex—how they watched over 'em, and held 'em in their hearts.

"Oh," says he, "it went beyond anything I ever heard of. I always knew men was good and pious, but I never realized how dumb pious they was till to-night."

"She said," says I, in considerable dry axents—not so dry axents as I keep by me, but pretty dry—"she said that no true man would let a woman perform any manual labor."

"Wal," says he, "there ain't no need of your liftin' your little finger in emmanuel labor."

"Manuel, Josiah."

"Wal, I said so, didn't I? Ain't I always holdin' you back from workin'?"

"Yes," says I, "you often speak of it, Josiah. You are as good," says I, firmly, "full as good as the common run of men, and I think a little better. But there are things that have to be done. A married woman that has a house and family to see to, and don't keep a hired girl, can't get along without some work and care."

"Wal, I say," says he, "that there ain't no need of your havin' a care—not a single care. Not as long as I live. If it wasn't for me, you might have cares, and most probably would, but not while I live."

I didn't say nothin' back, for I don't want to hurt his feelin's, and won't, not if I can help it. And he broke out again, anon, or nearly anon.

"Oh, what a lecture that was! Did you notice when she was a-goin' on about the waveless sea of married life? Did you notice how it took the school-house down? And I was almost perfectly mortified to see you didn't clap your hands."

"Wal," says I, "when I clap, I clap on the side of truth, and I can't see things as she does. I have been a-sailin' on that sea she depicted for over twenty years, and have never wanted to leave it for any other waters. But, as I told her, and tell you now, it ain't always a smooth sea. It has its ups and downs just like other human states."

Says I, soarin' up a very little ways—not fur, for it was too cold, and I was too tired: "There ain't but one sea, Josiah Allen, that is calm forever. And one day we will float upon it, Josiah Allen, you and me. It is the sea by which angels walk and look down into its crystal depths and behold their blessed faces. It is the sea on whose banks the fadeless lilies blow, and that mirrors the soft cloudless sky of the happy mortal." It is the sea of eternal repose, that rude blasts can never blow up into billows. But our sea, the sea of married life, is not like that; it is oftentimes billowy and rough."

"I say it ain't," says he, for he was jest carried away with the lecture, and enthused.

"We have had a happy time together, Josiah Allen, for over twenty years; but has our sea of life always been perfectly smooth?"

"Yes it has—smooth as glass."

"Hain't there never been a cloud in our sky?"

"No, there hain't—not a dumb cloud."

Says I, sternly: "There has in mine. Your wicked and profane swearin' has cast many and many a cloud over my sky, and I'd try to curb in my tongue, if I was in your place."

He didn't say nothin' back, only anon, or nearly at that time, he broke out again, and says he:

"Never, never did I hear or see eloquence till to-night. I will have that girl down to our house to stay a week, if I am a livin' Josiah Allen."

"All right," says I, "I'd love to have her stay a week or ten days, and I'll invite her to, when she comes down to rehearse her lecture."

Wal, we got home middlin' tired, and the subject kinder dropped down. And Josiah

had lots of work come on, the next day, and so did I. And it run along for over a week before she come. And when she did come it before she come. And when she did come it before she come. And when she did come it before she come.

It was early in the mornin', not more than nine o'clock. There had come on a cold spell of weather, unexpected, and Josiah was a-bringin' in the stove from the summer-kitchen, when she come.

Josiah Allen is a good man—he is my choice out of a world full of men; but his words at such a time are violent, and his demeanor is not the demeanor I would like to have showed off to the public. He was at the worst place, too. He had got the stove wedged in the entry way door, and couldn't get it either way. He had noted on gainly with it, and I told him so, and he set it when it was too late.

He had got it fixed in such a way that he could not get into the kitchen himself without gettin' over the stove; and I, in the cause of duty, thought it right to tell him if he had heard to me he wouldn't have been in such a fix. Oh! the violence and frenzy of his demeanor as he stood there a-hollerin'.

I was out in the wood-house shed, a-billin' my sides with apple sass in the big cauldron kettle, but I heard the katouse, and as I come a-runnin' in, I thought I heard a little rappin' at the sittin'-room door; but I didn't notice it much, I was that agitated to see the way the stove and Josiah was set and wedged in.

There the stove was wedged firm into the doorway, perfectly set there. There was set all over the floor, and there stood Josiah Allen on the wood-house side, with his coat off, his shirt all covered with black, and streaks of black all over his face. And oh! how wild and almost frenzied his attitude was as he stood there, as if he couldn't move, nor be moved, no more than the stove could.

And oh! the violence of the language he hurled at me across the stove.

"Why," says I, "you must come in here, Josiah Allen, and pull it in from this side."

And then he hollered at me, and asked: "How in thunder he was a-goin' to get in?"

And then he wanted to know if I wanted him squashed into jelly by comin' in by the side of it—or if I thought he was a crane, that he could step over it, or a stream of water, that he could run in under it—or what did I think he hollered wildly.

"Wal," says I, "you hadn't ought to get it fixed in that shape. I told you what end to move first." Says I: "You moved it in sideways. It would go in all right if you had started it the other way."

"Oh, yes, it would have been all right. You love to see me, Samantha, with a stove in my arms, you love it dearly. I believe you would be perfectly happy if you could see me a-luggin' round stoves every day. But I'll tell you one thing: if this dumb stove is moved either way out of this door—if I ever get it into a room again, it never shall be stirred again so much as a hair's breadth—not while I've got the breath of life in me."

Says I: "Hush! I hear somebody a-knockin' at the door."

"I won't hush! It is nothing but dumb foolishness a-movin' round stoves, and if anybody don't believe it, let 'em look at me—and let 'em look at that stove, set right here in the door as firm as a rock."

Says I again, in a whisper: "Do be still, and I'll tell 'em in. I don't want 'em to catch you a-talkin' so and a-actin'."

"Wal, I want 'em to catch me—that is jest what I want 'em to do. If it is a man, he'll say every word I say is Gospel truth—and if it is a woman, it will make her perfectly happy to see me a-sweatin' in the job. Seven times a year do I have to move this stove back and forth. And I say it is high time that I said a word. So you can let 'em in just as quick as you are a-mind to."

Says I, whisperin' and puttin' my finger on my lip: "Won't you be still?"

"No, I won't be still," he yelled out, louder than ever. "And you may go through all the motions you want to, and you can't stop me. All you have to do is to walk round and let folks in, happy as a king, nothin' under the heavens ever made a woman so happy as to see some man a-breakin' his neck a-luggin' round a stove."

I see he wouldn't stop, so I had to go and open the door, and there stood the author of "Wedlock's Peaceful Repose." I felt like a fool, for I knew she had heard every word—I see it by her looks. She looked skeirt, and as surprised as if she had seen a ghost.

SENSUALISM.

SOME OF THE EVILS WITH WHICH MODERN SOCIETY IS AFFLICTED. Michigan Catholic.

Rev. Cornelius Sullivan, S. J., was the celebrant of the High Mass at the well-known church of the Jesuit Fathers in Detroit, on last Sunday morning. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Father McGinnis, S. J., late Professor of Rhetoric in St. Xavier's College, Cincinnati, and now one of the pastors of St. Peter and Paul's church, and Professor of Rhetoric in the Detroit College. After the first Gospel, Father McGinnis ascended the pulpit, and after reading the customary announcements for the week, in clear, musical tones, spoke substantially as follows:

"After all these things do the heathens seek."—MATTHEW VI.

Beloved brethren:—It is the sacred duty of the ministers of the new dispensation to stand as sentinels upon the watch-towers of the City of God, to keep a constant lookout over the surrounding prospect, and upon discovering the approach or presence of the enemy, to sound the tocsin of resistance. And now as we scan the horizon of the Church militant, our eyes fall upon the advancing columns of a mighty army closing in upon us from all the points of the compass. The name of this vast army is tens of thousands. Against it are leveled the denunciations contained in the Epistle and Gospel of the present Sunday. It numbers in its ranks hundreds of the so-called great ones of the earth; and upon its silken banners you behold, glinting to the sun, the fantastically wrought characters of the word

SENSUALISM.

This great concourse of overwhelming numbers is threatening to overrun the kingdom of God on earth, and to entice the followers of Christ from the standard of the Cross to the standard of sensualism. But its members are not bent upon schemes of violence and bloodshed. Their means

are milder means. Their weapons are the allurements of winning manners, the blandishments of elegant phrases, the influence of glittering display, the fascinations of luxurious ease. The only problem that annoys the majority of them, is the attainment of the greatest amount of sensual gratification with the least expenditure of exertion, the least waste of vital tissue. The sovereign good in their way of thinking,

THE END AND AIM OF THEIR BEING, is the indulgence of temporal pleasure,—the most agreeable method of whiling away a weary existence. Their only solicitude is about what they shall eat and what they shall drink, and what they shall put on.

Far be it from me to wish to include in the class I am describing, any of those who now listen to my words. The apostles of this degrading system of morality are not of Christ; and so, their principles, it is consoling to think, are not the principles of the good Christian people whom I have the privilege of addressing. They are a natural development of our much-raunted material civilization; their vices are the rank outgrowth of Pagan principles; after such things as these ambition, do the heathens seek.

But yet the evil I speak of is contagious. It operates and spreads by the magnetism of example; and you know, dear brethren, there is no more powerful agent than the example of the

THEIR REPROBATION AND RELIGION are an inferior reproduction of the old Epicurean ethics, the swinish philosophy of gross sense. They will have no gods before them but their own sensual passions. If there is any moderation discernable in their conduct, it is a mere precautionary measure against the evil consequences of over-indulgence. They cannot look beyond the domain of self; there is no sacrifice to be made for poor suffering, struggling humanity; they can see nothing on the horizon but their own colossal shadows in the midst of visions of good cheer.

Their first and last philosophy is to love their sensual personality with their whole heart and with their whole soul and with all their mind and with all their strength; and their neighbor on account of themselves.

Beloved brethren, I am not exaggerating. The principle of self-love which I have enunciated is declared by one of the great masters of the modern transcendental philosophy to be the very principle of the presence of morality. And his theory is carried out to the letter

IN THE LIVES AND PRACTICE OF THOSE WITH WHOM CIRCUMSTANCES bring us in contact and communion. The doctrine of Epicurean sensuality is openly enlivened by voluptuous demagogues in our public houses and assemblies by rooms. It crops out here and there in these popular literary productions of non-Catholic authorship, that sometimes go by the name of sermons. It colors the works of the writer of domestic novels, who never tires of giving us grotesque descriptions of banquetings and revellings on a scale of magnificence and extravagance which would empty the coffers of Croesus if they were the accounts our novelist gives of repasts and symposia of more than Oriental luxury, and you imagine perhaps, that you have beheld all that is possible of earthly splendor. Not so. A little sickly sentimentality in the shape of dialogue or soliloquy follows, and then you are introduced to scenes of far greater gastronomic elegance.

"Each following day, My dear brother, till the last Makes former wondrous life."

Meanwhile as we gaze upon all this beaunting profusion, we are forced to admit that, after all, the picture is not so much overdrawn, and we recollect the words of the Psalmist: "Man, when he was in honor, did not understand; he hath been compared to senseless beasts, and made like to them."

The second form of sensualism is that of those who are solicitous only about what they shall put on. To them life is worth living only in so far as it furnishes an occasion for display. There is no higher beatitude than finery of dress and gayness of appearance. As a consequence, the sole study, the almost constant employment of this second class is to make themselves up to the best advantage. Lavish outlay, precious time, and even bodily convenience, are forgotten in the pursuit of this all-engrossing ambition. All the cosmetics of fancy, all the resources of art, all the shades and tints of color, all the grades of figure, are pressed into the service of personal adornment.

There is money enough sacrificed on pages about to relieve half the misery of mankind. Men and women throw away fortunes on the tawdry trappings of vanity, while their fellow-creatures around them are wasting away for bread. There is food for wholesome reflection in the common spectacle of gaudy abundance and wind-drawn raggedness jostling each other on the crowded thoroughfares. I have nothing but praise for the reasonableness of good taste, and nothing but censure for the absurdity of the human passions.

WHOSE BORROWED PLUMAGE MAKES THE VERY ANGELS WEAR.

There has always been plenty of these farcical characters on the world's stage, but never were there more than there are to-day. There is a larger supply of the article now than when St. Paul wrote to the Galatians and St. John Chrysostom denounced the frivolities of luxurious Constantinople. "The world is still deceived with ornament," beauty is still "purchased by the weight." The rotaries of tinsel decoration are counted by the thousands; but they are not of the spirit of Christ; for after such things do the heathens seek.

There is still another division of the apostles of sensualism. They are solicitous only about how they should amuse themselves. They live only to breathe the fleeting hours with pleasure. Their motto is, "Let us drink, and make merry, because to-morrow we die!" To relieve the tedium of a useless existence, to stave off the threatened onsets of serious thought, and smooth away the wrinkles of care, are the only principles in their philosophy. They leave no room for the grasp at every straw of a means to save themselves the necessity of life's sterner duties. They live, or desire to live, in an incessant whirl of

follo and gaily. The play and the g and the hop and the tour and the n carouse are the only laudable obje of interest or ambition.

And here again we find time money and skill taxed to their utm capacity to satisfy the demands of a bid craving for pleasure. And what the frequent, if not ordinary, result of pleasure-seeker's insensate care Time flies without any yield of usefne to individual or society, fortun are squandered, health is undermin are ruined, character is lost, ever hope is no more, and sorrow hooding over the wreck of early prom How often are we reminded of the Pphet's lamentation:—"How is the g become dim, the finest color is chang They that were fed delicately have d in the streets; they that were brou up in excess have embraced the dust of the streets, the cardinal error of the various classes of sensualists is a r understanding of the end and mean of life. According to their theory practice, man's ultimate end is the enjoyment of the passing moment. Their defective vision reaches not to the shadows of the tomb. They fail to recognize the fact that this fling life is but a term of preparation for the interminable life that is to be; in this world whereon we are and live little while, is but the stairway up to the vestibule of the best; they are brou THEY HEAR NOT OR HEED NOT THE VO

OF RIGHT REASON

proclaiming that to center our affectio on the present is to unfit ourselves for future; that to hanker after short-l carnal consolation is to render oursel unworthy of the supernal reward; virtuous endeavor. The present time is intend to be a period of work, not a season of mere play pleasure. Burning with that desire happiness which is common and nat to all human kind, they go to slake th thirst at a poisoned fountain. They v imagine that they may come by this to the gratifications of flesh blood, only to find in the end that happiness is of a finer texture than coars indulgence of the senses. T seek for it in the parade of exte pomp, only to learn that happiness not clad in the flashy habiliments vanity. They deem they may find said sounds of midnight revelry o the glare of splendid society, only to see that happiness shuns the dirt, rout and riot and giddy gaiety. T will drown all care in the flowin but they will discover when too late that there is call and poison i cup; that while the froth of sin may fair to look upon, it is bitter and wholesome at the core; that ther nothing sweet but heaven; that "w alone is happiness below;" that alone

CAN SATISFY THE CRAVINGS OF THE

THEY LEARN PERHAPS—and God g if he not too late—that there is n genuine happiness in one hour spen the foot of the altar, more solid cont ment in the contrite soul that rises i confession with God's benediction un it, than struts in marble halls, or on monarch's pillow.

My dear brethren, let us try to le this lesson well; that the real valu consists in the opportunities it offe for the achievement of good, the attainment thereby of the bliss, ness of a glorious hereafter. Man's dignity is bound up, not with the p of sensual instinct, but with the pu sion of the sublime aspirations of soul. And if, dear brethren, you fi fully pursue after this one thing nee surely—if you are true to the nobilit your nature—then you are more mere men, verily "Ye are gods. If are solicitous for their own chief God's grace and love, all things else to be added unto you. But by this shall we know of what spirit we "They who are Christ's have cruc their flesh with the vices and conc

Girls, Learn to Cook.

Yes, yes, learn how to cook, girls, learn how to cook well. What right a girl to marry and go into a house of own unless she knows how to superint every branch of housekeeping, and cannot properly superintend unless she has some practical knowledge, she must be a domestic slave, a menial, a "kind of a man is he who would mar

"The fact is that men do not know enough of this; indeed, most men without thinking whether the woman's choice is capable of cooking her meal, and it is a pity he is so shortsighted as his health, his cheerfulness, and his happiness in life depend in a very degree on the kind of food he eats. The whole household is influenced by the diet. Feed them on fried cakes, meats, hot bread and other indigestible, day after day, and they will medicines to make them well."