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OUR SHORT SERMONS.

ON KISSING.

TEXT,

For me, I kiss but very few,
But with that kiss my heart goes
too;

I hold a very Judas he
Who'd kiss but in sincerity.

MY HEARERS:—Kisses may be reckoned among the luxuries of life, rather than among its necessities; and the reason why so many are fond of indulging in them is, because they belong to the superfluities of this world, and contribute neither to the nourishment of the body nor to the welfare of the soul, but merely afford a moment's gratification. Formal or ceremonious kisses are like manufactured flowers—very fine in appearance, but wanting in fragrance; and their superabundance only goes to show that the present is a very artificial state of society, as the monkey said when his master put breeches on him. The common custom of kissing the Bible in order to give the appearance of solemnity to an oath, unless the kiss be hot from the heart, is impious mockery, and ought never to be practised in a country like this, where Christianity and common sense are supposed to be closely combined. This cold king of kissing produces no blissful excitement, and often leads to bad results; and I have no doubt but that the old woman experienced more pleasure when she kissed her cow, than half of the young men who bestow kisses upon the cheek of beauty, unwarmed by the fire of affection.

My young friends—you may go to your private evening parties, where all is gaiety, joyety and hilarity—where the lovely angels of earth, dressed in the snowy robes of purity, look tempting enough to make a saint turn sinner, and perform a pilgrimage from paradise to perdition for the sake of a single glorious smack. Go then, and feast till you fatten upon forfeited kisses; but be assured that, although they may be attended with some little sport and amusement, they are just as destitute of real extacy as a fox's back is of fur in June, or an oyster of fine flavor in August. True bliss only attends the warm kiss of fervent love. When a young man presses the girl that he sincerely loves to his bosom—when heart meets heart—when soul mingles with soul—and when lips meet lips—Oh, then come exquisite touches of tenderness!—then he cannot help feeling a sort of futziness all over!—and she must unquestionably feel as though she were ready to pin-fea-

ther at the moment. Such, my young brethren, are the delightful, but indescribable, sensations attending the kiss of pure and unadulterated love. But he that kisses only to decelve imbibes a poison at the time, which rankles in his bosom, and induces more or less of grief and mortification, according to the injury inflicted. I hold him a very Judas at best—and if after committing the deed, he were to go straightway and hang himself, society would reckon his loss as an unlooked-for and fortunate gain.

My hearers—as for me, I don't dive very deeply into miscellaneous kissing, and consequently kiss but few; but, when I do kiss, an explosion takes place which must convince all within hearing that it originates from the heart, and is meant in earnest. There was a time, in my school-boy days, when I could extract the sweats of a kiss as calmly, composedly, and I may say as coldly, as a bee sucks the honey from a hollyhock; but now I never undertake the business of bussing unless I go into it with a heart heated in the blazo of enthusiasm. A mother kisses her child, and no one presumes to mistrust her motives: true lovers do the same to one another, and no evil consequences ensue;—doves bill and coo, and they know no more about the practised arts of love than a man knows when he goes to sleep;—but, oh! this kissing to gain some mean, mercenary or unlawful end, ought never to be countenanced in a Christian community. To kiss in jest, as is often practised by chaps among the girls, is productive of no absolute harm nor actual good; yet the young men love to indulge in it: and so long as the amusement is innocent in itself, I have no objections to their gratifying their naughty, but not wicked, propensities, to their heart's content. But they must be careful whom they kiss, and how they kiss. Some girls will undergo the pleasurable punishment as quietly as a good-natured child submits to baptism by sprinkling—some twist and squirm like an eel while being skinned, and either return a smart slap in the face, or exercise no other defence than by merely saying, 'Why, ain't you ashamed!'—and then again there are others whom it is as dangerous to attempt to kiss as it would be to undertake to break open the trunk of an elephant. Look out for this latter sort my young friends; for they have teeth like a tiger's and claws like a wild cat's—and you must keep at a respectful distance, or pay dearly for your rashness.

You, married men, may greet one another with a noly kiss, but don't kiss each others' wives, lest the

green-eyed monster haunt the blooming bowers of matrimony, and every blooming blossom of connubial bliss be blighted in the frost-bringing breeze of jealousy. You, young folks, of both genders, partake prudently of the pleasures of kissing, now while every kiss is rendered hot by the enthusiasm of youthful ardor—for, like buckwheat cakes, they are only good when hot; and they will grow cold for a certainty as you go down into the frosty vale of years, where beauty loses its charms, and pleasure its power to entice. I want you, my young sinners, to kiss and get married; and then devote your time to the study of morality and money-making. Then let your homes be provided with such comforts and necessaries as piety, pickles, potatoes, pots and kettles, brushes, brooms, benevolence, bread, charity, cheese, crackers, faith, flour, affection, cider, sincerity, onions, integrity, vinegar, virtue, wine, and wisd a. Have all these on hand, and happiness will be with you. Don't drink anything intoxicating—eat moderately—go about business after breakfast—loungue a little after dinner, chat after tea—and kiss after quarrelling; and all the joy, the peace, and the bliss the earth can afford shall be yours, till the graves close ever you, and your spirits are borne to a brighter and happier world. So mote it be!

AN ARIZONA OBITUARY NOTICE.

The following obituary appears in a recent number of an Arizona paper: "The stalwart form of our genial friend and fellow-citizen, Abe Gunner, is stiff and cold, owing to a little trouble he had with Bite Off Ransom. It is not our province to say which was right, but to voice the general sentiment of regret that Abe is no more. As a mixer of drinks he reached up into the artistic, and the patrons of the Montezuma all recognized the fact. Abe will be buried with all the bullets which he received in the encounter, none of which, we are glad to say, are in his back, as it is not deemed necessary to get them out. The best people of the town unite in doing honor to his memory."

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