

Although we have treated of love before, yet it now seems necessary to consider, not the passion itself, but some of the matters pertaining to it. One of these, as a rule, is marriage. On this subject, however, we shall not dwell, but rather hasten on to an enquiry of the means used to bring it about by those meddling, tricky, plotting women called matchmakers. By which term is meant not such good mothers, as seek an honourable, happy espousal for their children, but such as have in times long past beguiled our brother-students into unwelcome unions.

Among matchmakers, strictly so-called, are those base females that think the object of their lives is by hook or crook to wed their daughters. By such persons a variety of tricks are used to gain their ends. Some with cunning speech and fulsome flattery, like spiders in a deceptive web, entrap their prey; while others with brutal boldness demand the reason of the young man's attentions, saying "Sir, why do you call upon my daughter? Tell me or stay away." So if the youth be weakminded, or cowardly, he asserts that his intentions are matrimonial; and then beaming upon her badgered victim, the matron hastens to tell the glad tidings to her expectant offspring. What agony of bliss, as mother and child each weep tears of joy upon the other's breast.

Now even if the means employed by such women be not condemned yet it is crime enough to rob marriage of the sentiment that chiefly justifies it. No union is right, save that

of an irresistible attraction, which is mutual and permanent. What then if a hawkish dame swooping down upon you, clutches one of yours, and one of damsel's hands, and joins them in a clammy clasp? You and the damsel feel like fools; while the parent triumphantly blesses you both, and takes a fiendish delight in your awkward, half-hearted advances, which she describes to her friends as "the diffidence of young love". Diffidence indeed! but where is the love.

Take warning is our wise advice. Look at the married couples about you: how many are happy, how many are sad? Tell us how many were caught in the snares of matchmakers, and then we will tell you how many are happy, how many, alas! are sad. Beware! Again in parting we say, Beware!

Some one has said, if we knew all, there would be nothing to find out, therefore ignorance is necessary to the enjoyment of existence. Now we especially recommend this fact to the consideration of every body afflicted with the *blues*. Very often it is necessary, to relieve the oppression within us by emitting clouds of vapour, indistinct complaints, and lamentations; yet in thus finding fault with a joyless world, we forget that there is a source of enjoyment left us—that is our ignorance. O ordinary student, remembering that your delight in finding out is in proportion to the smallness of your knowledge think of the untold joy that is yours! Think of it and be glad.