

and on the other the white breakers. We drew near and presently we felt the steam was shut off, for the velocity was so great that the steamship could hold on its way without any propelling force. I turned and looked up at the wheel, and I saw that the captain, who had been walking the deck talking to the passengers, had taken his position with the two men at the wheel, his eyes clear and glittering, fixed upon the foam of the rapids just below. Only a narrow passage down which the boat must speed; a single foot to the right or left and the sharp rock would wound her to her death. Just when we reached the passage the wheel men bent to the wheel. Round she went and glided into the placid basin, and in the distance we could see the many spires of the city of Montreal, and the chime of the bells for evening prayer was borne upon the breeze. It was just a moment's decision that made all the difference between the chime of the church bells and a grave beneath the roar and rush of the rapids. There will come a time to you when you must take your station at the wheel, for none other can hold it. You must stand near for speaking earnestly; I have been near the rocks myself and can feel for you.

Again, there will come to you a crisis when temptation offers an opportunity and vault into wealth and power presents itself. There is a strong temptation to misuse opportunities; but does it pay for a man to turn aside from righteous paths of activity and leap into wealth or power by criminal or immoral means? Let the men who within the past year or two in this land have been hurled from positions of apparent respectability and social influence into disgrace,—from behind prison bars let them answer whether it pays to make a leap when one should plod to success. A life is troubled course to a man when he has to walk every day with a feeling that his feet are being blistered with the thorns that may at any moment break through and scorch him to death with its flames. It does not pay even in the present. Does it pay if we consider our inevitable relationship to posterity? Now I know that some people say, "what is the use of talking about posterity?" They are a great deal like Sir Boyle Roche, an Irish member of Parliament who had the national capacity for making bulls highly developed. Upon an occasion when members were about to vote some money in parliament to erect a statue and endow a library in honor of some great name, he said, "Mr. speaker, I oppose the measure; I oppose it because it is being done for the benefit of posterity. I would like to ask the honorable gentleman what posterity has ever done for us?" And then seeing by the faces of his audience that he had burned deeply, he explained, "I do not mean by posterity those who come after us, but those who have succeeded before us." A great many people do that; they think they will be well spoken of when they are dead. And the end must come, you know, when posterity will pass its verdict upon men.

Two men have recently passed away from the busy life of New York. Both of these men occupied the most different spheres of the very prominent positions. Each of them possessed great natural ability, with great shrewdness and commanding gifts in certain directions; each rose from the very humblest walks of life to a position of opulence and power; each of them had to do with wires; and yet, of them pulled political wires that moved the miserable puppets that did his bidding in the Aldermanic board or in the House at Albany; the other had to do with the electric wires that upon the breath of the lightning carried from shore to shore messages of love or hate, or sorrow, joy, prosperity or despair. The two men were William A. Tweed and William M. O'Brien. These two men have passed away. The dramatic unities were wonderfully preserved in the life of William M. Tweed. It is a fitting theme for the artist's pen. Sue. We see him in his youth simply the foreman of a fire company. Then we see him suddenly vaulting into a position of power, from a ward politician to a position where he rules the politics of this city, and almost if not entirely the politics of this State.

Gifted with commanding power, if he had rightly passed a crisis of his life, to have given him a position and a name honorable among men, we find that William M. Tweed would be forever known as the most gigantic plunderer that ever got his hand into the pocket of the people. Then we find him hurled from opulence and influence, lying in his very existence; captured again, flying working in a menial occupation in a ship, brought back to his own city where he had ruled like a king, put into a felon's prison, and at last dying with none to whisper a word of comfort in his ear except his colored servant, who was with him to the last, taking his cause away from the judgment of men and making a pitiful appeal to the judgment of God by saying, "I have done some good things in my life," and he is gone.

We have nothing harsh to say of the man's memory. He did some good things; for there was a broad streak of generosity and loyalty to his friends in his nature. On the other side is William Orton. The principle characteristics of the man, indomitable perseverance, a strict and unwavering integrity, a clear perception of his own faults, a gentle kindness of nature that led him to speak a kind word to all who sought an interview with him in the midst of his great responsibilities; a man who lived in social purity, rejecting the pleasures of his life amid the associations of the church of his choice, and then, in the very prime of his life, unites down, dead and buried. The two men who had never known him felt that they had almost lost a personal friend. The two men are dead. When one man died the city seemed to draw a long breath; the other man's death seemed to draw a long breath; so some long breath because they were that the old man's sorrows were over, their names were not yet still in death. When William Orton died, men stood with bated breath beside his coffin and felt that a man in every corner of the world had dropped from among them. While life was successful, one, that of the man who suddenly rose to power and at last died in infancy, or of him who quietly added his way up until he was a great man for himself, a man of integrity and upright that shall be a more precious heritage to his children than all the wealth of the world.

Now I come to another crisis. This is choosing a wife. We will suppose that you have established yourself in business and are making money, and the question suggests itself to you, "Is it not time I thought about settling down?" I know that I am treading on very delicate ground. It is the more solemn thing to settle somebody else's matrimonial arrangements, but when it comes to settle one's own it is quite another question; and those who are most ready to give advice upon it often make the most egregious blunders in their own matrimonial affairs. John Wesley, for instance, made a rule that none of his preachers should marry without laying their hearts before the brethren. It was very good advice, and it ended in his marrying a miserable virago, who used to amuse herself by opening his letters and occasionally knocking his head said to his daughter, "Jennie, my father is an awful thing to get married." "I know it well, father," said she, "but it is a far more solemn thing not to." And that is the more solemn thing to get married, but it is a far more solemn thing not to. More blunders are made in this crisis than in any other, and there is only one class of people who make more blunders than men in their marriages, and that is women in them. There are so many of our young men who, when they marry at all, rush into matrimony, and the cares and burden themselves with the heavy and anxieties of family life before they have prepared themselves to do so, and who mistake a mere flimsy and passing fancy for a supreme affection, that I would speak to you very earnestly, young gentlemen, because an error in any of these can be rectified without the commission of a still greater error. Many a young lady whose father and mother commenced life in a very moderate way, perhaps in a three story

brick house down town, and have worked hard and saved money until they can afford to live in a brown stone house in an up town street, will not care again where her mother began, but wants to know where her father lived just where her mother ends her. She wants to begin with the brown stone and the brick house. Young gentlemen do not catch a bird until they have made it sure and that is good advice, but it does not follow that the cage must be a good one before the bird will sing in it. A good character and a pure love are capital enough for any young man to bring to the woman of his choice. There is, it seems to me, in this department. And yet young men must take a necessity for some plan by which a young man of good principle and recognized moral character can be brought into free association with young, marriageable ladies. Some one in Boston has devised an agency for the arrangement of matrimonial affairs; but I don't go as far as Boston, especially in this department. And yet young men must have association with the other sex, and they will have it, either pure or impure, there is a wonderfully purifying and preserving power in association with a young lady. Let a young man who has last night, for instance, been in the drawing room of some gentleman's daughter, and been admitted upon terms of equality of friendship with that gentleman's daughter, be walking down Broadway to-day, and if he is tempted with a young woman of questionable character, the thought will come to him, "I may possibly meet the young lady with whose father I spent the evening, and it will not do." If you are determined to enter into association with pure women, guard their influence as you would guard your life. If you intend to choose a wife, I would say—choose your occupation first, then choose your occupation, then choose your wife, tell what will be the principal qualities needed in a wife until you have determined what shall be the particular sphere of life in which you intend to move. It was Goethe who said he once met a German girl in the rural districts where he thought was beautiful as a piece of art, so he brought her to the city, as was his way. He said that in the salons of Berlin she was awkward as a peasant. It would be a very unwise choice for a young man of high life must be spent in the salons of the great cities to choose one who would simply grace a cottage in rural life. When you have settled your occupation, then choose a wife who will have with you similar tastes, and will be able to move in the grandness in which you expect to move, with gracefulness and dignity. Study the law of elective affinities. I believe that between certain natures there exists a power of attraction, and if they are brought together they will order ordinary circumstances of advantage be brought into matrimonial relationship as certainly as two acids make an alkali. I know it is a dangerous thing to talk of elective affinities, because the doctrine has been perverted by a false philosophy into an abuse, but unless you understand the whole matter, the yoke of the husband, marriage will be a yoke; there will be no joy in it. Hundreds to-day, from this fatal error, are grinding beneath the burden of a marriage that is to both a pain and not a joy. Carefully consider the physical, mental and social qualities of the lady you intend to marry. There is some truth in the saying that beauty is but skin deep; but as certain young lady said when it was quoted to her, "Young men seldom look any deeper." It may be but skin deep, nevertheless there is an immense power in it, and a holding power, too. It is not all nor the most important, but it is its place, and if you find in one whose mental and social qualities will make her a fit companion; one whose soul will answer to your own soul; one who will take an interest in you, and who has a certain degree of zest and pleasure; for that you will find in her society a responsiveness your mind needs; and if you do not find it there it will leave you in a very little time. Never marry until you are sure you entertain a supreme affection for the lady you choose; an affection that will stand the test of every day life; the affection of a person who will fill your life as it demands to be filled. Learn to distinguish between fancy and love. There is much loose fancying and