

### Marriage and Divorce.

"Marriage and Divorce," was the subject of a recent sermon by the Rev. Robert Collyer. The text was from Exodus. "Thou shalt not commit adultery." Said Mr. Collyer: "No minister can be silent on this question of marriage and divorce, who will watch the drift of modern life and note how easily the most sacred promise is broken that men and women can make to each other. We shall have to get a new edition of our marriage service if we can do no better than we have done, and instead of reading, 'So long as ye both shall live,' it will have to be, 'so long as it suits you to do so.' There was no need to cite facts and figures to show the enormity of the evils of divorce. A glance at the newspapers is enough almost to make us cry out. 'What shall we do to be saved from this curse which is spreading through the homes of our nation, and which will one day sap the foundations of our life. Not in the Western cities only, where court shysters thrive on advertising divorces without publicity for five dollars; no, the peril is not confined to frontier life nor the wild West, but we find it in the Eastern homes where the old-time virtues have sent down their root the deepest, and it is but a return to the lower and meaner life, this easy putting asunder of all that is sacred before Heaven.'"

In speaking of persons who remarried after divorce, the preacher said: "The children born of such marriage are not true-born children." He deplored the fact that "young men seemed to regard marriage as a sort of rollicking holiday business, and that they could throw off the yoke and run free. They argued: 'Is not this a free country; have we not inalienable rights, the liberty to make our own happiness, and does not liberty, like charity, begin at home;' and with some such infernal logic in the hearts of our youth, they set out, the man to play with the woman and the woman with the man."

Then the preacher told several amusing stories, at which the congregation tittered. He told of a young man who in paying the marriage fee, apologized for its smallness, but said he hoped to do better next time. Three remedies were proposed to do away with bad marriages; first, the divorce court; second, punishment by the Church; third, the penalty of the law. Neither of these would cure the disease; easy divorce meant free love, and the Church was powerless to punish the offenders, though the ministers themselves could do much toward wiping out the shame and disgrace by refusing to marry such divorced persons.

The law should, however, provide that false witness in such cases should be a crime, and thus throw a safeguard around the ministers, who were too often eager to marry people because their own wives wanted the fees. The speaker concluded by saying that all good marriages were based on good sense and fair judgment.

He believed in love at first sight, but not in marriage at first sight. He knew of a minister in the North of England who had married a church full of young people by wholesale, and they returned shortly afterward to say that they had not sorted themselves before they came in, and the consequence was that all the men had married the wrong lassies. That's the trouble now; you don't sort yourselves. Wedlock will mean deadlock if you are not careful.

In concluding, Mr. Collyer said, of all that is needed to make a true wedding, honesty and reality and a sweet and pure intimacy stand among the first things. Wedlock rhymes sadly indeed with deadlock, if we are not very fortunate when

we leave those qualities out. The truest wedded life can bloom only out of the truest unwedded life, and the man must be as pure as the woman. The women who begin by thinking whom they will marry, and end by wondering who will marry them, had better make up their minds, as the nuns say, that this is not their vocation. The young man who insists on seeing life, as he says, before he marries, may end by seeing the death of all he will hold most dear.

Your seeing life may be just the building of a closet to hold the skeleton when you make a home and win a wife. I bid you flee youthful lusts, as the Scripture says, if you would win the purest and most perfect boon we can ever win, a good wife and a good home.

If marriage holds a noble and beautiful truth, it is noble and beautiful to marry when the true time comes. If all true matches are made in Heaven they are most happy who say, I will try to be worthy of one of these matches! It is only to the pure that all things are pure.

### Female Affection.

Woman is not half so selfish a creature as man. When man is in love, the object of his passion is himself. When a woman is enamoured of a man, she forgets herself, the world, and all that it contains, and wishes to exist only for the object of her affection. How few make any violent sacrifice to sentiment. How many women does every man know, who have sacrificed fortunes and honors to noble, pure and disinterested motives? A man mounts a breach; he braves danger, and obtains a victory. This is glorious and great. He has served his country, he has acquired fame, preferment, riches. Whenever he appears, respect awaits him; admiration attend him, crowds press to meet him, and theatres receive him with bursts of applause. His glory does not die with him. History preserves his memory from oblivion. That thought cheers his dying hour—and his last words, pronounced with feeble pleasure are, "I shall not die."

A woman sends her husband to war; she lives but in that husband. Her soul goes with him. She trembles for the safety of the land. Every billow that swells she thinks it to be his tomb; every ball that flies she imagines is directed against him. A brilliant capital appears to her a dreary desert; her universe was a man, and that man, her terrors tell her, is in danger. Her days are days of sorrow; her nights are sleepless. She sits immovable till morning, in all the dignity and composure of grief, like Agrippa, in his chair, the silent tears steal down her cheeks, and wet her pillow; or if, by chance, exhausted nature finds an hour's slumber, her distempered soul sees in that sleep a bleeding lover, or his mangled corpse. Time passes, and her grief increases, till worn out with too much tenderness, she falls a victim of too exquisite sensibility, and sinks with sorrow to the grave! No, cold, unfeeling reader! These are not the pictures of my own creation. They are neither changed nor embellished, but faithfully copied from nature.

A work containing Petrarch's songs, printed in Venice about the end of the fifteenth century, and of which a single copy does not exist in this country, was sold in London not long ago for not less than \$9,750, the highest price paid for a single volume within the last decade. Of course, it was the scarcity of the book and not its intrinsic merit which gave it its value.