

They have various terms in their vernacular wherewith to designate their "little game." They are "having their fling," "sowing their wild oats," "or seeing the world," and count it the *summum bonum* to "know a thing or two." As though life, with its grand heritage of transporting visions; its legacy of bright hopes; its boundless possibilities, and its budding being, were comprised and summed up in the first few years of an illimitable existence, and those, too, the lowest and basest in the scale of an infinite progression! The heart weeps at the pitiable exhibition of the "men about town," who think they "know life," when they only know all in it that is base, and petty, and tricky, and hollow, and forget or see not the fire that burns behind the delirious laugh, and the tremendous eternity which opens hence and hereafter. Their glory is their shame. Ah me, these votaries of fashion and pleasure so called, decorate themselves with their trophies as children deck their gardens with flowers plucked off and stuck in the ground; they bloom till night, and on the morrow they wither hopelessly away like the short sighted folly they represent.

In these surroundings was their happiness, and with their disappearance or eclipse it fled, and the springless soul shivers and shudders in the cold of satiety or desertion. The Beau Brummel's of fashionable society have proved the vanity of seeking happiness thus, and have confessed it. What shall we say then of that other class? Guilt can attain splendour but not happiness. Glitter is of two kinds; there is the phosphorescence of decay, and death, as well as the glow and brightness of health. Evil recollections haunt like the spirit of the murdered. "Out, out dark spot!" but it will *not* out. Memory will furnish gaunt hands wherewith to grasp in their cold and icy clutch our heart strings. The sheeted host of slaughtered innocents, of purity and virtue offered in sacrifice at false shrines, and the melancholy procession of murdered opportunities *will* take form and voice and pass before us. "Hast thou found me?" "I have found thee!" is the calm reply of the man of God within us, because thou hast given thyself to work "iniquity."

Every true life is a happy one. We believe in the virtue of a bright look and cheerful smile. We owe it to society to be as sunshiny as possible. There are men, the radiance and warmth of whose genial presence is most blessed in its effects. I have heard of the famous statute of Apollo Belvidere at Rome, that those who gaze upon it instinctively stand erect, and I know that in the presence