

LETTER FIFTH.

The Claims of Love and Lucre.

Maidens, like moths are ever caught  
by glare,  
And Mammon wins his way where  
seraphs might despair.

—BYRON.

You calculate when you are married to be married to the man you love, and no other; yet there are a good many chances that you will be influenced in your choice by other considerations. But you should never think of marrying a man simply because you love him.

You may love a man who has personal habits that will make you miserable.

You may love a man so lazy or so inefficient that your whole life will be necessarily a continued struggle with poverty.

You may love a man who has no adaptation to you—who is surly and stupid and unresponsive, who can give no satisfactory return of your affection, and who will repulse every demonstration of your fondness. You may love a man who is supremely selfish. When you become bound for life to a man, he should be one who can make you happier than you would be alone. There are doubtless some instances of a love so noble and so self-sacrificing that it will welcome poverty and want with the object of its desires, as being far better than riches without it. I will not quarrel with this. I only say that, generally, competence (I do not mean wealth) is necessary to that degree of comfort without which love fails of its sweetest exercises and most grateful rewards. Love for a man is only one reason why you should marry him.

There may be a round dozen of reasons why you should not. A woman's heart is a very queer thing, on the whole. If it falls in love in the most unaccountable way, with the most unaccountable men. It is a hard thing to reason with, and a much harder thing to reason about. Yet there are some things which may be said to those whose judgment is not yet blinded by a passion that contemns reason. You should marry a man to whom you should be willing to bend, or one whom you know you can manage without his knowledge, or with his consent.

The instances are very rare in which two strong wills can harmonize in close companionship. They must both be governed by principle, and be mutually forbearing from principle. I have seen noble instances of this, but not often.

The law of nature is that the wife shall bend to the husband—that her will shall, at last, be subject; yet there are instances of true affection between man and woman in which subjection on the part of the man becomes the law of nature, the woman's judgment being the best, and her will the strongest.

In these cases, the female mind possesses masculine characteristics and the male mind feminine characteristics; and it is just as proper that her mind should govern in these instances as that the male mind should govern in others. But there is something unnatural in this, after all—or something, I should say, out of the common order of things.

If a woman sincerely believes that there is no man to whose will she can gladly subordinate her own, let her

seek out a feminine man, and make suit for his hand. A noted female vocalist, whom all of us love, had the credit of doing this. He gave up his religion for her, though that may not have cost him much. I presume that she governs him, and I have got to learn that the union is not thoroughly a happy one. After all, if the lady were a graceful subject of a kindly intellect I cannot help thinking that she would be in a more natural position, and one in which she would be happier than she is now.

You are placed in a position of peculiar temptation. You have ambition to be something more than pretty, accomplished, and loved—at least, some of you have. You want career. As woman, you see that you cannot have one, save through a matrimonial connection.

You wish to do something—to be something—to be mistress of an establishment, or to be associated with one who has the public eye, or the consideration. It is this that wealth and positions come to you with very great temptations. A man of wealth or a man of power offers you his hand, and, unless he is absolutely repulsive he will generally get it. You will try to love him or learn to love him, or perhaps you will take a mercenary or a worldly view of the whole matter, and marry him for what wealth and position he can bring you. Now all this marrying for position or for money or for any other consideration, when genuine love is absent is essential prostitution. I know of no difference between selling one's self for a lifetime and the sale of the soul and body which is made in the house of her whose steps take hold on hell.

If you find yourself willing to give up yourself to a man in a lifelong connection, for the home he gives you, for the silks and furs with which he clothes you, for the society into which he introduces you, for the position with which he endows you, then, whether you know it or not, you become the sister of the drab whom you so inconsistently spurn from your side. In fact the motives that have made her what she is may be white by the side of yours. Marrying for love may seem to be a very silly thing to a woman of the world, but marrying without love, for a consideration, is wicked. "Love in a cottage," is laughed at by judicious people, but is a very sweet thing by the side of indifference in a palace.

I know of nothing more disgusting in all the world than that mercenary tie which, under the name of marriage, binds a woman to the bosom of one who bought her with his money. I know what the world says about this matter, and I very heartily despise the world for it. When I ask the world if Jane has "made out well" by her union, and am told that she has done finely and married a man with a hundred thousand dollars, I am tempted to be profane. When I ask the world how Kate has settled, and am informed as the essential portion of the reply that her husband is "an excellent provider," I am tempted to spit in its face. The conventional idea of a happy and proper matrimonial connection is so mean and so arbitrary that it is no wonder that unsophisticated girls sacrifice themselves. I pity them from the bottom of my heart.

They can not have even the reputation of marrying well unless they allow base motives to enter into their calcu-

lations. They learn early to aim at wealth or position as primary and supremely and desirable things. A brilliant match, in the eyes of the world, atones for low morals, uncongenial tastes and lukewarm hearts. Now, if you must make calculations, let me help you. Make genuine affection the first thing. This is absolutely indispensable. It takes precedence of everything else. You are not at liberty to consider anything before this. A union, based upon anything else, is, as I have already told you, essential to prostitution. It is against nature—against God's most wise and benevolent intentions.

To be continued.

Black, white, brown and grey yarns, made by Moncton woolen mill, for sale by Anderson & Walker.

"The Holiday Season."

At this season of the year, as we hear the joyous greeting pass from one to another and good wishes are the order of the day. There is one wish in the hearts of most people, sometimes expressed and sometimes silent: It is a practical one too. Let me whisper it, listen; where can I spend my money to the best advantage? Would you hear the answer? Most people know that Edgecombe's is the correct place and we repeat it for your special benefit. If you would spend your money to the best advantage, make your purchases of dry goods at Edgecombe's, not only during this holiday season, but at all times. Try it and see for yourself.

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AT REASONABLE PRICES.

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35.00	" "	"	25.00
25.00	" "	"	15.00
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7.00	" "	"	4.75
12.00	Cake Baskets,	"	9.50
8.00	" "	"	6.00
6.00	" "	"	4.50
4.00	" "	"	2.85

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