A Secret.

[From "The Aldine" for November.] It is your secret and mine, love!
Ah me! how the dreary rain,
With a slow persistence all day long,
Dripped on the window pane!
The chamber was weird with shadows,
And dark with the deepening gloom,
Where you in your royal womanhood
Lay waiting for the tomb!

They had robed you all in white, love. In your hair was a single rose:
A marble rose it might well have been,
In its cold and still repose!
O, paler than yonder carven saint,
And caim as the angels are,
You seemed so near me, my beloved,
Yet were, alas, so far!

I do not know if I wept, love.
But my soul rose up and said:
"My heart shall speak unto her heart,
Thougn here she is lying—dead!
I will give hera last love-token
That shall be to her a sign
In the dark grave—or beyond it!—
Of this deathless love of mixe."

So I sought me a little scroll, love, And thereon in eager haste, Lest another's eye should read them, Some mystic words I traced. Then close in your clasped fingers, Close in your waxen hand, I placed the scroll as an amulet, Sure you would understand!

The secret is your's and mine, love!
Only we two may know
What words shone clear in the darkness,
Of your grave so green and low.
But if, when we meet hereafter.
In the dawn of a fairer day.
You whisper those mystical words, love,
It is all I would have you say.

From the Catholic World.

#### A WOMAN OF CULTURE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE ASYLUM.

In affliction the weak soul goes to the bottom, however strong may be its physi-cal casing, but the soul of the brave grows only stronger from its conflict with the storm. And the brave soul is he whose courage springs from the bosom of God; who puts on the armor of a divine patience to battle with his foes; who offers subn sion to the fury of the blast, bending b not breaking; who is powerful with the consciousness of a living faith, the knowl-edge that, though he may be harrowed and ploughed with anguish and wrong and misery, bent down in slavery before the eyes of the world, there is yet One who will crown him as a victor when the struggle is over, even when the crowd are applauding his conquerors and deeming him the poorest wretch that ever perished

McDonell the madman had put on the armor of this patience, and thanked God, as the dark asylum gates closed behind him, and the divine will had taken this violent means to bring him mercifully to his senses again. For his eyes were at last opened, and the wicked malice of his late temperings with justice and grace seemed scarcely less heinous to him than which had indirectly brought about all his wanderings from the truth. His whole life now stood out before him mountain-like, and the prospect was not cheering. If he were not prepared against melancholy and gloom of any kind, the dark deed of spoilation in his early life, his desertion of his faith, his carelessness towards his wife, and his criminal neglect of his own child would have pressed him into the shadow of death with the anguish of remorse. The opportunity had again been given him, for a last time perhaps, of repenting and atoning for these misdeeds. With the eagerness of a true penitent he seized on the means of salvation, de-termined to bear every trial with a sub-line patience until such time as it pleased God to release him by death or otherwise "Have you not seen the commission of from his imprisonment. One thing he thought upon most frequently and hugged to his heart with a fond conviction of its coming to pass; he would find means to restore the property he had stolen. God would give him that happiness, for he would pray hourly for the favor. Yet not one word against his daughter would average the stress of the stre one word against his daughter would ever such a gentle sarcasm that the young lady, escape him, not one act which would enescape him, not one act which would en-danger her or cause her a moment's unde-ity. e would as he had lost it, legally, and the physicians

With such thoughts and prayers and reso utions he heard the great gates clang behind had. He thanked God in his heart for the wickedness which had come upon him with the violence of a tempest, for tempests purify the air and leave the earth prettier than before. The gloomy walls of the asylum, with their barred windows, were in sight as they drove up the wind-ing avenue, and he could not resist the voluntary chill which ran through his body when his eyes first rested on them. His determination soon overcame that. His body was weak from disease, and would not obey the iron will that ruled so easily in the days of health. Yet he schooled his countenance and his heart, that the one might possess resignation and tranquility and the other express them clearly. The portals of the establishment were opened to receive him, and the officials were ing there to confer upon him the honor of a formal reception as befitted his impor-tance in the world. Everything that could offend the sensitive 'nerves of the mad was absent. The wide halls, polished, echoing, and rank with the smell which prevails in all these institutions, could not, however, be got rid of, and they gave another chill to the old man who with another chill to the old man who with tremb ing step descended from the carri-age. His slim, stately form, graceful yet, and honorable with its coronet of silver hair; his handsome, shrewd, manly fea-tures, beaming just then with affected cheerfulness; his calm, commanding eye, clear, steady, and reasonable enough to give any but practised ones no doubt of his sanity, made an evident impression on those who saw him. He noticed it himself with a great bounding of the heart, careful, too, that no sign of extraordinary

emotion would escape him.

It is not a pleasant office which the chief of an asylum has to welcome a patient of mildly insane disposition, with reason enough to understand the peculiarities of his case and resent any familiarities. Dr. Stirling had never found the office more difficult than in the present instance; and as his patient offered him no occasion for any extended remarks, he was forced to content himself with the ordinary saluta-tions between host and guest in every-day The gentleman's manner was neither hurried nor slow, and had about it no un-usual flourishes. He took the whole pro-

officials were left in considerable doubt as officials were left in considerable doubt as to the man they had to deal with. The superintendent, desirous of making some manifestations of insanity, took him first into his own apartment and introduced him to his wife and daughter. Luncheon was just taking place, and the patient sat down with them, forcing himself to take a little tea and to eat a few titbits, though his appetite revolted against the food, and his appetite revolted against the food, and to talk with the gravity and cheerfulness becoming one of his years. How hard it was to do that little! What sobs he smothered as he sat there, what bursts of rage and grief he controlled, as incident after incident reminded him of the liberty he had lost and the misery he had won He would not allow himself to think of these things. He restrained even the ordinary freedom of his manner through

great advantage, venturing even to talk of the asylum and the peculiarities of its crazy inmates.
"You have a little paradise here," he said, looking around the room, "and one that I would not expect to find in this neighborhood. Are you never troubled with the cries of the inmates, or other disagreeable sounds that must be heard with the walls?"

"Oh! never," the doctor said, glad to "Oh! never," the doctor said, so have his patient himself come to the point have his patient himself come to the point. he was so anxious to touch upon. "The more violent cases are too far from this more violent cases are too far from this part of the building to occasion us any disturbance. Mrs. Sterling could not endure such a trial. Your apartments are not distant from these, and we shall always be happy to have the pleasure of your company. What do you say, Trixy?"

"Why, papa," answered his daughter, a

sprightly young lady of eighteen, "I am charmed with Mr. McDonell stready, and

charmed with Mr. McDonell stready, and I should be very sorry if after this we were to see; no more of him."

"Thank you, young lady," said the complimented; "I am very much pleased at your good-will towards me. Are you not afraid to trust yourself much in the company of those who are mad?"

"As for that," answered the doctor, "Trixy is the augel of the institution, and can intrude where others often fear to go."

Besides," said Trixy, with a blush for her own boldness, "you are too much of a cavalier ever to do harm to a young Ah ! you have already so well read me

that you begin to flatter. I confess I am helpless in a coaxing woman's hands." "I am afraid," said Mrs. Stirling, "that your grey hairs will not save you from the experiencing of Trixy's humors. She is an outrageous flirt, has half the asylum at her feet, receives proposals every day, and does so many graceless things that you would be surprised to know them all. Do

"Ah! that I shall," said Mr. McDonell.
"Yet I can scarcely be responsible if some day I should go on my knees to her. am eligible almost, or hope to be in time and there is something poetical, if curious in the union of May and December."

"Too poetical ever to come to pass," laughed Trixy, and then they rose from

the table.
"I do not believe you are mad," whispered the impulsive girl as he was leaving to follow the superintendent to his own apartments. He would have thanked her apartments. He with a mad, feverish grati-tude for that blessed declaration; but re-calling himself, he only smiled, saying with

shrug of the shoulders:
"Have you not seen the commission of

as he had lost it, legally, and the physicians who pronounced him mad should pronounce him sane.

With probability and the physicians were furnished as became his position and the state of his reason—three apartments decked out with taste and luxury, contain ing books and means of amusement in abundance, with every appointment that belonged to the suite of a modern wealthy gentleman. The cage was guilded enough to suit any captive. But its bars showed all the more hideously for the elegance so all the more hideously for the elegance so inconsistent with their ugliness. The sun threw their shadows against the red cur-tains with mournful significance for him. Yet his hopeful heart did not fail him, and he expressed his satisfaction to the doctor, and looked through the hateful window out on a wild bit of lake scenery frozen and snow-rimmed as his own life. "Whenever it pleases you to dine with

our family," "said the doctor, "remember that the hour is five and that you are always welcome; otherwise your meals will be sent up at your request. A valet has been sent, whose only office is to attend upon you. And I would caution you to avoid as much as possible the other parts of the asylum. The sights are not cheering, and would not have the best effect on your delicate health. You will find in

your neighbors amusement enough for years of leisure." "Thank you, doctor. I shall follow your instructions, and shall avail myself of your invitation to dine with you every day. If my valet has arrived I beg that you will

let him come to me immediately."

The doctor withdrew, and presently the man whom his enemies had employed as valet appeared. The sight of him instantly confirmed his suspicion that this valet was confirmed his suspicion that this vact was but a paid spy. He was a carefully dressed individual, a Scotchman, with some evi-dences of good breeding around him, but hard and forbidding in feature as a devil. To this humiliation the merchant also submitted. It was part of his punishment, and he was anxious to suffer even unto

"Your name?" he said curtly "Alexander Buchan-commonly called

"Well, Sandy, I suppose you understand your business. The first thing I shall require of you is that you keep out of sight until I send for you, and these rooms are forbidden to you during my absence from

them.' "I understand, sir," said Sandy, bowing

himself out of his presence.

McDonell knew very well that Sandy's chief office would be to keep his eye on him and to have cognizance of everything ceeding as a matter of fact, talked with the courtesy and gentleness of a sane man, and altogether so behaved himself that the

and confine his powers of deviltry to the narrowest possible scope.

He was settled, at last, caged, imprisoned—in the eyes of men, made mad. And, after all, the bitter draught was not so bitter as he had imagined. In that very home of despair sympathy had met him at the doors, and walked with him through the doors, and walked with him through its dreary halls, and consoled him with its sweet assurance in his sanity. He looked out of the prison windows across the waste of forest and ice that stretched to the horizon. The sun lay llke a vale of tissue over its dreariness, softening the rougher places, hiding the meanest, and giving a wild beauty to the homely scene. Its warm radiance fell around him, and kissed his white hair and his trembling hands as a daughter should have done, and brought loudest in swearing to his own sanity. I new strength to his heart. It seemed as if am happy to know you, and, if you wish, God were looking down upon him with a great, resistless eye, applauding his resignation and his penitence, bidding him to be of good cheer and have the will to suffer on for His sake and his own. Overfear of appearing too gay of disposition for an old man. He was a good conversa-tionalist, and used his powers now to come, he raised his eyes and his bands heavenwards and prayed for his daughter—prayed that she might be saved from the evil consequences of hersin and his neglect, that God would be to her the father which he had not been, and, pitying her misfor-tune and her ignorance, bring her to faith and repentance. Thus ended the first day

asylum. at the asylum.

Early the next morning, when his breakfast and his valet had both been dismissed,
and he was preparing for a ramble about
the institution, his door opened and a tall,
dignified lady entered. She had a gilt
crown on her head, a sceptre in her hand,
and a veil reaching to her feet about her form, and was preceded by a stout, merry-looking gentleman in corduroys. The latter carried an umbrella, and a handkerchief which he was constantly applying with great care and gentleness to his nose. He bowed profoundly to McDonell, winking and smiling, and announced in a oud, dignified tone

"Her Majesty Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland." This apparition would have set McDon-ell a-laughing but for the serious expres-sion of Her Majesty's countenance and the

warning gestures of the merry-looking attendant, who still applied his handker-chief, and, being compelled to stand where the sun shone on him, hoisted his umbrella with worth dimiting the standard with great dignity and waited the proceeding of events. The lady stretched out her sceptre towards McDonell, who kissed

it respectfully.

"Gracefully done," said she. "You have been bred in courts, I am certain though I cannot recall having seen your face during my short and mournful reign. You are aware then, that it is not etiquette for a queen to visit her subjects; but knowing your inexperience in the rules of this vile institution, I thought it proper to concede a point or two until you had be-

come better acquainted with us."

McDonell said he was highly honored.
"Some day," she went on, "you shall know how I was deprived of my throne by an imposter who rules in my name. Perhaps you may help me to recover my rights, though I see that, like myself, you are a prisoner here, perhaps unjustly so; for you have not the usual appearance of a mad person any more than myself. I assure you of our royal favor." McDonell thanked her again for her

"You see," she whispered, becoming more familiar and more forgetful of her royal dignity, "though you may not be aware of it, they are all crazy here, even the doctor and his wife, although I may make an exception for his daughter. This little fellow here is such a fool as to believe his nose is made of sugar. I have tweated often enough to prove the contrary and uses a handkerchief to keep off mois ture, his umbrella to keep off the sun, and for the world he wouldn't wash his face or go out in the rain. The very thought throws him into agonies.

"How very strange, your Majesty!" you here for?" said Her Majesty sharply. "I was too lavish with my money ma'am."

"A very grave fault, but not necessarily springing from insanity. I suppose they have invented new forms of the disease since I was last in the world."
"Very many," said McDonell, checking

a rising indignation. "Ah! well, I pity you from my heart, Do not look or act crazy. Be assured of ur royal favor."

She gave him her hand to kiss, and de parted with her attendant, who came back directly to disabuse his mind of any im-pression the royal lady might have left there concerning him.
"She is hopelessly mad," said the little

gentleman, with an application of his handkerchief, "and I humor her. We all humor her, in fact, and I am her lord high chamberlain. She probably told you about my nose." It's my weakest point. My friends tried to persuade me that I was infatuated-darn the whole lot of They would get me into the rain, and would try to souse my nose with water, regretting only that my whole head wasn't sugar. I am afraid of that calamity, but by care and the virtue in this silk handkerchief I think I can keep the diseas from spreading. Well, when I wouldn't be persuaded my friends sent me here. All the loons of this institution laugh at me, of course. Each one is sure that his neighbors are the mad people of the place. could not tell you in an hour all their tricks to wet my nose. I woke up once in time to catch Victoria preparing to moisten my nose. Another built quite a bon-fire under it. All of 'em threaten, if the establishment runs short of sugar, to soak it for general use. They would do it, sir, and I visit the kitchen daily to see that sugar is not wanting. The doctor, who is the only one with any belief in the fact, and that dear sprite of his, Trixy, have issued very, very stern prohibitions against any interference with my nose. Now, my dear sir, what do you think of it? I would like to have your opinion."

"It certainly has not the appearance of sugar," replied McDonell "but appearances are deceptive. If you would kindly allow me to feel it—"

"Oh! by all means, dear sir; only be sure that there is no maintain."

sure that there is no moisture on your ingers, and handle it carefully."

After the examination had been cauously proceeded with, "Your nose is

sugar, or of a similar substance, I think," said the merchant.

peated the gentleman—"the doctor's very words! What a remarkable coincidence! I must tell him of it immedence! I must ten initio of any."

"Well a number of physicians so decided, and it was the general belief of those who knew me. For myself I cannot say, since in matters of that kind outsiders are

the best judges."
"Give me your hand, sir," cried the
"Give me your hand, sir," cried the httle gentleman warmly. "If there is a sane individual here besides myself and the doctor and Trixy, it is you. Such modesty! Such confidence in the judgment of others! Sir, my judgment is that you are as sane as myself or the doctor, and I put it against the world. Why, the maddest of the fools in this house is the

I shall introduce you to our circle as my particular friend."
"You honor me too much, and I shall be glad to avail myself of your invitation.

shall we go immediately?"

"Straight, sir. We have a room at the other end—the gentlemen, I mean—where we assemble to spend our hours of leisure in the cold weather. The ladies have another apartment. Twice a week we have reunions in the doctor's pleasant domicile, and every Saturday a meeting of our literary society. You must join it, my dear sir. A man of your sound sense would not surprise me by attaining to the presidency. We are very amicable as a rule, although I must admit there was a little indignation when an obstinate old fool, who fancies that he carries some an essay to prove that my nose was solid flesh. Oh-h-h!" other body's head on his shoulders, wrote

At this point the little gentleman jumped through the door of the room with a yell of terror so keen in its anguish that every nerve in McDonell's body tingled with fright. Before he could follow to learn the cause of this singular proceeding his friend returned to the threshold, peeped cautiously in, with his handkerchief to his nose and his umbrella ready for action, and whispered:
"Wasn't it water, my dear, dear sir-

wasn't it water?"
"Not at all," said McDonell, much re-lieved and decidedly angry.
"Well, well, what a nervous creature I am! You must have been astonished at the rudeness of a lord high chamberlain. But consider to what I am subjected daily, and you will not wonder at my

We shall now go to see our friends.

They went together through the halls to where the gentlemen spent their leisure where the gentlemen spent their lessure hours in laughing at one another's infir-mities. The merry gentleman cut up many amusing capers on the way in his fear of falling into an ambuscade. With his umbrella well in front, and his handkerchief to the sensitive organ, he walked in the exact centre of the corridor, cautiously approaching dark corners and rushing past them at full speed. When they had arrived at their destination these precautions were laid aside. He intro-duced the stranger to all present, with pompous diction, as "the etaziest of the whole lot of you," which assertion he had previously assured McDor ell would be infallibly disbelieved and make them all his friends and defenders. So it turned out; for each gentleman privately questioned him as to his sanity, and he, returning the same answer which he had made to Trixy and the others, immediately went

up in their estimation like a rocket.
"Mad!" said the gentleman who had the disagreeable office of carrying another man's head on his shoulders—"mad, sir? The only feature of madness about him is

The only feature of madness about him is that he has been seen walking with a man whose nose is made of sugar."

"He has at least the satisfaction of knowing with whom he is walking," returned the merry gentleman. "My nose is my own, if it is sugar. I warn you, colonel, not to attempt to borrow from the satisfaction of the satisfaction of the satisfaction of the satisfaction." him as you borrow from others. I have told him some of your dodges, and he knows that I would no more lend you

sand dollars."
"Does he know the reason why?"

"Hoes he know the reason why?"
sneered the colonel—"that you haven't
either to lend."
"He does," answered nosey, with a
withering smile; "and he knows, too, that
the law allows no debts that have been contracted with a man who lost his

The attendants here interfered to pre-

went a quarrel.
"Crazy, both of 'em," whispered a venerable old man to McDonell, drawing him at the same time to a remote part of the room. "It does not become us to pay attention to their ravings. I unde that you have been a business man of some note in the world, and that you com-manded considerable influence. I was once in a similar position. Now everythirg is in the past tense with me. Envious competitors and grasping relatives put me here. I turned my attention to literature. I have written a grammar, a most valuable work, and full of new

heories respecting the language, etc.

And he rambled on in a crazy way, attacking existing notions of grammar, defending his own, and ending by proposing that McDonell should buy the right to print after allowing him a fair percentage on sales. As the old man got excited over this business matter, an attendant came at last to the rescue.

McDonell passed an amusing hour

among them, and saw that the means of diversion at his command were neither few nor uninviting, and that, so far as his own mind was concerned, there was no danger of its giving way through horror of his associations. These were pleasant enough, and so much more pleasant than he had expected as to give him, from their novelty, positive pleasure. How-ever, the confinement, the distressing thought from which he was never freed. foretold serious danger to his health if he could not counteract their effects. As the days proceeded he saw, indeed, that, despite the cheerful influences of the Stirlings, the ridiculous and mirth provoking scenes among his associates, and the gentle resig-nation to God's will which he cultivated, he was surely failing. He had very little, in fact nothing, that he could afford to lose, and yet the first week had left its broad mark of wasting strength upon him. the end of the second Dr. Stirling's face plainly showed his anxiety. A change of tactics was necessary. There was no time to be lost, for a month in that establish-ment meant death. He could not hold "Sugar, or of a similar substance," re- out long enough to gain a legal restoration

to freedom, and he began to meditate some plan of immediate escape. It was a long time before he could think out any-thing methodical, and then it seemed im-possible to execute without outside assistance. Sandy, the valet, who watched him like a fox, cunning enough never to be

caught, might be bought with gold, but his own enemies could buy this man at a his own enemies could buy this man at a higher price. The keepers in that part of the building were unapproachable. With the gardeners and porters the inmates could not have any communication. His thoughts were tumultuous and feverish, and threatened to hasten the catastrophe and threatened to hasten the catastrophe he was anxious to avoid. As the days passed, and the impossibility of getting a he'per still loomed up before him, a numb despair began to take hold of his facul-Not even his strong confidence in God nor his earnest prayers for strength and patience, could shake off this sinking

of overpowered nature.

He had been fifteen days in the asylum when he chanced to come one morning upon Juniper.
"Do I not know you?" he said, taking

him by the arm.
"I owe my position here to you," said

Juniper in surprised yet grateful accents, "but I was not aware that you were here, "Thank God that I have met you! I am here unjustly, and I must escape. You must help me. Come to this place again to-night. Your reward will be large enough to make up for the loss of your

position. Will you come?"
"Willingly, sir, but not for money,"
said grateful Juniper.
"We will talk of that another time." And he went away thanking Heaven for their providential meeting. Sandy, with a puzzled face, steped out from the place of concealment, and looked first after the keeper and then after his master doubtfully. He had heard nothing, and he was not sure whether it was not more than an ordinary meeting. TO BE CONTINUED.

#### How a Priest Served an Insolent Tramp.

A few days ago there was a ring of the door bell at the residence of one of De-troit's most eloquent and popular priests. The reverend father answered the summons in person. On the steps he found a healthy and sturdy-looking tramp who

thus accosted him:
Tramp: "Would you give a poor hungry man a dime to buy a bit of breakfast

Father-: "Well, you look as if you

werk? Surely you are able to."

Tramp: "Cant git no work."

Father: "I don't like to give you money under the circumstances, but I'll..."

I'll—"
Tramp (insolently): Oh! you priests have nothing to be but pray at the rate of twenty cents an hour, and get fat, and you think a poor devil ought to work, work, work all the time."
Father: "Look you, Mr. What's-yourname, you are the very man I want to engage. I've some business down-town, and while I'm away you do the praying. You shall have twenty cents an hour."

You shall have twenty cents an hour."
With a look half incredulous and half of swaggering defiance, the tramp accepted the proposal.
"Come on," said Father—: "I'll show

you the chapel." Leading the way he told the man where to pray, and set his sexton to keep a watch on him. The priest was absent three hours, and all that time the tramp kept on his knees under the eye of the sexton. His employer, learning that he had fulfilled his contract, paid him sixty cents and dismissed him with an invitation to come every day and earn more money on the same terms.

As a matter of history he has not been back to claim the job.—[Detroit Free

# Significance of the Cross-Mark

The mark which persons who are unable to write are required to make instead of their signature is in the form of a cross, and this practise, having formerly been followed by kings and nobles, is constantly referred to as an instance of the deplorable ignorance of ancient times. This signature is not, however, invariable proof of such ignorance. Anciently, the use of this mark was not confined to illiterate persons; for among the Saxons the mark persons; for among the Saxons the mark of the cross, as an attestation of the good faith of the person signing, was required to be attached to the signature of those who could write, as well as to stand in the place of the signature of those who could not write. In those times, if a man could write, or even read, his knowledge was considered proof positive that he was in boly orders. The word designed he was in holy orders. The word clerique or clerk, was synonymous with penman and the laity or people who were not clerks, did not feel any urgent necessity for the use of letters. The ancient use of the cross was, therefore, universal alike by those who could, and those who could not write. It was, indeed, the symbol of an oath from its early associations, and generally the mark. On this account Mr. Charles Knight, in his notes in the "Pictorial Shakespeare," explains the express-ion of "God save the mark!" as a form of ejaculation approaching to the character of an oath. The phrase occurs three or more times in the plays of Shakespeare but for a long time it was left by t commentators in its original obscurity.

Being entirely vegetable, no particular care is required while using Dr. Pierce's "Plesant Purgative Pellets." They operate without disturbance to the constitu tion, diet, or occupation. For sick head-ache, constipation, impure blood, dizziness sour eructations from the stomach, bad taste in mouth, billious attacks, pain in region of kidney, internal fever, bloated feeling about stomach, rush of blood to head, take Dr. Pierce's "pellets." By druggists.

At the approach of spring great atten-tion should be given to purify the system engorged with foul humors during the winter. Burdock Blood Bitters is Nature's own purifying and regulating tonic.

Consumption, that dread destroyer of the human race, is often the result of bad blood and low vitality, a scrofulous con-dition of the system. Burdock Blood Bit-ters cures Scrofula in its worst form.

### CHILDREN'S WAYS.

## And the best Methods of Dealing With Them—Hints to Parents.

Among parents, calmness, patience, and cheerful good nature are of great importance. Many a child goes astray, not because there is a want of virtue at home, but simply because home lacks sunshine. A child needs smiles, as much as flowers need sunbeams. Children look little be-yond the present moment. If a thing pleases, they are apt to seek it; if it dis-pleases, they are prone to avoid it. If home is the place where faces are sour, and words harsh, and fault finding is ever in the ascendant, they will spend as many hours as possible elsewhere. Let every father and mother, then try to be happy. Let them talk to their children, especi-ally little ones, in such a way as to make ally little ones, in such a way as them happy. Solomon's rod is a great institution, but there are cases, not a few, where a smile or a pleasant word

will serve a better purpose, and be more agreeable to both parties.

It is at times necessary to punish and censure: but very much more can be done by encouraging children when they do by encouraging children when they do well. Be always more careful to express wen. Be always more careful to express your approbation of good conduct, than your disapprobation of bad. Nothing can more discourage a child than a spirit of in-cessant fault-finding. Hardly anything can exert a more injurious influence on the disposition. There are two great mothe disposition. There are two great mo-tives of influencing human actions—hope and fear. Both of these are at time necessary. But who would not prefer to have one influenced to good conduct by a desire of pleasing, rather than by the fear of offending? If a mother never ex-presses her gratification when her children do well and is always censuring when shesees anything amiss, they are discouraged and unhappy, their dispositions become soured and hardened by their ceaseless fretting and at last finding that, whether they do ill or well, they are equally found fault with, they relinquish all efforts to please and become heedless of reproaches.

please and become heedless of reproaches.

Occupation is also a necessary foe to most children. Their active habits prove this. They love to be busy, even about nothing, still more to be usefully employed. Children should be encouraged to perform for themselves every little office relative to the toilet, which they are capable of doing. They should keep their own clothes and other possessions in neat order, and fetch for themselves whatever they want; in short, they should learn to be as want: in short, they should learn to be as

independent of others as possible.

Hard be the fate of him who makes not childhood happy; it is so easy. It does not require wealth, or position, or fame, only a little kindness, and the tact which it inspires. Give a child a chance to love, to play, to exercise his imaginations and affections, and he will be happy. Smiles are cheap things, cheap articles, to be fraught with so many blessings both to the giver and receiver—pleasant little ripples to watch as we stand on the shore of every-day life. Let the children have the benefit of them; those little ones who need the sunshine of the heart to educate them, and would find a level for their buoyant natures in the cheerful loving faces of those who lead them.

# Before the "Reformation."

The English abbeys were renowned for their hospitality. Thomas Fuller, a high Protestant authority, states that "every person who brought the form of a man to a monastery received a substantial dinner, and a few kindly words from the much calumniated monks." Thorndale becomes eloquent over the hospitality of the nuns to these poor lonely creatures of their own

to these poor lonely creatures of their own sex who were homeless.

The hospitality of the secular and reli-gious orders in Ireland were also on a large scale; sickness, old age, or the disasters of the world were not met with a pitiles frown; charity and benevolence assumed

the most delicate forms. An Irish chieftan, who resided in a lonely part of the west of Ireland, fearing that travellers might perish of cold and hunger in the "mountain passes," placed over the gates of his castle the following words: "Let no honest man that is thirsty or hungry pass this way." The name of this

hungry pass this way. The name of this knight was Rodger O'Shaughnessy.

Protestantism rose up as "a seven headed monster" who deyoured the heritage of the poor; and robbed human nature of all those high and holy feelings mature of all those high and holy reenings which Catholicity planted in the heart of man. Perhaps one of the greatest verdicts that history has pronounced against English Protestantism is to be found in the fact that the founders of our reformed Christianity, seized upon, and turned to their own private uses, the revenues of one hundred and ten hospitals. Amongst the list of those who received a portion of the property of confiscated hospitals, stands forth the name of the author of the "Book of Common Prayer," Thomas Cranmer —S. A. B., in the Lamp.

Many years ago when new sects in New England began to break the good old Congregational barriers and make in-cursions into the sheep-folds of the regular clergy, a reverend divine, a man of good sense and good humor, encountered an irregular practitioner at the house of one of his flock. They had a pretty hot discussion on their points of difference, and at length, the interloper wound up by saying: "Well, Doctor, you'll at by saying: "Well, Doctor, you'll at least, allow that it was commanded to preach the Gospel to every critter."
"True" rejoined the Doctor; "true enough but, then, I never heard it was commanded to every 'critter' to preach the Gospel."

## If Nearly Dead

after taking some highly puffed up stuff, with long testimonials, turn to Hop Bitters, and have no fear of any Kidney or Urinary Troubles, Bright's disease, Diabetes or Liver Complaint. These diseases and the complex of Hop ways of Hop. cannot resist the curative power of Hop Bitters; besides it is the best family medicine on earth.

It would be a gross injustice to confound that standard healing agent—Dr. Thomas Eclectric Oil-with the ordinary unguents, lotions and salves. They are oftentimes inflammatory and astringent. This Oil is, on the contrary, eminently cooling and soothing when applied externally to relieve pain, and powerfully remedial when swallowed.