

A Secret.

[From "The Aldine" for November.]
It is your secret and mine, love!
Ah me! how the dreary rain, long,

They had robed you all in white, love.
In your hair was a single rose.
A miracle rose it might well have been,

So I sought me a little scroll, love,
And the reason in eager haste,
Lest another's eyes should read them,

The secret is yours and mine, love!
Only we two know the truth.
What words were clear in the darkness,

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 physical casing, but the soul of the brave grows only stronger from its conflict with the storm.

McDonnell the madman had put on the armor of his patience, and thanked God, as the dark asylum gates closed behind him, and the divine light had taken upon violent means to bring him mercifully to his senses again.

With such thoughts and prayers and reflections he passed the great gates of behind him. He thanked God in his heart for the mildness which had come upon him with the violence of a tempest, for tempests purify the air and leave the earth prettier than before.

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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.

"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 within the walls?"

"Why, papa," answered his daughter, a sprightly young lady of eighteen, "I am charmed with Mr. McDonnell already, 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?"

"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 be careful, sir, in dealing with her."

"Ah! that I shall," said Mr. McDonnell. "Yet I can scarcely be responsible if some day I should go on my knees to her. I 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 impatient girl as he was leaving to follow the superintendent to his apartments.

and confine his powers of devility to the narrowest possible scope. He was settled, at last, engaged, 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 its dreary halls, and consoled him with its sweet assurance in his sanity.

"You honor me too much, and I shall be glad to avail myself of your invitation. Shall we go immediately?"

"Not at all," said McDonnell, much relieved and decidedly angry. "Well, well, what a nervous creature I am! You must have been astonished at the rudeness of a lord high chamberlain."

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peated the gentleman—"the doctor's very words! What a remarkable coincidence! I must tell him of it immediately. But pray, sir, are you crazy?"

"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."

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to freedom, and he began to meditate some plan of immediate escape. It was a long time before he could think out any possible method, and then it seemed impossible 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 higher price.

"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, sir."

"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."

"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 Detroit'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 with?' Father: 'Well, you look as if you ought not to be begging. Why don't you work? Surely you are able to.' Tramp: 'Can't get no work.' Father: 'I don't like to give you money under the circumstances, but I'll—'

"Tramp (insolently): Oh! you priests have nothing to do but pray at the rate of twenty cents an hour, and get fat, and you think a poor devil ought to work, work all the time." Father: "Look you, Mr. What's-your-name, 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."

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.

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 beyond the present moment. If a thing pleases, they are apt to seek it; if it displeases, 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, especially little ones, in such a way as to make 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 well. 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 incessant fault-finding. Hardly anything can exert a more injurious influence on the disposition. There are two great motives of influencing human actions—hope and fear. Both of these are at times 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 expresses her gratification when her children do well and is always censuring when she sees anything amiss, they are discouraged and unhappy; their dispositions become sour 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.

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 independent of their parents as far 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 fact 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 abbey 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 calculated monks." The middle becomes eloquent over the hospitality of the nuns to these poor lonely creatures of their own sex who were homeless.

The hospitality of the secular and religious orders in Ireland were also on a large scale; sickness, old age, or the disasters of the world were not met with a pitiless frown; charity and benevolence assumed the most delicate forms.

An Irish chieftain, 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 knight was Sir Roger O'Shaughnessy.

Protestantism rose up as a seven-headed monster who devoured the heritage of the poor; and robbed human nature of all those high and holy feelings 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.

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 Trouble, Bright's disease, Diabetes or Liver Complaint. These diseases 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' Eclectic 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.