

Childhood.

BY MAURICE F. EAGAN.
When mothers watch beside their children's cradle.
And kiss the snow-brown and golden hair.
They do not see the future that is coming.

TOO STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE

BY LADY GEORGINA FULLERTON.

After some further conversation had taken place, and just as Madame Thirlemont was about to conduct her guests to their apartments, a servant came into the room and presented a letter to M. Thirlemont. He hastily read it, and then placed it in his wife's hands. A cloud suddenly overshadowed her face, and her demeanour to her guests became cold and dignified.

rection, and shared, with many others, and Madame Thirlemont herself, the sufferings of the colonists. She then explained that somebody at New Orleans had once said to her that there were strange stories about the d'Aubans. No details had been given. One of those assertions had been made which, like the seed blown about by the wind, and which gives birth to many a noxious weed, propagates mischief with fatal facility. A strange story about somebody, which the speaker himself does not know much about, has often done more harm than a positive calumny. A direct charge friends can reply to. But who could always deny that, in their own or others' lives there have been no strange stories? The few who knew the details of the one we have been describing, could certainly not have denied its strangeness. "But why lock them up?" persisted M. Thirlemont. "Whatever stories there may be about or against them, I do not see that it is their business to be locked up."

and rise in peace. Her husband was now her own. The fear of separation was no longer in her eyes. Her enemies could be once more directed in high and useful channels. The house promised to them was all they could desire. Its vicinity to the sea would, she knew, be to d'Auban an immense enjoyment, like a friend of his childhood, cheering his declining years. If the trees round St. Andre were not so grand, those of the original forest; if the flowers did not blossom so spontaneously in its gardens as in the wild pleasure-grounds of Louisiana, there would be beauty in abundance about their new abode, and more repose, more security, a stronger home-feeling in their position, than in the solitude of the wilderness so much loved in former days. Before the Governor left, he had placed in Madame d'Auban's hands a sealed packet, containing letters which explained the change in their fortunes. There was a long one from the Comte de Saxe. He dwelt on his own happy relations with her, which he felt somewhat afraid of announcing to the king. Important political events had, however, happily supervened, and turned his majesty's thoughts in another direction; and some days elapsed, during which no inquiries were made as to the princess and her dejected husband, which he felt somewhat afraid of announcing to the king. Important political events had, however, happily supervened, and turned his majesty's thoughts in another direction; and some days elapsed, during which no inquiries were made as to the princess and her dejected husband, which he felt somewhat afraid of announcing to the king.

with her husband and her daughter. They could sit quietly together, looking back to the last four years of their lives as to a feverish dream, and forward with grateful hearts to one of usefulness and peace. If they had been allowed to choose for themselves, they could not have fixed on a destiny more in accordance with their wishes than the one Providence had assigned to them. From the window, where they were sitting, they could see their future habitation in the midst of orange gardens and coffee plantations, and trees bending under the weight of the most beautiful fruits, the blue sea breaking gently on the smooth yellow coast; the evening breeze fanning its surface with out stirring its depths. They could scarcely speak, their hearts were so full. "My Mina, is not this a beautiful land?" said her father, looking fondly at his child.

HOME, HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

Better than gold to a man is a cheerful wife. But he must do his part towards making her cheerful. It is easy enough for a man to marry a cheerful woman. The bride expectant, when she thought how happy she would be, never contemplated the picture of a husband coming home cross as a bear and going to bed without speaking to her; she had never thought of the long evenings when he would come at all, or of his bringing some one home to dinner without warning or preparation; or of his awful profanity over so trifling a matter as his little bills of expenses. She had no idea, in fact, that there could be anything but happiness in married life, and she determined to be happy, and to distribute her happiness to those around her. It is not often her fault if she doesn't succeed. Men, as a rule, do not exert themselves to secure their wives' happiness. They know that it requires a constant and great effort to possess property and be secure in its value in the midst of constant commercial changes. The cheerful woman, however, who is happy, hopeful character which every woman displays at the beginning of marriage, is not so easily lost as a fortune; it requires but a small share. A woman to be a wife of a man who doesn't know enough about himself to understand his value in daily life. Such a man would improve the first opportunity to grind the cheerfulness out of his home, to frighten a sun-done into a shadow, and then wonder what is the matter. Such is no better than no husband at all; and when you want a husband, go and find somebody who will at least be true to his word, and happy far into the life beyond the honeymoon.

CHASTE BUT NOT VIRTUOUS.

A shrewd lady writes has to say of her own sex: "There are women wholly and entirely virtuous who are in other respects and caricatures on our sex; women who hold up their own skirts and go about strutting garbage to delude others with; women who feel and thrive upon distrust and suspicion, who gather up carefully and with untiring zeal all the bits of scandal floating about, to turn over, and add something to, and send forth again in the gossamer air; like a deadly miasma, to be destroyed. Women who are never under any circumstances by anybody, least telling good of anyone; but who, miserably uncomfortable, and doubtful even of a just Providence. Women need not condemn or conceal the faults of their sisters; let them be as they are, and simply being silent or leaving unspoken the opinions which can do no good, and much harm, they can do themselves great credit and their sex honor. Unless a man is perfectly depraved and base, he will keep discreetly little-tattle to himself, and shun companions where small talk is at premium. But women who do not abstain from the position in society entitles them to be such, lend themselves to this unworthy means of killing time—to give it no meaning—and repeat slanders, which once gone forth can never be recalled."

ANCIENT HOSPITALITY.

It was once the universal custom to place ale or some strong liquor in the chamber of an honored guest, to assuage his thirst, should he feel any on awakening in the night, which considering that the hospitality of that period often reaches excess, was by no means unkindly. It is a current story in Teotihuacan that in the house of an ancient family of distinction, much addicted to the Presbyterian cause, a Bible was always put into the sleeping apartment of the guests, along with a bottle of strong ale. On one occasion there was a meeting of clergymen in the vicinity of the castle, all of whom were invited to dinner by the worthy baronet, and several abode there that night. According to the fashion of the times several of the reverend guests were allotted to one large barrack-room, which was used on such occasions of extended hospitality. The butler took care that the divines were presented, according to custom, each with a Bible and a bottle of ale; but, after a little consultation among themselves, they are said to have recalled the domestic just as he was leaving the apartment. "My friend," said one of the venerable guests, "you must know that when we meet together the youngest minister reads aloud a portion of Scripture to the rest. Only one Bible, therefore, is necessary; take away the other six, and in their place bring six more bottles of ale."

AN OLD STORY REMODELLED.

An old monkey, desiring to teach his sons the advantage of unity, brought them a number of sticks, and desired them to see how easily they might be broken one at a time. So each young monkey took a stick and broke it. "Now," said the father, "I'll teach you a lesson." And he began to gather the sticks into a bundle. But the young monkeys, thinking he was about to beat them, set upon him altogether and disabled him. "There," said the aged sufferer, "behold the advantage of unity! If you had assailed me one at a time I would have killed every mother's son of you!"

THE BLOOM OF AGE.

A woman never grows old. Years may pass over her head, but if benevolence and virtue dwell in her heart, she is as cheerful as when the spring of life first opened to her view. When we look upon a good woman we never think of her age; she looks as charming as when the rose of youth first bloomed on her cheek. That rose has not faded yet; it will never fade. In her neighborhood she is the friend and benefactor. Who does not respect and love the woman who has passed her days in acts of kindness and mercy, who has been a friend of man and God, whose whole life has been a scene of goodness and love and a devotion to truth? We repeat, such a woman cannot grow old. She will always be fresh and buoyant in spirits, and active in humble deeds of mercy and benevolence. If the young lady desires to retain the bloom and beauty of youth, let her not yield to the sway of fashion and folly; let her love truth and virtue, and to the close of life she will retain those feelings which now make life appear like a garden of sweets—ever fresh and ever new.

A HINT TO GRUMBLERS.

A hint to grumblers.—"What a noisy world this is!" croaked an old frog, as he squatted on the margin of the pond. "Do you hear these geese how they scream and hiss? What do they do it for?" "Oh! just to amuse themselves," answered a little field-mouse. "Presently we shall have the owl shooting. What is that for?" "It's the music they like best," said the mouse. "And those grasshoppers; they can't go home without grinding and chirping; why do they do that?" "Oh! they are so happy they can't help it," said the mouse. "I believe you don't understand music, so you like the hideous noises!" "Well, my friend, to be honest with you," said the mouse, "I don't greatly admire any of them; but they are all sweet in my ears compared with the constant croaking of a frog."—Applis of Gold.

PREMATURE WOMEN.

When girls midway in their teens throw off their natural, girlish habits and attire, don long skirts, skip up their hair, and affect the airs and dices of young women, they would often be surprised at what their elders really think of the improvement. One such young miss went to the depot recently to meet an aged friend of the family, and was surprised to find herself not recognized upon greeting the visitor as she stepped from the car. "Don't you know me, auntie?" "Why, this is Maria, is it?" "Certainly! Don't you think I look better than I did last summer when you were here?" "No!" replied the honest soul, looking the girl over; "to tell you the truth, I don't. Go home, and let down your hair, and be young while you can, for it will not be many years before you will be glad to have people take you for a girl."

THE LANGUAGE OUR LORD SPOKE.

One thing alone, to pass over all others, should entitle the Hebrew to a place in the Mass—viz, it was the language of Melchisedec, the prototype in the old law of our Divine Lord in relation to his sacred and eternal priesthood. It was the language of the very first and his ever-blessed Mother, not to say of the majority of his disciples in the new law. We do not think it necessary to enter here into a full history of the ancient Hebrew and what it is so often known by—viz, the Syro-Chaldaic, or Syriac. Let it suffice to say that since the Babylonian captivity there has been no true Hebrew spoken by the Jews; and that what goes by that name in the New Testament was an Aramaean branch of the Semitic family of languages known as the Syriac. It can be proved, almost to a demonstration, that this was the language our Lord spoke.—Father O'Brien's History of the Mass.

ENVIOUS PEOPLE.

Those who have fewest resources in themselves naturally seek the food of their self-love elsewhere. The most ignorant people find most to laugh at in strangers; and satire prevail most in small places; and a propensity to ridicule the slightest or most palpable deviation from what we happen to approve comes with the progress of common sense and decency. True worth does not exist in the fault of others, as true refinement turns away from grossness and deformity, instead of being tempted to indulge in an unmanly triumph over it. Raphael would not faint away at the daubing of a sign-post, nor Homer hold his head the higher for being in the company of a "great bard." True power, real excellence, does not seek for a foil in imperfection; nor fear contamination from coming in contact with that which is coarse and homely. It reposes on itself, and is equally free from envy and affectation.

THE ANGELUS.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.
At dawn, the joyful choir of bells
In consecrated citadels
Sings the sweet and drowsy air
A brief, melodious call to prayer
For Mary, Virgin meek and lowly,
Conceder of our new delight.
As the Lord's angel did declare. Ave Maria!
At noon, above the fraternal street,
Our souls are lifted to repeat
The prayer, with low and wistful voice:
The stars, the lilies of the night;
Of all the songs the years have sung us,
The word made flesh has dwelt among us,
It still our ever new delight. Ave Maria!

THE TEXT.

A pious old lady, who was too unwell to attend meeting, used to send her thick-headed husband to church to hold out the text the preacher had selected, by the foundation of his discourse. The poor dame was rarely fortunate enough to remember the words of the text, or even the chapter and verse where they could be found; but one Sabbath he ran home in hot haste, and informed his wife that he could report every word without missing a syllable. The words were as follows: "An angel came down from heaven and took a live coal from the altar." "Know every word," said the husband. "I am anxious to hear it," continued the wife. "The are nice words," observed the husband. "I am glad your memory is improving, but don't keep me in suspense, my dear," said she. "Just get your big Bible, and I will say the words for I know them by heart. I repeated them a hundred times on my way home." "Well, let's hear them." "Ahem!" said he, clearing his throat. "An angel came down from New Haven and took a live coal by the tail and jerked him out of the halter!"

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ANECDOTE OF CAROLAN.

The following anecdote is related of Carolan, the famous Irish musician, as an instance of the facility with which he committed tunes to memory, as well as of the astonishing ease with which he could play new melodies: "At the house of an Irish nobleman, where Gemmill was present, Carolan challenged that eminent composer to a trial of skill. The musician played over on his violin the fifth concerto of Vivaldi. It was instantly repeated by Carolan on his harp, though he had never heard it before. The surprise of the company was increased when he asserted that he would compose a concerto himself at the moment; and the more so when he actually played that admirable piece known ever since as Carolan's Concerto."

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

The Catholic Church is a city to which many avenues lead on every side, towards which men may travel from any quarter by the most various roads, and by the most astonishing ease with which he could play new melodies: "At the house of an Irish nobleman, where Gemmill was present, Carolan challenged that eminent composer to a trial of skill. The musician played over on his violin the fifth concerto of Vivaldi. It was instantly repeated by Carolan on his harp, though he had never heard it before. The surprise of the company was increased when he asserted that he would compose a concerto himself at the moment; and the more so when he actually played that admirable piece known ever since as Carolan's Concerto."

THE MONKS OF THE CHARTREUSE.

An industry of considerable value and interest has just been lost to France by the action of the authorities in expropriating the well-known Chartreuse liqueur, which has been for such a long time carried on in the monastery of that name, is now to be transferred to the town of Romont, in the canton of Fribourg, where a considerable piece of land has been purchased near the railway.

MAKE FRIENDS.—Life is very critical.

Any word may be our last. Any farewell, even small glee and merriment, may be forever. If this truth was but burned into our consciousness, and if it ruled as a deep conviction and real power in our lives, would it not give a new meaning to our human relationship? Would it make us far more tender than we sometimes are? Would it not often put a rein on our impetuous speech? Would we cury in our hearts the mischievous suspicions and jealousies that now so often blot and embitter the fountain of our lives? Would we be so impatient of the faults of others? Would we allow trivial misunderstandings to build up a wall between us and those who ought to stand very close to us? Would we keep alive petty quarrels year after year, which a manly word any day would compose? Would we pass old friends and neighbors on the street without recognition, because of some real or fanciful slight, some wounding of pride, or some ancient grudge? Or would he so chary of the kind words, or commendations, our sympathy, our comfort when weary hearts all about us are breaking for just such a word of interest or appreciation as we have in our power to give.

WERNER.—Werner, the great German dramatist, at the age of forty-five, became not only a Catholic, but a priest. His writings show he regarded the religion he embraced as the chief blessing of his life, and that he clung to it as the anchor of his soul. In reply to a rumor that he intended returning to Protestantism, he said "It is as impossible that a soul in bliss should return into the grave, as that a man who, like me, after a life of error and search, has found the priceless jewel of truth, should, I will not say give up the same, but hesitate to sacrifice for it blood and life, nay, many things perhaps far dearer with joyful heart, when our good cause is concerned."