

A DEAD SECRET.

Into the room she made her way—
The room was darkened, and sweet
and still—
And quiet the folded fan lay
Over his heart, soft his heart was still.
One sat weeping beside the bed,
Aghast, who, held a child's soft
hand—
And both were gazing upon the dead—
The dead, so stately, so white and
grand.
All without bidding she entered there,
And no hand hindered, for where
Death is,
None are stronger, so kindly care,
Nor tact, nor tenderness, seems vain.
Uncalled, ungrateful, she paused and
stood.
By the dead man's side, with dry stern
eyes,
As eyes must be when the heart weeps
blood,
Gazing down in a pained surprise—
As if she thought some light must break
Under the closed lids when she came,
Or the closed shut lips must stir and
move.
A last faint whisper to name her name.
What was it all? His widow wails,
His child's bright tears fall quick as
rain,
But the stranger woman turned and
stept
Out from the darkened room again.
Calmly as one might come and go
Who had no mind beyond good will
And common pity for mourner's woe,
So same and went she, and all was
a still.
But was it fancy, or had there crept
Over the dead man's features a tender
smile.
As if, like a tired child, he slept
With beautiful heart-warm dreams
the while?

THE EARTHLY HEAVEN.

If there is any heaven on this earth,
It is where just the right man marries
just the right woman; and there is no
way to be happy except with perfect lib-
erty. I hate a man who thinks a woman
should obey him. I had rather be a
slave than a master. I had rather be rob-
ber than be a robber. All that I ask for
woman-kind is simple liberty, and let the
man love the woman as she should be
loved. As one of the sacred books of
the Hindus says: "Man is strength—
woman is produce; man is courage—
woman is wisdom; and where there is one
man loving one woman, and one woman
loving one man, in that house the very
angels love to come and sit and sing." I
believe, then, in perfect freedom. I
believe, then, in perfect justice, and
where a man loves a woman she never
grows old to him. Through the wrinkles
of age and through the mask of time he
sees the sweet maiden face that he loved
and won. And when a woman loves a
man he does not grow gray, he does not
grow decrepit, he is not old, but to her
he is the same for ever that won
her heart and hand.

TRUE EVEN UNTO DEATH.

That was a touching story told by Mr.
Gladstone when announcing the death of
the Princess Alice, in Parliament. She
had been cautioned by the physicians not
to incline the breast of her little boy,
who was ill with diphtheritis. The little
fellow was tossing in his bed in the
delirium of fever. The princess, by the side
of her child, laid her hand upon his brow
and began to caress him. The touch
cooled the fevered brain and brought
the wandering soul back from its wild
delirium to nestled for a moment in the
lap of a mother's love. Then throwing
his arms around her neck he whispered,
"Mamma, kiss me." The instinct of a
mother's love was stronger than sense,
and she pressed her lips to those of her
child. And yet there is not a woman in
all the world but would say she would
not have had a mother's heart if she had
not kissed her brat. And so it will be
even to the end of time. The mother
will kiss her child, the wife her husband
and the lover his sweetheart, though
death in thousand forms lay concealed
beneath the vermilion coloring of the
parting lips.

THE DIVISION OF LABOR.

There are some emphases so mo-
narchical that the mind is left absolutely
free. We have sometimes thought that
in a well-arranged world these should
fall into the hands of philosophers and
poets. But in the world as we find it
they are generally the share of those
who have little brain of thought, and
whose brain lies vacant while their hands
are busy.

Grocer do not mean anything wrong
by giving fourteen ounces to the pound;
it is only a winning weight they have.

Happiness is a perfume that one
cannot share over another without a few
drops falling on one's self.

Love is a fellow around, swapping a
pick of trouble for a pint of happiness.

The literary art always has work on
his side.

THE "ACADIAN."

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