

**The Century Plant.**  
 I had a brother—a sailor lad was he,  
 And many a gorgeous gift he brought over  
 From the East Indies, and a diamond,  
 Whose facets shone like musical lips—bliss  
 Gleamed 'neath a lid of molten gold, like a  
 star in a sunset sky;  
 Pink-checked shells whose brilliant wings  
 Lighted her cage like a flame.  
 But rarer far than these, my brother brought  
 From the last voyage he ever made across  
 the trembling sea  
 A beautiful broad-leaved Century Plant—a  
 growing mystery.  
 The Gent of the East had found it in their  
 bowers,  
 And prized the soul of a thousand blooms  
 In its mighty emerald towers.  
 And deemed it as the Wand'ring Jew of the  
 short-lived race of flowers.  
 In the garden's sunniest spot, when summer  
 Yearly I through the estate plant, with its sad  
 and stately air;  
 Near it the rose-bud and blush, the lilac  
 censers swing  
 And over it flutters my wonderful bird on  
 her fiery-golden wing  
 But whether it shines, or whether it snows—  
 whether it chambers or towers,  
 It answers my heart in an added leaf—but  
 never with a flower.  
 Sunshine and shadows may fall, seasons may  
 come and go—  
 Spring may reopen the May-flowers grave,  
 and kiss its pale cheeks into glow;  
 Or winter may freeze the timid leaves,  
 with the white ghost of the snow;  
 Whether the clouds are alive with light, or  
 black with the coming doom,  
 Whether the skylark searches for morn, or  
 hides from the evening gloom,  
 The spell-bound heart of the Century Plant  
 never bursts into bloom!  
 Hearts and faces will change, and the warm-  
 est love grow cold and wing  
 Before its silent and mournful lips open  
 in blossoms of bloom  
 Its interpreted life-long dream, those eyes  
 will never behold.  
 Glorious will be its awakening hour—yet  
 I cannot cover its fate:  
 Woe and pain will greet the traveller, if he  
 fingereth long the gate.  
 And the hardest lesson a heart can learn, is  
 to think of the future—and woe.

**TOO STRANGE  
 NOT TO BE TRUE**

BY LADY GEORGINA FULLERTON.

"Enough, dearest, enough. I am more than satisfied," exclaimed d'Auban, who felt he had unintentionally slightly wounded his wife's feelings. Any destiny out of the common order, any transgression of the usual laws of society, even under the most favorable circumstances, at certain moments sometimes long after old feelings and habits of mind had been apparently eradicated, tends to arouse slight emotions, delicate susceptibilities, which are like faint traces left on the soul of what once has been, visible only by certain lights.

A conversation d'Auban held that evening with the Baron proved to him the justice of his wife's appreciation of the old man's real feelings; he was so thoroughly happy at the thoughts of an alliance with the family to which his own had owed so much, so full of delight at acquitting a debt of gratitude as regarded the past, and he kindly added, pressing his friend's hand in both of his, "in inquiring of you, I am sure, you will be as thorough as I am, and as to Raoul, when he had informed that the betrothal was not to take place unless his little girl gave her full and free assent to it—that her mother had made him promise this—

"But surely," said the Baron, "a young lady as well educated as Mademoiselle Mina, and of as amiable a disposition, would never dream of opposing her parents' wishes on such a subject."

"My best friends," d'Auban answered, "Mina's education, not a bad one, thank you, has yet been in many respects peculiar. Events, more than teaching, have formed her character. She would doubtless obey our orders, but her mother's ideas on that point are strong, and she would never compel her daughter to marry, or to promise her hand to anyone she did not herself freely choose."

The idea of young ladies choosing their husbands was quite a new one to the Baron, and utterly distasteful to him. He would like to see Bertha and Isaura think of choosing for themselves, indeed! And as to Raoul, when he had informed him that he was about to ask for Mademoiselle d'Auban's hand for him, he had behaved as well as possible, and expressed his perfect submission to his grandfather's wishes.

"But I suppose your daughter is not likely to object to the chevalier," he said. "He has, I hope, made himself agreeable to her since she arrived here?"

"I should think your grandson as likely as any youth I have ever seen to win a young lady's heart," answered d'Auban; "and I trust that I may have the happiness of calling him my son."

On the morning of the next day, which was to be the last but one they were to spend at the Chateau de la Croix, Madame d'Auban sent for her daughter into her room from the library, where she had gone with Isaura, to copy some passages out of an old book of poetry they had been reading together, and when Mina came bounding into the room she found her father and mother sitting together. They made room for her between them, and he said to her: "Have you been very happy here, my daughter?"

"Yes, very happy," she answered. "Everybody has been so kind to me, and I love them all very much."

"They are all very fond of you, Mina. The Baron has been speaking to me about you."

"I was afraid he was a little angry with me, because I told Osseo to go away, instead of calling to the sentinels."

"Well, he seems to have forgiven you. He told me you were a brave little girl. I suppose you will be sorry to part with Isaura and Bertha?"

"Yes, and with Raoul also."

"Ah! you like him. I am glad of that. I have taken a great fancy to Raoul. He is very pleasing, and so good and noble-hearted."

"He ought to be good, for his mother, oh, dearest papa! she is quite a saint. I like so much to watch her when she is speaking to a poor person, or dressing their wounds. There is a little room quite out of the way, where they come to her every morning; but I know where it

is, and she lets me help her. She does not speak much, but the few words she says are full of love and sweetness."

"Then you would be glad to live some day with Madame Armand?"

"I would give the world to be like her."

"Then I think you will be glad to hear, my daughter, that she would like to call you her child?" answered Mina, innocently; "then I wish she would."

"What I mean is that she and the Baron want you some time hence to marry Raoul, and to be at once affianced to him."

Madame d'Auban's heart beat fast as her husband said this. Mina drew her arm from her neck and her hand from her eyes fixed on the ground and the color deepened in her cheeks. She did not speak. They remained silent also for few minutes, and then her mother said: "What is my Mina thinking of? Tell us, dearest, will you promise to marry Raoul?"

"No, I cannot promise to marry him. Oh, dearest papa, dearest mamma, do not ask me."

"And why not, Mina?" said d'Auban, looking vexed and disappointed.

"Because, papa, it would make me miserable; because . . . a flood of tears started in her eyes, and she wept with what seemed passionate sorrow.

"My child," said her mother, anxiously, "speak, explain to us what you feel."

"Mamma, do you remember my telling you long ago that I would never marry a white man?"

"Oh, Mina, that old childish story!" exclaimed her mother; and her father said with impetuosity: "You are no longer a child, my daughter; and I cannot brook this infatuation about Indians. You do not suppose that we should ever consent to give our daughter in marriage to a red man?"

"I know you would not, papa, and I will never ask you to do so. But I wish to keep my promise."

"A child's promise! which does not bind you in the least, Mina. You do not intend to be bound by one promise, do not tell me to make another. I told you that I would not marry him, when we were at the Natchez; and after he had been baptized in Paris I said so again, but when he was unhappy I promised never to marry at all, and to be always his sister; and it comforted him a little. Mamma, don't you remember that one day in Paris, when Julie d'Orgeville had been talking to me about her cousin Jeanne being forced to marry the old Count d'Hervilliers, and I asked you if you would make me marry against my will, you said, *never*? And, mamma, when you said it, I don't know why, but there were tears in your eyes, and you added, 'No, my own, you will never know what it is to wear gilded chains.'"

"But Mina, darling, you like Raoul, and you would be very happy with him."

A troubled look came into little Mina's face; some large tears gathered in her eyes, she heaved two or three deep sighs, and then hiding her face in her mother's bosom, she murmured: "I could not be happy if I broke my promise."

Madame d'Auban fondly pressed her lips on her head, and, looking at her husband, smiled. Her woman's instinct was not at fault. She guessed what was passing in her child's heart.

"Mina," said her father, gravely, "if it is that foolish promise that weighs on your mind, Ontario would, I am sure, release you from it."

Madame d'Auban shook her head. Mina tried to say, "Oh, papa, that you order me to break it in that way I must, but my heart will break too. Mamma, you remember the day you took his hand and put it on my head, when Osseo was going to force me away from you? I was weeping then; we were prisoners; we were friendless then; we were prisoners; and he had parents and friends, and brothers and sisters. We were condemned to death, and he saved me. He saved papa, and he saved me. And now he has only me—only me to love him, I must keep my promise."

"Mina, said her father, sitting down again by her, "you are too young to understand what you give up when you say you will never marry."

The heavenly expression they sometimes noticed in their child's face shone in it, as she looked up and said: "I would give up anything to keep that promise."

"And if, which I never shall, I was to say to you which I never shall, I would to marry him?"

Mina closed her eyes, thought a moment, and then said "Yes," but in a tone that made her mother thrill all over, there was something so peculiar in the child's way of saying it.

She made a sign to her husband not to press the matter further; and they talked to her gently and soothingly, and said she should not be asked to make any promise to Raoul or anyone else; that she might remain a child for some years to come, and plant flowers and sow seeds in a cottage garden at St. Denis.

She kissed them and went straight out on the steps which led to the church. At that moment Madame Armand's poor people were passing through the gate on their way to the room where she received them. A woman was staggering under the weight of a sick child, and seemed ready to drop.

Raoul, who was passing through the court with the dogs, whistling a merry tune, caught sight of the beggar, and taking her baby in his arms, carried it to his mother. It was one of those indeliberate impulses which show the tone of a man's feelings. He was off again in a moment, not, however, before he had slipped an alms into the woman's hand. He seemed to breathe with animation, and snatches of an old French song burst from his lips as he passed the foot of the stairs. He did little more. She went into the church, and prayed a long time. It is said that St. Catherine of Siena, in one of her mysterious visions, was offered her choice of a crown of roses and a crown of thorns. She chose the last, because it was like the one our Lord had worn. Had two different visions also passed before Mina's eyes, and had she made a similar choice?

**CHAPTER IX.**  
 So rich a clove,  
 Too seldom crowns with peace affliction's  
 woe.  
 Mrs. Hemans.  
 How often, oh, how often,  
 I had wished that the ebbing tide  
 Would bear me away on its bosom,  
 For the ocean wild and wide!  
 For my heart was hot and restless,  
 And my life was full of care,  
 And the burden laid upon me  
 Seemed a greater one than I could bear.  
 But now it has fallen from me,  
 It is buried in the sea,  
 And I only sorrow for others  
 Thro' its shadow over me.  
 Longfellow.  
 It had not been easy to induce the Baron de la Croix to give up his favorite idea of a betrothal between Raoul and Mina; but her parents and Madame Armand, to whom Madame d'Auban had confided the grounds of her daughter's refusal, and her own belief that time would overcome her determination to lead a single life, out of fidelity to her promise and affection for her deliverer, found means to persuade M. de la Croix that the engagement must be deferred, and the ring of epousailles which he had sent for from Moulins must be put in the pocket.

D'Auban assured him that, on the whole, it was better the young people should be free till they met in two or three years, and could better judge of their own feelings.

"I never heard of feelings in my youth," cried the Baron. "The will of my father was the only feeling spoken of when I married Madame de la Croix; and nothing ever answered better than our marriage. But let it be as you wish. Wherever you are in three years' time—whether at the north or south pole—I shall send Raoul to ask for the hand of that pretty little heroine of yours, who, I hope, will not have found out by that time that she has feelings of her own. Feelings, I repeat, do you know, my dear Baron, that I have gained some strange ideas in the New World?"

"Or by staying out of the Old one, my dear Baron. It is wonderful how absence modifies one's views of certain things. It takes time to tune oneself to the key of European civilization."

"Your daughter finds Raoul agreeable, I hope?"

"Indeed, she does; but truly, my dear friend, she is too much of a child fully to appreciate yet the honor you do her."

"But why is she then so tall? she takes one."

"Ah! she has seen and felt too much for one so young."

"Ah! feeling again! Feeling and thinking will be the ruin of the present generation."

There was some truth in one sense, in the Baron's observation. The thinking of Voltaire, and the feelings of Rousseau, made wild havoc with the happiness, and the virtue of the French people. Wit and sentiment are powerful agents when they are on the side of infidelity and vice.

The child who was to be Madame de la Croix, one of the cleverest women of the beginning of this century, "*Madame, ce sont les sens d'esprit qui ont peris la France!*" was not, perhaps, altogether wrong, though it must have been tempting to answer, as she did, "*Je ne suis qu'une femme, et je n'ai pas su raisonner.*" But poor Mina's feelings were not of Rousseau's, or her father's philosophy of Voltaire's school; the Baron was quite satisfied that she was a modest and guileless child, and that his friend was a staunch Catholic as she lived; but there was something not quite understood about them, something a little ahead of his own ideas of right and wrong; and it is curious how suspicious men are of what goes beyond their own standard, as much, and often more, than they are of what is below it.

Raoul was very angry and very unhappy when his mother told him little Mina would not promise to marry him; and he took a long walk by himself, and would not speak to her all the evening. But before she went away, they made friends again, and she rode that last day the dun pony, and he saw her large dark blue eyes filling with tears, as Bertha and Isaura said affectionate things to her. And when he whispered, as he helped her off her horse in the court of the castle, "You are not sorry to part with me, Mina; you care only for my sisters," she blushed deeply, and said, "I do care for you, Raoul—only."

"Only what?" he asked, as they both stood by the pony, parting his head. She did not speak, but her heart was so full; she was afraid to cry.

"Only you like a savage better than me. Oh, Mina, I cannot forgive you."

"I never said," she said, hiding her face in the pony's mane.

"I know all about it," he said, stamping his foot. "I guessed it immediately. I should like to call him out."

"Oh, Raoul!" she said, raising her tearful eyes to his, "who is a savage now?"

"But I cannot bear you to love him better than me."

"There are such different kinds of love. You never saved my life; you never adopted me; you have everything to make you happy, and he has nothing."

"If he has your love, Mina, he has everything I care to have. But you say you have a kind of love for me. What sort of love is it?"

"I don't know. I should like to die for him, if it would make him happy."

"But you would like to spend your life with me—to be my wife?"

"No! I will never be anybody's wife."

"I do not believe that, Mina. But will you make me a promise? Will you promise not to marry anybody else, till I come in three years to see you in the Isle de Bourbon?"

"I don't want to make any more promises," Mina answered sadly. "I do not think promises are good things. One must keep them, you know, Raoul. But I am sure I shall not marry till you come."

This was said with a look which was very like a promise. He felt it as such, and he told it to his mother. And after Mina went away, he was always thinking of these words, and of her look when they were said. And he often patted the dun pony, and he fed it out of his hand; and his sisters smiled when they saw how fond he was of it; and Isaura peeped into the room, one day, and saw on his table the book of old romances he used to read to them in the library, and the life of Father Claver, which Mina had forgot in hers. She was very sorry when she missed it.

It was the book Ontario and she were to finish reading when they met again; and she had left it behind at the chateau! Not that she knew of, but her mother sometimes thought so.

Some months elapsed, and a ship was nearing the Isle de Bourbon. The passengers were standing on deck watching the coast becoming every moment more distinct. This vessel had had a long and wearisome passage. For three weeks it had been becalmed. Madame d'Auban thought of her passage to America with the German emigrants, when her despair was at its height, and could not find it in her heart to complain now of the deep stillness which reigned on the sea; the breezeless days and the sultry nights. Not but that she and her husband had anxious thoughts about the future. Not but that she dreaded, she scarcely knew why, the arrival at Bourbon. She had a presentiment—d'Auban had never persuaded her out of her belief in them—that a crisis in their fate was at hand; and perhaps, in spite of all the inconveniences of the voyage, she dreaded its coming to an end. But now the shores of the fair island, its verdant undulating hills with their grand background of mountains, that rose before their eyes as they went on deck at sunrise, St. Andre and St. Suzanne, and the bright little river of St. Denis, the town where they were to land, were successively pointed out to them. As they drew nearer they discerned the negroes at work in the fields, and the painted houses, and the people almost all dressed in white, and wearing straw hats.

"Oh, mamma!" Mina exclaimed, "there is a concession, and such a pretty habitation! And, oh, look at those palm-trees, and the orange-trees, and the oleanders and the mimosa, and the black women gathering the blossoms. Is it not beautiful? Is it not like Louisiana?"

As the ship glided into the port, crowds gathered to the landing-place to watch the disembarkment of the numerous passengers. A Government officer came on board to examine the passports. They were handed to him, and as he read the names, he also attentively looked at the persons who presented them. When Colonel d'Auban's name was given to him, he looked up quickly, and then said, in a low voice, to one of the men who accompanied him: "These are the persons the government expects. He is to be immediately informed of their arrival. Send this passport at once to the government house."

Madame d'Auban overheard the whisper, and turned at once to her husband, and begged to catch hold of her husband's arm to support herself. She instantly apprehended that a quicker sailing vessel than their own had previously arrived and brought orders to arrest them. This blow seemed almost more than she could bear. D'Auban had fixed her hopes on the benefit he would derive from a warm climate and a settled mode of life. The fear of fresh troubles and miseries seemed quite to overwhelm her.

"It is hard," she thought, "if they were not so suffered to live in obscurity in this remote island."

Tired and exhausted, she began to weep bitterly, regardless of the bystanders. It was that sort of weeping induced by fatigue more than by grief, but which, when joined with it, can neither be stayed or checked. Her husband, who did not know the cause of her distress, hurried her on shore. Though the passport had not been returned, no one opposed their landing. Madame d'Auban and her husband, a gentleman in a broken house of M. Thiermont, and a kindly woman a friend in Paris had recommended them, and who, with the well-known hospitality of the Bourbon creoles, had invited the new comers to take up their abode with him. He was one of the wealthiest large owners of the island, and his habitation, just outside the town, almost a palace. When the litter, carried by four blacks, stopped in front of the entrance door, he came out with his wife to greet their guests. When Madame Thiermont saw Madame d'Auban, she cried out, "It must be her; and to the astonishment of that lady she clasped her to her breast. At the first instant neither Mina nor her mother recollected who she was, but after a minute, both exclaimed almost at the same time, "Madame Lenoir!"

"Ah! no longer Madame Lenoir," answered their hostess, as she led them through the hall into the drawing-room. "A life of single blessedness did not suit me at all. M. Thiermont came on business to me, and I married him. I have since divorced from those who were my first husband. I am sure you can never be thankful enough to Colonel d'Auban," she turned around and bowed to him, "for so gallantly coming to our rescue. Ah, my charming Mina, I hope since you have been in Paris, you have got over your preference for those wicked wretches who so nearly murdered us. But as I was telling you, M. Thiermont offered me his name, and I have really had no reason to regret having accepted it, though of course I did not do so without much hesitation, seeing all I had gone through in consequence of my first marriage. Not that I mean to say that it was M. Lenoir's fault, poor man! Ah, Madame d'Auban, when we used to talk over our mutual sorrows, I was most to be pitied. Providence was, however, preparing for me a happy compensation. This was said with a sweet smile and glance at M. Thiermont, whose jovial countenance and loud cheerful laugh seemed indeed calculated to offer a contrast to the tragical passages of Madame Lenoir's history.

**TO BE CONTINUED.**

There is a balm in Gilead to heal each mortal wound,  
 In Hayswood's Yellow Oil the sure remedy is found;  
 For every ailment and in outward use you freely may apply it,  
 For all pain and inflammation you should it only cost a quarter, 't is worth its weight by every dealer in the land this great remedy is sold.  
 The world should be aroused to the deplorable condition of the females of our land! The enfeebled frame, the pale, bloodless cheeks, hollow eyes, nervous debility, and the various distressing forms of female weakness, are matters that every nation in our country should consider. All forms of Debility and Irregularities peculiar to the sex may be promptly remedied by Burdock Blood Bitters.

**DR. FRASER AGAIN.**  
 Since his marriage the Bishop of Manchester has been gradually developing more and more into a quite intelligible character. The Fraser vagaries seem to have come to an end. It seldom now falls to the lot of the *Manchester Guardian* to have either to correct or to threaten this once very sprightly ecclesiastic. Dr. Fraser is "as quiet as a mouse," as the sailors call it, and will no doubt soon cease altogether to make sport for the silk aprons and shovel hats bequeathed to us by the eighth Henry.

But there is still a flavour of the old spice about Dr. Fraser—an echo of a voice that has ceased. Take the following as a specimen:

Last night the Bishop of Manchester spoke strongly on the want of enthusiasm in Church of England worship, and remarked that a vast number attended service to criticise the singing and preaching as they would a concert. He pointed to the devotion of worshippers in the Church of Rome, and said that while he would not introduce any superstitious practices, he did wish to see congregations a little more devout.

Now this was just the Dr. Fraser style a few years ago, and of which it was thought that matrimony and good advice had cured him.

Why go into the pulpit of a Church of England place of worship for the direct purpose of taunting the unfortunate congregation with that in their service which they cannot help—namely, formalism and frigidity? And this, too, from one of their own bishops—the professional upholder of all that is banalish and straight-laced, frozen and "Bawleigh" in public church service!

And, in the next place, why complain of the want of enthusiasm in those who have never been taught enthusiasm in God's service—and, then, why praise Catholic devotion and hold it up as an example to be followed, while, in the same breath, the argument is ruined by an allusion to "superstitious practices," which is evidently Dr. Fraser's name for the Catholic worship!

The fact is, that the Bishop of Manchester is no more able to be dealt with logically now than he was when he underwent implement at the hands of the Bishop of Salford some few years back.

He wishes his congregations to be fervent without anything to excite fervour; he puts before them the spectacle of the piety of Catholic congregations, saying at the same time, Beware of the Catholic practices.

In his reasoning Dr. Fraser resembles a man who, while scolding a cripple for not running, should endeavour to urge him to the attempt by pointing out to him the beauty and the speed of an accomplished pedestrian, nevertheless taking care to conclude with the remark that the latter was certainly doomed to disaster, if not to a violent death.

The Church of England people should really take it very ill on the part of the Bishop of Manchester, this trifling with that which is their deep misfortune; and this, too, after he had been given to understand that he was a wiser, if not a sadder, man since he became "the husband of one wife."

The law-established religion is precisely as fervent an institution as it is possible for the civil power to create, and it is mere cruel mockery and unmeaning verbiage for one of its chief officers to push about amongst the rank and file of this State association, upbraiding right and left of him because of the want of resemblance between the members of his sect and those who form the Church of the living God.

Dr. Fraser must allow us to tell him that the difference is not one of degree only—it is a difference of kind, of race, of creation.—*London Observer.*

**THE BODY OF SAINT CLARE.**  
 A church and convent occupy the site of the house in which Saint Francis of Assisi spent his infancy and youth; the room he slept in, or rather the site of it, the cellar his father locked him up in, the doorway leading to the stable in which he was born are seen with interest by those who are attracted by such reminiscences. A little farther on rises a noble church; it is the Basilica di Santa Chiara, built, by order of the Pope, within seven years of St. Clare's death, in honor of this holy virgin. It is a magnificent building in the Italian Gothic style, and consists of one broad long nave. In front of the sanctuary you descend a noble flight of marble steps into a subterranean chapel; tapers are burning in the distance, you pass round an altar, which stands under the high altar of the Basilica; you hear the voices of women; as you approach the grating you behold the majestic figure of a woman laid out in a splendid habit embroidered with gold and silver; the face is quite visible; the nose seems to have fallen away, but the dark cheeks, forehead, mouth and chin, enclosed in their white gump, at once strike the beholder with a feeling of reverence and homage. It is St. Clare, and the voices you hear are those of the four Clares who, having come out from dinner, and having just their visit in the little chapel of San Giorgio (which is within their inclosure) are now praying, speaking to their holy mother and honoring her as though she were still their Abbess. You may hardly imagine that seven hundred years had passed since she rested from her labors, or that her spirit had been presiding and ruling seven long centuries in that holy community. But so it is.

**DETERMINED.**  
 A century ago the Scottish peasantry held their religious opinions with tenacity. They were not, however, as charitable as they were tenacious. A man unbound in the doctrines was looked upon with suspicion, while a skeptic was regarded as a sort of moral outlaw. A story told of David Hume, the infidel, illustrates this feeling in an amusing manner.

There was a path which led across a swampy meadow, and one night Hume, while wending his way over this path, fell into the swamp. Finding himself stuck in the mud, he called to a passing woman to help him out.

She went her way, apparently indifferent to his cry. The philosopher called again, earnestly, but she turned back, she came nigh and asked him: "Are na ye Hume, the atheist?"

"Well, no, matter," replied Hume; "Christian charity commands you to do good to every one."

"Christian charity, heifer, or Christian charity there, the woman said, 'I'll do nothing for you till ye turn a Christian yourself.'"

Ye manna repeat the Lord's Prayer and the Creed, or faith, I'll let ye graip [lie] there as I found ye."

The skeptical philosopher, really afraid for his life, rehearsed the prayer and the creed, and was then helped out of the mud by the woman, whose love for sound doctrine had made her uncharitable towards an erring man.

**ENTERTAINING COMPANY.**  
 The whole philosophy of hospitality is summed up by Emerson in the following: "I pray you, O excellent wife, not to curber yourself and me to get a rich dinner for this man or this woman who has alighted at our gate, nor a bed chamber made ready at too great a cost. These things, if they are curious, may turn a stranger see, if he will, in your looks, in your accent and behaviour, your heart and earnestness, your thought and will, what he cannot buy at any price, at any village or city, and which is the only thing that fifty miles and dine sparingly, and work hard, in order to behold. Certainly let the board be spread and the bed be dressed for the traveller, but let not the emphasis of hospitality be in these things. Honor to the hostess, where they are simple to the verge of hardness; but the intellect is awake and sees the laws of the universe, the soul flows truth and love, honor and courtesy into all deeds." One of the greatest comforts of having a home should be that in it we have a place for friends and strangers—rooms, more than supply the needs of the family and extra "leaves" to the extension table. The secret of true hospitality, as Emerson has stated, is in its coming from the heart.

**A RAILWAY EPISODE WITH A MORAL.**  
 As a family composed of three persons, father, mother, and a little son, a bright little fellow, were making a trip along the railroads that run through Williamsport, Pa., a little incident occurred which is worth repeating. The day was a bliny one and the window was raised to admit the fresh air. Little Fred, like all children, insisted on putting his head out the open window to see what was going on outside of the train. The father somewhat alarmed at the conduct of his son, tried various plans, without resorting to force, to keep him within bounds, but without success, until a bright idea came up in his mind. "Fred, Fred," said the father, "keep your head in or the wind will take your hat," and in order to frighten his hopeful, he slyly slipped the hat off the little one's head and concealed it. As soon as this had been done the child began crying and could not be appeased. Finally, *petit Amiable* told him to look in another window, and he would whistle the hat back again. All of which was very neatly done, and the happy parents settled back in their seats and began to converse very pleasantly, thinking that they had cured little Freddie; but not so, for in a very short time he seemed to brighten up suddenly, and as he sent his little hat through the car window, shouting as it disappeared: "Papa, whistle again." Moral—never believe your children.—*Worcester.*

Perhaps thou deem'st it were a thing to wear a crown, and sleep on regal down. Alas, thou know'st not kindly care; far happier is thy lot that wears that hat without a crown.—*Hood.*