

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Kind Words.

Loving words will cost but little.
Journeying up the hill of life;
But they make the weak and weary
Stronger, braver for the strife.
Do you count them only trifles?
What to earth are sun and rain?
Never was a kind word wasted;
Never one was said in vain.

When the cares of life are many,
And its burdens heavy grow,
For the ones who walk beside you,
If you love them, tell them so.
What you count of little value
Has an almost magic power;
And beneath that cheering sunshine
Hearts will blossom like a flower.

So, as up life's hill we journey,
Let us scatter all the way
Kindly words, to be a sunshine
In the dark and cloudy day.
Grudge no loving word my brother,
As along through life you go,
To the ones who journey with you;
If you love them, tell them so.

A Poet Answered.

Pope was one evening at Burton's Coffee House, where himself and Swift and Aburthnot, with several other scholars, were poring over a manuscript copy of the Greek Aristophanes. At length they came across a sentence which they could not comprehend, and as, in their perplexity, they talked rather loudly, they attracted the attention of a young officer who chanced to be in another part of the room, and who approached and begged leave to look at the passage.

"O, by all means," said Pope, sarcastically, "let the young gentleman look at it. We shall have light directly."

The young officer took up the manuscript volume, and after a little study and consideration, his countenance brightened.

"It is but a slight omission on the part of the scribe," he said, "it only wants a note of interrogation at this point to make the whole intelligible."

Pope saw in an instant that the officer was right; but the thought of being outdone in Greek translation by a mere youth, and a red-coat at that, piqued him, and with sharp, bitter twang, he cried out:

"And pray, young sir, what is a note of interrogation?"

"A note of interrogation," answered the officer, surveying the wizened, hunch backed poet from head to foot with contemptuous look, "is a little crooked thing that asks questions."

The Smallest Loaf.

Once upon a time, during a famine, a rich man invited twenty of the poorer children in town to his house, and said to them: "In this basket there is a loaf of bread for each of you; take it, and come back every day at this hour till God sends us better times." The children pounced upon the basket, wrangled and fought for the bread, and each wished to get the largest loaf; and at last went away without even thanking him. Francesca alone, a poor but nearly dressed little girl, stood modestly apart, took the smallest loaf that was left in the basket, gratefully kissed the gentleman's hand, and then went home in a quiet and becoming manner. On the following day the children were equally ill behaved, and poor Francesca received a loaf which was scarcely half the size of the others. But when she came home and her sick mother cut the loaf, there fell out of it a number of bright silver pieces. The mother was alarmed and said, "Take back the money this instant, for it has no doubt got into the bread through mistake." Francesca carried it back, but the benevolent gentleman declined to receive it. "No," he said, "it was no mistake, I had the money baked in the smallest loaf simply as a reward for you, my child. Always continue thus contented, peaceable and unassuming. The person who prefers to remain contented with the smallest loaf rather than quarrel for the larger one, will find blessings in this course of action still more valuable than the money which was baked in your loaf."

A Mother's Prayer.

There was a young soldier in the French army who, when he went to war, had most earnestly asked for the prayers of his mother. It was the last request he made her when he left home, and every letter she received from him was sure to express this same pious desire: "Do not forget to pray for me." She did not forget to do so; but she prayed for him morning and evening. One Wednesday afternoon this mother had it most strongly impressed upon her mind—she could not tell why or how, but so it was—that her son was in great danger, and that she ought to pray for him at once. And accordingly she did so; and went on praying for him, still having the same feeling for more than an hour. In process of time she had a letter from her son, stating that on that very day, at the same hour, he had been in the extremity of danger; he had been picked out to serve in the forlorn hope of the French army in the battle of Buzenval. Soldiers who stood on the right and left of him were shot down—many of them; his own cap had been shot away, and his trousers were nearly torn to pieces with splinters of flint hit up out of the ground by spent bullets; but he himself was not in the least injured—had not even received a scratch.

What a Bright Boy can do.

The only thing is to take hold somewhere, says Charles Dudley Warner, and to begin to use the art of reading to find out about things as you use your eyes and ears. I knew a boy, a scamp of a lad, who almost needed a high chair to bring him up to the general level of the dining-table, who liked to read the encyclopedia. He was always hunting around in the big books of the encyclopedia—books about his own size—for what he wanted to know. He dug in it as another boy would dig in the woods for a sassafras

root. It appeared that he was interested in natural history and natural phenomena. He asked questions of these books exactly as he would ask a living authority, and kept at it till he got answers. He knew how to read. Soon that boy was an authority on earthquakes. He liked to have the conversation at the table turn on earthquakes, for then he seemed to be the tallest person at the table. I suppose there was no earthquake anywhere of any importance but that he could tell where it occurred, and what damage it did, how many houses it buried, and how many people it killed, and in what shape it left the country it had shaken. From that he went on to try to discover what caused the disturbances, and this led him into other investigations, and, at last, into the study of electricity, practical as well as theoretical. He examined machines and invented machines, and kept on reading, and presently he was an expert in electricity. He knew how to put in wires and signals, and bells, and to do a number of practical and useful things, and almost before he was able to enter the high school, he had a great deal of work to do in the city, and three or four men under him. These men under him had not read as much about electricity as he had.

The Dunce of The College.

This story is told of the Rev. Michael Blake, the first rector of the Irish College at Rome, who afterwards was made Bishop of Dromore.

When the future Bishop of Dromore was a student at Rome, he was remarkably slow and considered dull. This was owing, at least in part, to a very great indistinctness in his speech, accompanied by stammering. On one occasion, venturing to interpose his opinion in some discussion among his comrades, one of them rudely interrupted him by saying, "What business have you to speak who are the dunce of the college?" The wound was smarting but salutary. The meek boy did not reply, but retired heart-sore into solitude. He reflected on what had been said publicly to him, without rebuke from any one, with the silent concurrence of all. Yes, that was the character among them, that the opinion even of the kindest of his friends, they had not told him of it, one had let it out to him. To this rough monitor he ought to be thankful for telling him the truth. And now what was to be done? The reproach must be wiped away, the character must be reversed. Its causes, real or imaginary, must be cured at any cost. This must be the unremittent task of his scholastic life; he must never forget it. He took immediate steps for this purpose.

He accordingly wrote on a slip of paper, "The Dunce of the College," in plain, unmistakable letters, and placed it on his desk, where, unseen by others, it should ever be before his eyes. During the regular hours of application there it was; at times of extra study, while others were at recreation, this stinging goad was at his side. He adopted a slow, deliberate utterance, which accompanied him through life, but which perfectly remedied his original defect. He soon rose honorably both in his class and in the estimation of his school-fellows—those severest but most accurate of judges—who, however, knew not of the spell that formed the secret of his success. And so he passed through all the honored degrees of his sacred position to the highest attainable dignity.

There's a good deal of guarantee business in the store-keeping of to-day. It's too excessive. Or too reluctant. Half the time it means nothing. Words—only words.

This offer to refund the money, or to pay a reward, is made under the hope that you won't want your money back, and that you won't claim the reward. Of course.

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THE DRINK EVIL.

We subjoin from a sermon of the Jesuit Father Sykes, recently delivered at St. Francis Xavier's church, Liverpool, England, and reported in the Times of that city:

Read the testimony of a well-known doctor on this point, Dr. Alfred Carpenter, who writes in the Times of September 21, 1891: "The deaths from alcoholic poisoning each year in England come to more than 1,500, and at the lowest figure 60,000 die from causes directly induced by alcohol. Again you have your daily and sickening perusal of a thick crop of murders served up with all their grisly surroundings in your morning papers, some of them truly diabolical, savage, brutal. What is the cause of these murders? Again the answer is drink, drink! What shall we say of men who have raised their hands against their own lives, or let the silent river receive their bodies, being weary of life? The cause was not always known, but it was intemperance of some sort, either against the Sixth Commandment, or drink. Again, you have a series of brutalities, you have men kicking their wives to death, failures in life, parental neglect, squalor, filth, blasphemy, and all sorts of abominable crimes. What is the cause? Too often it is drink. Even taking the statements quoted *ex parte*, he firmly believed there was a great deal too much that was true in them. Let them read the testimony of a man well-known in Liverpool, an eminent citizen who had spent much of his time and money in studying the social question, in striving to raise the lower classes in the scale of civilization. He referred to Mr. Samuel Smith, M. P., for one of the Welsh boroughs, who, speaking at Chester about four years ago, October 22, 1887, said: "I have often said, and I will say it once more, that we have in the British towns, I mean the towns of the United Kingdom—the most drunken residuum of population that is to be found on the face of the earth, and the most drunken, the most degraded, and the most helpless class of people that are to be found in any civilized country in the world. Certainly that is my impression, as one who has traveled through many countries, and looked at the social system. I may mention that I have just returned from a tour through Germany, and I have paid attention to what I may call the social phenomena of that country. I did not see one single drunken person during the weeks I was there, not one ragged child. I did not see one-hundredth part of the squalor and the human wretchedness and degradation you see any day in the neighborhood of the city of Liverpool. There is a shameful peculiarity about English drunkenness. England stands alone, so far as I know, for the amount of its female drunkenness, which is almost unknown on the Continent of Europe. I have hardly ever heard of a drunken woman in the many journeys I have made across the Continent. But we know now, in particular in the city of Liverpool, that the convictions for drunkenness against women are nearly as many as those against men; and young girls from fourteen to sixteen years of age are to be found dead drunk in the streets of the city. The same remarks apply to all the towns in Lancashire. And this is the greatest and most civilized country on the face of the earth! This is the great nation that turns up the whites of its sanctimonious eyes, and with a lie in its mouth and a snuff through its nose, thanks the Lord that it is not like other nations, like degraded Portugal and priest-ridden Spain, to which it sends its superfluous Bibles and its sleek missionaries, and over whose benighted surface the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, one Lord Plunket, is endeavoring to spread the pure light of the Gospel from his own immaculate standpoint, he supposed because it had not found its way to the hearts of the poor Irish. Poor, benighted Spain! It has not travelled as we have along the high road of civilization. It cannot boast of being the most drunken nation of Europe; it is so exceedingly uncivilized as to be constrained to plead guilty to the charge of intemperance, to the crime of supporting its natural life on the great moral cardinal virtue without which a nation's life is vain and without which a nation's greatness is nought. Even Buckle, hostile Buckle, admitted that the Spaniards "are eminently temperate and frugal." Well might Spain point the finger at us and say "Physician, heal thyself, before you venture to send us your nostrums and your remedies." He (the preacher) had travelled in Spain; believed in Spain, first of all, because it was the most temperate nation on the face of the earth; and, secondly, because of the great virtues of its people. Its literature excels that of the world in depth, variety, richness, and splendor; its artists and architects stand in the forefront in the pantheon of art; it possesses a body of clergy whose Bishops astounded the assembled Fathers at the Ecumenical Council of the Vatican by their prodigious learning in science and theology; and there is no evidence of national relapse or danger of national extinction in the land of the Cid, of Murillo, of Velasquez, of Lope de Vega, of Calderon, of St. Ignatius Loyola and St. Francis Xavier. But, leaving Spain and coming back to this paradise of England and to their own town, a quarter of an hour's walk through it would verify the truth of Mr. Samuel Smith's words. As we go down the streets of that sleeping town what a mixture of moral and physical suffering and degradation meets us at every turn.

the one runs into the other, and sometimes one comes of the other. There are some forms of moral corruption which they would see, but he should pass by them hurriedly lest the mere mention of them should pollute the sacred atmosphere of that place. Brazen-fronted vice flouted and mocked us, and flaunted itself so much that he would only say one word about it, and that word he apologized for; he alluded to the great number of fallen and degraded women who were to be met in the streets of that town; who watched for their prey as does the spider for the fly or moth, and who made it impossible for honest men to set their feet in certain places, and they were many. Oh! if angels could shed a tear, what bitter drops would they be for these frail daughters of Eve, who gave their bodies to early and premature decay, who were the cause of the spiritual ruin of numberless fellow-creatures, and who sold their souls to eternal perdition. Side by side with this repulsive species of vice with its twin sister, drink—both the misshapen offspring of intemperance. Why, at every ten steps we took, at every corner of a street, was to be found a public house or a gin palace, over the doors of which might be written on a transparency, so that every passer-by at night might read that there he would find drink, degradation, and damnation. Look at those miserable specimens of mankind who hang round the doors of those places, just as a moth flutters round the light, unable to leave because of its fascination, until it sings its wings and falls helpless on the floor. Vice, prodigality, and intemperance are written large on their faces. Swollen and blotched faces and blood-shot eyes tell the terrible tale that they are bound hand and foot, and have delivered over their bodies to the demon of intemperance, that instead of solid, substantial food sustaining them the fire of alcohol is burning and consuming their vitals, and runs boiling and seething and hissing through their veins and in their blood.

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