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VOL. 1.

CHICAGO, MAY, 1873.

No. 1.

THE LITTLE BOUQUET.

BY MALCOLM TAYLOR.

N angel of Light from the Eden land bright
Drew down to a garden on earth,
And charmed with the place, in a free gentle grace
She walked where the flowers had their birth.
Here and there did she stoop over each verdant group,
To cull some sweet bud, leaf or spray,
Till she gathered a few of each kind, size and hue,
Enough for THE LITTLE BOUQUET.

On a bank's mossy bed all her treasures she spread,
Of Queen Flora's crown each a gem,
And first from them chose a large, full-blown red rose,
With some leaves clinging fast to the stem,
As Love's center divine, around which to entwine
All the rest in their rainbow array;
'Twas thus she began on the prettiest plan
To arrange The Little Bouquet.

Then about it she placed, showing delicate taste,
Purple pansies and blue violets,
Types of Wisdom and Truth, and to signify Ruth
Inserted some spray mignonettes;
While, to set off the shades, some verbena green blades
She inworked in a wonderful way,
And, though not complete, even then it looked sweet—
Yes, lovely—The Little Bouquet.

Next she put in a row of lilies, like snow,
Intermixed with pink rose-buds, just burst,
Symboled Purity fair, with mate Modesty rare,
Choicest blossoms that nature e'er nursed;
Now a border of beauty, meaning Merit and Duty,
She formed of leaves, laurel and bay,
Then tied all together with ribbon-grass tether,
And finished The Little Bouquet.

Looking on it she stood, and saw "it was good,"
But not for her hand, so she said:
"The World's fairest flowers are not for Heaven's bowers
Until they are wilted and dead;
Then this will I give to the children who live
On earth's planet at this present day,
And long may it bloom and yield sweet perfume—
The beautiful LITTLE BOUQUET."

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

Two Stories in One.

BY T. S. GIVAN.

Y first story about the angels perhaps some of you have seen, for it is from a few lines found in the Little Sower; but my second story is quite new, having been locked in my own bosom for years, until now, because now is the opportune occasion for its revelation.

The following is the first story: Once a little boy asked his mother to let him lead his little sister out on the green grass, among the pretty flowers. She had just begun to run alone and could not step over anything that lay in the way. His mother told him he might lead out the little girl, for he was a good and careful boy, but charged him not to let her fall. I found them at play very happily in the cool shade among the flowers. I said:

"You seem to be very happy, George. this your little sister?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can she walk alone?"

"Yes, sir, on smooth ground."

"How did she get over those stones which lie between here and the house?"

"O, mother told me to be careful and not let her fall, and so I put my hands under her arms and lifted her over them so that she would not hit her little foot against them."

"That was right, George. Now I want to tell you one thing. You see now how to understand those beautiful texts, 'He shall give his angels charge concerning thee and in their hands shall they bear you up lest at any time thou shalt strike thy foot against a stone,' and 'He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.' God charges his angels to lead and lift good people over difficulties, just as you lifted Annie over those stones. Do you understand them now?"

"O yes, sir; and I shall never forget them while I live."

Now, dear little readers, can one child thus take care of another, and can not God take care of those who put their trust in him,

to minister to them" who are good? Surely they can, and there is not a child who may read this story over whom he is not ready. to give his holy angels of love and mercy charge.

This is the end of my first story; and to introduce my second one in its completness, I shall have to walk back the magic aisle of memory into the days of my youthhood, when I was a homeless orphan boy, sit down where I sat then and write just as I felt

'Tis a calm and beautiful evening, the golden stars are just looking forth from out the azure welkin, while the last vestige of the declining sun is fading from view, blossoming the few floating clouds in lovely variegated hues. Although no bright round moon floats o'er the eastern hills to flood the valleys with its silvery tranquil beams yetthe scenery, tinged with an early starry twilight, is beautiful and inspiring, and seems to awaken every emotion of tenderness pervading the soul, weaving around the heart a mystic spell-a combination of thoughts which yield a sweet mournful pleasure.

I am sitting in a graveyard—a "calm quiet city of the dead," and as the little thoughts come flowing into my mind, I lift from its respective place a piece of broken tombstone, using it as a portfolio for my scraps of paper and pencil them down. 'Tis a safe retreat, no noise disturbs me save the rustling of the foliage of the rugged forest trees, moved by the Omniscient's breath o'er the narrow cells of the departed.

Beside me on the green turf lies a little gilt Testament in which I have been reading. As I placed it upon the grass-fringed surface I re-read the penciled writings upon the flyleaf-'tis a gift from a brother. Connected with the present scene it carries me back to the days of yore-to other "cities of the dead" where sleep in their last quiet home the ashes of loved ones; but it is only their ashes there, for their immortal spirits freed from their physical bodies, were borne away upon the "wings of love to that sun-bright clime."

Does such musing bring sadness over the heart? I acknowledge it seems to instill a melancholy disposition, and yet there is a through the guardian care of his angels, for sweet and hallowed pleasure in stealing away "are they not all ministering spirits sent forth from the noisy stir and clamor of city life

out our thoughts gush after gush until they seem to mingle with our loved ones in the realm of eternal purity above us. The same affections exist for them now as did then, and by this love they lift our thoughts from this world of ours to a far holier sphere. They open the very gate-way from our affections to all things pure and holy and lasting, where all that's bright fades not away.

May we go beyond the actual vision of memory, into the days of our infancy, and paint a scene there? Yes, back through the vista of clouded years, when in our babyinnocence, a fond and loving mother nestled us close upon her bosom with a heart fluttering with happiness; and who pressed upon our then innocent brow a mother's kiss, full of tender, devoted love, breathing over our little forms while awake and while sleeping, a mother's prayer; asking that rich blessings be showered upon us, and for a life lengthened out to guard our tiny forms, lovingly unfold our innate spirits in the ways of truth and wisdom, and find for us beneath the parental roof a "little world of light and love"-a safe retreat from the icy frown a selfish world might wear.

But alas! I was scarce six summers old when one beautiful Spring morning the angels came and wafted from our home, to me, earth's dearest boon-my mother. Her form was placed in the silent grave beneath the wide-spreading arms of a wild cherry tree, through whose foliage the wind moans a gentle dirge. Others have been borne away since then. Two are sleeping so close beside her beneath the same large tree that the tranquil moon-beams fall with a checkered light through its waving bough on their graves. Two more are buried near the swollen waters of the Ohio. Another, a kind and indulgent father, lies slumbering far away from all kindred dust, where the deep forest spreads its carpet of rich brown leaves to shield the shapely mound from the wintry blasts. Still another who mingled with us in later life now sleeps under the sod near the murmuring waters of the Green River.

The twilight is deepening, the tinge of evening is fast fading into nightfall, and the pen-I will add that such hours of meditation were as golden threads woven into the more

to some sequestered spot where we may pour have an influence in amending the heart, inducing the finer feelings, checking the rushing tide of idle, useless and sinful thoughts that might be uttered. Yes, such seasons have a tendency to ameliorate the disposition and increase the kind feelings. I do not mean that we should brood over the sorrows of the past-oh, no, not that, but calm reflection in which we may realize if there have not been seasons in our lives "when a little word in kindness spoken" would have cast a halo of happiness around us. This will aid us in feeling charitably toward the pleading world of hungry souls about us.

It is only after we have become foot-sore and weary from compulsory travel over stones and thorns that we can most keenly appreciate rest upon the soft green sward.

Such were my thoughts then, though in those days many bright and happy thoughts lingered upon my soul like pearly dew-drops on the bosom of the unfolding rose.

But my little readers are impatient for the angel of my second story, and can not yet see the fitness of such a lengthy prelude. Well, I will hasten and tell you.

Often in this self-same cemetery have I lingered with a pure and beautiful girl-possessed of that fairy-like power of enchanting all about her, seemingly herself utterly unconscious of her magical influence. A mere child of Nature; that is, her manners and habits had not been induced by formal training in fashionable schools, and by no means an adept as to the conventionalities of polite life. All her ease of manners and graceful deportment were the result of good sense, kindliness and purity of heart-an orphan. It was she who read the thoughts I had penciled on the fragment of stone, and out of the wealth and freshness of her tender bosom gave me the priceless and pure sympathy and affection that my heart in its solitude had so incessantly yearned for. At once I felt a deep attachment for her. Life put on its gilded-no, that is not the right word-its real charms; the heart throbbed with nobler aims under her inspiration; and as Summer waned each week there was sent me a small basket filled with the choicest fruit, and sometimes flowers, arranged by her own hands, ciled words are scarcely visible, but before while many evenings had been spent in her I replace the little broken stone at the grave, refined and refining society, all of which

that divinity about it which had the power to lighten the enormous chain that bound me. Grace, harmony, and indeed every ornament of a meek and lovable woman were the genuine issues of her pure spirit, and at all times and everywhere, her very presence communicated a delight.

So you see there are angel-tempered minds in earth-life who can bless us with their holy and loving presence. But the Summer of our acquaintance was gone and Autumn, though smiling still in her magnificence and grandeur, many of her pristine beauties had faded, and her rich draperies were being torn and scattered by wintry winds. little friend had found a new and sweeter pleasure in life, even in the purple and crimson robes of Autumn, and while this divine inspiration threw a halo of rich beauty around her, she said, "I believe everybody can tell when we love any one; for everything seems so much prettier and pleasanter." Not a direct unfoldment of love, but like a thread of gold and full of hope, and my thirsting heart drank eagerly each little rill as it rippled from its pearly fountain. We were both orphans and the great wealth of our loves had never before been evoked.

A few days later, when the evening's shades were creeping eastward we were alone; we two, in this quiet graveyard, beneath some rugged forest trees, beside a small iron fence. Her little hand, half ungloved, rested carelessly upon a picket bar of the fence-a perfect little field of snow, trackless save by its tiny veins. Oh, pure and beautiful being! bright angel of my great earnest and loving soul! I would that I could stand there with you at this moment, and tell you what I failed to tell you then.

One tremulous clasp of the little hand and I was gone. The noisy iron-horse with its mighty speed and fiery breath bore me hundreds of miles away into the sunny South. The days faded by as I waited for her cherished words of remembrance.

One morning as I glanced over the columns of the New York Herald I noticed among the display heads these words: "Terrific Tornado at Cave City, Kentucky-Fifty Houses Totally Demolished-Eight Persons Killed and Sixteen Wounded;" and among the names was that of my little friend. She had retired to

sombre fabric of my mind. Her smile had her room and had been asleep, but was awakened by the furious storm which carried a portion of the building in which was, her room out of town and dashed it to pieces at the edge of the forest. She was crushed by the crashing timbers while in the attitude of prayer at the bed-side, as she was thus found in the ruins.

> Oh, can it be that the holiest lovings and grandest longings of the human soul become forever lost? What means this splendid dawning of the Morning of Intellect if the inevitable Night of Death opens not upon the sphere of another existence? There must be and is a Summer-land for the pure in heart .-

And, thou who never thought of guile-Whose very presence gave delight To all, and whose veriest smile Did ever make thy earth-home bright; Now, in thy lily robes so fair, Thou art more beautiful than when On'earth I deemed thy golden hair Did crown a perfect angel then. Thy girlish form of witching grace, Above my ken's exquisite mold, With angel-tempered mind, and face That richly thrill'd one to behold! Thy rounded cheeks were prettier still, With rosy life-tints beaming there; Thy lips, no pen's artistic skill Could tell their wealth, so pure, so rare.

Thy blue eyes' dazzling tenderness Gleamed more than brilliancy alone: A soul's unequaled gentleness In every furtive glance was shown. The loveliest charms, serenely wrought, That forms of human beauty wear; With wealthy mines of purest thought, All nestled in thy bosom fair-A bosom 'neath whose snowy thrones Ne'er grew one false or wrong desire; As stainless as the Heaven owns, Where purities alone inspire. O, can it be, sweet spirit, dear, I may hear words thy lips impart? Thou visitant from Heaven, so near My thrilled soul and earth-chained heart.

"Though in supernal rapture here, Of which you have but caught the sheen, I've not forgot our parting, Sir, Beside the wending river Green.



THE GUARDIAN ANGEL-SEE PAGE 6.

When sadly, silently, we stood,
In pale light from the moon above,
I would have blest you if I could,
With all of woman's fondest love.
But that is past, and years have flown,
The anguish, too, so hard to calm,

Until our hearts and minds have grown
In harmony with GREAT I Am.
Kind Sir, the past is very dear,
But pearly hope now crowns thy head;
Then do not shed another tear
Nor think of me as with the dead.

"The great Tornado's blast that swept In flames of grief and death—oh, tell Those loved ones, that so long have wept, 'T was HIM, 'who doeth all things well.' Tell them such stern necessities Are sometimes sent to break the seal, That veils from them felicities Their angel friends would fain reveal. THERE ARE NO DEAD; oh, praise the hand Of the all-perfect, glorious God, Whose touch creates the 'Summer-land,' Terraqueous globe, by mortals trod, And stellar worlds that ceaseless roll In musical sublimity, And in their solemn grandeur stroll The aisles of the Infinity!

"Kind Sir, one message more for thee;
I'm happy here; awhile adieu—
We'll meet again—on land or sea,
My prayers, my Love, shall be for you."

* * * * * * * *
O, holy thoughts, so lily pure,
Down from the throne of light above!

Come fold me in embrace secure
With immortality of love!
Oh! holy power! so rich to bless,
Lift up my heart from sorrows past,
Until pure angel lips may press
In unfeigned bliss my own at last!

Our beautiful picture fitly represents my angel friend guarding her little sister Ida, in her sunny Southern home, as she is now just verging into sweet, sensitive womanhood—and may I not with joy believe that she often lingers near me with her holy presence to bless and cheer me in my struggles to become just such a man as she could proudly love and trust?

Is it not a precious and beautiful belief that angels can and do come and minister unto us in our moments of bereavement, and joy with us in our joy?

Almost universal sentiment now prevails, not only that angels are ministering spirits to human beings in the body, having charge over them in all their ways, and encamping round about to deliver them, but that our departed friends, also, having become as the angels, are among the great cloud of witnesses who encompass us about, watching over us with undiminished love, endeavoring to lead us upward toward the realms of purity and bliss.

My story is ended, and I hope you are pleased, if so, thank the guardian angel who breathed the inspirations upon me to give it to you.

WILLIE DRAYTON.

A Story from Real Life.

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.—CHAPTER I.

EAR boys and girls, it is with much pleasure that I come to have a talk with you in this beautiful book, which I hope many of you will read and

like very much.

First, I want you to know that we are all very much alike. Men and women are only boys and girls who have grown a little larger, and the more men and women remember how they felt when they were children, and especially the more they feel like associating with boys and girls the better they will be. I can remember fifty years ago when I was a boy about seven years old, I felt as I believe all boys and girls do, that I did not do every thing just exactly right. At night I would think over the doings of the day and if I had not been kind to all my playmates, or if I had done something that I thought my father or mother did not like, I was sorry, and I would say I will try to do better to morrow. I had an idea that the time would come when I should have no further trouble about doing right. I supposed that when I reached the age of twenty-one years, and they would call me a man, then I would certainly do every thing that was right as far as I knew it, and would leave undone every thing that was wrong. I supposed that most persons felt as I did about this, but I wondered why they did not talk about it.

Well, the time came and passed by and I did not find the least change. I had the same desire to do right, but when I got one thing straightened out, there was something else I had to do, and so it has always been. I don't want any of you to feel discouraged. It is good for us to be thus tried, and as we learn to do well we grow stronger. If we do as near right as we can, whether we are old children or young, it will be well with us.

My father and mother were very good people; they did not believe in a lake of fire

and brimstone in which naughty men and women and boys and girls were to be burned forever, and so I never had any fear about that, and I want every boy and girl who reads this story to know that there is no such place; that God is love, and that he takes good care of all his children; that if we do wrong we shall suffer for it now and here. We all know this, for no one ever did a wrong act without suffering for it. This is God's law everywhere. It is just the same as when you put your hand in the fire, it burns you and you have pain. God is not angry with you but you have violated a law and must pay the penalty. You never did a wrong to any body that you did not feel sorry about it, and this sorrow is to make you do better next time. You know after you feel really sorry and then do better you soon feel happy again. If you want to be right happy you must try to do some good to somebody every day. There may be somebody sick that you know that you can take something to, and if you think of it you won't make a noise to disturb them. If you see a little lame boy or girl you should try to make them happy; you should not say anything about their lameness or take any notice of it, but you can do something to show that you really love them.

I am going to tell you the story of a little boy that I knew many years ago. He is a man now. When I first saw him, he was about six years old. He was paralyzed in his lower limbs so that he could not stand alone. He hopped along on two crutches. He was one of the brightest and happiest little fellows I ever saw.

The first time I saw him he was selling papers. He had a little satchel that his mother had made him, to carry the papers in, strapped round his neck-and he was so lively that he attracted the attention of the people and sold his papers quite rapidly. I spoke to him, and he told me that his mother had been sick, and he had gone into that business to get her some money, and his eyes sparkled as he said, "We have real good times now. We have something to eat every day. Mother is sick, but she is getting better, won't you come and see her?"

I found them living in a small room, but it scraps in the history of each, and all fiction,

was just as neat and clean as I had ever seen. His mother was lying on a bed with one of the whitest quilts I ever saw over her. She was pale, and I soon saw that she had consumption and would not be long here, so I sat down and listened to her story, and I will tell you that in the next chapter.

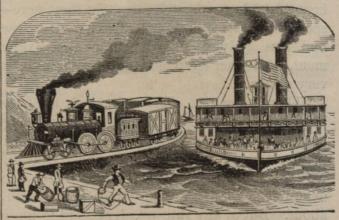
TWO NOVEL MARRIAGES.

A Pleasing and Instructive Romance.

BY T. S. GIVAN.

Y dear little readers, I want to tell you a very pleasing story of two romantic marriages which occurred several years ago. I know you will agree with me that such marriages are delightful to read about, but very seldom practicable and really sensible, and also that many of you will say that the conclusion of the story is full of excellent avice. But I hasten for you are ready for it.

One lovely summer evening I was a passenger on board the elegant steamer Idyl Wild,



STEAMER IDYL WILD.

bound down the grand old Ohio. Soon after leaving the Louisville city wharf and getting under way for our Southern destination, it was whispered that we were to have a wedding before we reached the swollen waters of the Mississippi, where the Ohio loses its name and mingles into the great "father of waters." Said whisper first originated near the ladies' cabin, but as our magnificent steamer was only laden with superb living freight, a pleasant, genial, intelligent captain, good steward, social and refined company, the whisper soon I replied "that I would," and took his made its way to the hall and even to the main; directions, and that afternoon I visited them. the very persons were soon pointed out, some

fact and surmise of the interesting drama so ingeniously hashed up as to leave you in the half pleasant, half painful suspense and doubt that strains the mind to all that is transpiring around you.

Well, the boat landed to take wood at a magnificent and inviting beach bottom, the tall, wavy-leafed trees, with silvery-gray trunks, and extended branches, making a deep, cool shade, while they with the grassy, green banks that bore them, were reflected in the glassy river, so clear and true that inversion only pointed the false from the real. And at this charming spot, cutting the green sward in twain, down the little hilly slope came a murmuring crystal brook, scarce three spans wide, to lose itself in the mass of the waters of the Ohio.

No sooner had we landed and thrown the staging out than there emerged from the ladies' cabin a fine, manly looking fellow, dressed in faultless taste, intelligence beaming in every feature, while all over his face perfect happiness shone, and leaning on his arm was the most lovable woman it has ever been my lot to behold (except one); for her beautiful blue eyes—tell-tales that they were—speaking deep emotion, her expressive rosebud lips quivering with suppressed excitement, while her step and dress was that of a very queen.

"There they are! That's her; oh ain't she beautiful!" came simultaneously from many lips, as we instinctively gave way to let them pass, to the altar, perhaps, but where that was we had about as clear an idea as a transcendentalist generally has of what he is talking about. But at any rate we all seemed to know there was fun ahead and that the only way to see it was to fall in their wake, and so we did.

A gallant arm was offered to each lady and we marched out of the cabin, down the stairs, across the staging, and up the little hilly, sloping bank.

About a hundred yards up from the river's edge, where the sward was beautiful and green, the pair stopped. The bridegroom stepped across the little rivulet, and, joining hands, they stood with clear, sparkling, purling water between them, bridged as it was with twining fingers, and crossed by a stream of love as pure as its own crystal drops.

All was still until broken by the minister reading in an impressive manner and pro-

nouncing the entire ceremony, when he closed the book and offered a touching prayer, and not a heart there but felt his earnest appeal, while the very air seemed redolent of angelwhispers and the magnetic showers of their answering love!

They were pronounced husband and wife. Then the bride, slowly sinking upon her knees, raised her beautiful face, all covered with tears and her clasped hands, and in a most trillingly sweet voice, tremulous with emotion said:

"And now, O, our Merciful Spirit Father, grant that our lives, thus united, may peacefully blend into one, even as the tributaries of this little rivulet, until we reach the River of Death, undivided in faith or conduct, one only by the holy ties of pure love, and finally be permitted to enjoy thy eternal smiles in the land of the pure and the blest."

Every heart was wild with hallowed throbbing, yet every voice was hushed, hoping and wishing for more of this beautiful drama. All was happiness. O! lovely panorama; how deeply thou art graven on the heart!

"I can't stand this any longer, I can't -! Pardon ladies, pardon me, but I have a proposition to make and I must make it or die-and I make it in the good faith of a man who never lies or trifles," came in clear tones of a manly voice, startling all until universal gaze rested upon a tall Kentuckian, whose flashing eyes spoke the mana fit representative of the land where sleeps a Clay-"so here goes. Now I will marry any lady in the crowd, on this spot, who has the nerve to face the music. Look at me and if you can love me as she loves"-pointing to the bride—"I'll promise to be a husband to you,-such a husband as she deserves, as she will be proud to love and trust, and such a husband as a true-hearted man will make to the woman who loves and trusts him. further say that no spot of shame is attached to my name, nor ever shall be, and this arm will support and protect the one who can love me and trust me-who will take me?"

All was surprise and deep sympathy, when to the astonishment and delight of every one, a fawn-like, blue-eyed girl from the floral lands of Alabama, stepped up to his side, and confidingly looking up to him, placed her hand gently on his arm and said:

"I am thine!"

Instantly his arm was around her waist, and parting her golden curls, he "signed the contract" with a loving kiss, then raising his flashing eyes with a triumphant look he said:

"Where's that parson. Tell him to go ahead; all is ready." And the parson did go ahead, and they were there married.

Laughing and shouting, we all returned to the boat, the generous captain gave a splendid supper, the clerk made out the certificates, which were duly signed, after which we danced, and laughed and made children of ourselves.



DANCING ON THE BOAT.

Now dear little readers, this is only a pretty story, but I will now tell you its lesson.

Nature, history and good sense declare that it is not good for man to be alone. He needs a helpmate. A wife is as a balance wheel, a regulator, the guardian angel of a husband's truest confidence, prosperity and the joy of his home. Politically, morally, socially and spiritually, man needs a wife. Man needs a home, and there is no real home without a wife.

The Romans gave bachelors no legacies; Corinth denied them sepulchre; Athenians scourged them; and in Plato's Commonwealth, at thirty-five, they were fined. Man is but half a man without a wife, it is better to live in an attic under the hallowed and restraining influences of a wife than revel in a palace of dissipation.

True and loving marriage is the legitimate basis of a genuine home, and the only security of elevated society.

Look at the deplorable condition of the young men of our cities and country, without homes. Boarding-houses have no home influences, no place of mental or moral improvement, no altar of the sacred feelings, no angel of love.

Keep pure the wealth of your earnest love and bequeath it all to the dear one of your own choosing in an early marriage, and you will be happy.

Just a few words more and my story will be ended. There will be a trying hour of married life to almost all who get married, for after marriage there are no more illusions. The warm desire for possession has gone, and the dreamy excitement has receded, and the realities of a deeper, holier, and more serene love-life begins, or, if they find they do not love one another as they thought they did, the delicate and important business of adaptation. And let me say to every one to whom the romance of life may become lost, and who may become discontented in the least degree with their conditions and relations, then begin this reconciliation at once. Renew the attentions of earlier days; draw your hearts closer together; talk the thing all over; acknowledge your faults to one another, and determine that henceforth you will be all in all to each other, and my word for it, you will find in your relation the sweetest joy earth has for you.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Children look in those eyes, listen to that dear voice, notice the feeling of even a single touch that is bestowed upon you by the gentle hand. Make much of it, while you have the most precious of all good gifts—a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love of those eyes; the kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain. In life, you may have friends, but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you, which none but a mother bestows. Often do I sigh in my struggles with the hard, uncaring world, for the sweet, deep security I felt, when of an evening, nestling to her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale suitable to my age, read in her tender untiring voice. Never can I forget her sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared tosleep; never her kiss at night! Years passed away since we laid her beside my father in the old churchyard, yet her still voice whispers from the grave, and her eye watches over me as I visit the spot long since hallowed by the memory of my dear mother.-Macaulay.



SNOW-FLAKES.

SNOW-FLAKES;

Or Winters North and Winters South.

BY T. S. GIVAN.

UR little Southern readers will no doubt be surprised and amused to see a winter-scene in our May number of the Little Bouquet, and to read of snow-showers in their beautiful month of May, and our little Northern readers will be equally amused to read of the different kind of snow-storms away down in the sunny South.

Well, we have witnessed the white snowflakes whirling and eddying around in the great city of Chicago on the 5th day of May! But they did not lie in little whirls and drifts, or float about in clouds of perfume through the lazy atmosphere like the delicious showers of orange blossoms we have often seen in the fair land of the South. We thought of the days in which merry groups of eager school-children-girls and boys in the floral lands of Alabama and Florida,-gathered about us to know if we had really seen the beautiful snow of which they had often read, and to have us tell them of the sleigh-rides, habits, etc., of the girls and boys in the North, which we did, but have not space here to tell you of them now. Down there are many girls and boys who have never seen the air full of fleecy snow-flakes!

And to our little readers in the North-just think of it! There are, during our blustery March here, thousands of acres in Florida of wild orange trees, white with blossoms and bending with golden fruit at the same time! Isn't it lovely to behold golden fruits and pearly blossoms hanging over and half hidden in the dusky green recesses of one bough? These acres of ever-blooming orange trees, live-oaks, magnolias, and the countless variety of flowers, and ornamental shrubberies, the bursts of sunshine, music of lovely song-birds and the geniality of Southern souls makes the fair South a desirable land to live in. But then we love our Northern home, with its crystal snows of winter, its sunny months of Summer and its loyal hearts that love us, too well to forsake them for the many attractions there.

In the South flowers grow in such wild profusion, are so abundant, that they seem very common and are not valued and keenly appreciated as they are in our North-western climate. Even during the Winter months there flowers abound, and far down in the South their only snows are showers of variegated blossoms, whirled and wafted upon the yielding-bosomed atmosphere!

In the North, as our picture represents, you see our pure-hearted flower-searchers eagerly gathering the early flowers that bloom for us in the western rural districts, while yet the chilly snow-flakes occasionally descend and blight them in their unfolding beauty.

Well do we remember soon after our return from the South, where we had spent years in the different States, surrounded by all the loveliness of flowers, fruits, evergreens, and the varied scenery which her landscapes, rivers, bays, gulfs, forests, etc., afford, what a contrast there was! What a greater like seemed manifest for flowers; how, when the delightful May-mornings were upon us, little parties were gathered together and we rambled along the shores of the Fox River, bounding with a merry heart and a clear ringing laugh to pluck the rare and precious flowers we could find.

The mind that is capable of retaining most accurately, not only the actual characters and scenes by which it is surrounded, but also of being moved by the silent influences of the beauties and wonders of nature, is best fitted for progress and enjoyment. These littles make the much of life's purest and most ecstatic bliss. Often in the unknown years to come will many of our little party who then gayly danced along the shores of Fox River with handfuls of blue-bells, several of whom will read this little sketch, walk the magic aisle of memory, these beauties to retrace, and fondly linger on each name which then responded to our call-Emma, Alta, Bytha, Nettie, Mettie, Maggie, Evvie, Flora, Fannie, Ella, and on to the end of the list-eighteen in all, and wonder "Shall we know each other there" in "The Sweet Home of the Soul"-the beautiful Summer-land of the pure in heart, where the rich flowers of purity, truth, love, and wisdom endure forever.

HINTS FOR EVERY-DAY USE.

BY MRS. G. W. WYLLIS.

Take trouble coolly. Do not despair when the dark hour of trial comes down upon you, as it must, sooner or later, upon us all. Nature never folds her hands in despair when the lightning strikes down the noblest oak in all the forest. Not she! She goes to work and covers the unsightly black stump with blossoming vines and velvet moss and silver out-lined linchens, until it is lovelier than before. Just borrow a suggestion from the mighty mother when you are inclined to despond.

Don't go around with a face a quarter, of a yard long! What right have you to inflict your woes on society at large? A man who can't look cheerful ought to be locked up somewhere until his countenance ceases to be a libel on the bright world around him. Is there no one who has ever known trial save yourself? Troubles are like rolling snowballs, they gather strength and size as they go, until some day you will be crushed beneath their weight. If you once make up your mind that you are an ill-used personage, there will be plenty of collateral evidence on hand to prove it. Nobody ever looked for a grievance without finding it. Be a man, and resolve to conquer yourself. Starve your trouble to death-give it nothing to feed onno brooding thought, no morbid sympathy; and when it is dead, bury it-roll a great stone over its grave and start afresh.

Give yourself a fair chance in life. Let black draughts and patent medicines alone. A brisk walk in the open air, once a day without fail, is better than pills and potions. Be good company for yourself, too. Don't go out, sauntering along, with your hands in your pockets and your head sunk down between your breast, imagining that you are taking excellent exercise. You might as well be traveling over the treadmill. Think of pleasant things-call up bright remembrances-freshen your mind and brain as well as your body. If you were entertaining company, you would not range all your cases and trials and tribulations before them by way of light conversation. Why should you be less considerate of yourself?

Speak pleasantly to those at home. Cross feet. Turn which way y words are like the rows of dominoes we used world is full of materials.

to set up on the table in our childish games. When one fell, it drew after it ruin indescribable. One cross word seldom lacks company—it is contagious.

Do your share toward keeping the world in good humor. Courtesy is cheap, and he who can give nothing else, certainly can afford a polite word and a pleasant look. There are enough cur-mudgeons to more than balance civilized society, and you certainly owe your allegiance to the latter.

Look on the bright side of things! If it rains to-day, look out for sunshine and blue sky to-morrow. Don't take it for granted that every man you meet is a villain; don't spend your time in trying to guess at "the motive" of your neighbor's kindly deeds. It takes no more breath to laugh than it does to groan, and it is an infinitely more becoming process to the face!

Take things as they come, and never say, "I would rather it had been any other sorrow!" It is never safe to open a debt and credit account with the Almighty! There is a Hand beyond the darkness that scatters blessings, if only you wait its time patiently.

MAKING A LIVING.

It is said, in the day of perplexity, when every one must have money, and there is no money to be had, that it would be an excellent thing to learn to live without means. Setting aside the aged and the helpless, such a situation can hardly be found. Who, in this wide world, in this universal magazine, this great storehouse, can not find means for a living? There is no honest, industrious, resolute individual but can find means. who have been lingering on, hoping for better days, rouse up your energies, feel that you have that within that may stir you up to the best of purposes of life. Resolve to find means. It may not be that they will exactly correspond with your taste; but it is an honest living you are seeking, and the world is full of material. The very rocks and stones we tread on, which Nature scatters so liberally, may be converted into gold. They are hewn into a thousand forms, rise into the noblest structures, and are broken into the macadamized pavement beneath our feet. Turn which way you will, and the

Pepartment of Wiscellany.

Let us bequeath to prospective humanity the heritage of healthy physical organisms, the enjoyment of innocent amusements, the fulfillment of just promises, lessons for self-government and refinement of manners, inducements to industry and facilities for lovingly unfolding their innate spirits by propagating a virtuous education, through which the grandest possibilities of the race may be obtained—that of Universal Justice and Fraternal Love.—T.S. Givan.

TO F. B. D.

BY HOPE ARLINGTON.

If any, curious, should ask, dear, when
I'm gone, what was her faith, belief, or creed,
Let this their answer be: "With reverent love
She loved all Nature's beauteous forms,
With trust all perfect, trusted in the ministry
Of their pure influence, and with a faith
Undoubting followed where it led.

Believed
In human tenderness—in love's unsought
Devotion, and in friendship's truth; revered
The sacredness of home, and all its sweet
Endearments—loyalty in wedded life,
Which is eternal as that life itself;
And constant faithfulness to friend, untinged
By selfish passion, calm, unchanging, pure
As Heaven.

With tender, grateful awe she bowed Her heart before the deep mysterious Revealment of maternal love, and from The new life dawning in her own, learned first How strong, how beautiful and bright can burn Its holy fire.

Her faith was nameless, and Her creed unclassed; but in kind deeds of love And charity to all, she did the most She could, then trustfully with God left all The rest."

WHAT IS NOBLE?

BY CHAS. SWAIN.

What is noble?—to inherit
Wealth, estate, and proud degree?
There must be some other merit
Higher yet than those for me!
Something greater far must enter
Into life's majestic span,
Fitted to create and centre
True nobility in man,

What is noble?—'tis the finer
Portion of our mind and heart,
Linked to something still diviner
Than mere language can impart;
Ever prompting—ever seeing
Some improvements yet to plan;
To uplift our fellow-being,
And, like man, to feel for man!

What is noble?—is the sabre
Nobler than the humble spade?
There is dignity in labor
Truer than e'er pomp arrayed!
He who seeks the mind's improvement
Aids the world in aiding mind!
Every great commanding movement
Serves not one, but all mankind.

O'er the forge's heat and ashes,
O'er the engine's iron head,
Where the rapid shuttle flashes,
And the spindle whirls its thread
There is labor, slowly tending
Each requirement of the hour,
There is genius still extending
Science and its world of power!

'Mid the dust, and speed, and clamor,
Of the loom-shed and the mill;
'Midst the clank of wheel and hammer,
Great results are growing still!
Though too oft, by Fashion's creatures,
Work and workers may be blamed,
Commerce need not hide its features,
Industry is not ashamed!

What is noble?—that which places
Truth in its enfranchised will!
Leaving steps, like angel traces,
That mankind may follow still!
E'en though scorn's malignant glances
Prove him poorest of his clan,
He's the noble who advances
Freedom, and the cause of man!

THE LOST CHILD.

From the German of Ostereyer.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.—CHAPTER I.

HE wife of a poor fisherman, Theodora by name, lived in a lonely hut In the forest, not far from the banks of the Danube. Her husband had recently died in the beautiful spring-time of his life, and the only consolation in her early widowhood, was her only child, Augustus, an affectionate and handsome boy, of five years. To rear him honest and good was her greatest concern, and preserve for him the paternal cottage and the fisherman's right, her constant care. Fishing she had to resign, and the fishing-tackle and net of her husband, with his overturned boat, near the hut, was to her a painful spectacle. Meanwhile she constantly labored for some one, at knitting nets wherein she was very skillful, and often at midnight, when the little Augustus lay asleep, she labored unweariedly for him.

He had no other thought or intention than to make his mother happy. The good woman wept on every occasion that reminded her of her deceased husband, and Augustus was discreet in his childish way of consoling her. One day her brother, a fisherman, came from the next village, and brought her a fish as a present. Theodora viewed the fine, shining carp, and began to weep: "Oh," said she, "I did not think so beautiful a fish would again appear in my house!"

Then spoke little Augustus: "Weep not, mother; when I become larger, I will bring thee fish enough."

The afflicted mother smiled again, and said: "Yes, Augustus, I hope you will be the consolation of my age. Become as good and upright a man as was thy father, and I shall be a happy mother."

Once on a fine Autumn day Theodora netted from early morning to finish a large net. Augustus meanwhile gathered beechnuts in the woods, out of which his mother pressed the oil, to give light during the long winter evenings, by which she could net. He always rejoiced to bring his little,

gence, and accustom him early to a useful life. Yet it too soon became midday, and the little fellow was hungry and weary. length heard they in the next village the clock strike twelve, and his mother called to the meal. She had brought for dinner a bowl of bread and milk, under a fine beech tree, that stood in an open green place not far from the cottage.

After the bowl was finished, his mother said to Augustus: "Now lie here in the shade of the trees, and sleep. I will meantime go to my work and at the proper time will come and awaken you. So sleep well!" A little while after she went into the cottage, she saw him on the green turf asleep, his curly head resting on one arm, the other holding the basket. He smiled in his sleep, and his countenance and red cheeks were shaded by the trembling leaves. Two hours quickly flew as she worked at her net, and then she went to awaken her boy, but found him not under the tree.

"The diligent child is with his basket already at work," said she joyfully. Alas she knew not her coming sorrow! She went and brought her net to the green turf, and began to mend it here and there, and thus occupied a considerable time. But as the boy with his basket came not, she became anxious. She sought him through all the forest. She called a hundred times, "Augustus! Augustus!" but received no answer. She was very frightened and felt a deathly agony. "Would he," said she, "my warning, that I have so often given him, forget, and go to the water?" She trembled at the thought, and flew to the river. She could discover nothing of him there. Now she hastened weeping and moaning to the village. A multitude of people assembled around her. All knew something of the child, and they resolved to seek him. Some searched in the forest, some the surrounding region, some the river. The night fell, and nowhere had they discovered a trace of the missing one.

"If he is drowned in the Danube," said a fisherman from the village, "we can surely find the body. We can drag the water. Below at the gravel bank, where the great willow tree stands, he will certainly again appear." The mother shuddering at this deep arm-basket home full. The mother speech, turned hopelessly back to her cotalways praised him to encourage his dili- tage, and passed the night in tearful watch-

the stream. The fishermen who in the morn- heavens, received by her patience in sufferor returned in the late evening often saw her wandering, and many times to Heaven she raised her hands, and pitied her distress. So passed a considerable time. The body did not appear; the mother saw nor heard more of her child, and was ever unspeakably grieved.

"In so short a time," said she, "to lose my good husband, and loved child-oh, it is hard! If I might not think, God permitted it to happen I should despair." She gave herself the bitterest reproaches. "I might have given the child better care," cried she weeping and wringing her hands. "Oh, you mothers," said she to the women of the village, who consoled her, "reflect on me, and be more careful of your children than I have been of mine.

Poor Theodora became little by little, pale as a corse and thin as a shadow. As she entered the church on Sunday, several weeks after the loss of her boy, her white face contrasting with her black dress, worn for her deceased husband, the people said one to another: "Poor Dore, she will soon follow her husband and child to the grave!" The pastor of the village was a very worthy and aged man, deeply sympathizing with his parishioner, and had sought her many times at her cottage. He greeted her cordially and said: "Wait a moment and I am finished." Theodora meantime was attracted to a little picture that in a beautiful frame hung on the

"You admire the picture," said the pastor. "Yes," replied Theodora, "it is very pleasing. Yet, tears come to me as I gaze on it." "Know you who it represents?" asked the

pastor.

"O, very well," replied Theodora. "It is a picture of the Madonna. I am likewise a suffering mother, as she for the death of a loved son."

most beautiful and consolatory example for city of Vienna, dwelling in a magnificent you. Contemplate the picture. The sword house, resembling a palace, like one of noble

ing. As soon as the bright morning dawned, in her heart is a symbol of terrible agony she she hurried to the river, the body of her felt at the bloody death of her son, as it beloved child possibly to find. Many days, were, piercing her heart. Her eyes are filled many weeks went she there morning and with tears, and her clasped hands raised to evening with affrighted heart, and wandered Heaven. The golden glory shining around lamenting, at one time up, at another down her head, is an emblem of her beauty in the ing twilight went to their labor on the river, ing, and resignation. Good Theodora, you have met a great loss-your husband and your child. A two-edged sword has pierced your heart, yet remember the example of Mary, her suffering, how gently it was borne. Then will the edge of your pain be blunted, you will gain a sweet peace by your resignation, and you will grow strong, by reliance on the will of the Father."

> "I will take the suffering Mary as my example," replied Theodora after listening. "I will look to Heaven, and say: 'Master thy will be done."

> "That is good," said the pastor. "That is right, and I rejoice." To the venerable man, nothing was too costly to console a suffering soul. He took the beautiful painting and gave it to the poor fisherwoman, saying: "Hang it on the wall of your cottage, and when you are troubled, go to it for consolation. Little by little the wound will heal, and above in the heavens a glorious crown awaits you."

> Theodora followed the advice of the good pastor, and her sorrow grew much lighter. Only when she went to the tree where she last saw her child, did she grow sick at heart. The thought came to her to cut a recess in the tree and place the beautiful picture therein. "The tree," she said, "even makes me melancholy, and I shall here constantly find comfort." "Ah," sighed she, "other mothers have monuments to their lost children in the graveyard; the tree may be the monument of my Augustus."

> She cut a niche in the tree and placed the picture therein, and when she was sad she came and gazed on it and said: "Also will I the servant of the Master be, as was Mary, and conform myself to his will," and her heart was light.

CHAPTER II.

Whilst the mother of Augustus wept over "Now," said the pastor, "even she is the the fate of her lost child, he was in the greatbirth, and an example to all, of everything good and noble, the wonderful change in his fortunes not affecting his simple manners.

When Augustus awoke under the beechtree, and opened his eyes, he immediately went into the woods to gather beech-nuts, and had soon half filled his basket. He wandered on not finding any more nuts, until he came out of the woods to the bank of the river. There lay a great ship by the shore, awaiting the arrival of some travelers. The ship's company, composed of the poor and the wealthy, had ascended the bank. The elder traversed the beautiful green turf for exercise, while the children sought in the gravelly places covered with water for the pretty variegated stones. The children saw the little Augustus, and coming near, peeped into his basket to see what he had in it. They saw the nice brown nuts, and one of them, Antonie by name, a lovely child, somewhat younger than Augustus, exclaimed: "These are singular fruit. Such threecornered chestnuts I never saw."

"They are not what you take them to be; they are beech-nuts and are good to eat." He gave with a free hand to the children, and the strange three-cornered nuts created great mirth among them. To find so many children made him extremely happy, for he seldom had playfellows, dwelling as he did in the solitude of the forest. He divided his nuts with the children, and they shared with him their pears and plums.

Augustus was now very desirous to see the ship, as it was the first large one he ever saw. The floating house, larger than his cottage, filled him with astonishment. The children conducted him into the ship. Antonie led him into the tapestried room, designed for distinguished travelers: "Ah," cried Augustus, astonished, "in this house is a more beautiful room than in my home." Antonie and the many new playfellows showed him their playthings, and he became so interested that he thought no more of going home. While he was thus engaged, the ship unfastened her moorings and majestically floated into the stream. No one had observed the boy, and he listened to the strange voices of the ship's company in silence. But when evening came he began to weep and call for his

child they had aboard! Some pitied, and were sad for both the mother and child; others laughed at the unbidden little traveler; and the sailors quarreled and threatened to cast him into the water.

The captain now came and questioned him.

"Say now, little one," said the great man, "from what city or village are you?"

"I am from no city or village," replied Augustus.

"That is singular," said the captain; "do you know where your home is?"

"My house stands in the forest, not far from the village."

"That is good," said the captain. "Now, what is the name of the village?"

"Ha!" replied Augustus, "the village!—
it is called the village. My mother calls
it by no other name. 'Now they ring the
bells for noon,' she says, or in the morning
'I will go with you to the village to buy
bread!"

"What are your parents' names?" asked the irritated captain.

"My father is dead," answered Augustus, "and my mother is called 'Fishersdore."

"Theodora is her Christian name," said the captain, "what call they her surname?"

"She has no other name than Dora," said the boy. "She often said people needed no other name, for that might be nicknamed.."

The captain saw full well that nothing could be learned from the unlearned child, and becoming very angry, cried; "I wish the cookoo had carried you somewhere else than to my ship!"

The good boy stood with his eyes full of tears, and answered in his simplicity: "The cookoo did not bring me. I have not ever even seen it; but in the morning I have often heard it sing."

"All in the ship laughed, but the captain was perplexed. For unfortunately the Danube flowed then through an uninhabited forest region, and far and wide they saw no dwelling. Until the going down of the sun they continually watched for a church-tower. The captain desired to leave the boy at such a place that he might be returned to his mother.

came he began to weep and call for his mother. Then they observed the strange This did not please Herr Wahl, Antonie's father. He was a wealthy merchant, with many chests of gold and costly merchandise

the thirty years' war in Germany.

"I most heartily wish the anxious mother again pressed her lost boy to her bosom, but at present this can not be. The enemy are approaching near the Danube. A delay of an hour might cause us to fall into the hands of the enemy, with all that is ours. In God's name go on!"

Herr Wahl was very anxious, and as the full moon shone he wished to sail the whole night. The sailors declared this against their custom, but he promised them a large sum of money, if they would continue on, and so they sailed all night, in the clear bright, moonlight.

As the sun arose, they came to a village near the river. The captain sought the peasants, that he might discover the habitation of the boy, and return him to his mother, and thus do them both a kindness. But the peasants said:

"Who knows to whom the child belongs; you can easily see that we already have more than we can bring up. We have during these hard times the poor, more than enough, and we will take no new load."

Soon they came to another large and handsome village on the opposite side of the stream. The captain desired to go with the child to the officers and pastor, and commanded the ship to be steered to the shore. But Herr Wahl cried out: "Hark! hear the cannon thunder! The enemy is near us. We must not tarry a moment! Forward! forward with the ship!" The captain feared the boy would be left on his hands. That was not to be, for a better fate awaited him. The a low price. He journeyed thither and exlady, and she had become interested in the to him had especially fallen. He immedilost child. She said to her husband with ately began repairing its beautiful old castle, all her gentleness and friendliness: "We will and brought his wife and his two children. take this pretty affectionate boy. It will be As Antonie came to their new estate and a good deed, and the war will sometime end, and then we can send him to his home."

take the boy." The captain was pleased to cultivated by the plow. be relieved of his burden, and all praised the noble generosity of Herr Wahl.

The ship arrived safely at Vienna. Herr assist them." Wahl purchased a large and well appointed house, to receive his merchandise. He placed wife was as deeply interested as himself, and his only daughter Antonie with a very excellas desirous of relieving the universal need

flying from the enemy, for it was during lent teacher and Augustus was allowed to share the hours of study with her. Although at first untutored, he showed an uncommon understanding, and in a short time made such progress that every one was astonished. He was so modest, obedient, pleasing and friendly, so innocent and honest of heart, that Herr Wahl and his wife loved him as their own child. They saw that the pure principles, whose buds his mother had early planted in his heart, were ever active and powerful.

Augustus had great desire for mercantile business, and attained a high degree of excellence in this position, even before he was twenty years of age. Herr Wahl constantly extended his business, and made immense gains by supplying the army, but he never permitted an unlawful or dishonest transaction. In his business he was greatly assisted by Augustus, who never lost the honesty and truthfulness of heart he so early showed. When Antonie became of sufficient age, beautiful, and with heart and mind spotless as innocence itself, her father gave her to his foster-son in marriage.

After the war was over, the Emperor bestowed on Herr Wahl and Augustus for the great services they had rendered, the title of nobility, as Lords of Wahleim. Herr Wahl and his lady enjoyed a few more years of happiness, when they both died, with the consolation of the happiness of their daugh-

Augustus resigned his business, and determined to purchase an estate in Bavaria or Schwabia, desolated by the war and held at wife of Herr Wahl was a sweet and gentle amined the knight's estate of Neukirch, that saw the traces of misery and wretchedness left by the war she was very sad. Many This speech suited Herr Wahl exceedingly, houses in the village were in ruins, others and he called out loudly: "Go on, I will threatening to fall, and wide fields long un-

"Ah the poor, poor people," exclaimed Antonie with tears in her eyes, "we must

Augustus was delighted to know that his

He gave timber and money to build with. He purchased seed-corn and farm animals and gave them gratuitously to his suffering peasantry. Augustus and Antonie saw with pleasure from their castle-towers the finely built dwellings and productive cornfields. The peasants praised their new lord in unmeasured terms and came to thank him for his goodness. But he said: "God has from a poor boy made me a wealthy man, and in all things have I been wonderfully blessed. It would be ungrateful in me not to divide with others the blessings I have received. I rejoice to be able to contribute something to your happiness. There is no greater pleasure than that bestowed by making others happy."

CHAPTER III.

While Augustus, of Wahleim, had become a wealthy lord, as previously related, his mother, the good Theodora, in poverty had borne many severe trials, yet she bore her suffering and privation with a hopeful heart.

Soon after she lost her son, the war swept over that region of the Danube, and the enemy occupied the forest. Theodora lost her lonely cottage and fled to her brother, and her paternal house. But here for her was no rest. The village was during a battle almost totally laid in ashes, and most of the inhabitants dispersed. The paternal roof of Theodora was burned. She went to her sister who lived some fifty miles away, and was warmly received. She had a child and Theodora shared half his education. They lived in peace and concord, and each sought to lighten the load the war had brought to the other. After many years had passed in this manner, they received a letter from their brother. He wrote that his housewife was dead, his two daughters had married abroad, and he desired Theodora to come to him and keep his house. She gladly accepted his offer and again returned to her old home.

She had scarcely reached the village when she sought the beech-tree in the forest, and the beautiful picture which she had not in her haste taken in her flight. But gracious heaven! every thing had gone! The road that led to her cottage she no longer knew, for it was with high grass and dense bushes overgrown. Little bushes had become tall trees with far spreading branches; many great old trees she formerly knew had disappeared. Her poor

wooden cottage had left no trace, and she could not tell where it formerly stood. overgrown with dense forest. She sought for a long time to find the tree without success. "If I do not find the beautiful picture," cried she, "the vacant niche where it formerly was placed will point out the tree." "Your search is useless," said an old man, who was gathering dry brush-wood in the forest, "the tree stands no longer. As we find it on our return to the village so is it here with the trees in the woods. Those that we knew as children have become full-grown; those that were full-grown have become old, and the old people are almost all gone. The new wood supplants the old trees. Every thing in the world rapidly passes-men even more rapidly than trees. We have here no rest-will strive for that which is prepared for us above."

The decrepit old man passed on, and Theodora gave up all hope of finding the tree.

The Lord of Wahleim dwelt many miles away, and all the forest as well as the village where Theodora dwelt belonged to him. One day he came to the forest to divide the winter's wood of the villagers. Then the woods were wild, and there were many decaying trees, so that he attended the division in person, that the proper timber might be cut, and all the needy receive their just part. All the fathers of families were present, and he presented each a tree. According to custom, the Lord touched the tree as he presented it, and the one he now was to give belonged to Theodora's brother. She drew near and said the noble Lord would pardon, for her brother was very sick and unable to leave his bed. The Lord of Wahleim little thought that the old, poorly dressed woman was his mother, and as little thought she that the noble Lord, in his light brown clothes, with a diamond ring on his finger, was her son. Although he did not know her, he heartily sympathized with her, and gave her the tree.

The forester made objections. "For the great and beautiful beech it is a pity," said he, "aspen and birch are for poor people—good enough. Beechwood shall be set apart for the master and his servants."

her cottage she no longer knew, for it was with high grass and dense bushes overgrown. Little bushes had become tall trees with far spreading branches; many great old trees she formerly knew had disappeared. Her poor

at my expense, cut into wood, and brought to the door of the poor brother and sister. Have now at once the wood-choppers split my wood for her."

He went away to avoid her thanks. Theodora gazed after him with tears in her eyes, and said: "God bless the noble Lord!" and went her way. The mother and son, who twenty-six years before for the last time met in this forest, now were unknown to each other.

Two wood-cutters without delay began cutting the tree, and shortly it came with a crash to the ground, and the men cried out in astonishment: "A wonder! a genuine wonder! The trunk was broken beneath where it was decayed, and a piece of the bark was torn off, and the men saw with astonishment the picture that Theodora had so long, vainly sought. The colors were fresh, and the golden surface glistened in the beams of the sun, as though the image was surrounded by a halo of rays. The wood-cutters were young men and knew nothing of the history of the picture. This surpasses our understanding," said they to each other, "how the beautiful image of the mother-goddess-came in this tree." One saw no opening in the tree; it was entirely overgrown with bark, and with moss like the other trees in the forest. It was something wholly unheard of; it was a public wonder."

At the noise the men made, the Lora of Wahleim returned. He took the picture in his hand and examined it. "Truly," spoke he, "it is very beautiful, and I dare say a master-piece. The pale, sorrowful countenance and restful glance to heaven are inimitable, and the the dark-blue mantle and soft raiment are exquisite. It is easy to tell how the image came in the tree. Some pious man cut a niche in the trunk and placed it therein. The bark grew over and enclosed it."

Suddenly he grew pale, his hand which held the image violently trembled. "Yes," he exclaimed, "this is highly wonderful." He sat down on the trunk of the fallen tree in order not fall. He had noticed on the back of the image the following inscription: "In the year 1632, the 10th of October, here saw I for the last time my only son, Augustus, his years five, and three months. God be with him wherever he is, and console him as he did Mary under the cross-me-his THEODORA SOMMER. afflicted mother,

"This lost child is myself; name, year and day the same, and this image was placed here by my mother."

While he thought thus to himself, his mother drew near. On the way home she had heard a neighbor speak of the finding of the image, which had spread through the whole forest with astonishment. "Oh, gracious Lord," cried she, "the image is mine, I pray you give it to me. See you, it has my name, that as I requested the kind pastor wrote thereon. Ah," said she weeping as she surveyed the prostrate tree, "it was under this beech, that I saw my Augustus for the last time, so sweetly and gently asleep, before he was taken from me. How often since my return have I passed this tree without knowing it! Oh my Augustus, I now behold the place again where my eyes saw thee for the last time! Ah thee-thee-shall I never in this life, see thee again? It is as though I stood at thy grave." She could from weeping say no more. The Lord of Wahleim who already at the name of his mother, on the image had been greatly agitated, came quickly to himself and in the poor woman who addressed him recognized his mother. Had he obeyed his heart he would have sprang up and clasping her in his arms, called her "mother," but the sudden joy might cause her death. He took her kindly by the hand, and with his snowy handkerchief dried the tears from her eyes, and spoke consoling words, and thus brought her nearer and nearer to the joy that awaited her. He told her that her son lived; he knew him well, and she would herself see him. After such preparatory speech, he concluded in these words: "I am your lost Augustus!" His mother cried as she sank on his breast: "Thou," and neither could speak one word more. Both remained for a long time silent in each others arms, while those who gathered around wept with pleasure at the great happiness of the long separated mother and son.

The Lord of Wahleim told the forester to go to the brother of Theodora, and say to him that she would visit him with her son the next day. He called his carriage and seated his mother near him, to take her directly to his castle. Then a new joy awaited her. She was afraid to appear before her daughter-in-law, in her poor dress. But That glance brought a cloud of thoughts: Antonie was too noble to notice her clothing.

her in the kindest manner, and esteemed herself happy to know the mother of her beloved husband.

Theodora wept for joy. And when her two grand-children, Ferdinand and Mary were presented, her joy became ecstacy. "Unspeakable," said she, "was my previous grief, but my joy is now still greater. It is so great I can not weep."

The next morning the Lord of Wahleim ordered his carriage and with his mother visited her sick brother. She remained by him until he recovered, and then returned to the castle for her final home. The Lord, with his good wife, made a feast-of-joy in honor of the occasion, to which all the people, the aged, the children, and the grand-children attended, and Theodora presided. They were so rejoiced at her good fortune they gathered around her with tears in their eyes.

Her son and his noble wife, were always alive to the interests of their people, and active in supplying their wants, and were greatly beloved. The picture they placed in their sitting room, that it should ever be a memento of the past.

GEMS OF NATURAL HISTORY.

Under this heading we wish to present to our youthful readers such brief and entertaining gems of Natural History as will be instructive, readily comprehended and easily retained in the memory of the reader.



The lion is the largest and most majestic of all the cat family. The average length of a full grown lion is from six to seven feet, exclusive of tail, and about three feet high. Some are much larger. His favorite haunt is about some spring where he can hide and spring upon his prey when it comes to drink. The lion is

LION.

She went to meet her with open arms; greeted | been born in America, but seldom live longer than the time of shedding their milk-teeth, and not many live longer than a few weeks.



RHINOCEROS.

The peculiarities of this animal gave origin to its name, in Greek words signifying nose and horn. It is found in the warm regions of Asia and Africa, living with elephants in forests and feeding on herbage and leafy twigs and shrubs. It is a pea eable animal, except when irr.tated. Its head is long and triangular, and on the upper surface of the nose, near the end grows a single, or sometimes double horn, often three feet long, composed of agglutinated hairs or horny fibres, but is not connected with the nasal bones, and can be entirely removed with the skin. The body is very bulky, the legs are short and strong, the feet are three-toed with as many broad hoofs, the tail is short and tipped with hairs, the skin is very rough and hard and is quite naked.



Eagles form the first group of the great family Falconidæ, which includes eagles, falcons and hawks. Unlike the vulture, they gain their subsistence chiefly by the chase killing their prey by the grip of their trea native of Africa and Asia. Some lions have mendous claws, in no case making use of

the beak for that purpose. It is a curious | a half inches long. The extent of wings is fact that a bird can hold its position on a perch, even while sleeping, retaining its hold by a single foot,—the grasp being involuntary and due to a peculiar formation. The muscles which move the leg and foot, together with the tendons which form the attachment of the muscles to the bones, are so arranged, that whenever the bird bends its leg the foot is forcibly closed, being relaxed as soon as the leg is straightened. When a bird falls asleep on a branch, the legs are not only bent, but pressed downward by the weight of the body; so the claws hold the perch with an involuntary grasp. When therefore an Eagle desires to drive his talons into the body of his prey he needs only to sink downward with his whole weight, and the forcible bending of the legs alone will effect the purpose.



VULTURE.

The Vulture, a carrion-eating bird, is a native of Southern Europe and Western Asia, often attaining very great size,—the expanse of its wings being sometimes as much as ten feet, and its length nearly four feet. As a general rule it feeds upon carrion and is very beneficial to the countries which it inhabits. In many of them it is protected from injury by the strictest laws, a heavy penalty being laid upon any one who willfully destroys one of these useful birds. This bird will eat almost anything which is not too hard for its beak, and renders great service to the husbandman by devouring myriads of lizards, rats, and mice, that are destructive to vegetation,their numbers being kept within limits by the exertions of the Vulture.

FLAMINGOES.

five or six species. The American Flamingo planted it, a fadeless floweret, in the garden is about four feet long from beak to end of tail, of glory to bloom eternally. His voice had and five and a half feet from beak to end of only begun its first lispings on earth when it

five and a half feet; the beak, or bill, is five



inches along the gape and six inches along the curve. The female Flamingo is considerably smaller than the male. Their color is a bright scarlet, deepest on the wings, the quills are black, the legs red, the feet lake color, and the circle which surrounds the pupil of the eye (called iris) is blue. Their food consists of mollusks, marine inse ts and small fish. They inhabit Florida, Alabama and the West India Islands.

MY ANGEL BOY.

BY A MOTHER.

To the shining shores of glory They have borne my beautiful boy, Where he sings the wondrous story Of love forevermore.

A mysterious sound of song, and a shining cherub-throng soared from the burnished portals of glory to earth and caught my beautiful babe in their loving embrace, and peacefully wafted his pure spirit to the pearly gates of Heaven, where he is forever safe, while the angel-choirs touched so loud their harps and sang so sweet their songs that all was peace and joy.

He was spotless and pure, and God took him thus before earth's sins and sorrows had stained his snowy robes.

Life's throbbings had just begun to beat their march, and they were hushed while yet the morn had scarcely dawned. His sun had but risen from the river wave of Time ere it peacefully set on earth, and arose in the city wherein is no night.

The tiny bud was just unfolding, and God Flamingoes are wading birds. There are plucked it from earth's cold soil and transclaws, the middle claw being about three and was hushed, and only hushed to chant its sweeter melody amid the angel choirs.

The delicate clay casket was too frail for the precious jewel it enveloped. God saw it was a treasure that was wanting to beautify more perfectly the heavenly, if could be.

O, my beautiful angel boy has really crossed the silvery tide that so beautifully links Earth to Heaven, while I am left weeping on the shore.

A TRUE MARRIAGE.

Men and women, and especially young people, do not know that it takes years to marry completely two hearts, even of the most loving and well-assorted. But nature allows no sudden change. We slope very gradually from the cradle to the summit of life. Marriage is gradual, a fraction of us at a time. A happy wedlock is a long falling in love. I know young persons think love belongs only to the brown hair, and plump, round, crimson cheeks. So it does for its beginning, just as Mt. Washington begins at Boston Bay. But the golden marriage is a part of love which the bridal day knows nothing of. Youth is the tassel and silken flower of love, age is the full corn, ripe and solid in the ear. Beautiful is the morning of love, with its prophetic crimson, violet, purple, and gold, with its hopes of days that are to come. Beautiful also is the evening of love, with its glad remembrances, and its rainbow side turned toward Heaven as well as Earth. Young people marry their opposite in temper and general character, and such a marriage is commonly a good match. They do it instinctively. The young man does not say, "My black eyes require to be wed with blue, and my over vehements require to be a llittle modified with somewhat of dullness and reserve." When these opposites come together to be wed, they do not know it; each thinks the other just like itself.

Old people never marry their opposites; they marry their similars, and from calculation. Each of these two arrangements is very proper. In their long journey these two young opposites will fall out by the way a great many times and both get out of the road; but each will charm the other back again, and by-and-by they will be agreed as to the place they will go to and the road they will go by, and become reconciled. The man ished and brightened, and their relike the gold, is wrought into the workmanship by the fingers of wom it ever could be by those of me iron and steel of their characters and end of good and precious will go by, and become reconciled. The man

will be nobler and larger for being associated with so much humanity unlike himself, and she will be a nobler woman for having manhood beside her that seeks to correct her deficiencies and supply her with what she lacks, if the diversity be not too great, and there be real piety and love in their hearts to begin with. The old bridegroom, having a much shorter journey to make, must associate himself with one like himself. Men and women are married fractionally; now a small fraction, then a large fraction. Very few are married totally, and they only, I think, after some forty or fifty years of gradual approach and experiment. Such a large and sweet fruit is a complete marriage that it needs a very Summer to ripen in, and then a long Winter to mellow and season it. But a real, real, happy marriage of love and judgment between a noble man and woman is one of the things so very handsome that if the sun were, as the Greek poets fabled, a god, he might stop the world in order to feast his eyes on such a spectacle.—Theodore Parker.

MEN AND WOMEN.

What is it that makes all those men, who associate habitually with women, superior to others who do not? What makes that woman who is accustomed and at ease in the society of men superior to her sex in general? Solely because they are in the habit of free, graceful continued conversation with the other sex. Women in this way lose their frivolity, their faculties awaken, their delicacies and peculiarities unfold all their beauty and captivation in the spirit of intellectual rivalry. And the men lose their pedantic, rude, declamatory, or sullen manner. The coin of the understanding and the heart changes continually. The asperities are rubbed off; their better materials polished and brightened, and their richness, like the gold, is wrought into the finer workmanship by the fingers of women than it ever could be by those of men. The iron and steel of their characters are hidden, like the character and armor of a giant by studs and notes of good and precious stones, when they are hidden, like the character and not of good and precious stones,

Dut Home Circle Parieties.

This Department will be filled with choice gems of wisdom and the merriest sort of humor,



"JUST ONE. '-SEE NEXT PAGE AND EDITORIAL NOTICE.

"JUST ONE."

CHANGED FROM THE ORIGINAL BY MRS. C. M. MORRIS.

Just one,—just one,—so ripe and sweet; But ah! my little tip-toe feet! With all your might I scarce can reach The juicy grape or rosy peach.

I promised not to taste or touch; But one—just one would not be much! The bees from every dewy cup, Gather the daily sweetness up.

Our Father hath his treasures laid By every brook, by every glade; Ripe autumn fruitage freely given, The affluence and gift of Heaven.

For those who rest and those who roam The vintage song, the harvest home; Fair homesteads in the valley low, Whose bounties in the sunset glow.

Now these so sweet—made ripe all through By golden sunlight and the dew, And from the kisses of the sun— Oh! can't I have just one—just one?

I'll run and ask my mother, dear, And then no danger will I fear; No broken rules, no stains to tell Unpleasant things on little Nell.

And, oh! the angels! they can see; And if I steal they won't love me, My mother, too, so sad would feel To learn her little child did steal!

Oh, no, I won't. I'll ask for one And then I'll feel no harm is done. I'll please my ma, and angels, too, And keep my soul both pure and true.

A BEAUTIFUL PRAYER.

All parents should teach their little children this beautiful prayer.

Father! now the day is past;
On thy child, thy blessing cast;
Near my pillow, hand in hand,'
Keep thy guardian angel band;
And throughout the darkling night,
Bless me with a cheerful light;
Let me rise at morn again,
Free from every thought of pain,
Pressing through life's thorny way,
Keep me, Father, day by day!

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Don't smoke-U. S. Grant.

Don't deceive-Baron Munchausen.

MIND your own business-Catacazy.

Don't read novels-Harper Brothers.

WE concur in the above—T. B. Peterson & Company.

How to raise turnips—take hold of the top and pull.

What was made to give light into the world—matches.

Make money and do good with it—W. M. Tweed.

BE virtuous and you'll be happy—Brigham Young.

THERE is strength in purity; there is power in innocence.

I attrybut mi suckcess in life to mi devoshun to spellying—Josh Billings.

LET your motto be self-reliance, faith, honesty, and industry—Jas. Fisk, Jr.

On which side of a sheep would you look for the most wool?" The outside.

He that in the world would rise, must take the papers and advertise—Confucius.

An honest man gathers no moss. A rolling stone's the noblest work of God—P. V. Nasby.

Which is the chief of the precious stones mentioned in the Bible—Brimstone.

Where can wool be grown most successfully—on a sheep's back.

L VE reposes at the bottom of pure souls, like a drop of dew in the chalice of a flower.

A good-hearted woman in the rosy beauty of her joy is the loveliest object in the world.

THERE is nothing that binds heart to heart so quickly and so safely as trust and be trusted.

The sting of a bee always carries conviction with it—it makes you a bee-leaver at once.

Why are mean men and barefooted ones alike—Because they both ought to be booted.

The best guardian of a woman's happiness is a husband's love; of her honor, her own affections.

BEECHER never danced but once we suppose; his father made the music and Henry the lively steps.

"You are a chip from the old block, ain't you

Charlie?" "I guess so; my teacher says I am water so low, that with all his stooping a young blockhead." and straining he was unable to reach it.

A word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain. It is a seed which, even dropped by chance, springs up in a flower.

PREPARE the soul for immortality, and destroy not the faculties of the mind created to be employed in this mortal life.

THE tears of beauty are like clouds floating over a heaven of stars, bedimming them for a moment that they may shine with a brighter lustre than before.

"What are you doing my dear?" "Trying to steal papa's hat out of the room without letting this gentleman see it, for papa wants him to think he's out."

WITH love the heart becomes a fair and fertile garden, with sunshine and warm hues; and exhaling sweet odors; but without it, it is a bleak desert covered with ashes.

REMEMBER you are an heir to everlasting happiness, though human, and subject to the laws governing all alike; therefore keep your bodies sacred and purified.

THE glory of the father encircles the life of the child with a halo of light. Let not the child dispel the glory left by its ancestors, but, rather, increase its brilliancy.

LIKE souls seek association; therefore strive to purify your life, to mingle with the pure; to store the mind with knowledge, to meet the learned; and to prepare the soul to dwell among the angels.

MEN's lives should be like the day, more beautiful in the evening; like the Summer, aglow with promise; and like the Autumn, rich with golden sheaves, where good works and deeds have ripened on the field.

THE attraction of love that wisdom sanctions, is the legislation of angels, and the voice of the inner-life, urging to harmonize all your organs and functions to holy uses under the enlightenment of wisdom, is of their inspiration.

SKILL AND PATIENCE.

Do not be easily discouraged: remember the old story of the thirsty crow, that flew with joy to a pitcher he saw at a distance. But when he came up to it, he found the much.

water so low, that with all his stooping and straining he was unable to reach it. Thereupon he tried to break the pitcher, then to overturn it; but his strength was insufficient to do either. At last, seeing some small pebbles at hand, dropped a great many of them, one by one, into the pitcher, and so raised the water to the brim, and quenched his thirst. Skill and patience will succeed where force fails; necessity is the mother of invention.

NEATNESS.

Not many of us are aware how much of our enjoyment is derived from this one virtue, for as such I esteem it. Every child has noticed that some of his school-mates are very popular, are always chosen when there is any game to be played, and their company is always sought. These popular ones are nearly always models of neatness and order. Their dress is tidy, no matter how common the material; their faces and hands are always clean, their hair neatly brushed, their books are kept in order, and are not dog-eared, they respect themselves and inspire respect in others.

You may look where you will, and it is neatness and order that inspire respect and love. A baby is just as innocent when its hands and face are dirty and it wears a soiled dress, as when it is neat and clean, but where is the little boy or girl that is anxious to kiss it.

Many little folks who are naturally attractive make themselves disagreeable by falling into slovenly habits, and by so doing are unconsciously inviting all sorts of diseases. An intimate acquaintance with soap and water is a very good thing for the health.

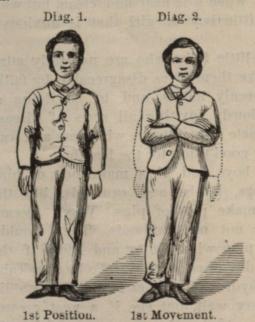
Little boys and girls make pets of birds, cats, dogs, lambs and squirrels, but they seldom make pets of pigs. Why? Because pigs are not neat animals. They wouldn't like to play with Tabby and Fido, if they were muddy or even dusty. To be sure Tabby is not a hydropathist, that is, she does not like water very well, but she is a neat creature after all, and has her own way of keeping herself clean. Fido washes himself occasionally, but he uses the dusty road for a towel, which does not improve his appearance very much.



Children's Progressive Lyceum Department.

CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM EX-ERCISES.

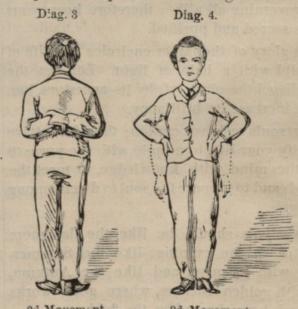
The following Diagrams have been prepared expressly for the LITTLE BOUQUET, for the purpose of illustrating the exercises as taught and practiced in the "Children's Progressive Lyceum." We propose to continue these illustrations in the order used, and we suggest that as far as pleasant or practicable, they be adopted by all Lyceums, thus securing a unity in the "order of exercises," and enabling children visiting different Lyceums, or on picnic and other public occasions where Lyceums unite, to enter at once into the exercises without confusion.



FIRST POSITION.—Body erect, head up, shoulders well back, hands at sides, heels together, toes turned naturally out. This is, in all cases, known as the "first position," and in all exer- by dotted lines in Diag. 4.

cises, we proceed from this attitude in a given order.

FIRST MOVEMENT-Fold arms.-Always in executing orders of a single movement, remain motionless until the last word of the order is given. When the word arms is spoken, assume position represented in Diagram 2.



3d Movement.

SECOND MOVEMENT-Reverse Arms .- Observe the same rule in executing the orders as before, folding the arms behind. The body remaining unmoved. Diag. 3 shows the position of the arms reversed.

THIRD MOVEMENT-Rest Arms.-With this order the hands are brought to the hips as represented by Diag. 4. Observe that the open hands rest upon the hips with the thumbs pointing forward.

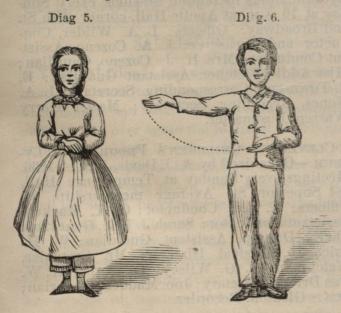
FOURTH MOVEMENT—Arms Free.—Return arms to 1st position as shown by Diag. 1, and

THE WING MOVEMENTS.

The wing movements are the exercises of the happy children of the "Summer-land." Besides being healthful and beautiful, these Musical Motions are exhilerating and truly suggestive of flights in the atmosphere.

The position of the body while these movements are being made should be perfectly erect, heels together, toes turned naturally sideward, shoulders back, without leaning backward, head straight up from the neck, in short, the entire bodily position should be as perfect as possible.

The children standing in 1st position (see Diag. 1), receive the order "prepare for wing movements." On the pronunciation of the last word of the order, they assume position represented by Diag. 5.



1st Position of Wing Movement.

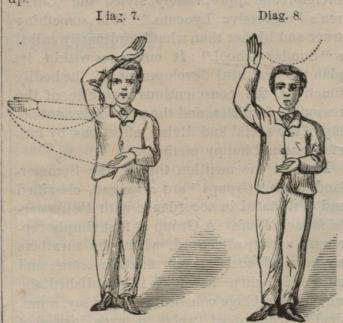
1st W.ng Movement.

DIAG.5.—Right hand resting upon the left at waist, palms together, forearm horizontal. (The children are all facing the conductor or guardian—either may lead in the exercises—who stands in an elevated position with left hand resting on the right, and who will move the left hand first, thus making the direction of his or her motions uniform with those of the children. Let this be observed in all the exercises.

Music.—(2-4, 4-4, or any equivalent time is appropriate. Without music, the Leader can count 1-2-3-4, etc.).

Play first strain and repeat—children standing in position. On the first beat of the "repeat," the right hand is carried gracefully out and up as per dotted line, to position shown by

Diag. 6. Observe that the palm of the hand is



2nd Wing Movemen'.

3d Wing Movement.

On the second beat of the music, the hand is carried as per dotted line to position shown by Diag. 7.

On the third beat, the hand is brough' to the right of the head, as in Diag. 8, making a graceful curve as per dotted line by bending the wrist, moving the elbow as little as possible.

ORIGIN OF THE LYCEUM SYSTEM.

We shall in each successive number of the LITTLE BOUQUET treat of Children's Progressive Lyceums. They have now become well established institutions of the country.

In this department we present to our readers a very fine steel plate engraving, which is a correct likeness of Andrew Jackson Davis, the seer. He is the acknowledged author of the Lyceum System. It is generally believed by Spiritualists that Mr. Davis saw similar institutions in full operation in spirit-life—in the "Summer-land," as he very aptly calls it.

He says in his Manual: The plan is not original with me. It is an attempt to unfold and actualize on earth, partially at least, a progressive juvenile assemblage like those in the Summer-land, whither children are constantly going from earth, and where they are received into Groups, for improvement, growth, and graduation. In those heavenly societies and spheres the young grow and bloom in love as well as in wisdom—in affection as well as in true knowledge.

therefore, be appropriately styled the "Children's Progressive Lyceum." It is something truer and higher than what is ordinarily called a "Sunday-School." It embraces within its plan the healthful development of the bodily functions, the conscientious exercise of the reasoning faculties, and the progressive unfolding of the social and divine affections, by harmonious and happy methods.

Here let me mention that in the Summerland these "Groups" are arranged, classified and designated in accordance with the immortal laws of Music. A Group at first simply represents a note; afterward, when the members are more advanced, it represents an octave; and ultimately, when harmony is established, the whole assemblage constitutes, so to say, a musical instrument of twelve octaves, instead of six and a half or seven, as we have here in the popular piano or church-organ. It is beyond the power of earthly language to describe the celestial melody, "fairy-like music," of this human musical instrument! Truly, by such a combination of angel-voices the "morningstars" may be taught to sing their part in the anthem of the spheres.

In view of the importance of this department we shall illustrate the gymnastic exercises described by Mr. Davis, with our own original cuts -giving therewith, proper instructions.

We shall, from time to time, give reports of Lyceums in different parts of the country, as the same shall be furnished by the officers, and say and do generally that which we believe will tend to the promotion of the best interests of all Progressive Lyceums throughout the country.

LYCEUM REPORTS.

THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM OF The Children's Progressive Lyceum of Chicago.—Organized Feb. 25th, 1866. Meets every Sunday at 12 m., at Rice & Jackson's Hall, No. 99 West Randolph St. Number of members 150. Officers: Dr. S. J. Avery, Conductor; Mrs. C. W. Ridgway, Assistant Conductor; Mrs. A. Bushnell, Guardian; Mrs. S. C. Eaton, Assistant Guardian; William Jones, Musical Director; Miss Lillie Williams and Miss Nettie Bushnell, Assistant Musical Directors; W. J. Jeffery, Secretary; D. Ambrose Davis, Treasurer; J. C. Eaton, Librarian; E. C. Blanchard and Murdo Williams, Assistant Librarians. Librarians.

Progressive Lyceum of Chicago.—Organized Feb. 25th, 1866. Meetings every Sunday,

This Sunday meeting of the young may, at 1 P.M., at Grow's Hall, 517 West Madison St. Number of members 150. Officers: J. E Titus, Conductor; Mrs. C. A. Dye, Assistant Conductor; Mrs. J. E. Arnold, Guardian; Mrs. Hattie Davis, Assistant Guardian; John Bentley, Capt. of the Guards; John Bentley, J. E. Titus, W. H. Arnold, E. M. Wood and A. Dinsmore, Trustees; Mrs. E. T. Blackmer, Treasurer; E. M. Wood, Secretary.

> Boston, Mass.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1, was organized April, 1867. The average attendance is one hundred and twentyfive. Meets every Sunday morning, at 10½ o'clock, in John A. Andrew's Hall, corner of Ezra and Chauncey Sts. D. N. Ford. Conductor; A. Danforth, Assistant Conductor; Mary Ann Sanborn, Guardian; Sarah Hartson, Assistant Guardian: W. A. Dunkle, Treasurer; M. T. Dole, Secretary.

> NEW YORK.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum, holds its regular sessions every Sunday at 10 A.M., at Apollo Hall, corner 28th St. and Broadway. Officers: L. A. Wilder, Conductor and Treasurer; J. A. Cozeno, Assistant Conductor; Mrs. H. J. Cozeno, Gaurdian; Miss Addie Fletcher, Assistant Guardian; E. C. Taumand, Companyanding, Secretary, J. A. C. Townsend, Corresponding Secretary; L. A. Nones, Recording Secretary; Master Harry Warren, Postmaster.

> CLEVELAND CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LY-CEUM.—Organized by A. J. Davis, Jan. 14, 1866.
> Meetings every Sunday at Temperance Hall,
> 184 Superior St. Average membership, 80.
> Officers: T. Lee, Conductor; C. T. Macken,
> Assistant Conductor; Sarah J. File, Guardian;
> Thelia Duplan Assistant Creating W. H. Thalia Dunlap, Assistant Guardian; W. H. Price, Jr., Musical Birector; Mr. Cretchler, Watchman; G. G. Wilsey, Treasurer; W. W. Van Driver, Secretary; Jno. Madden, Librarian; Lewis Gleason, Recorder.

> CINCINNATI, OHIO.—"The Spiritualists Sunday-School and Lyceum," was organized by G. W. Kates, November, 1871. Average membership 50 Meets every Sunday in Thom's Hall, at 10 o'clock A.M. Officers: J. A. Pitman, Conductor; Mrs. L. A. Chandler, Guardian; P. H. Britt, Jr, Musical Director; Miss Lizzie Keysor, Transpurer, G. W. Kates Socretary. ser, Treasurer; G. W. Kates Secretary.

> TOPEKA, KAN.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum was organized three years ago with about fifteen children. Mr. W. F. Peck was the first Conductor. It now numbers about eighty members. Meets every Sunday, at 101/2 A.M., at Constitution Hall. Noah Swartz, Conductor; Miss Lydia Baily, Guardian; Mr. Chandler and Mrs. Angel, Guards; Mrs. Bain, Treasurer; Eleanor Morse, Secretary.

> The public are cordially invited by each Lyceum here reported. We hope to receive full reports from all other Lyceums for our June issue.—[Editors.

Aditorial Arpartment.

In this Department will be published brief mentions of current matters and general miscellaneous topics.



S. S. JONES......Editor.
T. S. GIVAN.....Associate Editor.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, MAY, 1873.

SALUTATORY.

Youthful friends and dear children, memory carries us back to the days of our youth and childhood; and sometimes we momentarily seem to live over again the hours of clouds and sunshine incident thereto. The experience of more mature years admonishes us that if we could live over again the scenes of the past, we would be greatly benefited—rendered better and more happy by the inculcation of an entirely different train of thought—by lessons more in accordance with the spirit of the age—with the liberal sentiments that knowledge of matters and things have impressed upon the minds of thinking people.

As a means to that end we believe a monthly magazine for the youth and children, that shall inculcate thoughts of the character hereafter referred to, is indispensable. A magazine that will teach lessons of the beautiful and the useful. We often meditate upon the responsibility that devolves upon parents, guardians, teachers and legislators, in devissing ways and mean to direct the young plastic minds into channels of thought that shall radiate in every direction, so as to cause them to become receptive to all truth, and to make the same so attractive that such minds shall crave mental food thus presented, even as their physical natures crave the delicious and palatable viands upon which they subsist. - The children and youth have ever been taught to look upon the dark side of life, even

until it has become hereditary and almost constitutional to consider the lovely, the beautiful, the joyful, the frolicsome buoyancy of the human soul, as sinful! In questioning the rose-shrub, in regard to the loveliness of its fully-developed flowers and its half-opened and closely-folded buds, we did not forget to inquire the use-the mission of the thorns so closely, and yet often so secretly, concealed beneath the blossoms. Many answers came, none of which will we attempt at this time to reveal, but this thought is so vivid in our mind that we express it. No sane parent, guardian, teacher or law-maker, would think of requiring the children and youth to form bouquets from thorns, and leave the flowers and buds to waste their beauty and fragrance upon the desert air. And yet to our mind, religious teachings and moral ethics for children and youth have been more thorny than beautiful and fragrant.

Years ago, when contemplating this subject, we were inspired with the thought that the time was near at hand when the youthful mind would be better understood—the Philosophy OF LIFE would then be more fully appreciated, so that husks should not alone serve the craving mental and moral appetites of children and youth. We felt then as we now do, that while all nature is awakening from its winter slumber, and that while the birds, the squirrels and all other things and creatures are rejoicing in the genial sunshine of this salubrious May morning, the children and youth may, too, go forth if they please, and gather such bouquets of flowers and leave the thorns behind for the ascetics and croakers, who love gloomy Winter and thorns better than they do genial May and fragrant flowers.

To the young prattlers and the gay youth who can appreciate the beautiful and true—love rather than hate—sunshine rather than dreary darkness—we dedicate this, The LITTLE BOUQUET.

In this dedication, we do really expect to include every intelligent child and youth who is left free to act out his and her own natureall are lovely when judged from that divine spark which is the germ of infinite possibilities. And, as a natural sequence, all love that which is lovable-" of such is the kingdom of Heaven." To such the LITTLE BOUQUET will be a gem of rare beauty—a ruby to be possessed and enjoyed from month to month as new fields of thought are explored and artistically imprinted upon its tinted pages.

To parents and friends we would now say as we have heretofore said, THE LITTLE Bouquer is and shall be the embodiment of our very best efforts in behalf of the rising generation. We are aware that the prevailing systems of education are wrong, that from the nursery to the pulpit there is an absolute demand for reform. Our purpose is to suggest and stimulate such reform through the columns of the LITTLE BOUQUET, and to direct the child mind away from the dismal superstitions of Theology to the cheerful suggestions and wise teachings of Nature. We, therefore, confidently call upon you to aid us in giving to the children a magazine of unmistakable merit and efficiency. Do not fail to remember that, as the child is trained in belief and manner, so is manhood or womanhood substantial and noble, or the reverse, and that our best opportunity for doing good to the world is through and with the children.

To officers, members and friends of the Children's Progressive Lyceums we would say, THE LITTLE BOUQUET will be especially devoted to the interests of the Lyceum Movement. We believe the Lyceum to be a "child of the New Dispensation," an embodiment of the true idea of education; therefore to elucidate its plan and advance its interests will be one of our leading efforts. We know how much the children love the Lyceum, and with what noble zeal officers and leaders have labored for it; and, too, how heartily it has been supported by all true friends of educational reform. The LITTLE BOUQUET may be made an instrument of great use to you all. Through its columns each Lyceum may know of all others; and such acquaintance may tized; our movements and plans explained derly and sweetly to our dear friends, let us

so that all can understand. Let every officer and member of the Lyceum peruse the LITTLE Bouquer, become interested with us in its work and welfare, and we know that it will be a success.

Let us, then, all together strive to maintain a magazine in the interests of children and education worthy of the grand ideas and system of philosophy we so much love.

A FRIENDLY GREETING TO OUR READERS.

We send forth the initial number of our LITTLE BOUQUET, wishing and hoping it may receive a glad welcome in thousands of homes throughout the land. Its title symbolizes its merit in the realm of pure literature. A garland of thought-beauties, of rarest soul-blossoms from the richest love-and-wisdom minds of the present age. The wealthy past is ours by legacy; the world's volumes of literature and experience, and our aim is to cull therefrom only its gems of eternal brilliancy, its imperishable truths and its valuable information. The living present we mean to use worthily, to energize the soul in all that is good and elevating, and to restrain from all that is evil and impure; to quicken all philanthropic impulses, stimulating to enlightened and unselfish labors for the maturing of humanity's spiritual manhood. The dawning future, with its golden glories, starry with promises, is also ours by the heritage of eternal life, by the pledge of love and the hope of the immortal soul. And our LITTLE BOUQUET, like the exfoliating rose, like the mighty tide of civilization, ever increasing in power, magnificence and glory, is destined to fill its angelic mission, gathering new accessions of intellectual beauty and grandeur, and ever communicating wisdom and delight.

We solicit literary contributions from the teeming world of souls. Don't live exclusively to yourself. Oh! man, oh, woman; how deep, how beautiful, how unfathomed are the fountains of knowledge which lie within thine own being! Send forth your cheery words of pleasure and profit to aid your sister woman and your brother man onward and upward through the intricate mazes and winding turns of earthlead to mutual efforts resulting in a degree life, until they reach the flower-encircled gate of success not known before. By diagrams that opens wide into the beautiful angel-land. our gymnastics may be extended and systema- Let us give more love; let us cleave more tenattach ourselves in holy love and beneficence to as many worthy beings as we can, for thus we enhance our purest joys.

Write for our magazine. Its literary and philosophical tone will ever be obviously of a high order both in style and sentiment, appropriately adapted to the youth, and throbbing through with a pure love of truth and a deep reverence for whatever ennobles and exalts the finer sensibilities of humanity.

HELPLESSNESS OF CHILDREN:

What is Their Due.

HE infant child is the most helpless, consequently, requires from its birth to youth more care than any other being belonging to the animal kingdom; and yet, it "possesses the germ of infinite possibilities."

Our young readers all know that the little babe can not do the least thing to help itself, that it is dependent upon the tender care of its mother or some other kind-hearted person, for everything it requires to sustain life. Not so with most young animals-from birth they are endowed with instinct and strength that enables them to a considerable degree to help themselves.

Little birds, it is true, for several weeks are unable to leave their nests, and many animals for a few weeks require the loving care of the mother: and some species of animals and birds are watched over and nursed by the father, but for a very brief period of time, to be compared with what is required by

little infants and children.

Nature speedily provides suitable covering for birds and animals generally, but never for the little infants.

Rarely if ever is medical treatment provided for the young animals when they are sick, by their mothers, but the little babies are carefully watched over and nursed when sick and are provided with necessary clothing and such kind treatment as shall make them healthy and good. Without such kindness to a considerable degree, children would die in infancy. Hence it will be seen that there is a wide difference between the wants and absolute necessities of children, birds, and other animals.

We see that all infants are dependent upon the kindness of parents and others for those things which sustain life, and this helplessness continues for a long time with them. They are the most helpless and most dependent of all young creatures; but notwithstand ing that, they, by proper care, in a few years get to know more than any of the lower order of beings. Mark the expression, by proper care, that knowledge is attained so necessary in developing the faculties of the child, which are superior to the animal passions.

Every day's observation presents to view very different phases and traits of character among the children. Those of similar ages differ from each other almost as much as the different animals differ. Some children are very neat and clean in their personal habits, and yet very unkind to other children, and impertinent to their own parents and other people. Others bear the semblance of degradation and vice in their deportment, their clothing, and in their untidiness. Others on the contrary are very attractive in personal appearance-in their affectional natures and their general intelligence and appreciation of the rights of their fellow-creatures.

There are reasons for all the varieties and characteristics above referred to.

We desire our young readers to think of these things, and we hope they will reason analogically upon the subject. To the end of more fully understanding the law of development and eternal progression, they will do well to think of the varieties that exist in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and the effect that has been produced by culture and domestication.

Culture has produced the fine fruits, grasses, grains, and other delicious and valuable vegetables from wild native varieties in the vegetable kingdom, that are not now considered of any value, and those that we now esteem very highly are continually, year by year, being improved and bettered by culture.

Domesticated animals had their origin back in the wild beasts that roam in the forests and upon the plains; culture and care has developed them to a plane of great usefulness. All of these things our readers will readily comprehend.

It must be borne in mind that intelligent men and women can trace their ancestors from generation to generation back to rude people, who had no knowledge of the culture and refinement of the present time.

It is not speaking too strongly when we say that light and knowledge is, comparatively, but just dawning upon the world. The development of mind, as in all other departments of nature, has been shown. The ushering in of a new era—an age in which intercommunion between this, the rudimental sphere of life, and the Spirit World—(which is an established fact) will inaugurate means for advancing the most depraved and undeveloped children and youth to a plane of intelligence and goodness far in advance of the most highly developed of the past.

The consideration of the subject, "What of the origin of mankind, what is due to the children, what obligations are the people—the Government—under toward every child that is born into mortal life?" will be considered hereafter. We shall endeavor to illustrate and make plain to our young readers, some of the principles involved in the Philosophy of Life.

OBITUARY.

On the 28th day of April, 1873, Bro. WILLIAM WHITE, of Boston, passed from the material to the Spiritual Plane of Life, at the age of sixty years.

Brother William White was the senior member of the firm of Wm. White & Co., proprietors of the Banner of Light, the oldest newspaper now published in the interest of Spiritualism. He was a good man and faithful to the cause of truth. Brother Charles H. Crowel, another member of that firm, passed to the Spiritual plane of life about three years before, leaving now only two, Brother Luther Colby, the editor of that paper, and Brother Isaac Rich—surviving members of the firm.

We deeply sympathize with them and the widowed companion of the deceased. Surviving friends are always grieved when the immortal spirit, the jevel of a loved one leaves the earth—the mortal, inanimate body, only remaining in place of the dear companion and friend. Then it is that our sympathetic natures well up and overflow with copious tears. Such, thank Infinite Wisdom, is our nature. Then it is that we forget all but that which is good in the departed. Love takes the place of all else, and we all become one, in a common sympathy for those who most deeply mourn.

But to our youthful friends, to whom this change called death has the most exquisite terror, we are deeply impressed to say, cast away all fear on such

occasions. It is natural and noble to drop the tear of true sympathy at such times, but we should cast away all fear.

The Philosophy of Life is demonstrated by facts in spirit communion, and by its light the heretofore dark mysteries of the Spirit-world are revealed.

Our loved ones from the least of the tiny infants upward to mature years, and down to decrepit old age are passing from the physical body continually to live in a spiritual body as real, tangible and beautiful as the most lovely infant, youth, man and woman that we can conceive of. Their homes in the Spirit-world are as real, and far more beautiful than the most lovely place that we can conceive of on our plain of life, and as near to us as the aroma or perfume is to the flower itself. Hence it is true that when a loved one dies, it is no departure from us. They are as near to us and love all whom they loved before the transition called death, as intensely as they did before; aye, more, they watch over the dear ones left behind with guardian care, and do all that is in their power to save the dear ones of the earth plane of life from harm.

This being true, our young friends will realize the fact that our deceased Brother Willam White loved to do good and make men and women happier and better, by teaching them through the Banner of Light, of the Spirit-World; so now he will inspire others to do the same kind of work for the good of yourselves and others. He is not dead but alive, and will be so evermore, during the endless ages of eternity.

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