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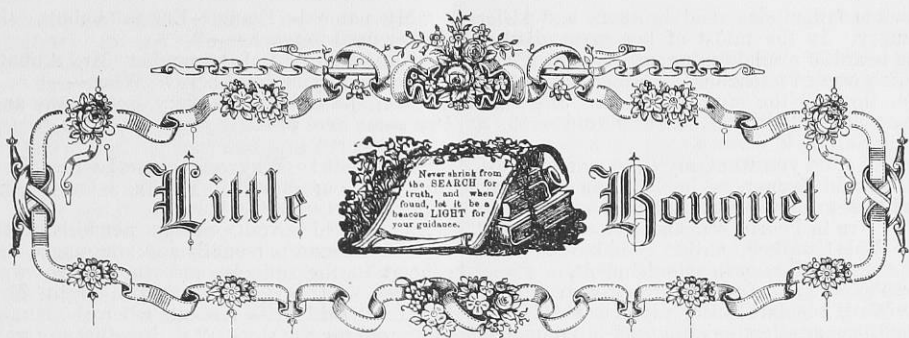
CONTAINING BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATIONS, ELUCIDATION OF THE TRUTHS OF SPIRITUALISM, SKETCHES OF ANGELIC MINISTRATION, SPIRIT COMMUNICATIONS, THE RELATION OF THE SUMMER-LAND TO THE EARTH, THE UTILITY OF GIVING THE YOUNG CORRECT IDEAS OF THEIR CONNECTION WITH GOD AND EACH OTHER, MORAL INSTRUCTION, GEMS OF THOUGHT, CHOICE POETRY, ETC.

S. S. JONES, Editor.

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VOL. IV.

CHICAGO, JULY, 1876.

No. 3.

SPIRITS AND GENIUS.

LITTLE EMMA ABBOTT AND HER WONDERFUL EXPERIENCES—A NARRATIVE THAT SHOULD BE READ AND RE-READ.



HISTORY of this remarkable lady is given by Eli Perkins, full of pathos and touching incidents. Those who read it, will see in her trials the sustaining influence of guardian spirits, who saw in the little 4-year-old girl, of Peoria, Ills., a bud of remarkable promise.

In 1854 a poor music teacher with a sad face sat in the Peoria (Ills.) depot, consoling a sick wife and a group of restless children. The father, hoping to better his condition, had left the busy city of Chicago, and brought this little flock of helpless children with him. Among the children was a little, bright, 4-year-old girl. They called her Emma. The little thing, surrounded with poverty, sang and hummed and prattled, for, like her father, she was full of music.

The poor music teacher moved into a little wooden house on the hill, and after awhile Providence put enough pupils in his way to keep poverty from his door. At night Mr Abbott came home tired and discouraged, but the warblings and happy chatter of little Emma cheered him up.

From her earliest infancy the little child had taken intense delight in music. A song or an organ in the street would draw the little thing hungry from the table. A touch on a guitar would set her in ecstasy. At the age of 6 little Emma had dreams of singing in public. Her ideas were very crude, to be sure, for in after years she told the writer that when they read to her the stories of actors and singers on the stage she thought they meant a coach, and then her infantile fancy wondered how they could throw bouquets into a stage-coach.

At 6 little Emma was constantly singing about the house, catching every tune she heard

her father play, and at 9, to the surprise of everybody, she began to play the guitar herself. She became so proficient with the guitar, and created so much talk among the neighbors, that her father thought he would better his circumstances by bringing her out with her little brother George in a concert in Peoria. The night came. The little thing, not much taller than her guitar, amazed and delighted the audience. Her debut was so successful that her father resolved to take her on a concert tour. This he did, and the child singer appeared hundreds of times before delighted country audiences before she was 13 years old.

At the age of 13 little Emma was invited to visit some school friends at Mount Pulaski, not a great way from Peoria. While there, knowing the poverty of her father, and wishing to surprise him with money earned entirely by herself, she resolved to get up a concert "on her own hook." She went to the Pulaski printing office in short dresses, got trusted for her own handbills, and then went and posted them around town herself. On one of these handbills now before me is printed:

Miss Abbott will sing "The Merry Swiss Girl," a chorus!

The little thing didn't know what a chorus meant, but it looked nice, and so she had it put on the bill. She drew quite a house; took in \$10, and took \$7 home to her mother. Her father now becoming sick and discouraged, little Emma went down to Lincoln, sang in a school house, and then came home to give guitar lessons for twenty cents per lesson to pay her own tuition in a select school.

At 15 little Emma secured a class of twenty poor children, who came to recite at her mother's house. On Sundays she sang in the Hebrew synagogue—a kind old rabbi, Marx Moscs, teaching her to pronounce in Hebrew and German.

THE FIRST DISTRICT SCHOOL.

The spring of her sixteenth birthday found Emma's father poorer than ever before, and the little woman, to help her mother, tried to secure a clerkship in a store, but failed. She

saw her father sick, and brothers and sisters hungry. In the midst of her great distress, she heard of a school nine miles from Peoria which needed a teacher. Thither she went on foot through the mud and slush. She found the principal trustee, a kind old man, at dinner.

"What do you want, my little woman?" asked the old farmer, as he laid down his knife and fork to survey our little heroine.

"I live in Peoria, sir, and I've walked——"

"What! walked, child? w-a-l-k-e-d!" interrupted the old man in astonishment.

"Yes, sir; and I want to teach your school."

"Well, I declare! But, my dear child, there are fifteen applications in ahead of yours."

"But I don't think any of them need it as bad as I do," said Emma.

"No, and you are the smartest-lookin' one in the whole lot, and as plucky as Julius Cæsar. Have you got your certificate?"

"No, sir," faltered Emma.

"Well, my gir, if you've walked nine miles through this mud and slush you'll do to teach school for me. Sit up and have some dinner!"

Emma commenced the school the next week, won the respect of the parents and the love of the children, and in four months took \$40 back to her mother in Peoria.

After school closed Emma, assisted by her father, gave her first large concert in Peoria. Quite a number of amateurs assisted her, Rouse Hall was filled, the people cheered, and her poor father and mother received \$100. This was all used by her father and mother except \$3. With this amount in her hand, she left her father sick at home and started for Rock Island, to visit a young lady friend who thought she might get up a concert in Rock Island. She found her young lady friend absent and her money dwindled to twenty cents.

"What shall I do?" she said to herself, almost disheartened. Then a new thought seized her. She remembered her father had once taught music in a family of the name of Deer, who lived over the Mississippi river in Moline. "Mr. Deer will surely help me," she said, "and I will get up a concert there."

Ten cents took Emma to Moline, but Mr. Deer was absent. Mrs. Deer, a crotchety-faced old woman, was very cross. She looked insinuatingly at Emma, and said:

"I don't know what a pretty young woman like you wants of my husband. I guess he hain't got no time to fool away getting up concerts."

Just then Miss Abbott spied the piano, and asked if she might play something. In a moment she was warbling a sweet song. The old woman listened, then dropped her dishes, wiped her hands on her apron, and came and looked over her glasses in astonishment. Just then Mr. Deer entered.

"By Jove, Matilda, that's nice singin'," he exclaimed. "Who's doin' it?"

"My name is Emma—Emma Abbott, sir. Father used to teach——"

"Thunder, yes! I remember Mr. Abbott, but what are you doin' here? What——"

"Well, pa and ma are very poor now, and I've come here to see if you'd help me to get up a concert."

"Help you? Why, of course I will. You shall have our church. You're a brave girl; and we'll get up a big house."

And she did have it. She got her bills printed, went around personally and announced the concert in the schools, and the house was crowded. "It was an awful warm night, Mr. Perkins," said Miss Abbott, when she laughingly told me the story; "so hot that my guitar was out of tune, and the strings broke six times during the evening. When I mended them the audience laughed and cheered me. They called me back a dozen times, and when I got through they wanted me to repeat the next night."

The next night Miss Abbott sang again and, at the end of a week she returned to Peoria with \$60 in cash. When she showed her money her astonished mother held up her hands, and, with joy and sadness in strange combination, exclaimed:

"Oh, Emma, I hope you haven't been robbing somebody!"

STRUGGLES WITH POVERTY.

Little Emma was now past sixteen years old. She saw her father and mother getting poorer every day. She knew she had talents, but she had no one to bring them out. Her father was too feeble to help her. So she started on a concert tour through Illinois—all alone, accompanied by her faithful guitar. Arriving at a town, she would announce her concert in the schools, sometimes with poor success, sometimes successfully; but she was always hopeful. She always sent home all the money she did not need to use. At Joliet a Chicago opera troupe came up behind her, saw her bills, and heard such praises from the people that they engaged her to sing with them for seventy-five nights through Illinois, Indiana, and Michigan, where the troupe broke up and left her out of money.

The next town was Grand Haven. Out of money and two hundred miles from home, she determined to give one more concert alone and raise money enough to take her home. Poor, friendless, and discouraged, it was to be her last effort. The audience came late, and among them was a kind-hearted railroad man, who listened with enthusiasm.

"My child, you have the voice of an angel!" he said. "You must go to New York."

"But I have no money."

"Well, I will give you a pass to Detroit. From there you can sing through Canada to the Falls, and some way to New York. Trust in Providence, and go and see Parepa. She's in New York. She'll help you."

With thanks for the advice, and sanguine with hope, little Emma landed the next day in

dering child from Peoria. Adalina Patti invited her to her villa, and when she sang an aria Patti folded her in her arms and said: "I love you because you love your art, and I see you will become great."

One day Wartel interrupted her singing by exclaiming: "You sing like an angel, little one; you will be the glory of America!"

The genius possessed by Emma was, we know, carefully guarded by ministering spirits, and they sustained her in all the hours of her adversity. See how devoted to her parents; see how self-sacrificing when only a mere child. She then was as near being an angel in the purity of her motives, as humanity wish to see children. Her triumph is complete.

FAMILY CIRCLES FOR SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATION.

HOW TO MAKE BOYS STOP AT HOME.

"I wish those boys loved to stay at home in the evening," said a mother, in my hearing, last night; and the sigh and look of distress which accompanied her words told plainly that her heart was deeply pained by their oft-repeated absence, and she watched their retreating footsteps with a troubled countenance, and knew not what might be the company they sought, nor what evil influences might be thrown around them.

They were industrious boys of sixteen and eighteen, just beginning to fancy they were too large and too old to be longer subject to parental authority. They were not vicious, or idle, but worked with a willing hand through the day, doing the work of men; but when evening came they sought pleasures abroad, unmindful of a father's advice or a mother's entreaty. I glanced around their home, a comfortable, farmer-like dwelling, where all the wants of the physical nature were well supplied, but, as is too often the case, the food of the mind was less abundant. A few school-books, which the boys had never learned to love, a Bible, and a hymn-book, constituted the family library; and I was not surprised that they should leave the circle at home and seek the cheerful throng that were lounging in the store, or join in the vulgar mirth and profane jests that went round the boisterous group.

"You are seeing your happiest days with your boy," said the mother to me, as my baby clung to my arm with the sweet confidence of infancy; "you know where he is, and have no anxiety for him now; but when he is older, he will be beyond your influence, and go you know not where."

I thought of the old proverb, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it;" and I shook my head doubtfully, and said nothing. * * But we can not expect children to be like ourselves—steady, old and careworn. Fun and

frolic are essential to their happiness, and it is no injury to any one to join heartily in these sports. If we enter into their sports in childhood, and take the lead of their pleasures in youth, we shall keep our own heart young and joyous, make home the center of attraction; and while doing much to educate their mental faculties, we shall find a far greater satisfaction in their society than we can possibly find in the artless trust of infancy.

A few dollars judiciously expended in books and engravings suitable for young children, will do much to awaken a love of home; and I venture to assert there is nothing which will have a stronger influence in keeping "these boys" quietly at home, than to cultivate a taste for reading. Begin early. Read to them before they can read for themselves; explain what you read, and encourage them to converse with you about it. Teach them to observe the common phenomena of nature, and to study into the causes which produce the effects they see. A mother may do this herself, without being a philosopher. She may awaken their curiosity upon the various objects around them, and direct them where this curiosity may be gratified, place within their reach useful and instructive books, and show by example as well as by precept that she appreciates them, and the pleasures of home will be purer and sweeter to every member of the family, and the children will seldom have occasion to seek evening amusements away from the charmed circle of home. It has been truthfully said, "a good book is the best of company;" and the earlier we introduce our children into the society of good books, the greater will be the benefit derived from them, and the stronger will be their attachment to the social circle around the evening fires, and there will be less danger of their seeking diversion in the society of the idle and vicious. But if you neglect to make home happy, and to furnish entertainment for the intellect, be assured that the restless desire of the human mind for "some new thing," will frequently attract "those boys," and girls, too, away from home in search of amusement.

Besides furnishing your children with proper books, and opportunities for amusement, it would be well for each family to hold, at least twice a week, a circle for obtaining communications from spirit friends. Children are often developed so that they can see spirits.

A FEW weeks since a Chicago drummer saw a young lady plowing a field in Macoupin, Ill. He stopped to ask:

"When do you begin cradling?"

"Not until the heads are better filled than yours," was the sententious reply.

The young man passed musingly on.

A DOAR plaat wi' a mon's naam on's a vaary goad thing, but a dinner plaat wi' a mon's dinner on's a better.

DO YOU KNOW ANY ANGELS?

BY MARY P. HALF OF THE S. S. VISITOR.



MATCHES! matches! Buy any matches, sir?"

No, no; don't want any. Besides, you should not come up the front door steps."

Yet the face of the gentleman who spoke was a kind one, which, doubtless had given courage to the little boy, who had mounted the steps with a basket on his arm, on seeing Mr. Train pause for a few moments after closing the door.

The child was neatly clad, with a blue jacket and dark cap; he had, moreover, a winsome face and voice, and on a second look, Mr. Train stood gazing at him in surprise. Then the boy said:

"Please, sir, do you know any angels?"

The gentleman looked still more surprised, and said, "Why do you ask that, my little fellow?"

"Because mamma said, 'Please, God, send an angel to show Lonnie where to go.'"

A tear moistened in the man's eye; he involuntarily put his hand into his pocket, intending to buy all the boy's matches; then he said, "Your mother—is she living?"

"Yes, sir, but she is queer now, since papa died. Sometimes she talks to papa, though he isn't here. Josie says she's uncanny."

"How came you, such a little fellow, to think of selling matches?"

"Cos when mamma's money was gone, Josie brought some food; and mamma said, 'I can't bear this, Lonnie.' Then I whispered to Josie, 'I'll go and sell some matches,' and Josie helped me."

"Who's Josie?"

"The servant girl who used to live with us."

Then said Mr. Train, as he opened the door, "Come in, my child. I think God sent an angel to guide you here, in answer to your mother's prayer. Come in; I will call Mrs. Train."

So the little boy was led into a beautiful room. Mr. Train went up stairs and told his wife all I have been telling you. He then added, "The child has found his way to my heart already."

Mrs. Train went down and spoke kindly to the little fellow; then turning to her husband said, "Oh, just suppose this was our Eddie!" Then she put her handkerchief to her eyes, and her husband turned with quivering lips to the picture of a little boy that hung upon the wall; then, looking tenderly upon his wife, he said:

Eddie will never know sorrow. Perhaps the angels sent him to guide this little one here, and we will help him in his sorrow."

"Just what I was thinking, husband, dear;" and Mrs. Train drew the child to her and kissed him.

Then he put his arms around her neck, and said, "Does your little boy live in the sky? That's where my papa's gone; perhaps he knows him."

This idea of the child thrilled the motherly heart of the lady, and seemed to be a strong bond between her and the little stranger. With her arm around him, she replied, "I dare say it is my little darling. And now we are acquainted with each other, and I intend to see you often."

"Oh, thank you! thank you! And now, please let me go and tell mamma; it will take her sorry look away and make her well."

"Yes, dear, I will go with you at once, and carry some nice things to her."

As soon as the child reached his mother, he rushed into her arms, and said, "Mamma, mamma, here's the angel's mother. God sent her here and she loves me."

The poor lady, who had been sitting with folded hands and downcast face, looked up as if bewildered; there was a strange look in her eye which indicated mental derangement.

Mrs. Train spoke in a cheerful voice, saying, "I have become acquainted with your dear boy. I love to visit the sick, and hope you will allow me the privilege of leaving you a few delicacies."

"George! George!" exclaimed the invalid, gazing upward. "Then you sent her. I thought you would."

"God sent me. I am his servant, and am already paid," answered Mrs. Train.

"Oh, oh, that is good—that is good!" replied the invalid; and the anxious, melancholy look gave place to a more tranquil expression, as she said, "Then I take it." Having partaken of some refreshment, she revived a little, and, turning to her new friend, said, "Come close to me."

Mrs. Train did so, and the sick lady said, "George is waiting for me. I shall soon go to him. But my darling—my darling boy—what did he say about him?"

"I will take care of him. I have a very pleasant and happy home for him."

The invalid drew a deep sigh, as if she would throw off her burden; then, laying her head upon the shoulder of her attendant, she exclaimed, "Thank God! now I can rest." Then she seemed to fall into a quiet slumber. She lived but a few weeks, yet remained in a peaceful, contented frame, and died, saying, "Bless my boy."

Mrs. Train took the weeping child in her arms and said, "I will take the place of a mother to you, my darling," and thus the angels provided a little home for Lonnie.

"THAT's going too far," as the Boston man said when his wife ran away to San Francisco with another man.

An English revivalist slid down the banisters of his pulpit in order to show how people went on backsliding.

UNDER INSPIRATION.

WHAT A LITTLE BOY DID.

BY MRS. NELLIE H. BRADLEY,



REALLY, just think, mother! a man named Hansburg has rented the vacant store at the corner, and intends to open a bar-room. I heard him tell a man that he was going to get the people about here to sign his petition. We don't want a grogshop so near us; can't we head him off in some way, mother, dear?" And George Payne looked anxiously into his mother's face.

"I should be very sorry to have a bar-room opened there," she replied, "but if a majority of the residents and property owners on this square sign his petition, he will get a license."

"You and I have been fighting Old Alcohol for a long time, mother. Can't you fix some plan to get a big victory over him now? What can we do?" he asked eagerly.

The mother looked proudly on the face of her handsome boy, whom she had taught from earliest childhood to hate the liquor traffic and be a brave little champion of total abstinence. He did not know that his father, who died while he was an infant, went into eternity shrieking and cursing with the awful horrors of *delirium tremens*; yet it could scarcely have made him more earnest in the temperance work.

"We can draw up a paper called a 'protest,' or an objection to this man opening a saloon at this place; and if you can get more names than he can, he will be prevented from obtaining a license. But you will have to visit all the people living on both sides of the street. Are you willing to do so?"

"Certainly I will. You fix the document while I put on my best jacket." And he rushed up stairs.

Mrs. Payne wrote the protest on a large sheet of paper, leaving ample space for the signers; and then, writing her own name, enclosed the whole in a large envelope and gave it to George, telling him "not to be discouraged if any should fail to receive him kindly."

"I'll ask Mr. Hill first, for I know he will sign it, because he is a Christian man and goes to church every Sunday with a prayer book," said George, as he ran to the opposite corner, rang the bell, was admitted to the owner's presence and stated his business. For a moment the gentleman looked astonished and then angry.

"I will not sign such a paper," said he. "What right have we to interfere with the man's business?"

"Don't you think it is a very bad business, and will make somebody unhappy?" asked George.

"That's nothing to us. If men will drink, they must take the consequence." And our

young friend left, murmuring, "I wouldn't have believed it."

On the steps of the next house stood two gentlemen talking, and to one of them George presented his paper, asking, "Will you sign it?"

"Of course I will," was the hearty answer.

"Neighbor Jones and I were just bewailing the coming calamity without making an effort to prevent it; and here are you, a bit of a boy making battle against it. Come in and we'll both sign."

It was quickly done, and the next man to visit was a German tailor.

"Dunner und Blitzen! I no signs mit your papers. Vat is dish? You pe tryin' to prake up de pizness of honest mens. Shoost you gets away as quick as von vinks, if you don't want to go out mit de boots of mine toe, you little rashcals!"

George did not wait for the "boots of mine toe," but hastened into the shop of the milliner with a request for her to sign. But she refused, saying the "saloon would not disturb her, as it was at the other corner, and she had no boys to be tempted in to drink."

"But other people have boys, ma'am," pleaded George.

"Well, they must take care of them, then," was the heartless reply, and our young friend marched out in disgust.

Mrs. Flannigan, who kept the cake and pie shop, was indignant when he visited her.

"An' its the likes 'o you would be after askin' me to sign forinist a gentleman as wants to make an honest livin'? It's mesilf, sure, will be glad when there's a dacent place nigh where a lonely widdy can get a drop of the crathur whin it's nadetful for sickness and the like. Be off wid yez protestins, or be the holy St. Patrick, ye young scallawag, Biddy Flannigan's big dog shall ate the very bones of ye!"

George hurried out and rang the bell of the next house. The lady who opened the door had been crying, and when he explained what he wished, she said her husband would not sign it, for he had promised to sign Hansburg's license. "But, dear child, I do hope you will get enough names," she said earnestly, "for we have suffering enough without a grogshop so near us." And George knew what she meant when he saw her husband staggering towards them.

It would occupy too much time to tell all that happened to George; but he carried his protest to the police commissioners next day. Two days after an item in the papers stated that Hansburg's license had been refused, and while he and a friend stood on the steps of the vacant house and got up a furious swearing duet in Dutch, George was dancing around the parlor, exclaiming, "We got ahead of him, didn't we, mother?"

And Mrs. Payne smiled fondly on him.

This little boy who accomplished his heroic task, was, no doubt, inspired by his spirit father to do so, who since he went to spirit life,

LIFE'S CHANGES.

BY MRS. EVA EDGERTON.

I saw them at the altar
 A proud and loving pair,
 A shimmer of white garments,
 A gleam of sunny hair.
 A proud and manly bearing,
 A glad, triumphant face:
 I thought the angel's blessing
 Must rest upon this place.

I saw them at the cradle
 Of their first-born fondly kneel,
 And on the little rosy lips
 They pressed a loving seal;
 A halo seemed around them,
 I thought a scene like this
 Is looked upon with pleasure,
 By those who dwell in bliss.

And once again I saw them,
 'Twas by an open grave,
 The mother's arms were empty,
 Her cheek the tears did lave,
 The father stood in silence
 With sorrow heaving breast;
 I thought, 'tis here with pity
 The angel's eyes must rest.
 Rutland, Vt.

THE BABY.



HE other day a gentleman, while strolling along the flats on the south side of a river in Colorado, noticed an emigrant family who had evidently just arrived by a long and tiresome route, to the new Colorado. The family were gathered in a silent group around some object; four little flaxen haired children, wonder struck and subdued, were huddled close to their mother's dress, while the husband and father walked to and fro, and seemed to be looking into vacancy, with eyes filled with tears. The gentleman was about to pass the group when the mother in an imploring tone of voice, asked him to come and "look at her baby." It was very sick she said, had been sick ever since they left home in Kansas, and although they had nursed it and done everything that maternal love and fondness could suggest, it had gradually drooped and grown weaker and weaker. The gentleman approached, and there in its little crib, with its blue eyes wide open, and the weak, nervous little hands tossing about restlessly, lay the baby. That it was not long for this world was very evident; the mists of death were even then settling down upon its eyelids, and the breath came and went with painful gasps. The child was beyond all human aid, and our friend could only make an-

other of the sorrowful group and wait for the end which he knew was not far off. There was a faint cry, a struggle, a lifting of the little hands as though they were beating something, and then the bars of heaven were opened and the baby passed through. How the caprices of a vanishing existence bow before the inevitable omnipotence, which places its foot upon centennials as though an hundred years were but as seconds, tramples out lives that are needed for love and support; grants no mercy, risks no respite, knows neither change of purpose or repose. Death with velvety footfall had stolen upon these poor emigrants and taken their jewel, and the mother as she bent in agony could only moan and plead for the life which was never to return. Up on the mesa a little grave was hollowed out by friendly hands, and only a mound marks the resting place of the Kansas mother's darling. Poor mother! May God pity her and render her future experience in this country more pleasant than her first acquaintance.—*Colorado Chieftain.*

ANOTHER BABY.—SORROW BY THE WAYSIDE.

A family from Southern Kansas, consisting of a husband, wife and three children, passed through Waco, Texas, in a covered wagon yesterday afternoon, and the following sad chapter in their history was related by the man. He stated that they left Kansas on the first of March, with the intention of joining a number of families formerly from Kansas, who are now living in Brown county. They traveled rapidly, and met with no mishaps until last Sunday morning, when their little babe, aged about eighteen months, was suddenly taken ill and died. The grief of the poor mother on the death of her child knew no bounds; in fact, she became temporarily insane, and when her husband wished to bury the body of her infant, she clutched it wildly in her arms and fled from him, and hid herself in the woods, where she remained over night alone with the corpse. It was not until nearly noon on the following day that he finally found her. She was so completely exhausted by that time that he had but little difficulty in taking her back to the wagon. She was induced to take some nourishment, and soon afterwards fell asleep. While she lay sleeping, the corpse was placed in a roughly constructed box, and the father and children buried it under a live-oak tree by the roadside. The mother slept several hours, and awoke with her mind restored. She assisted her husband in building a fence around the lone little grave, and then, with many backward glances, the afflicted family pursued their weary journey.

THAT was a philosophical urchin who, when he was nine years old, having lost his rabbits by dogs and his pigeons by rats, said to his little sister: "My opinion is that the happiest period of a boy's life is when he is between three and four years old."

HAVE ANIMALS SPIRITS?

A SHOT AT A TIGER.

BY NELLIE WHITE.



DEAR LITTLE BOUQUET.—I would like to know if animals have spirits. According to the *Youth's Companion*, hunters in India judge of the proximity of tigers by the action of the monkeys which inhabit the same jungle, and when they find these creatures on the ground, they are generally off their guard, supposing no tiger to be near. An Englishman tells how he was surprised once from trusting too much to this sign, but fortunately killed his enemy—very dead indeed.

One day in the Betel country, in 1865, after hunting long in the heat of a May day for a couple of tigers, whose marks were plentiful all about, we came up to a small pool of water at the head of a ravine, and saw the last chance of finding them vanish, as I thought, when a troop of monkeys were found quietly sitting on the rocks and drinking in the water.

I was carelessly descending to look for prints, with my rifle reversed over my shoulder, and another step or two would have brought me to the bottom of the ravine, when the monkeys scurried, with a shriek up the bank, and the head and shoulders of a tiger appeared from beneath a boulder, and stared at me across the short interval.

I was meditating whether to fire or retreat, when, almost from below my feet, the other tiger bounded out with a terrific roar, and they both made off down the ravine. I was too much astonished to obtain a speedy shot, and I was by that time too well acquainted with tiger shooting to risk an uncertain one, so they escaped for the time.

I quickly regained my elephant, which was standing above, and followed them up. It was exceedingly hot, and we had not gone more than a couple of hundred yards, when I saw one of the tigers crouched under a bush on the bank of the ravine. I got a steady shot from the howdah, and fired a three-ounce shell at his broad forehead at about thirty yards.

No result. It was most curious, and I paused to look; but never a motion of the tiger acknowledged the shot. I then went around a quarter of a circle, but still the tiger remained motionless, looking intently in the same direction.

I marched up, rifle on full cock, growing more and more amazed, but the tiger never moved. Could he be dead? I went round to his rear, and approached close up from that direction. He never stirred. Then I made the elephant kick him, and he fell over. He was stone dead; converted without the movement of a hair into a statue himself by the

bursting of a large shell in his brain. It had struck him full in the center of the forehead.

Now, if animals have spirits, was it not wrong—entirely so—to send this tiger prematurely to the Spirit-world? I think so; don't you?

Now I read in the *Christian Union* how Frank knew of a tree where a family of squirrels kept house. That is, the father and mother squirrel kept house; the young ones were too little to gather nuts, or to do much of anything to help.

When Frank stood under the tree, the old squirrels looked down on him uneasily with their bright eyes, and whisked their beautiful bushy tails and chattered as if they wished he would go home, and Frank wished he had one of their little ones to take home with him.

One day as he came near the tree, he heard an unusual chattering, and he saw, lying on the ground, one of the little squirrels that had fallen out of the tree and was half stunned.

The father and mother did not know just what to do, but Frank did, and in spite of their fierce chatter he took their baby squirrel carefully in his hands and ran home with it to his aunt Jenny.

Aunt Jenny was very fond of pets, but she didn't know very much about squirrels. One thing she knew, however, that little baby squirrels can not crack or eat nuts, but want milk just as kittens do. But the question was, How were they to get this poor little squirrel to take the milk? He had revived, and Aunt Jenny knew he must be hungry. At last she thought of a plan. She put some milk in her mouth, and holding one end of a quill between her teeth, she managed to get the other end into the squirrel's mouth. To her surprise the little creature began to draw the milk through the quill just as eagerly as you draw cider from the barrel through a straw!

When they found how well the plan worked, Frank found a small bottle with a cork in it, and Aunt Jenny put the quill through a hole in the cork. So the baby squirrel took his milk from a bottle, standing on his hind feet on Aunt Jenny's lap, and clasping his little forepaws tight around the neck of the bottle. It was a funny sight! Frank told the boys, and they not only came to see, but one day they brought three other little grey squirrels to Aunt Jenny, and asked her to take care of them. Such little bits of squirrels as they were! Their eyes were not open yet, for about that, too, they are like kittens. Aunt Jenny thought it was a funny idea for her to be bringing up a family of squirrels, but they were such cunning little things that she liked them as well as the boys did. She didn't think it quite right, though, that they should be taken away from their home in the woods, and she told the boys so. They promised not to bring any more if she would take care of these. The new-comers took the bottle just as naturally as the first one did, and when they were all hungry, Aunt Jenny found her hands full! They would nibble at her fingers, and when she brought the bottle

they were so uncivil, tumbling over each other, pushing one another aside, and behaving in such a very greedy way, that she thought she should have to get a bottle for each squirrel. But the boys thought it very amusing.

It was pretty hard for the squirrel that had had the fall, for though he was the largest and strongest, one of his teeth had begun to grow over his lip in a way that made it difficult for him to hold the quill in his mouth after he had succeeded in getting it there. And sometimes the milk even ran out of his mouth. Aunt Jenny noticed this and decided that he must have hurt his mouth when he fell. So she had to be a doctor. She held chloroform to the squirrel's nose till he seemed to be fast asleep; then taking a pair of sharp scissors she cut off the sharp end of the little tooth so that it should never be in the way again. When the squirrel awoke he was as frisky as ever, and found that he could hold the quill as well as any of the other squirrels could, and without losing any of the precious milk, either.

Now, it would be nice for Frank to have this pet squirrel in the Spirit-world; but if it has a spirit, I can't see why the tiger should not have one also, and that would not be very nice to have such a malicious animal in the Spirit-world. Really I don't know much about this question.

A FAMILY JOURNAL.

In a certain farm house, twenty years ago, a great blank-book was kept, and labeled Home Journal. Every night somebody made an entry in it. Father set down the sale of the calves, or mother the cutting of the baby's eye-tooth; or perhaps Jenny wrote a full account of the sleighing party last night; or Bob, the proceedings of the Phi Beta Club; or Tom scrawled: "Tried my new gun. Bully. Shot into the fence and Johnson's old cat."

On toward the middle of the book there was an entry of Jenny's marriage, and one of the younger girls had added a description of the bridesmaids' dresses, and long afterwards there was written, "This day father died," in Bob's trembling hand. There was a blank of many months after that.

But nothing could have served better to bind that family of headstrong boys and girls together than the keeping of this book. They come back to the old homestead now, men and women with grizzled hair, to see their mother who is still living, and turn over its pages reverently with many a hearty laugh, or the tears coming into their eyes. It is their childhood come back again in visible shape.

There are many other practical ways in which home ties can be strengthened and made more enduring for children, and surely this is a necessary and important matter in the management of a household as the furnishing of the library or chambers in good taste, or accumulation of a bric-a-brac. One most

direct way is the keeping of anniversaries, not Christmas, Easter, nor the Fourth of July alone, but these which belong to that one home alone. The children's birthdays, the mother's wedding day, the day when they all came into the new home. There a hundred cheerful, happy little events, which some cheerful and happy little ceremony will make a life-long pleasure. The Germans keep alive their strong domestic attachments by just such means as these; it seems natural and right to their children that all the house should be turned topsyturvy with joy at Vater or Mutter's Geburtstag; while to the American boy or girl, it is a matter of indifference when his father and mother was born. We know a house in which it is the habit to give to each servant a trifling gift on the anniversary of their coming into the family, and as might be expected, these anniversaries return for many years. Much of the same softening, humanizing effect may be produced by remembering and humoring the innocent whims and peculiarities of children. Among hard-working people it is too often the custom to bring up a whole family in platoons and to marshal them through childhood by the same general, inflexible rules. They must eat the same dishes, wear the same clothes, work, play, talk, according to the prescribed notions of father or mother. When right or wrong is concerned, let the rule be inexorable; but when taste, character, or stomach only involved, humor the boy. Be to Tom's red cravat a little blind; make Will the pudding that he likes, while the others choose pie. They will be surer of your affection than if you sentimentalized about a mother's love for an hour. Furthermore, do not grow old yourself too soon. Buy chess boards, dominoes, bagatelle; learn to play games with the boys and girls; encourage them to ask their friends to dinner and tea, and take care that your dress and table be pretty and attractive, that the children be ashamed of neither.

"Why should I stay at home in the evening?" said a lad the other day. "Mother sits and darns stockings or reads Jay's Devotions; father dozes, and Maggy writes to her lover. I'll go where I can have fun." Meanwhile father and mother were broken-hearted because Joe was "going to ruin," which was undoubtedly the fact.—*Scribner's Monthly*.

THE soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.

Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home;
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,

That stand upon the threshold of the new.

—Walter.

HAVE the courage to cut the most agreeable acquaintance you have when you are convinced that he lacks principle; a friend should bear with a friend's infirmities but not with his vices.



CHEERFULNESS.

HAPPY MAIDEN.

BY L. E. C.

There is a little maiden,
Who is she? Do you know?
Who always has a welcome,
Wherever she may go?

Her face is like the hay time,
Her voice is like the bird's,
The sweetest of all music
Is in her lightsome words.

Each spot she makes the brighter,
As if she was the sun,
And she is sought and cherished,
And loved by every one.

By old folks and by children,
By lofty and by low,
Who is this little maiden?
Does any body know?

You surely must have met her,
You certainly can guess,
What! must I introduce her?
Her name is—Cheerfulness!

THE REVENGE OF THE DEAD.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

"Poo' Ben, poo' Ben," said Tom, "his massah killed him, but he came out of his grave and killed his massah!"

That is a strange statement thought I, and pressed my sable companion for an explanation.

It was a weird story, such as were whispered in the rude cabin of the slave, and now repeated in louder tones by the freedmen who still remember their days of pain.

Ben's master had conceived an intense hatred towards him. To gratify this evil passion he was compelled to work constantly in all kinds of weather and to sleep in a cold shed with nothing but straw and a few rags for a bed. When there was nothing else to do he was sent into the field to pick up the small stones in a basket, and pile them in heaps. No difference what the weather, rain or snow, hot or cold, Ben, in his tattered clothing, which afforded no protection, might be seen at his hopeless task.

He froze his fingers one by one until he had only stumps left, and his feet were frosted until he could scarcely walk.

Some of Ben's master's friends were so shocked at the cruelty of his treatment that they offered the slave money to escape, but he said it was no use.

"I'll work him to death," said his master, "I think I'll manage sometime to kill him yet."

One day Ben was found with his neck broken. His master had fulfilled his threat. He was buried and being only a slave nothing was said.

There was, however, a voice which would not be silenced. It was the voice of Ben, or of his spirit. His master saw him constantly, and heard his voice of reproach. In the dead hour of night the neighbors were aroused by his frantic calls for assistance. "Ben was beating him." Ben, the poor, starved and frozen Ben, now was master; he held the scourge, and nightly applied it to the unprotected shoulders of his earthly master.

The agony of the latter was beyond expression. Nightly he felt the lash, and by day, suddenly Ben constantly upbraided him. He became wild, a frantic maniac, and wretchedly died.

Did he then escape? Did he drink a lethean cup and sink into dreamless repose? Rather he awoke to a new life. He met face to face the slave he had wronged. What were their new relations to each other? How was the wrong forgiven or atoned, belong to the mysteries of the realm whose waves break in scarcely audible murmurs on the hither side of the grave.

A CHILD'S ADDRESS.

At the meeting last Sunday in the Paine Memorial Building, after the lecture, the following excellent address, written by our very bright little correspondent, Miss Annie Florence Brown, aged eleven years, was read by her to the audience, and much applauded:—

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:—

This being Centennial year, I hope you will excuse me if I make a few remarks upon the times. It is one hundred years since the Declaration of Independence was declared, and our noble forefathers fought and spilt their blood to maintain this Independence. They succeeded and the country became theirs. But what has become of it since? What is it now? It is in the hands of a few who are worse oppressors than the tyrant George III. A few years ago, 4,000,000 slaves were emancipated from slavery, but it was only emancipating them from one mode of slavery and driving them into a worse, for since then the whole mass of working people have been driven into slavery. Think of 3,000,000 people alone in this country being out of employment, begging for work at any price, and can not obtain it anywhere! Think of the suffering this state of affairs brings upon the people.

What would the noble patriot, Thomas Paine, say, were he able to lift his head from the grave? He would not say that this is the "Age of Reason," and I am sure he would not say the people had "Common Sense!" He would not say that this fearful oppression that now burdens the working class is the "Rights of Man," but he would say that this is "The Crisis!" Crisis, indeed! This is the dawn of another century, and with it will bring the rights of man, and woman, too, which is true democracy,—not republicanism nor democratism, but true democracy,—that which the great and noble Thomas Paine devoted his life to establish; that which the politicians have robbed us of; that which the people are struggling for, and will fight for, namely, Social Democracy.

Attempts are and will be made to overthrow the public school system, as well as all kinds of "Liberalism"; but the human mind is beginning to arouse from its slumber and will not be kept in superstitious darkness any longer; the yoke of oppression will fall if the people will but unite and make an effort to help themselves. 'The fifty years' labor that this devoted man, who is now before you (I

mean our worthy Chairman) has been performing for your benefit, for the common good!—are those fifty years' labor and intelligence to amount to nothing?

But let me tell you it is your salvation; he is your fellow-laborer, he is one of the causes of this noble structure, this free institution, and he is also the cause of my being on this platform. Would you not like to favor him for his goodness and kindness? If so, there is one way that you can show appreciation of him—that is, by bringing a friend or two with you every Sunday. Then he would believe that his work is appreciated, and the cause of Free-thought would be advanced, which would tend to the enlightenment of the people, and thereby much of the existing misery be alleviated.

One more word, please, and I will be done,—that is, bring your wives and children with you here, and let them hear the truth instead of superstition. Amen!—*Boston Investigator.*

THE GREAT SPIRIT.

INDIAN TRADITIONS AND PECULIARITIES.

The tradition of the first landing of Indians in the New World has been repeated to chosen braves over and over from one generation to another, and to this day the Osages have what is supposed to be nearly the original language of their ancestors. They claim that their progenitors came in an ark or boat, and while in the vessel the Great Spirit came and rested upon one of their number and told him to select six others to assist him in governing his nation; hence the origin of the seven original bands of the tribe. The Spirit, while in conversation with this favorite one, directed him to communicate whatever instructions he received for his people through his chosen assistants, and to this day the name of the one upon whom the spirit rested signifies one who talks with God. His lodge is a sanctuary for any criminal who may flee from justice or vengeance, and he ranks with the highest chief in the tribe. Before they came in contact with white people they lived in the enjoyment of peace and happiness, but they are now realizing that white people are as numerous as "leaves in the forest," and that they only constitute a remnant of this once powerful and warlike tribe, and are at the mercy of the white race, and liable to be driven backward step by step into the waters of the ocean. Their religion tends to give them a gloomy and melancholy cast of character, and among other things they believe that the spirit of the departed hovers in anguish around them until a scalp is taken to accompany it to the Indian's last resting-place, the great hunting ground, where the spirit of a slain enemy serves him in the most servile offices throughout eternity. For this purpose, though much has been said and written about the civilization of the Osages, they yet organ-

ize mourning parties and go upon the war path when otherwise they are peaceable.—*Indian Herald.*

HISTORY OF MARTYRS.—NO. 2.

THE LIFE, SUFFERINGS, AND DEATH OF JEROM OF PRAGUE, WHO WAS BURNT AT CONSTANCE, IN GERMANY, FOR MAINTAINING THE DOCTRINES OF WICKLIFFE.

PREPARED BY PROF. B.—

Jerom of Prague, who was the companion of Dr. Huss, and may be said to have been a co-martyr with him, was born at Prague, and educated in that university, where he particularly distinguished himself for his great abilities and learning. He likewise visited several other learned seminaries in Europe, particularly the university of Oxford. At the latter place he became acquainted with the works of Wickliffe.

On his return to Prague, he professed himself an open favorer of Wickliffe, and finding that his doctrines had made a considerable progress in Bohemia, and that Huss was the principal promoter of them, he became an assistant to him in the great work of reformation.

On the 4th of April, 1415, Jerom arrived at Constance, about three months before the death of Huss.

Finding that his arrival at Constance was publicly known, and that the council intended to seize him, he thought it most prudent to retire. Accordingly, the next day he went to Iberling, an imperial town, about a mile from Constance. From this place he wrote to the emperor, and proposed his readiness to appear before the council, if he would give him a safe conduct; but this was refused.

Not receiving any answer to the papers, he set out on his return to Bohemia.

Jerom, however, did not thus escape. He was seized at Hirsaw, by an officer belonging to the duke of Sultsbach, who, though unauthorized so to act, made little doubt of obtaining thanks from the council for so acceptable a service.

The duke of Sultsbach, having Jerom now in his power, wrote to the council for directions how to proceed. The council, after expressing their obligations to the duke, desired him to send the prisoner immediately to Constance. The elector palentine met him on the way, and conducted him into the city, himself riding on horseback, with a numerous retinue, who led Jerom in fetters by a long chain; and immediately on his arrival, he was committed to a loathsome dungeon.

Jerom was treated nearly in the same manner as Huss had been, only that he was much longer confined, and shifted from one prison to another. At length, being brought before

the council, he desired that he might plead his own cause, and exculpate himself: which being refused him, he broke out into the following exclamation:

"What barbarity is this? For three hundred and forty days have I been confined in a variety of prisons. There is not a misery, there is not a want, which I have not experienced. To my enemies you have allowed the fullest scope of accusation; to me, you deny the least opportunity of defense. Not an hour will you now indulge me in preparing for my trial. You have swallowed the blackest calumnies against me. You have represented me as an heretic, without knowing my doctrine; as an enemy to the faith, before you knew what faith I professed; as a persecutor of priests, before you could have any opportunity of understanding my sentiments on that head. You are a general council; in you centre all that this world can communicate of gravity, wisdom, and sanctity; but still you are men, and men are seducible by appearances. The higher your character is for wisdom, the greater ought your care to be, not to deviate into folly. The cause I now plead is not my own cause; it is the cause of men; it is the cause of Christians; it is a cause, which is to affect the rights of posterity; however, the experiment is to be made in my person."

This speech had not the least effect; Jerom was obliged to hear his charge read, which was reduced under the following heads:

1. That he was a derider of the papal dignity.
2. An opposer of the pope.
3. An enemy to the cardinals.
4. A persecutor of the prelates.
5. A hater of the Christian Religion.

The trial of Jerom was brought on the third day after his accusation, and witnesses were examined in support of the charge. The prisoner was prepared for his defense, which appears almost incredible, when we consider he had been three hundred and forty days shut up in loathsome prisons, deprived of daylight, and almost starved for want of common necessities. But his spirit soared above these disadvantages, under which a man less animated would have sunk; nor was he more at a loss for quotations from fathers and ancient authors, than if he had been furnished with the finest library.

The trial being over, Jerom received the same sentence that had been passed upon his martyred countryman. In consequence of this, he was in the usual style of popish affectation, delivered over to the civil power; but as he was a layman, he had not to undergo the ceremony of degradation. They had prepared a cap of paper painted with red devils, which being put upon his head, he said, "Our Lord Jesus Christ, when he suffered death for me a most miserable sinner, he did wear a crown of thorns upon his head; and I, for his sake, will wear this cap."

Two days were allowed him in hopes that

he would recant; in which time the cardinal Florence used his utmost endeavors to bring him over. But they all proved ineffectual; Jerom was resolved to seal his doctrine with his blood; and he suffered death with the most distinguished magnanimity.

In going to the place of execution he sung several hymns; and when he came to the spot, which was the same where Huss had been burnt, he knelt down and prayed fervently. He embraced the stake with great cheerfulness and resolution; and when the executioner went behind him to set fire to the faggots, he said, "Come here, and kindle it before my eyes; for if I had been afraid of it, I had not come to this place, having had so many opportunities of making my escape."

The fire being kindled, he sung an hymn, but was soon interrupted by the flames; and the last words he was heard to say were these:—

"This soul in flames I offer, Christ, to thee!"

Thus we see what superstition and religion have done for the world! Because Jerom would not endorse the papal doctrine, he was burned! What think you of such cruelty in the name of God? If Spiritualists had lived in those days, they, too, would have been burnt at the stake.

— GERTIE. —

Boys of ten or twelve, seen on the street, appear heartless and without sympathy, and yet you wrong them. Among the houses on Clinton street is one which has missed many a pane of glass in its windows. Rags and papers are used to keep the cold air out, or it may blow in and whistle through the desolate rooms without let or hindrance. A girl of ten, whose life had been one long period of hunger, pain and unhappiness, was taken sick one day in March, and people passing by could see her lying on a miserable bed near one of the windows. It was curious that any of the boys coming or going should have stopped to think or care about it, but they did. One of them, feeling sad at sight of the sufferer's pale face, handed an orange through a broken pane, saw it clasped by slender white fingers, and then ran away. He told other boys, and by and by there was not a day that some lad did not halt at the window to pass in fruit or flowers. None of them knew the family or ever spoke to the girl, and so they gave her the name of Gertie and called her their orphan. Boys went without marbles and the other things which belong to boyhood sports that their pennies might buy an orange, lemon or some simple flower for Gertie, and their anxiety for her to get well was fully as great as the doctor's or the mother's. Whatever present they had they handed it through the broken pane, waiting for her to reach up, and never lingered longer than to hear a soft "thank you" from her lips.

Days went by, but the boys did not grow weary, nor did they miss a day. It was romance and charity so well combined that it gladdened their hearts and made them fond of each other. Yesterday morning a lad's hand, holding a sweet flower and a big orange, went to the window. No white fingers touched his as they grasped the offering. He waited a moment, and then with beating heart looked through into the room. The bed had been taken away. On a table rested a pine coffin, and on the coffin was a bunch of faded flowers which had been handed through the window the day before. Death had been there, and the boys no longer had a mission.

You might not have seen the boy hiding in a doorway and wiping tears from his eyes. He was seen, however, and when asked the cause of his sorrow he sobbed out the whole sad romance in four words, "Our Gertie is dead."—*Detroit Free Press.*

RULING THE SPIRIT.

ONLY HE WHO CAN CONTROL HIS OWN SPIRIT,
IS PREPARED TO BE CONTROLLED BY
DISEMBODIED SPIRITS.

"He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and
he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."



"ERVE him right!" "Hurrah for Bill!"
"Give it to him!" "Go it, Bill!"

These exclamations came from the group which had clustered around Tom Stern and Bill Jones when the news of a fight spread over the play-ground, summoning the boys to the scene of action.

"There!" said Bill planting a finishing blow on his opponent's breast that sent him reeling to the ground.

The combat was over, Tom's mouth was bleeding, one eye was bruised and swollen; that would tell the tale for a week to come.

"Bill Jones is a regular brick."

The larger boys said so, and the smaller ones, putting their hands in their pockets in imitation of their example, tried to look and believe that being a "regular brick" was a good thing, though they, perhaps, would have exchanged places with Tom very unwillingly at that moment when he was picking himself up, rubbing the dirt from his soiled clothes, and wiping the blood from his wounded face; there was little sympathy for him, the boys were busy eyeing Bill and criticising his performance. Tom was slinking off quietly; none of them offered to go with him. Bill turned, and, seeing him walking away alone, he shouted, "I say, Tom."

Tom stopped only an instant; when he saw who had called him, he went on, dizzy and

faint, and ran against his teacher, Mr. Smith, before he knew what he was doing.

"What is this?" Mr. Smith asked, sternly; "fighting again, boys? Who are the offenders this time?"

No one answered; there is a sense of honor among boys as well as thieves, they say; a tale is not tolerated. In this case Mr. Smith's question was unnecessary; Tom's disordered appearance and Bill's torn linen coat and red face pointed out the combatants plainly; it was more difficult to discover how the quarrel originated.

"Come with me, boys."

Mr. Smith took an arm of each and led them away to his study, leaving the others looking on in silence until they were in the house out of sight.

"Won't they catch it! Mr. Smith said he would make an example of the first fellows he caught at it."

"My father says every boy ought to know how to fight. How's a fellow to take care of himself if he does n't?"

"I guess Bill will be put up the spout this time if he is a favorite," said another, and each boy gave his own ideas on the subject, and wondered what punishment was in store for the delinquents.

Mr. Smith sat down in his easy-chair in the study, telling the two culprits to stand before him where he could see their faces.

"Now, William, you can give me an account of this fight. I find I must make an example, but it pains me exceedingly to punish two of my most promising boys, and these two I supposed were firm friends. How did it begin?"

Bill was cool by this time; the authoritative touch of this kind teacher's hand and his steady eye fixed upon him calmed his anger; now he stood in silence and shame before him, looking at his feet and the carpet, anywhere except Mr. Smith's face.

"Out with it, I have only five minutes to spend with you; let me hear the whole story quickly, without hesitation—I will not say prevarication, for I think neither of you would deceive, though you have disobeyed me."

"I think it was my fault," Tom began.

"No, no," interrupted Bill, his face reddening as he spoke hastily, "I hit him first, I commenced it."

"Let me hear the story from you, William. Silence, Tom," continued Mr. Smith, as he saw Tom making preparations for a speech.

Bill looked at the carpet, then at Tom, he pulled the sleeves of his coat down and his pants up, then he rubbed his hands, and finally burst out, "I was running over the ball-ground; Tom saw me coming and tied a string just across my path."

"I did n't," Bill.

"Silence!" cried Mr. Smith. "Go on, William."

"Then I tripped up, of course, and fell down.

I thought it was a mean trick—I went flat. I jumped up and said, 'Who did that?' Tom said, 'I did.' Then I said, 'Take that,' so I gave him a hit. Then he doubled up his fist and ran into me; then I got the best of it, that's all."

"I put the string there—I didn't see him coming—I didn't mean to trip him up," said Tom, quickly. "But he never asks a fellow anything, but turns round and gives him a lick. And how's a fellow to stand being hit? What can he do if he's got any spirit?"

"For shame, boys," said their teacher. "Here are two good friends fighting like angry beasts for nothing, wasting their strength and ill-temper, not showing spirit, but abusing it, and teaching the younger boys to regard this disgraceful exhibition as a proper show of spirit. If friendship comes to this you are no better than enemies. The fault was yours, William."

"I was mad; I didn't know Tom didn't mean to trip me up."

"Ah, it was not Thomas, but the evil spirit which takes possession of you—you yield to its power. Some day it will gain a frightful control. Within the last month, in moments of passion, you have thrown a stone at one boy because you fancied he was hiding behind a tree in order to play a trick upon you; an inkstand was knocked over some books when you were beside yourself with rage, and you destroyed the drawing-book of a friend, imagining he had been making caricatures of you. This fiend will ruin body and soul if not checked. I have often spoken of this, and yet each day I hear new proofs of your ungovernable temper. Remember, my boy, the Bible tells us, 'He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city.' Go on your knees and ask strength from Heaven to overcome this besetting sin. I will let conscience punish you. I think it must when you look at your friend, who will carry the marks of this passionate outbreak for some time, I imagine. In future I shall use harsher measures."

Tom was a delicate boy; he felt faint and dizzy. Bill's heart smote him as he glanced at his friend's pale face, made more so by the bruised eye and ghastly cut. It was all his own fault; he had used his friend badly enough. He pushed a hand toward him as he muttered, "I'm sorry—I didn't know—I didn't mean it."

"You never know what you are doing when in passion. Go with Tom to your room, and strive to gain the mastery in future over this fault."

The boys left the room. Mr. Smith sighed as they closed the door. Notwithstanding William's fearful temper he was a favorite scholar, possessing many noble characteristics, though they were often concealed and overbalanced by his besetment. Daily complaints were made against him, which, when inquired into, could all be traced to the same cause. Mr. Smith's constant reproofs were apparently unheeded,

but he did not despair of convincing his pupil that this dangerous enemy could be controlled.

Tom went to his room. An hour after when his class was called for recitation, he was absent, and his teacher found him suffering with a raging headache. When night came he had a high fever, and Mr. Smith appointed William to watch by his bedside. His conscience was speaking his condemnation loudly as he sat there; fearful thoughts were forced upon him. Suppose Tom should be very sick, or, more terrible yet, suppose he died; could he ever forgive himself for his rash violence? He thought not; we are very tender-hearted in our most repentant moments. Bill thought now he would willingly take the evil consequences of the fight, and change places with his friend, who tossed restlessly in his uneasy slumber. His face had been bandaged, and Bill's self-reproaches cut him most keenly when Tom, reaching out his hand for a glass of water, said in a faint but kind voice, "Thank you, Bill; I know, old fellow, you didn't mean it."

A cold shudder ran through William as he held the sick boy's hot hand. How vain and useless would all regrets become if—if! He dared not think of the worst; he was learning a bitter lesson by experience, and resolving to take it to heart before he left Tom that night, who said again, "I'll be all right in the morning, Bill; I know you didn't mean it."

Bill passed a sleepless night. Fortunately Tom was all right in the morning; that meant his headache was over, and he could go around with the boys, and study as usual, though the black eye and scarred face remained, suggesting to Bill painfully the incident and encounter of the previous day.

Mr. Smith noticed Bill's contrition, and whispered gently when he saw symptoms of his being on his guard, "He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he who taketh a city."

He had several sore struggles during that day; he hunted high and low for his slate, and finally discovered that it had been taken from his desk by a boy whom he disliked. It was scratched, and left in an out of the way corner. This was particularly annoying to Bill, who was pressed for time. When he found it his first impulse was to hurl it at the offender's head. This he restrained with a great effort, and the little boy escaped. Bill held the slate in his hand, and walked up to him with a flaming face.

"See here, do you know whose slate this is?" he asked fiercely. The little boy quaked in his shoes. Bill intended adding, with a smart box on the ear, "Take that for your impudence."

The boy expected something of the kind and shrank away with a frightened face; others who were standing near, evidently were as much surprised as the delinquent, when Bill, after a moment's hesitation, with a great effort, only said, as he walked away, "See that you don't touch it again, then."

His knees trembled, but the victory was won, at least for that time. As he was going off he

overheard one boy say in a low voice, "Mr. Smith frightened him yesterday, so it's taken all the starch out of him."

Bill's temper rose; in a moment it was aflame. That boy should repent his speech, he thought. At that instant Tom entered the room; Bill glanced at him; he was trembling so that he sat down, with his back toward the boys; he dared not face them at that moment.

Tom sat down by him; he looked at Bill.

"How white you are! What's the matter?" he asked

"Nothing, nothing," returned Bill. He could not have confessed then that the sight of Tom's face had deterred him from executing immediate and violent vengeance on that boy who had roused his temper.

"Ruling the spirit" is no easy task, a city may be taken much sooner; easier far is it to indulge the impulse of hasty passion, though it leaves us a life-long regret.

These first victories were won, and Bill began to congratulate himself upon his success; he had overcome his temper. When the temptation was passed it seemed a comparatively simple task to keep it under control. It had only been the work of a moment; but a wonderful change may be made in a moment's time. "And let him that standeth take heed lest he fall." His old enemy had held him in thrall too long to give up his captive without a severe struggle.

Mr. Smith saw with pleasure that Bill's outbursts of anger were less frequent; the lion was not changed into the lamb suddenly, and the old spirit leaped up fiercely at sudden provocations, battling sorely for dominion, and was not always subdued until Bill learned by experience that only constant and careful watchfulness kept him on his guard.

It was very hard for Bill to hear in silence, and bear with meekness, the covert allusions and sneers of the boys regarding his changed conduct; they were not said before him, but he knew that they attributed it to either lack of spirit, or fear of Mr. Smith. This galled and irritated him greatly, and he longed for an opportunity of showing the fellows that he was no coward, a feeling which is commendable in any boy.

"Yes, he's as tame as a frog; he doesn't dare say boo to a fellow since he had his fight with Tom."

Bill overheard this remark one morning as he came suddenly upon a group of boys standing at the top of a broad flight of stairs. His blood boiled, and turning quickly, he seized the speaker by the neck; another moment and he would have hurled him down the steps. Happily he was arrested before it was too late—a hand was laid on his arm, and Mr. Smith's voice said, "William, what are you doing? Do you wish to break George's neck?"

If he had come an instant later some bones might have been broken. William stood in silence.

"I thought you were gaining the mastery

over your temper," added Mr. Smith, leading him away. "This one rash act would have undone the hard work of months."

"The fellows think I'm a coward," replied William savagely. "I'd like to show them once I'm not one."

"By throwing a boy down stairs, and maiming him, perhaps for life, bringing unavailing regret and life-long repentance for one passionate outbreak? No, my boy, that would not win their respect, and your conscience will soon assure you, if it is not doing so at this moment, that it is cowardly to yield to the temptation, and give your enemy the advantage. I do not doubt that opportunities will arise when you can testify that physically you are no coward."

"That's true enough," thought Bill, when he was calm, and he could reason. "What would have been the use in breaking a fellow's arm or leg, and getting all the blame for it, and no credit either? Very brave it would have been, to be sure, to push a little fellow like George down stairs."

He was very much disheartened, and less self-confident for some time after this. It was good for him, and put him more on his guard than before, since he had felt his own weakness; but the word "coward" still rankled in his breast—as it must in any boy who has true manliness of character—and he longed more than ever for some opportunity of showing the boys that he was not indeed deficient in spirit.

It soon came. One pleasant half-holiday, the boys obtaining permission to spend it in the woods, they resolved to go strawberrying, as they had been told that in a certain field the berries were very plentiful. So they started off in fine spirits, hoping to find wild strawberries as plentiful as blades of grass. But they were disappointed; there were more tiny white blossoms than red berries, and searching a few moments they discovered some one had been ahead of them. It was evident what were left were not worth looking after, so Bill proposed fishing in the brook that ran through the middle of the sloping field.

The proposition was well received, as most of the party had brought their fishing apparatus in their pockets; and as they ran down the hill they saw sitting by the side of the brook, under a large tree, a little girl. She seemed to be a poor child; her clothes were very plain; she wore no shoes, and her old straw hat was torn and soiled.

"Hallo, what's up?" called Tom.

She rubbed her eyes, jumped up as if she were frightened, and was walking away, when Tom, going nearer, said kindly, "We won't hurt you, don't run away. What's the matter—what are you crying for?"

"He's took my berries," she said, while the boys followed Tom to hear what she was saying.

"Who?" asked Tom. "Who was it took your berries?"

"There he is now, over there." She pointed to a great boy in another part of the field, who was stooping down, hunting for strawberries on the other side of the brook.

"Wait a minute; tell us how it happened," said Tom, eagerly.

"I came here early to pick some berries for mother; she is sick and likes something nice to eat. I tried all the morning and nearly filled my basket, and then that big boy over there came, and said I hadn't any right here, the berries were on his uncle's field."

"It's a lie," exclaimed one of the boys. "That's Mike, the butcher's son."

"So he took them away, and said I could hunt for more on this side of the brook, if I pleased, but I mustn't cross over on the side where he is now."

"The stingy, mean fellow!" exclaimed another boy, while the others looked at each other, and indignantly at Mike, the butcher's son, who quietly went on gathering his berries, and adding them to the store he had taken from the child.

"I say, Mike," called Bill in a very loud voice, and with a very red face. The big boy stopped his work and looked over at the group, who eyed him suspiciously. "I say," shouted Bill, "you bring those berries back to this little girl, or I'll make you!"

"Will you, now?" said Mike, with a broad grin.

"He's an awful big boy," observed the smallest of the party, apprehensively, looking at Bill with alarm.

"Yes, I will," cried Bill.

Mike stood up; he put his hands in his pocket.

"Come on, youngster; if you want 'em, why, come take 'em."

It seemed like the combat between Goliath and David, Mike was such a big burly fellow and Bill was very slim and much younger. He did not wait to think of this difference, or the odds against him; he sprang over the stones in the brook, and in a moment more he was attacking the giant boy nimbly enough, but with very little chance of success.

"Won't he get it, though!" said the smallest boy, trembling, and very much excited.

From their post of observation the group on the opposite side saw that Bill would probably get the worst of the battle, for Mike dealt out blows like sledge-hammers with his thick fist, and, though Bill danced about him and dodged them, escaping some, he felt the full weight of others, and fairly staggered under them.

"I'm going in this too," said Tom.

Taking off his coat, he jumped over the brook and ran behind Mike, making an attack in the rear just as the butcher's son was saying, "Ah, youngster, you've got most enough of this, haven't you, I'd like to know, now?"

"No he hasn't," screamed Tom; "what one can't do two may be can."

The unexpected assault from an unprepared

quarter startled Mike and threw him off his guard and on the ground in a few moments, when the two boys, securing the basket of berries, returned to the opposite bank with their spoil, the trophy of their victory.

"Three cheers for Bill! three cheers for Bill!" called the little boy, while all joined in heartily. He had not been cheered since the day he fought with Tom, and the sound was not unpleasant to Bill.

"And three cheers for Tom!" he added.

"Ah, you little wasps," cried Mike, shaking his fist at them angrily from his seat on the ground; "come one at a time, you young scamps, and I'll shake you well."

"We ain't coming one at a time, though," called the small boy, as Tom handed the berries to their owner, and, fearing Mike might wreak his vengeance upon her, they formed a guard and marched with her until she was safely home, Tom calling out to the crest-fallen Mike as he left, "If you dare to touch this little girl I'll tell Squire Morse you said he was your uncle."

Mike made no answer. He was a boy who, if once put down, did not get up again easily.

Mr. Smith did not hear of this occurrence until long afterward, and then he said, "I have heard of your fighting again, William."

There was no severity in the tones of the voice and no reproach in his glance, when Tom added, "Yes, and I helped him fight that battle, too."

"And by this time you have learned that a violent spirit and passionate temper can be curbed and held in and not broken; a violent temper can become a furious, imperious master, but if controlled may be trained into a useful servant. Let us always try to be very certain that we are not on the side of wrong before we indulge in what we may consider as righteous zeal."

"He wasn't on the wrong side in that battle. The fellows all call him the champion of the school ever since his fight with Mike," said Tom.

"The champion of right would be a better and more desirable title for one," answered Mr. Smith, kindly. "In this case he honestly earned it, however; we will not dispute his right to the title, and trust he may always be able to maintain it throughout life. When we have gained the great victory over ourselves, and have learned to rule our own spirits, we will find ourselves better prepared to battle with the wrong and protect the right."

The one who can control his own spirit, is of that type adapted to be a medium for spirits to communicate messages through. Teach the rising generation to be truthful and we will not be troubled long with lying spirits.

LAZY LILY'S VISION.



LITTLE FOLKS gives an account of lazy Lily's dream. It appears that once upon a time, a very long time ago, on the border of a lonely forest, lived a poor widow with her only daughter. She was a very pretty, good little girl, but she had one great fault; she was most terribly idle, and cared neither to go to school nor to help her mother in her housework. This was the more unkind of Lily, as, since her father's death, her mother was obliged to work very hard to find bread for herself and child.

One bright summer's day her mother was suddenly sent for to do some needlework. Before leaving, she called Lily and begged her to do what she could to tidy the house, and make things nice and comfortable before her return. But Lily sat listlessly by the open door a long time after her mother left, gazing idly into the depths of the forest, and watching the pretty butterflies and birds that darted hither and thither through the waving trees. All at once she noticed a beautiful patch of yellow primroses by the side of the sparkling brook that ran through the wood.

"Ah!" thought Lily, "any time will do for my work. Mother ought not expect me to keep in-doors this fine summer day."

So away she ran, and began picking primroses, and every wild flower she could find, until, quite wearied out, this disobedient child threw herself down to rest beneath the shade of a large oak-tree, and there slept long and soundly. Suddenly lifting her head, Lily thought she heard a very strange noise, which seemed to come nearer and nearer, and, springing to her feet, imagine her surprise and dismay on beholding all her neglected work advancing toward her! First came the bundle of faggots and the coal-scuttle, with an old newspaper fluttering between them; then the kettle, on three little legs, toddled after them; then the broom, pail, flannel duster, work-box, bustled along; and, lastly, her own Sunday white stockings, that her mother had particularly requested her to mend very carefully, were now very quietly walking toward her, the great holes in the toes showing to advantage in the bright sunlight. As soon as this extraordinary assemblage of forgotten duties came up to Lily, they set up most appalling noises, shouts of unearthly triumph, till the frightened child was almost stunned by the hideous noise and clatter.

"Light us quickly!" cried faggots and coals, tumbling over each other. "Fill me from the spring!" sang the kettle at the top of its voice. "Mend us!" roared the stockings. "Sweep, wash, scrub, and dust with us!" vociferated the broom, thundering down upon her with wild yells of delight. Not content with shouting, the broom began belaboring Lily so sound-

ly that away she started at full speed homeward, thinking the best thing she could do was to clear up the place as quickly as possible, unless she wanted the broom to break itself across her shoulders.

Lily, like a good many little boys and girls, could work very well if she pleased; and soon the fire-place was nicely swept, the fire lighted (all the household utensils having reached home), and, oddly enough, they none of them looked as though they had moved—indeed, it might all have been a dream for all I know—the floor nicely cleaned, and the porch carefully swept out, and supper laid neatly on the table; while the flowers that had occasioned her such trouble, arranged in an old vase, brightened up the humble tea-service wonderfully.

Having made everything neat and nice, Lily washed and dressed herself, and sat down to darn the old and neglected stockings. She was awake enough now—but her dream had taught her a lesson.

Is it not probable that some of Lily's spirit guardians—little girls perhaps—seeing her negligence, impressed the above vision upon her mind while asleep, thereby exciting her to do better? It would be well for all little girls to know that watchful guardian spirits are always present, and know what they are doing all the time.

"MY MOTHER'S FORM."

BY WENDELL PHILLIPS.

A mother on the green hills of Vermont, was holding up the right hand of a son of sixteen years old, mad with the love of the sea. And as she stood at the garden-gate one evening, she said:

"Edward, they tell me—for I never saw the ocean—that the great temptation of a seaman's life is drink. Promise me before you quit your mother's hand, that you will never drink liquor."

"And," said he, for he told me the story, "I gave the promise and went the globe over; but I never saw a glass filled with sparkling liquor, that my mother's form at that gate did not rise up before my eyes; and to-day I am innocent of the taste of liquor."

Was not that sweet evidence of the power of a single word? Yet, that is not half; "for," still continued he, "yesterday there came a strong man into my counting room."

"Did you know me?"

"No."

"Well," said he, "I was brought into your presence on shipboard; you were a passenger; they kicked me aside; you took me to your berth and kept me there until I had slept off the intoxication. You then asked me if I had a mother. I said I had never heard a word from her lips. You told me of yours at the garden-gate and to-day I am master of one of

the finest ships in New York harbor, and I have come to ask you to come and see me."

How far the little candle throws its beams—the mother's word on the green hills of Vermont. God be thanked for the mighty power exerted by the utterance of a single word.

FOR FARMERS' BOYS.

Let the boys be encouraged to stick to the farm, unless they are stupid. The most active and energetic boys and young men are needed as tillers of the soil. If a farmer is so unfortunate as to have a crazy-head urchin, of one idea, the chap may do for a minister; but do not attempt to make a farmer of him. In case a boy can not be induced to love manual labor, let him study law. Lawyers can be molded out of almost any inferior material. If he likes to read twaddle and nonsense more than science, furnish him with a quack's pill bag, and tell him the wide world is before him. All the powers of the universe can not make a respectable farmer of him.

For farms, the country wants the most energetic, thorough-going and wide-awake boys and young men that can be found.

Hence, if a boy is blessed with that crowning concomitant which moves the world—brains—let him become a farmer. Brains constitutes the great desideratum in agricultural science at the present day. Fifty years ago muscle was the essential requisite. Fifty years ago a farmer was expected to perform every manual labor of the farm by the exercise of muscular force, while at the present day he needs more than muscle to enable him to manage labor saving tools with skill and efficiency. When the labors of the farm were nearly all performed by the laborious and fatiguing application of human force, farming was irksome drudgery. But now, when teams and steam power respond to the bidding of the tiller of the soil, agriculture is the most agreeable livelihood that one can desire. True, at some seasons of the year farmers are required to labor early and late for several days. Then, again, perhaps for a week they will have easy times. We do know, from long experience, that there is no class of citizens that have as easy times as the farmer, provided he is a judicious manager.

Now boys, you are to be the men after a few years have passed away. Make up your minds deliberately to be farmers. Procure some of the best agricultural books and subscribe for some of the leading agricultural journals, and improve all your leisure hours in acquiring useful information. Let your fixed determination be to rise in the scale of being to the dignity of an intelligent and thorough-going tiller of the soil.—*Patron of Husbandry.*

EACH one should try and get a new subscription for the LITTLE BOUQUET.

THE CONCERT OF THE FLOWERS.

BY MALCOLM TAYLOR.

A poet, asleep in a garden, dreamed
Of the various flowers he smelled;
And in his fancy's freak it seemed
That they a concert held.
He thought they met in a social way,
And each, as a musical elf,
In appropriate language sang a lay
Expressive of his and her self.

First the Red Rose, in soprano light,
Sang a ballad on love and the heart,—
Her sisters, the Yellow, the Pink, and the
White,
Joining in the refrain, each in part;
Then the Pansy, in his full tenor rich,
Gave a solo on thoughts, so pure—
His notes ringing out on highest pitch,
For uneasy hearts a cure.

The Forget-Me-Not next, in mezzo clear,
Displayed proficient skill
In a pretty song on remembrance dear,
Ending with a rippling trill;
Then the Heliotrope and Violet blue
Sang a duet on faithfulness,—
The latter's alto, so pure and true,
Swelling out with gentle stress.

The Nasturtium, in baritone strong,
Next his natural talent showed,
As on patriotism he sang a song,—
A sort of national ode;
Then the Lily white, in contralto sweet
On the subject of purity fair,
Gave a piece with flourishes replete,
Like an operatic air.

The Tulip in turn next tried his deep bass
In a hymn on fame, in slow time;
After which the Daisy sang, with good grace,
On simplicity a short rhyme;
Saffron Crocus followed, in buffo the best,
In a medley on mirth, so gay;
Then Primrose on early youth expressed
Her ideas in nursery-lay.

Now, commencing with a prelude low,
Came a chorus, full and grand,
From Creation's oratorio,
By the whole of the vocal band;
Blending their voices, sweet and deep,
In harmony's perfect bouquet,
They awoke the poet from his sleep,
And then—all died away.

Remembering the strains he had heard,
Still echoing in his head,
In soliloquy his thoughts were stirred,
And these were the words he said:
"Ah! can it be, under joy's control,
The flowers breathe out melodies clear,
That, attuned to the finer sense of the soul,
The poet in dreams can but hear."
Chicago, May 25th, 1876.



THE ONE WHO FELL AMONG THIEVES.—SEE PAGE 86.

THE ONE WHO FELL AMONG THIEVES.



UT we always admire acts of charity ; they seem to be jewels of the interior nature, which are only seen by the angels. On page 86 is a representation of a character to whom Christ alludes, (Luke 10th chapter), referring to him as follows :

"And Jesus answering said, A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead.

"And by chance there came down a certain priest that way ; and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side.

"And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the otherside.

"But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was ; and when he saw him, he had compassion on him.

"And went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him.

"And on the morrow when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto the host, Take care of him ; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee.

Jesus in this aims to teach an important lesson. The priest and the Levite had avoided the poor man, as many to day do those who are unfortunate. They would not stoop to do an act of charity ; they were too "proud," too "haughty," too "dignified," to assist one who was suffering by the roadside. The good Samaritan, however, had compassion on him, and verily he shall receive his reward.

Those who scorn the unfortunate should read the following :

THE MOTHER'S VISION.

With weary heart and throbbing brow,
Her couch a mother sought ;
When gentle sleep her eyelids pressed,
And beauteous visions brought.

She seemed to tread life's troubled path,
With little ones beside ;
When, lo ! an angel form appeared,
To be her friend and guide.

Sometimes the little restless feet
Would wander far astray ;
The angel then would lead them back,
To walk the "shining way."

Sometimes the little, eager hands,
Would grasp forbidden toys ;
The gentle guide then kindly taught,
Of bright, unfading joys.

Sometimes when little, prattling tongues
Uttered words sharp and wrong ;
The soft, sweet voice chanted glad notes,
Of pure and sacred song.

And though the mother found the way
Often both dark and drear,
Her guide made smooth the weary road,
By ever keeping near.

"Thy name, sweet friend, I fain would know,"
The grateful mother cried ;
"Charity"—and then the angel form
Vanished as she replied.

The angels are charitable—ever so ; but how can they have charity for those who have no charity for others ? Simply because they are not selfish, and love all humanity. They have charity for all and malice towards none.

LEAVES FROM THE LIFE OF LILY BELL.

PART THIRD.—THE PALE ANGEL.

BY FANNY GREEN MCDUGALL.



IT was a fine day toward the last of November, one of those beautiful, bright days, when the summer comes back and almost makes us believe she is going to stay. Lily's mother told her to go out and see if the Witch Hazel had bloomed ; for she knew the dear child was drooping for fresh air and out-door exercise. Lily had been unwilling to leave her mother since she had grown worse. She would sit by her almost all day, fanning her lightly, to keep off the flies, when she slept, and watching, if she stirred, for the opening of her large dark eyes, when she crept gently to her bosom, where she would lie quite still ; though sometimes she could not avoid crying ; for strange, dark thoughts would come and terrify her.

"And shall I bring the flowers, if I find them, dear mamma?" returned Lily.

Then with a glance at the brightening cheek and eyes, that now made her mother look so beautiful, she suddenly exclaimed :

"O mamma ! you are better. I will go and bring the bright flowers to you ; for they have bloomed by this time ; and I know, too, of a little shelved spot where the astors and golden rods are still fresh. I have kept them for you—all for you, dear mamma."

Lily bounded away ; but her mother looked after her with a sad and bitter smile. Had she waited a few moments longer, she could have seen how the bright carnation faded in the cheeks, and turned to a dead purple around the lips of the dear sufferer. She would have seen—but O, it was too terrible to describe ; and well it was for Lily that she did not know what was passing in the house during her absence. Let us follow her.

She went singing away, for she had not felt so happy in a long time ; but instead of going to the woodside for the hazel flowers, she felt a great desire to visit once more her old seat in the apple tree. It looked so inviting in the warm light of the golden sunshine, that she was up there before she thought of what her errand had been.

"I will stay but a little moment," said Lily softly to herself, "and then I will go and get the flowers. I have hardly been here since my Robbies flew away. I wonder if God does, indeed, mean to take away my mamma? I wonder if I could tease him, or hire him, or coax him, to give her back to me, and make her well. O what would I give—what could I give? There is nothing in the world so dear, so precious, as my own dear and precious mamma! I would give everything I have in the world. O, yes!" exclaimed the child, bursting into a sudden gush of tears, "I would give myself to God—I would let him kill me, and have me all buried up in the ground, if he would only make my dear mamma well again."

She wept for some time, but gradually her tears dried away, and she forgot her sorrow. She sat gazing away out into the sky. There was a great pile of clouds that looked like a high house. There was a door open in front, and Lily looked in, and saw the beautiful light, and the walls seemed like pearls, they were all so soft and white. And a great many other beautiful things Lily saw, but she could not stop to describe them.

Then there was a light shone out of the house. It seemed to make a path, and there was a beautiful angel walking in it; and as it slanted down out of the sky, it reached clear to her mother's door.

At first she thought she would run home and tell her mother that there was company coming, but when she tried to stir she could not, and so she sat still and watched the angel.

She saw him go to the door ; and then he seemed to walk right in, though the door was not open. Then, for an hour, perhaps, she lost sight of him. But she could neither stir nor speak ; so she had to sit still, though she wished very much to go in and see what was going on. After a while the angel came out again, leading a bright form by the hand. She could hardly believe that that beautiful, bright being was her mother ; and she quite forgot to run after her, and ask her when she was coming back, till she saw the two enter the door of the great house, which closed after them ; and then the clouds which formed it, and that looked so real, melted away, and there was nothing there.

Lily sat still, wondering more and more at what it could all mean, when Mrs. Bennett came to the door and called her. Lily heard her call, but there was something in the sound that froze her so she could not answer. When Mrs. Bennett came near she saw that she was very pale, and her face was bathed in tears.

Lily got down from the tree, for she knew that something terrible had happened. Then

Mrs. Bennett took her up in her arms, and kissed her ; and the tears flowed afresh, as she kept saying, " Poor little dear ! Poor little dear ! "

"What makes you cry?" asked Lily. "Is it because Mamma has gone away to Heaven without bidding us good bye?"

"Tell me, child," answered Mrs. Bennett, in alarm, for she thought Lily was out of her senses, "what is it dear? What made you think so?"

"I saw the angel when he came and took her away. I wanted to go and tell her to be ready, but I could not stir. I never thought that she was going away to stay, till she was so far off I could not get to her. She never looked back till she got to the door of the beautiful house ; and then she stopped a moment, and kissed her hand to me, as she always did when she went away. But though she looked very happy, I thought I could see tears on her cheek. She did not want to leave me ; so the angel had to pass his hand before her eyes between her and me ; and then he led her into the house. Very soon everything was gone."

"But tell me," exclaimed Lily, after a moment's pause, for she was now come back to herself, "is it true?"

Mrs. Bennett answered by renewed weeping, as she took the little girl by the hand, and led her silently into the house.

Lily wept many bitter tears, when she saw the still form that lay there, all stained with blood, for a hemorrhage of the lungs had suddenly occurred. The dear patient was still alive, though utterly insensible. Lily was so much overcome, that the kind Mrs. Bennett led her to her room, saying softly, "Remember, my dear, God knows best."

She kissed her tenderly and laid her in her little bed. The passionate grief of the child was its own medicine. Lily soon wept herself asleep; and then she heard sweet music, and her mother singing the evening hymn, which she had often sung to her in the pleasant twilight. At first it seemed to be away out in the air—but it came near—nearer—into the room—whispering to her so sweetly, that Lily held her breath to hear it. Then she felt soft arms around her, and she was drawn, oh, how gently, to her mother's bosom. Then, in her deep happiness, she wondered if Poor Mother Robin ever came back to love her babies.

The dear child had been so much disturbed, of late, that she did not wake very early in the morning. The first thing she thought of was her strange dream or vision. It seemed so true, that she knew then, for the first time that she should lose her mother. "And now I know it is right," she said softly to herself. "for mamma her own self, has shown me." Then she repeated all the promises she had made the night before, adding, "Oh I am so glad—yes, I must be glad, that mamma is going to be well and happy in Heaven."

Then she rose and put on her little wrapper, as she did every morning, that she might go in and see her mother before dressing. But one

Lily just caught one glimpse of the inside of the room. It looked very still and dark in there ; and she saw something white, that had a very strange look, close by her mother's bed. The ladies were walking softly, and spoke in whispers. Lily was frightened, and did not dare ask Mrs. Bennett how her mother was, everything seemed so unnatural ; but she hurried and dressed herself, so as to be ready to go in, when the lady called her.

"How is my mamma, Mrs. Bennett," asked Lily, still more shocked to see tears on the lady's cheek.

"Your mother will never be sick any more," answered Mrs. Bennett, holding the child's hands close in her own, and looking earnestly in her eyes.

Lily understood this but too well. She fainted away, and fell to the floor. After being restored she went into a sweet sleep, and slept a great while.

Then her mother came to her again, speaking still more sweetly than before. She told Lily she had been taken away suddenly, before she could give her dear child the parting kiss, or say good bye. She said it was her spirit, or herself that had spoken to Lily the evening before ; and again she made the child promise to remember her promises.

When Lily awoke she was quiet and happy, though she knew that her mother was gone. And when the minister came to attend the funeral, she told him all that she had seen and heard. He seemed very much surprised, and though he said it was all a dream, he told Lily she must remember and obey her mother's words.

Lily knew that it was not all a dream ; and when the minister prayed for her, she prayed with him that God would help her to keep the promises she made—that she might always be a good child, and that her mother might still visit her as she had done.

Lily's mother had no relations in this country. Only a very few friends followed her to the grave. Lily rode in a carriage with Mrs. Bennett, and some others, to the little village cemetery; and she tried to think all the way how happy her dead mother was. On the way back Lily saw a white cloud, with something in it like a woman wearing a robe of mist. When it came nearer it looked so much like her mother, that she almost sprang from the carriage, reaching out toward it. At first it looked very sad; but after a moment the face brightened and then the hands were stretched out as if in the act of prayer or blessing.

Just then a delicate little flower fell at her feet. Lily stooped to pick it up. It was a forget-me-not. The very small blue flower and delicate green leaves were perfect.

She put the flower in her bosom, and press-

ed it to her throbbing heart. But when she looked back into the sky, the cloud and her mamma were gone.

Lily did not look any more into the grave, she did not think of the cold, white clay, she had seen lying in the front chamber ; but every time she shut her eyes, she could see the bright and beautiful form that was looking out of the sky. And all the way home from the funeral, that cloud, like a white car, with her beautiful, happy mother in it, sailed along the sky and accompanied her. It made Lily very happy to look at it, for she had not seen her mother smile so pleasantly for a long time.

That night, when Lily knelt down to say her prayers, she thanked the good Father in Heaven for taking her mother away, and making her so beautiful and happy.

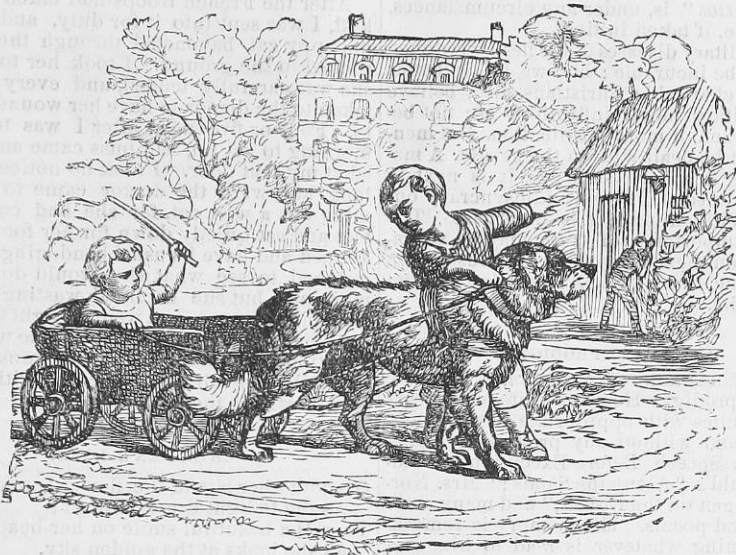
FROGS AT SCHOOL.

Master bullfrog grave and stern,
Called the classes in their turn ;
Taught them how to nobly strive,
Likewise how to leap and dive ;
From his seat upon the log,
Showed them how to say " ker-chog !"
Also how to dodge a blow
From the sticks which bad boys throw.

Twenty froggies grew up fast ;
Bullfrogs they became at last ;
Not one dunce among the lot,
Not one lesson they forgot ;
Polished in a high degree,
As each froggie ought to be ;
Now they sit on other logs,
Teaching other little frogs.—*Nursery.*

THE *Detroit Post* thinks Dean Stanley was not equal to his opportunities in conducting the marriage ceremony of Prof. Tyndall. The dean might have asked the bride if she would take that anthropoid to be her co-ordinate, to love with her nerve-centers, and to cherish with her whole cellular tissue, until a final molecular disturbance should resolve his organism to its primitive atoms. But he didn't.

The preachers of Philadelphia all protested last Sunday against opening the exhibition on the Sabbath, and will take active part in the week day discussions of the subject. "They came here," said Artemus Ward of the Puritans, "that they might worship in their own way and prevent other people worshipping in their'n."



ABOUT DOGS.

ROBERT T. MILLS, of Folsom, Cal., writes, "I, for my part, think that the canines reason, in support of which belief I will now offer a few facts that have come under my observation. I am in the sheep business. One hot spring day, while tending a large band, I observed that my old and faithful shepherd dog was becoming very much fatigued, and said to him, "Shep, you have worked hard, and are very tired; go and lay down under that tree and rest." Shep did so. A friend of mine told me he had two cattle dogs that were kept about a dairy. He moved seventy-five miles into the Sierras in the spring, and returned home in the valley in the fall. One of these dogs was scolded by my friend for being in the way, and kicked lightly. He took umbrage, walked off about fifty paces, put his head down to that of his companion lying in the road, in seeming conference, as much as to say we are not needed here, let us leave; they did so, went up to their summer home, and had to be brought back before winter. I myself have scolded the first of the last two dogs just mentioned for letting the swine eat his meal when I fed him. Off he would go, and remain away with the other hands upon the ranche for several days, and it took hard coaxing on my part to get him to stay with me and be friendly again. But now comes the crowning story of all about the animal. I saw a large Newfoundland dog at a hotel in Folsom that ate glass lamp chimneys as a child would candy. He had been doing it for a long time. He lived several years, to my knowledge, after I saw him eat one. In conclusion, I will say this much: If the cynical, unsocial Christians are going to

debar dogs from Heaven, I shall enter my protest, and petition high Heaven (if there is such a place) to grant me as companion a faithful canine. I would rather have such a companion than some Christians. They are more to be relied on, and not half as pugnacious."

Mr. Mills has given some wonderful anecdotes of dogs, but we knew one that, hitched to a little carriage, would take his driver to any one of the neighbors' houses his master would point out to him. I have no doubt Mr. Mills would rather have his pet dogs for companions than some Christians, especially those of a vindictive nature, and who desire to persecute all who do not agree with them on religious matters.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

THE PROPENSITY TO FIB.

FIB there be such a thing as an inherent distaste for truth? Judging from the dogged preference for falsehood which some persons manifest even on occasions when reason must tell them that veracity would serve their purpose best, it really seems so. That a propensity to fib sometimes runs in families is beyond dispute. The sins of parents are not only visited upon their children, but in many instances, appear to be inherited by them from generation to generation. An evil twist in the moral nature of a parent is, we fear, more apt to be inherited than a virtue; just as physical ugliness is more frequently transmitted by descent than physical beauty. We do not believe, however, that a tendency

Our Home Girls' Varieties.

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

THE man who popped the question by starlight got his sweet-heart's consent in a twinkling.

An editor of a denominational paper says: "A man needs grace to edit a religious paper at any time, but especially when he has the rheumatism.

"YOUR colors are beautiful," said a highly rouged young lady to a portrait painter. "Yes, said he, "your ladyship and I deal at the same shop."

Said a Brooklyn school miss to her companion the other day: "Oh, join our church! There isn't a man or woman in it that there isn't some scandal about!"

The disproportion between the weight of a small boy and the noise of his boot-heels as he walks out of church at the quietest moment, is a curious problem in dynamics.

By our pastor perplexed,
How shall we determine?

"Watch and pray," says the text;
"Go to sleep," says the sermon.

—*Boston Globe.*

A LAZY fellow falling a distance of fifty feet and escaping with only a few scratches, a bystander remarked that he was "Too slow to fall fast enough to hurt himself."

She was very particular, and when the dealer informed her that all his ice was gathered winter before last, she wouldn't give him her order. She said he couldn't palm his stale ice onto her.

"Maria," said the pious husband, "them weeked Smiths are allowing their children to play in the yard on Sunday. To-morrow I'll sick the dog on their chickens. The judgment of Heaven must be visited on 'em in some way."

It was a New Jersey woman who said: "My dear, if you can't really drink coffee without abusing me, how is it that you can always drink bad whisky without abusing the barkeeper?"

"I specs, my bluvud hearers," said a colored parson, "I specs to-day to take a broad field in my 'scourse. It takes me a good while to get away from de dock, but when I once strikes de deep water, den look out for de big fish."

Scene—A Philadelphia market Monday morning, a man buying strawberries. Suddenly a thought strikes him, and he says: "I hope these berries were not picked on Sunday?" Market man—"No, sir, but they grew on Sunday."

Mr. Beecher last Sunday expressed the opinion that "the Lord will protect His own." That is why he wears a lightning-rod over his chimney.—*Graphic.*

A CANDY store window displays, in worsted letters, the inspiring text, "The Lord will provide." A boy who passes daily says it ain't so, and you can't git no candy in there on the credit of Providence. Nickles is the only thing that gits them gum drops."

New silver is just beginning to circulate in Atlanta, and a young lady of that city, after gazing long and earnestly at a shining half, objected to it because the Goddess of Liberty is dressed as she was fifteen years ago, and "that's so horribly old-fashioned."

"TOMMY, my son, fetch in a stick of wood." "Ah! my dear mother," responded the youth, "the grammatical portion of your education has been sadly neglected. You should have said: 'Transport from that recumbent collection of combustible material upon the threshold of this edifice one of the curtailed excrescences of a defunct tree'"

CHILDREN have a hard time to learn the meaning of words, and what wonder is it? "Ma, what is lanker?" inquired a bright-looking boy the other day.

"I'm sure I don't, know, my son; where did you hear it?"

"Why, at Sunday school. You know they sing, 'We'll stand the storm, it won't be long; we'll lanker by-and-by.'"

As a colored resident of Detroit was breasting the storm with a new umbrella over his head, he was hailed by a friend and brother, who asked, "Is dat your umbrella?" "Yes, sah—cost me two dollars," was the prompt reply. "Mr. Savage," said the other, very solemnly, "when a man will buy a two-dollar umbrella to keep the wet off'n a fifty-cent suit of clothes, what am de use to talk about economy."

A couple ran off to get married, and came back to the bride's home, where she humbly sued for the forgiveness of her father, kneeling at his feet, all tears. "Forgive, forgive me, dearest father!" sobbed the lovely suppliant. "Forgive you!" exclaimed the old gentleman, "why I am only too glad to get rid of you. Your ill temper and idleness have been the plague of my life, and makes your marriage no loss to me, my dear child. So take her," added the old gentleman, generously, addressing the happy man, "and may you be happy."

THE APPARITION THAT APPEARED TO ME.

MY FRIEND GEORGE.

BY CORNELIA M. WILLARD.



Not, nor ever was, what you may call a superstitious man. The darkest night, or most outlandish ghost-story, could not frighten me, even when a young child. I may also affirm, and with perfect safety, that fear was a feeling not akin to me. I feared nothing on top of earth or under it; so, when I relate to you the following incident, I beg of you, reader, do not declare that it was simply the frenzied imagination of a timid man.

Two years ago, a friend of mine, a young man, became greatly interested in Spiritualism. It was in vain that I argued with him,—he was completely fascinated with it. I have seen him sit for hours, far into the night, with his hands on a pine table, perfectly motionless, and hear the raps fairly thunder on it. I was somewhat astonished at these demonstrations, to be sure, but by my usual cool-headedness would let me ascribe them to no other cause than electricity, or, rather, animal magnetism. It is very easy to make a table rap, and I have often done so for the especial delectation of my friends, and I must say I suspected George of playing the same trick as myself; but, one evening, he merely put his hands on the table for a moment, then took them off, and the raps thundered just the same when his hands were not on.

I must say George was a very magnetic man. I could always tell, even in a crowded house, whether he were present or not, by a singular sensation, as of a charge from some battery. I often mentioned it to him, but he would only laugh, and say he knew it; that he was a "medium," and held a power over me that he could wield as he wished.

He finally succeeded in getting me to attend a number of seances that were being held in a public hall, in the hope that I would be converted to his way of thinking; and, though I sought to believe in it with all my heart, still, to his great chagrin, each visit left me more skeptical than before.

"Why, man alive, Frank!" he said to me, one evening, "how can you doubt a supernatural agency when you see those spirit-forms glide from the cabinet?" "Spirits, your granny!" I retorted testily. "In all things but this, my dear friend, you are sensible. Let the matter rest. I know they are not spirits, but bonafide, flesh-and-blood, hired for the occasion. I can not see, for the life of me, how you can get gulled so easily."

His brow clouded over, and I could see he was getting angry, as he usually did when he

argued with me. "Have it your own way," he said, "but you will some time be convinced. I tell you, Frank, the Spirit-world is just as active a one as this. Spirits are around us constantly. And, another thing, I believe the spirit can leave the flesh even while on earth, without volition or will of any kind. I tell you, Frank, there will come a time when things that now are considered as miracles will be ascribed to their rightful cause, the spirit influence."

His eyes shone intensely as he concluded.

"Pshaw!" I said. "You will go crazy if you keep on in this confounded foolishness. Why, I tell you, I would not, nor could not, believe in it if I lived a thousand years; and, for my part, I think, unless you want to become a lunatic, you had better give up these nonsensical seances and investigations and 'retire to business!'"

He started up angrily, and, without saying another word, left my room. George had a fearful temper,—one of the worst I ever did come in contact with, but, for all that, he was usually rather tractable with me, and, when a week went by without his dropping in either at my office or lodging-room, I began to get angry myself. "Does the fellow think I must pick my words with him?" I thought. But, after another week had elapsed, and no George, I began to think something was up, and went over to his boarding-house, where I found a note for me, and was told that Mr. B—— had gone away. I opened the note hastily, and read the following lines, dated a week back:

Friend Frank, you may think I am offended at you; but, much as I have cause, I am not. I have met a gentleman, Dr. K——, who is studying up this Spiritualism the same as myself, and he has told me of a lady-friend of his who has often seen miraculous manifestations, and has the same idea of the spirit leaving the body as I; in fact, she has often appeared to Dr. K—— without even being aware of it. I am, therefore, going East with him to see the lady, and will probably make many interesting investigations.

I will also stop on my way and see Effie, as I hear she has been flirting a great deal lately, and that, you know, will never do. We are to be married the last of August, and I don't quite like her receiving company from other gentlemen, as her cousin writes me she does.

Take good care of yourself, and see Barbour about that real estate. Tell him I will consider the matter. Yours, &c., GEORGE R. B——.

That was all. No address or postscript of any kind. I concluded, and very naturally, that he did not wish me to write to him, fearing I would scold him; so I pocketed his little missive, and determined to let things take their course.

I heard no more from George for some time. Then he wrote me he had made a grand discovery; that Madame D—— was a wonder; and that he was more infatuated than ever with his pet study.

"I leave for Effie's to-morrow," he con-

cluded, "and shall remain there for some time."

I knew well enough what took him there. He was very jealous of his little betrothed, who was remarkably pretty, and one of the most unprincipled flirts that ever drew the breath of life. She came pretty near ensnaring my own flinty heart; but I became aware of her game before it was too late, and made tracks for New York. George, however, was more fortunate, at least he thought so,—and fell dead in love with her, proposed, was accepted, and followed me to the city. He considered himself the happiest of mortals until he heard of her flirting, and then all his terrible, passionate nature flamed up. I have often seen him look like a madman when reading her cousin's letters, whom George had requested him to write him of Effie's conduct.

Five days after receiving his last letter, as I sat in my office, looking over an account-book, I heard some one exclaim, right back of me, indistinctly, then quite plainly, "Frank! Frank!" I looked up in surprise, for I had not heard the door open, neither had I heard footsteps. The sun was shining in at the west windows, and lit the room up brightly; and right near the door stood a man's figure. Turning his face to me, I saw it was George.

His sudden appearance, without any warning whatever, took me rather aback; but, thinking he had stolen into the room so as to surprise me, I said, "When did you get back, George?" He made no reply, and I noticed that he was ghastly pale. In his right hand he held a revolver, while his eyes glared meaninglessly into mine. "The man is certainly crazy!" I thought, but said aloud, "For Heaven's sake, George, what is it? You are not going to shoot me, are you?"

Still no reply. He continued glaring at me, and, as I came forward, said slowly, and in a most unearthly tone I ever listened to, "I have killed Effie, Frank. I shot her in the woods near the village." Before I could make any exclamation whatever at this awful statement, he vanished. Aye, vanished while I looked at him, as completely as if enveloped in a cloud. For the first time in my life I was thoroughly frightened. There he had stood, as plainly as the sunlight that fell on the floor, and had disappeared as mysteriously as he had come. I looked around, dazed and bewildered. Could it be possible that I had imagined it all? Was it but an hallucination of an over-burdened brain? No, no. I had seen him as plainly as my hand, and it was indeed his spirit that had come to me.

The following night was one of torture to me. I could not sleep. My brain seemed afire. In the morning, you can judge of my horror as I read this item in the paper:

MISS EFFIE L—, a young lady residing near Worcester, Mass., while coming through the woods, yesterday afternoon, was shot and killed by some unknown person. The young

lady was beloved by all, and no cause can be ascertained for the fearful act.

I was now convinced that George, in a fit of jealous desperation, had laid in wait for her and murdered her. Words could not describe my feelings. George had been a brother to me for years,—in fact, ever since we had been boys together.

"Great Heavens!" I thought, "what frightful mystery is this? I am positive it was George I saw in my office yesterday afternoon." Try as I might, I could not rid myself of the idea that George had been present with me, though I knew to certainty that he had not come back to the city.

At the end of another week, as I came home one night, I was startled by a heavy hand laid on my shoulder. Looking around, I saw George. His face was haggard, his eyes glared wildly, and his every look and motion betokened the actions of a man bereft of reason.

"Good God! George, what is the matter with you?"

"Nothing," he replied gruffly; but there was a vague terror in his voice.

By this time, we had reached my lodging-house. "Come in, George, and sit down." He followed me up three flights to my room; and I noticed that he kept muttering all the time, as if to some unseen person. "George," I said abruptly, after we had been seated for some time, "what is this terrible thing I hear of Effie?" He sprang to his feet, his eyes filled with the guilty terror of insanity.

"Of Effie," he repeated slowly; "what of Effie? Is she not all right?" He sought to smile, but his white lips only drew up painfully.

"What could have caused you to shoot her, George?" I requested, earnestly.

He wheeled around. "What makes you think I killed her, Frank?" he asked, in a suppressed voice.

"Because you, or your spirit, came to me last Wednesday, as I sat in my office, and told me so. I was almost frightened to death. You stood there with a revolver in your hand, said 'I have killed Effie,' and disappeared."

His white face became of a purplish hue, and, as I ceased, he fairly shrieked, "O my God! I know it. I have no control over my spirit any more! It is so—my theory is proven?"

"Calm yourself, for Heaven's sake," I interposed, as he strode up and down the room, his features working convulsively.

"I will! I will!" he replied, stopping short, and fixing his dark, miserable eyes on mine. "Do you know, Frank. I killed her! She drove me mad with jealousy. I waited for her as she came through the woods and shot her. After that, I stumbled through the brush, until I came to the river. There I fell in a dead faint, and knew nothing more until the next day. It was then my spirit must have left me, and appeared to you, for I have no knowledge of

Editorial Department.



S. S. JONES, Editor

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, JULY, 1876.

PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Having illustrated our theory and presented cumulative arguments, from works by modern scientists, which indirectly substantiate the positions assumed, as fundamental in principle, and directly in support of the "Philosophy of Life," which we are elaborating in this series of articles, we will now endeavor to show that the same law, alike, governs in the development of *organic* structures in the animal and vegetable kingdoms.

J. Bell Pettigrew, M. D., F.R.S., of London, has written a work on the Philosophy of Circulation in Plants, in the Lower Animals, and in Man.

The Popular Science Monthly, reviewing the work, says:—

In this work we have what the *Lancet* justly calls "the first serious attempt at a great generalization on an avowedly difficult subject." The author has undertaken no less a task than to show that the circulation, as it takes place in plants, animals, and man, is essentially the same in kind; differing mainly in the degree of complexity attained by the organs which carry it on, and of the resulting movements of the circulating fluids.

The book opens with a brief history of the growth of the subject, from the fanciful notions held centuries ago by the Chinese that "the circulation of the vital heat and radical humors commenced at three o'clock in the morning, reached the lungs in the course of the day, and terminated in the liver at the end of twenty-four hours," up to the exact scientific demonstrations of Harvey and Malpighi.

"The term 'circulation,' in the present day," says the author, "is employed in a double sense. In its wider signification it embraces the course of the nutritious juices through plants and the lower order of animals; in its more limited signification, and as applied to man and the higher orders of animated beings, it indicates the course of the blood from the heart to the capillaries, and from these back again to the heart. The word 'circulation,' literally means a *flowing round*, a going and returning; and it is well to bear the original meaning in mind, as we shall find that a single circle aptly represents the circulation in most of the lower animals, a circle with one or more accessory loops, representing the circulation in the higher ones."

The circulation in plants is first described, the ascent, descent, and lateral distribution of the sap, and the forces which maintain the flow, being each fully treated. Many curious resemblances between the circulation in plants and that in animals are pointed out in this section of the work. On this point the author says: "I now proceed to a consideration of the circulation as it exists in animals; and an attentive examination of the subject not only induces me to believe that there is a striking analogy between the circulation in animals and plants, but that in animals devoid of pulsatile vessels and hearts it is in the same sense identical, and traceable to the operation of the same forces."

The subject of the circulation in animals occupies the bulk of the book, that of the invertebrates, as being in some sense intermediate between plants and the higher animals, being treated first. In a number of the lowest of these no trace of a circulation has yet been detected, the nutritious fluids in such cases being supposed to pass from the alimentary canal by interstitial transudation throughout the entire body, as the sap passes into the substance of cellular plants. A step in advance is observed where, as in the polypi, medusæ, etc., the alimentary canal is of large size and ramifies in every part of the body, serving at the same time as a circulatory and alimentary apparatus. The next advance is the appearance of distinct vessels, *minus* contractile power, as in plants. Vessels possessing contractile power, but without any distinct contractile organ, are next found; and afterward the heart appears, increasing in complexity of structure along with the related organs, until its highest development is reached in the mammalia.

On the subject of the force which gives rise to the circulation in the higher animals, the author, while admitting that a large share of the work is done by the heart, argues at length in favor of the view that this organ alone is not equal to the task; and that other agencies, such as osmosis, capillary attraction, absorption, chemical affinity, etc., aid materially in the process.

To the physiological student the book is exceedingly interesting, not only for the novel views which it contains, but for the admirable way in which the author has presented the leading facts of his subject, as drawn from the whole range of living Nature. The print is good, and the illustrations, of which there are one hundred and fifty, are also well done.

Again we call the attention of the reader to the fact that all matter in its ultimate analysis, is *spirit, uncircumscribed*. Uncircumscribed spirit is composed of germs of life in which genus and sex are eternally and unchangeably fixed. This infinite sea of spirit is everywhere present and pervades all things. No finite power has ever been able to analyze it, or to make the least discoveries of its nature in the crucible or under the magnifying powers of the microscope.

Not until it passes the boundary line that divides spirit from matter, can material senses take cognizance of its properties. The most simple type of matter is the single cell. This results from the union of two or more spiritual *monads*, in the *sexual embrace*. The result of such unions is *molecular atoms*. The destruction of a *molecular atom*, at most, can but reduce it to its primeval *uncircumscribed spiritual plane* of being.

Recent discoveries, by spiritual intercourse, seems to verify the fact that organic beings can, by virtue of a law well understood upon the higher spiritual planes of life, be reduced to uncircumscribed spirit, without in the least degree changing the relative positions of the *molecular atoms*, of which the organic body is composed.

The phenomena of changing whole organic structures, from the material plane of life to that of *uncircumscribed spirit*, often transpires in *spiritual seances*.

We have well authenticated reports of men and women, called *mediums*, being taken bodily out of rooms, securely closed, with windows, doors and all other places of regress securely locked. Such mediums pass solid walls without the least obstruction, and are carried

long distances away, and then restored to their normal condition in the presence of friends.

While the people forming the circle are astonished at the disappearance of their medium, the circle of friends into whose presence the medium has so suddenly presented himself, are, as well as the medium, equally surprised.

Birds are often brought into spiritual circles, from long distances, while the doors and windows are securely closed.

In further confirmation of our theory that all matter is but spirit *uncircumscribed*, mediums are being developed through whom plants, most rare, flowers most beautiful and fragrant, with roots and adhering soil, from every clime, are brought into spiritual circles, and bestowed upon individuals in profuse quantities.

These plants are fresh and covered with dew, as if but a moment before growing in their own native soil, the one in the tropical region while others are from the temperate clime and still others are lichens of the frosty regions of the far North.

To the ordinary scientist who deals exclusively with the material plane of life, and accepts little which he can not catch and hold in his crucible, or develop to his sense of sight under the microscope, these declarations will be treated as *creatures of an excited imagination*.

Nevertheless, Horatio, there are more truths being daily developed to patient investigators, in the boundless field of the "Philosophy of Life," than you have dreamed of.

In our next chapter we will give well authenticated reports of numerous cases of dematerialization, above alluded to.

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