

Summerland Messenger.



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For the Progressive Lyceum and Family Fireside.

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THE MOTHER'S CASKET.

BABY SLEEPS.

The dark December days go by,
The nights grow short, the shadows fly,
My baby sleeps; she sleeps.

Too young to guess at future pain,
Unconscious still of loss or pain,
My baby sleeps; she sleeps.

Waiting with flowers, and birds, and bees,
The soft south wind among the trees,
My baby sleeps; she sleeps.

The great, round world of joy and pain
Grows glad with hope of spring again,
My baby sleeps; she sleeps.

But hushed and white my darling lies,
The black mould on her violet eyes,
My baby sleeps; she sleeps.

And hearts may break and loves grow cold,
Roses may blossom and springs unfold,
But baby sleeps; she sleeps.

SUNSHINE AND CULTURE.

People in this world must make their own sunshine. Discouragement too often overtakes those whose lives pass in the petty details of commonplace existence. The mother, whose narrow round of duty confines her to the range of two or three rooms; the primary teacher, whose life passes in the monotony of the school-room; the mechanic, whose days are filled with activity that never varies—these typical individuals find it hard to keep bouyant, hopeful fresh and resolute. But this is just what they must do, or dwindle into cyphers. Of all things, when the mood of discouragement overtakes one, he should think of anything and everything else than his own troubles, and more than this, should take measures at once to follow new currents of thought and feeling. Sometimes the mood is purely the result of bodily conditions, and requires for its cure sleep, or exercise in the open air, or change of diet, or a simple waiting till it passes away of itself. When

it springs from causes not connected with the body, then the cure must be spiritual or intellectual. An intensely interesting novel, visitation among the poor, constant intercourse with fresh minds, change of scene, travel, the study of a science new to the patient, anything that will absorb the brain and keep it from consuming itself is good medicine. The world is full of sunshine and beauty. "It is meet, right, and our bounden duty," that we should open our hearts to all the soothing, healing, invigorating influences of the sky that bends over us in unchanging love, the balmy air, the happy chirp of innumerable insects, the ten thousand voices with which Nature speaks to him whose ears are opened to receive her gentle teachings.

Yes—people in this world must make their own sunshine; and this is by no means so difficult as has been supposed. This we have just endeavored to show. There are many things we may make for ourselves if we try. For instance, much of woman's attractiveness may be of her own making. Personal attractions most girls possess; at any rate in a sufficient degree to render them attractive to somebody; for, although there are standards and models of beauty, yet these do not prevail with all persons. There is something wonderful in the difference of aspect which the same face wears to different beholders. Probably the philosophical explanation of this is, that what is hidden to all others, becomes immediately and instinctively apparent to the eye of love.

How can a moderately good-looking girl increase her attractions? By culture. She must cultivate her mind. An ignorant and illiterate woman, even if she attract the attention, cannot retain the interest of an intelligent man. She must do this by reading, by study, by reflection, and by familiar conversation with the best and most highly educated persons with whom she comes in contact. But the heart must be cultivated as well as the head. "Of all things," exclaimed a most elegant

and refined gentleman, after nearly a life-time's familiarity with the best society—"of all things give me softness and gentleness in woman." A harsh voice, a coarse laugh—trifles like these have suddenly spoiled many a favorable first impression.

The cultivation of the heart must be real, and not feigned. A woman who studies to appear, rather than to be, good and generous, seldom succeeds in deceiving the opposite sex in these respects. She who in truth seeks earnestly to promote the happiness of those around her, is very apt soon to obtain admirers among men. No woman ever otherwise so completely triumphs over a rival, as when she is seen in good earnest to prefer that rival's interest to her own. Above all other requisites in a woman is conscientiousness. Without this one touchstone of character, no matter what her charms and acquirements, she cannot expect to command the lasting regard of any man whose love is worth having.

WORDS.

It matters not whether a word heal or wound the heart of a hearer, it goes on, on, on, until by a mighty wave, it is thrown on the shore of the Summerland, and is caught by some faithful spirit there, who has watched, perhaps with joy, perhaps with sorrow, all of its wanderings, noting the footprints it left behind, and who now gathers and lays it by to await thy coming.

A little man observed that he had two negative qualities: he never lay long in bed; he never wanted a great coat.

Cultivate consideration for the feelings of other people, if you would never have your own injured. Those who complain most of ill-usage are the ones who abuse themselves the oftenest.

A man in a suburban town in New York is so much opposed to capital punishment, that he refused to hang his gate.

MISCELLANY.

THE LOVER'S LEAP.

"The Lover's Leap," said I, as I stood on the north shore of Cornwall, looking up at a picturesque headland a considerable number of feet above the sea's level, and hanging threateningly over its foamy surface, now there was a full tide. "A name" I added, "truly original, and—"

"True," emphatically interrupted the tall, handsome Cornish woman by my side, with whom I had been conversing, and who had been my informant respecting the name of the projection which I had just sketched.

"True," I repeated, perceiving she was quite serious. "Then, do you remember the origin of the title?"

"Perfectly. I was a child at the time; but it made such a commotion and was so often repeated, that it would almost have impressed a baby's memory. If you like, I'll tell it you. It's become a legend here; we relate it to most travellers who care to listen."

Declaring nothing would please me better, I put down my sketch-book, and the Cornish woman and I, seated on a boulder, the sea lapping the beach a little distance off, she began as follows:—

"About thirty years ago there lived in the village yonder, where you are now staying, two brothers; they twins, yet as unlike as the sea is in calm and storm. It is supposed that children so born entertain a strong affection for each other. In that case William and Richard Redruth were an exception. They were so utterly dissimilar in character, that it would have been impossible to have been otherwise.

"Richard was a handsome, open, generous-hearted young fellow, possessed of that energy and steady application at work which is the foundation of success. William was dark-haired, heavy-browed, with a restless, roving spirit, a quick temper, and fierce, vindictive nature. Though, like his brother, a fisherman, he earned little, for he never settled steadily to it, but would start off in

his boat round the coast, and never be heard of for days. When he returned it was with an empty craft, and a livid, feverish face, as of one who had met and braved perils.

"Different in everything else, unfortunately the brothers had one strong liking in common—this was their love for Margaret Semper, a fisherman's daughter, the beauty of the village, and of so gentle, kindly a disposition, that even William Redruth was an altered man in her presence. He, as well as Richard—with others, for that matter, but they do not count—strove to win Margaret Semper's favor. At last she made her selection, and it was not difficult to guess it. Richard Redruth was not only the handsomest and most prosperous fisher in the village, but just the one to obtain the love of such a girl as Margaret. It was to him she gave her heart and hand.

"When the fact of their engagement became known, William Redruth and his boat abruptly disappeared. Days passed; nothing was heard of him, though one old fisherman declared that, happening on the beach late for something he had left in his boat, he there saw the figure of a man very like William, creeping along in the darkness of the rocks. He had called to him, when the shadow had instantly vanished.

"The fisher so stoutly affirmed this, enlarging upon the gliding, shadowy appearance, that many believed William Redruth had put an end to his life, and that his spirit was haunting the place.

"Opinions on the point were divided, when a few mornings later, the people in the village were astonished to see Richard Redruth, who had gone fishing, returning quickly and unexpectedly to land. Upon his running his boat on shore, he explained that he had got some distance out to sea, when he discovered the boat was leaking badly. He endeavored to find where the leak was, but in vain; and with the greatest difficulty kept it under while he tacked and made for the village. On examining the boat with the fishers, it was found in the most unlikely place, whilst it was

perfectly inaccessible to any one inside the boat.

"How had it come?

"Richard Redruth looked very grave, but said nothing. The village however, formed its own opinion, for there were some who remembered to have heard William Redruth exclaim, 'If ever Margaret Semper should choose my brother, before their wedding-day one or other shall be beneath the sod.'

"The flaw was mended, a fortnight passed by, and nothing was seen of William Redruth, either his shadow or his ghost, to whichever the Cornish mind tended. He was beginning indeed, to be forgotten, owing to another excitement—Margaret Semper and Richard's approaching wedding the day of which had been fixed.

"As I have said, Richard Redruth was one of the most well-to-do fishermen in the place; yet each day he worked harder and more untiringly for he desired to be rich now for Margaret, and no wealth he thought too great for her. Daily his boat was seen to leave the shore, and return with its shining freight, as bright as the silver it was to bring the fearless fisher.

Even on the eve of his marriage he made no difference.

"'This is my last trip, Margaret,' he said, as she stood by him on the beach; 'to-morrow you will be my own, own little wife. It will be a large freight I shall bring to-night.'

"Fondly they embraced, never dreaming how next they should meet; though, when he had gone, and the day stole onward, a vague dread came over Margaret—a dread for him. The holy joy of the coming morning so filled her heart, she feared anything occurring that should now part her and Richard.

"Noon passed, evening drew on, and with it dark, threatening clouds, presaging storm—for hours piled in west—began as the sun set to sweep up like a funereal pall over the heavens, while the leaden sea beneath moaned as one in trouble.

"Eagerly, with anxious heart, Margaret scanned the broad expanse in search of Richard's boat. In vain;

the white specks which so frequently deceived her were but the crests of the as yet small but angry waves. 'Why did he go to-day,' she sighed; 'why on this, the eve of our marriage? The hour has long passed that he named for his return.' Then she remembered the circumstance of that mysterious leak, and her anxiety grew in intensity.

"At last, throwing a shawl around her, she stole unperceived to the shore. It seemed to bring her nearer her lover, as already the darkening evening was shutting the sea from sight at the cottage.

"Apparently, the beach was deserted by all save herself, and with restless spirit she walked along the edge of the waters, her gaze fixed seaward, her ear keenly sensitive to the gradually rising wind, and other sounds that declared a tempest at hand.

"Ignorant of the shadow which had been dogging her steps for some time, and was yet noiselessly following, she climbed the rock.

"Darker, darker grew the evening. The billows broke with a louder sound; the wind wildly tossed her loosened hair and shawl. Where was Richard?

"Anxiously she gazed out on the storm-crest, endeavoring to pierce the gloom. She pressed her hand over her eyes; then turning, prepared to look again, when, with a cry of startled alarm, she sprang back; for standing by her side, his dark features more threatening even than the night, was William Redruth!

"'You fear me, Margaret, and with good cause,' he said coldly. 'It is long I have been waiting such an opportunity. Each step you have taken I have followed, until you reached this rock. Margaret Semper,' he added, turning towards her, 'if you ever leave it alive, it must be after you have sworn to become my wife!'

"Trembling in every limb, but by an effort assuming a calm, undaunted bearing, the young girl answered, 'Are you mad, William Redruth? To-morrow is my wedding-day and Richard's. Do you imagine even the

fear of death could make me false to him?"

"Then here you perish!—you never shall be his—never!"

"This is folly, William, and unlike you. What harm have you ever received at my hands that you should treat me thus?"

"The greatest—your rejection of me for him."

"A woman can no more control her heart than can a man his," she answered. "I loved Richard; I would if you would let me, love you—as a brother."

"Brother!" he interrupted, fiercely; "brother! yes, I will accept that affection, Margaret Semper, but not from you as Richard Redruth's wife; never! never! never!"

"The wild energy of his manner, augmented her alarm, and passing him, she strove to quit the rock, but, catching her wrist, he held her with a grasp of iron.

"No!" he cried; "I have sworn it."

"She shrieked aloud.

"Your cries are useless," he said; "the winds and the waves are my allies. Scream as you may, you cannot be heard!"

"Kneeling at his feet, yet in his clasp, she prayed, implored, upbraided and entreated; William Redruth had but one answer—"Be mine and you are safe; if not, you die!"

"Oh, William, William!" she wept; "once you said you loved me; can you, then, treat me thus?"

"It is because I love you—because I will never see you his!" he rejoined, hoarsely. "Look, Margaret, and reflect speedily, for the base of this rock is already surrounded!"

"Looking around, she saw with horror that his words were true; the waves, with their dancing, mocking crests were on each side of her.

"Mercy, mercy!" she shrieked.

"For the last time I ask you, Margaret—will you renounce Richard and be mine?"

"No!" she answered, drooping, exhausted, despairing at his feet. "Rather the cruel death with which you threaten me."

"It is no vain threat, Margaret,

the death shall indeed be yours. A few moments, and you will see.

"There was a pause of some seconds; then, before the wretched girl, half insensible from terror, divined his intent, seizing both her hands, he lashed the wrists securely together. Afterwards, releasing her, he said, 'Farewell, Margaret; I failed with Richard, but I cannot miss now. He must wait long for his bride tomorrow.'

"William—William Redruth!" she cried; "do not leave me."

"But already he had sprung into the waters, and she was left on the rock alone.

"It was a fearful time that followed, almost beyond description—certainly, enough to banish reason. Margaret shrieked and prayed. The uproar of the elements sent her words back upon herself, appearing to mock her agony. These frantic moments were interspersed by brief intervals of calm, wherein the past swept before her like a panorama.

"All the while the moments slipped by, and the waves rose higher and higher; at last, one dashed over the rock and did not retreat. It left her feet in water; the rock was beginning to be covered.

"Wildly, despairingly, she flung out her arms and prayed for succor—for mercy. Then kneeling, helplessly wept.

"It was hard to die thus; made harder by the knowledge that the morrow was to have been her wedding-day.

"Now the waves began to break over her, threatening to hurl her from the rock. Madly she strove to cling to it, but her hands, so tied, rendered her almost powerless. In a few moments all must be over.

"That idea gave her back strength and with a last effort, she shrieked aloud in her agony, till the rocks rang with her voice.

"Richard, Richard, aid me! Am I to die thus, never again to see you? Richard! Richard!"

"What was that?"

"She sprang to her feet, every pulse beating with hope, with joy.

It was a voice in reply; it was Richard's voice, uttering her name.

"Once more it sounded. It came from above; and raising her face she beheld on the headland the tall, strong figure of her lover outlined against the dark, leaden sky.

"Her heart sank. Before he could get round to the shore for his boat, all would be over.

"Oh, Richard!—dear Richard," she called; "be comforted. Seeing you, I can die happy! But help is too late! Farewell—farewell!"

"The figure had gone. Like an arrow it had darted from the top of the headland, and plunged into the sea.

"With difficulty keeping her position, each second covered by the waves, she waited. The beating of her heart was as the second-hand on the dial of eternity.

"Ah! what was that which struck against her so heavily? It was a body—that of William Redruth!"

"With a scream of terror, Margaret Semper fainted.

"Struggling through the surf, Richard sprang to her relief, guided by that last cry. His arms were already about her, as consciousness departed, and with difficulty he bore her safely to the shore.

"The wedding did not take place the next day, for Margaret Semper was prostrated by a severe nervous fever. But it *did* take place a few weeks later, and was one of the happiest and gayest in all Cornwall, despite the evil plots of William Redruth, as to whose fate there was no longer any mystery. In springing from the rock, his head must have struck violently against some hidden boulder; for the next morning, when the tide went down, he was found drowned, with a wound on his temple, at the very foot of the Lover's Leap.

"I say landlord," said a Yankee, "that's a dirty towel for a man to wipe on."—Landlord with a look of amazement replied, "Well, sir, you're mighty particular. Sixty or seventy of my boarders have wiped on that towel this morning, and you are the first man to find fault."

Summerland Whispers.



THE TRANSIT OF A SPIRIT.

Continued.

When he had read the message, and re-read the last sentence, his face displayed a look of wonder and amazement, so struck was he by this last convincing test, and it was several moments ere he could speak. Finally, addressing the medium, he said:

"I am satisfied with this last communication; I believe that I have really conversed with the spirit of a dear friend. I came here an unbeliever, and nothing short of the last words conveyed in this message would ever have changed my opinions. But I should be a fool, to use no harsher term, to doubt such evidence of a truth as I have received here to-night. I shall return to my home a happier man for learning what I have."

Oh, the joy which we feel in our spirit-home when the eyes of a sceptic have been opened to the light of Truth! I can only describe it by asking you to picture some loved one of earth, when all communication between you has been cut off, suddenly breaking the bonds that has kept him from you and once more grasping your hand with the warmth of love and affection.

As my friend ceased speaking, I caused raps to be heard near him, as a signal that I desired to converse further. Then I asked:

"Will you do me a favor by conveying to my dear wife a message?"

He replied in the affirmative, and I proceeded to write the following:

"My darling wife Lydia: Our good friend has promised to give this message into your hand, and as I know that you have confidence in him, both as to truth and judgment, I feel that what I shall say to you here will be received with less doubt

than it would to come by any other hands. How he came by this, he will explain to you.

I have not the power to say all that I would like to at this time. I only ask—and I implore you, by the love you bear my memory, to grant my request—that you will accompany our friend when he again visits the medium through whom I write this, that I may have the blessed privilege of communicating with you. God bless you, my wife; God bless our daughter Annie. If you ever loved me, I beg that you do not allow prejudice to stand in the way of my happiness!"

It was with the greatest difficulty that I succeeded in controlling the medium sufficiently long to write so much, and, but for the assistance given me by my spirit-companions, I could not have done so.

The seance being now at an end, my companions and myself betook ourselves to our spirit-home, all happy in knowing that one more disbeliever had had the scales removed from his eyes, and I doubly happy anticipating the pleasure in store for me, when (as I felt sure I should) I again had opportunity to control the medium, and in my dear wife's presence.

To be concluded.

DR. KANE'S COMMUNICATION.

POLAR WORLD REVELATIONS.

The following interesting communication is given by the spirit of Dr. Kane of Arctic fame, through the mediumship of Dr. McNally, at Park City, Salt Lake Valley:—

"There is an open polar sea at the North, and a temperate zone beyond. It is a beautiful, open country, extensive and prolific, inhabited by a race of beings simple in their habits yet superior in mind and *physique*. The earth is seven hundred and fifty miles longer than geographers have supposed, and solid at the poles. The sun never shines in the northern land; light and heat are produced by electric currents, caused by the earth's revolution.

I think there will eventually be

communication between the inhabited portions of the earth now known and this northern land, although the passage is a dangerous one, and the region is twelve hundred miles further than any explorer has yet reached.

When once there, very few would leave that land for your temperate zone. The proper passage to this northern land is by way of Bhering's straits, sailing northeast.

The contemplated British expedition should choose the younger commander, and start in the fall, as by spring they would reach the most dangerous part of the passage. With proper management, three years should be long enough to make the round trip.

Our life here is much more interesting than yours. We are constantly occupied. Our thoughts and aims are higher, we are purged from most of your mundane dross, and are constantly progressing, although none ever attain to perfection. None are idlers; work or employment is pursued by many here as it is on earth; but as they progress it becomes less so. Progression is compulsory, and all eventually advance. Many are retarded for a time as a punishment, and are deprived of association with the good.

Our world is one vast, limitless space, through which we roam at will, meeting and commingling with friends, sustaining family relations and affections to even the furthest degree. Man never loves but once, so that successive earthly marriages are here done away with, and all incongenial marriages are righted. We in the spirit form take but little heed of you mortals, although we can, if we desire, meet you on your arrival here. Our world is far superior to yours—more beautiful; we have limpid streams, tall mountains, sequestered vales, limitless oceans, numberless planets, and constant changes. We visit at will all the planets, and all creation. All planets are inhabited by spirit forms. Your world is the only one inhabited by mortals. Mars is the superior planet, and is inhabited by

those most advanced. There never was a beginning and never will be an ending to the world. There is no God but the God of nature, whom we all recognize. Progression is the only superior power we know, and all are ruled by it. We have animals of all kinds, but all are peaceable, and none harm the other; birds of all colors and mixture of colors, and songsters whose voices try to rival the music of the spheres. One of our chief pleasures is to instruct and make better our weaker friends.

In answer to the question, "Will electricity eventually supercede steam?" he said that electricity was the Archimedean of the world.

We publish herewith some extracts from the discourse pronounced at the funeral of the late Allan Kardec, by Monsieur Camille Flammarion, a highly-gifted scientist of the Paris Observatory, which we are confident will interest our readers.

The "London Spiritualist," from whose pages we quote, contains the discourse entire, and we deeply regret that we are prevented, for want of space, from publishing the whole of it:—

"If the burning and chemical rays which are ever active in nature, are invisible to us, it is because the first are not quick enough to excite our retina, and because the second strike it too quickly. Our eye can only perceive things between these two limits, before and beyond which it sees not. Our terrestrial organism may be compared to a harp with two strings, which are the optic and auditory nerves. A certain class of movements will make the first vibrate, and another class of movements will make the second vibrate; such is the whole of human sensation, more limited even than that of certain other living creatures, of certain insects, for example, amongst which these same chords of sight and hearing are more subtle and delicate. Now there exists in nature not two, but ten, a hundred, a thousand different species of movements. Physical science, therefore, teaches us that we live in the midst of a world that is invisible to us, and that it is not impossible that beings (equally invisible to us) also live on the earth with an order of sensation absolutely different to ours, and without our be-

ing able to appreciate their presence, unless they manifest themselves to us by facts which come within the order of our sensations.

"In the face of these truths, which as yet are only dawning upon us, how absurd, and of how little value does the *a priori* negation of them appear! When we compare the little we know, and the scantiness of our sphere of perception with the quantity that exists, we cannot but conclude that we know nothing, and that everything still remains for us to learn. With what right, then, can we pronounce the word "impossible," in the face of facts that we can ascertain and state, without being able to ascertain even their cause?"

"Here we have an April sun shining in the heavens, and inundating us with its roseate warmth; already the fields awake, the first buds begin to open, the flowery Spring is amongst us, the blue vault smiles, and resurrection is taking place; and yet this new life is but formed of death, and does but cover its ruins! Whence comes the sap of these trees which grow green upon this field of death? Whence comes the humidity that nourishes their roots? Whence come all the elements which will cause the silent little flowers and the singing-birds to appear with the first caress of the month of May? From death! from the corpses shrouded in the sinister night of the tomb! Supreme law of nature—the material body is but a transitory assemblage of particles which belong not to it, and which the soul has grouped together according to its own type, forming for itself organs which will place it in relation with the physical world, and whilst our body renews itself piece by piece by the perpetual exchange of material; whilst one day it falls an inert mass never again to rise, our spirit, a personal being, has ever kept its indestructible identity—has reigned as a sovereign over the matter with which it was clothed, thus establishing, by this universal and constant act, its personal independence, its spiritual essence—unsubjected to the empire of space and time—its individual greatness—its immortality.

"It is by the positive study of effects that we mount to the appreciation of causes. In the order of studies united under the generic denomination of 'Spiritism,' the facts exist. But no one knows the manner of their production. They exist quite as decidedly as the electric, luminous and

caloric phenomena; but, gentlemen, we neither know their biology nor their physiology. What is the human body? What is the brain? What is the absolute action of the soul? We are ignorant of it. We are equally ignorant of the essence of electricity and of the essence of light. It is, therefore, wise to observe all these facts without any foregone conclusion, and to endeavor to determine their causes, which are, perhaps, of different classes, and more numerous than we have hitherto supposed.

"Let those whose view is limited by pride or prejudice not understand these anxious longings of our thoughts, so eager for knowledge; let them throw sarcasm and anathema on this class of studies; we elevate our contemplations higher.

" * * * We shall meet in a better world, and in the immensity of heaven, where our most powerful faculties will be exercised, we shall continue the studies which on earth could only find too small a stage to contain them. * * "

This is the way a Frenchman reported the Brooklyn scandal: "One Grand Ecclesiastical Scandal Great Excitement in New York and Brooklyn—Three Clergymen in Moosh Troubell—Mons. Moulting, Tiltong and Beechare have One Grand Controversee. Mons. Moulting is ze pastor of ze Pleemoz church of New York, discovered by Columbus, Ohio, in 1743. Mons. Moulting iz accuse of taking ze libertee wiz ze wife of Theodore Beechare, who is ze mozare of Onkle Tom, ze blind pianist. Mons. Beechare also is accuse of ze impropare libertee wiz Madame Tiltong, daughter of Susan B. Anthony, ze sistare of Mark Anthony, who was make love wiz Cleopatra. Mons. Tiltong have cruelly cause ze separashong of Mons. Beechare and his wife. She reside in Brooklyn, while he has move into Elizabeth, New Jersey. Ze congregashong of ze Pleemoz Rock church will not permit Mons. Moulting to preesh nevare from zat pulpeet. Ze greatest excitement prevail." Our French friend appears to understand this matter as clearly as though he had a statement to make.

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THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF BOCKLEY WICKLEHEAP.

BY THE SPIRIT-PEN OF CHARLES DICKENS.

Continued.

"Well, Joe, I'm sorry to have put you to so much trouble," answered Jacob, and smiling at the other's remarks, but the truth is I was so engrossed with a matter which occurred at old Poddlegreed's a half-hour since, that I should not have heard any one who did not cry out as loud as you. Walk along with me and I'll tell you about it."

As he finished speaking, he took the arm of Mr. Muffels and, resuming their walk, related to him all that had occurred while he was in the house of Lot Poddlegreed.

"Now there is a mystery about this," he added, when the recital was finished, "which I cannot solve, and the strangest part of all is the conduct of the servant. If she spoke the truth, some danger threatens me, or why else should I need a friend at this particular time, as she says I will?"

"Why didn't you ask her?" was the laconic reply of Mr. Muffels.

"Because I was so astounded that I did not know what to say, and before I could recover from the surprise she had disappeared. One thing, however, I am confident of—that the old woman Strouns, notwithstanding her assurance to the contrary, is no friend of mine, though why, I am at a loss to conjecture."

They walked in silence for a few moments, when Joe suddenly slapped his companion on the shoulder, exclaiming, "I've got it."

"Got what?" enquired Jacob, in a tone of surprise.

"I've solved the mystery," returned Joe.

"Have you," responded Jacob. "Well, I'm glad to hear it. Please let me have the solution."

"The old woman Smilewell has told Mag Strouns, if she did not already know it, that you are an adopted son, with no knowledge of your relatives, even if you have any liv-

ing, and for some reason she has decided to use you as an instrument to aid her in some devil's scheme which she is concocting. I know her for a wicked, plotting old crone; and it's a pity old Poddlegreed don't know her as well as his neighbours do. I've pretty good reason for knowing her, for, as you are aware, I was a clerk with old Lot nearly a twelve-month, and most likely should have been his clerk yet, only for Mag Strouns, and be d—d to her."

"I can hardly agree with you, Joe," answered Jacob, who had listened with interest to what his companion had said. "I fear your prejudices lead you to surmise that which is hardly probable. Even taking it for granted that Mag Strouns is the unprincipled woman you affirm her to be, she could have no object in doing me, an injury. It must be a selfish motive which would induce one person to cause another trouble; but, as it is hardly probable that such a motive exists, in this case, the desire would have to arise from sheer caprice, which I can hardly credit."

"I hope you're right, and I'm wrong," rejoined the other, "but there's no harm in keeping a sharp look-about in this matter, and I believe if that servant should tell all she knows, you'd be of my way of thinking."

By this time, they have reached the home of Jacob Smilewell, an old, and rather dismal looking house, the windows black with grime, with here and there broken panes which had rags stuffed through the holes or dingy pieces of paper pasted over them.

Bidding his companion, who had declined an invitation to enter, good-night, Jacob entered the house, and ascending a flight of stairs, opened the door of a room in which were assembled three persons.

To be continued.

TIME-KILLERS.

An unhappy husband in Cincinnati says he is going to sea in the hope that he'll be wrecked, and live all alone on an island for many years and then come home and find his wife married to another man.

There is a lady in New York who will not permit her children to eat anything of which Indian meal constitutes an ingredient, for fear it will make them savage. She must be the same lady who would not let her children eat spinach for fear it would make them green.

A scientist went out the other night to see what color the wind was, and found it blew.

The man who fancies everything he sees, is not so troublesome as the one who seizes everything he fancies.

A young mother says that she can always tell a bachelor by the fact of his always speaking of a baby as "it."

There is a man in New York who keeps a list of all the banks in the country, so as to be able to say he keeps a bank account.

"Pa, has the world got a tail?" asked an urchin of his father. "No, child; how could the world have a tail, when it is round?" Well," persisted the heir, "why do the papers say 'so wags the world,' if it ain't got a tail to wag about?"

"Pa, what does it mean to be tried by a jury of one's peers?" "It means, my son, that a man is to be tried by a jury composed of men who are his equals—on an equality with him, so they will have no prejudice against him." "Then, pa, I suppose you'd have to be tried by a jury of bald-headed men."

SUMMERLAND MESSENGER

MARCH, 1875.

T. P. JAMES, (Dickens' Medium,) Editor.

CORRESPONDENCE.

All letters for the Editorial Department of THE MESSENGER should be addressed to T. P. James, Boston Mass., and all business communications must be directed to "SUMMERLAND MESSENGER, Lock Box 47, Brattleboro. Vt."

TO ADVERTISERS.

Unexceptional advertisements will be inserted in the MESSENGER at the following rates: EACH INSERTION.

For outside pages, 25 cts. per line.
" inside " 15 " " "

Eight words make a line.

25 per cent. discount for all advertisements inserted for six months and upwards.

Any person wishing to canvass for the MESSENGER, should write to us at once, stating the territory they desire. Our terms to agents are very liberal, and no paper published offers greater inducements.

Mr. NOEL WINTER, of 33 Lafayette Place, New York, is our authorized agent for that city. Subscriptions and advertisements will be received by him, and safely forwarded to us.

In response to numerous inquiries, we would say that we can supply the back numbers of the MESSENGER, commencing with the first volume, or from June, 1874. "The Transit of a Spirit," and "Humpback's Pilgrimage," were each begun in the June No. Of course, the supply is limited, and those desiring back numbers will do well to apply at once. The six Nos. will be mailed to subscribers of the present volume for 50 cts.

MEMORY'S TREASURES.

How much is spoken which deserves no remembrance, and which does not serve as a single link in one's existence, not calling forth one result for other's weal, or thrilling one chord of the better impulses of life! How beautiful to distinguish the pearls from the pebbles in this conglomeration of events, this rushing torrent of scenes both happy and distressing! "To bring order out of chaos," by selecting for memory's store that which is most suited to our taste! For no one can or will receive this chaotic mass without asserting and distinguishing each feature of the component parts.

Our own taste governs us somewhat in this matter. The gift of memory is diversified to different people.

Some have a taste for history, some for literature; others delight in politics; some, too, have a mania for gossip, and can relate wonderful histories of their acquaintances in society; and so on through all the different phases of existence, with its diversity of thought and feeling. Indeed, one can determine by the conversation of people, and noting what subjects are best remembered by them, their tastes and the structure of their minds.

Still, we would not say that our own taste can wholly dictate the subjects which will be remembered, for how sad a reminder is memory sometimes! Many scenes would we blot out of mind and never recall them again, for their memory is bitter. Words which can never be recalled, deeds whose effects on others can never be effaced, how they come, one by one, and tell us how useless our life has been—how vain! Still, these are treasures in disguise, for they are faithful monitors, and are experience's ready prompters.

Memory has been compared to a vast store-house; but this cannot be literally true, for its capacity would then be limited, while in reality the more we learn the greater our capacity. How important, then, that we inure the mind to healthful action instead of feeding it on poison until the habit becomes chronic, and can only be satisfied by its deadly food! Look at this vast world of literature and science; why not delve in its mines of glittering, genuine treasures? It is open to all—placed before us by those master-minds, both here and in the Summerland. With the mind filled with such treasures, and a motive spring of goodness in heart and mind, the power to act and think wisely is improved doubly.

How often do our loved ones from the Summerland utter thoughts born of memory's treasures, which vibrate through the soul, as softening to our hearts as are the clear chimes of the silvery bells when floating on shadowy wings of evening's dawn, recalling scenes so dear, long past, but which, thank God, can never be forgotten.

There were many (and in some instances the wish was father to the thought) who believed that when the Philadelphia "expose," so-called, first came to be agitated, the ship of Spiritualism would founder and all on board would perish. But how different has been the result! Our noble craft merely grazed the bowlder which had come in its path; and with Confidence at the mast-head and Truth at the helm, sailed majestically on her course, as with God's help she always will, on her way to the perfect haven of love and happiness.

We have received from the publishers, R. H. Curran & Co., a copy of that most beautiful steel engraving entitled "The Dawning Light," representing the "world-renowned house," (the home of the Fox girls, at Hydesville,) "and surrounding scenery, where *Spiritual Telegraphy* began its glorious and undying mission of light and love."

"To give the picture its deepest significance and interest, the *ideal* with the *real* was united, embodying spirits—sixteen in number—*without wings*, in form tangible to the sight, enveloped in clouds and drapery of filmy texture, descending through the sky of quickening ether in a winding spiral form, illuminating the entrance to the house and yard around with their magnetic aura, while another—the *immortal Franklin*—robed in white, is entering the door to the room where the light shines from the windows, and where the *first intelligible rap* was heard that kindled to a constant flame the projected electric spark of spirit communion." A large four-page descriptive circular and map of Hydesville and vicinity is sent with each engraving.

Size of engraving, 20 x 24. Price \$2.00.

That the patrons of the "Messenger" may own a copy of this superb work of art, at the least possible expense, we will send it by mail, post-paid, and the "Messenger" one year commencing with the June, 1875, No., for \$2.50.

An old gander was recently killed in Virginia at the age of ninety. The name of the unfortunate boarding-house that drew the prize is not given.

Philadelphia, Pa., Mch 10, '75.

Mr. T. P. JAMES:

Dear Sir—As I happened to be so unfortunate as to subscribe too late to secure the Dec. No. of the "Messenger," I enclose \$1.00 in payment for the coming year, beginning with June, as I want to be sure of having every number of the next volume. I am greatly pleased with the "Messenger." I think your idea of weaving in high-toned secular reading with the spiritual will be productive of much good. May the angels guide and support you in your labors.

Fraternally yours,

B. E. SWIFT.

We thank Bro. Swift for the kind words expressed in his letter, and regret that he with hundreds of others should have subscribed too late for the Dec. No.

We anticipate a greatly increased list with the coming volume which begins with the June issue, and those of our subscribers whose time runs out with the May No., if they intend to renew, will find it to their advantage to imitate the writer of the above letter, and "speak in season."

By referring to our Book List in another page of this paper, it will be seen that we offer a large variety of splendid publications as premiums with the "Messenger" for the coming year.

☞ We are in receipt of the March number of "The Spiritual Magazine," published at Memphis, Tenn., by Rev. Samuel Watson. This No. is full of good things, all of a very interesting nature, and should be in the hands of every friend to Spiritualism. We heartily wish Bro. Watson success in his new undertaking.

A man had better have a millstone tied to his neck and be cast into the sea, than to promise to marry a Texas girl and then refuse. The whole country turns out to hunt him, and he is generally left to grow up with a tree.

A young bride who had been fashionably educated was asked by her husband to attend to the ordering of dinner, as he shouldn't have time to go to market. It is a fact that she blandly requested the butcher to send home a "leg of tongue, seventeen pounds of steak and two halibut."

LIFE AFTER DEATH.

"To you I shall never, never be dead,"
With fleeting breath she softly said,
As on my breast I pillowed her head.

From her cheeks were fading all rosy dyes,
And the light from out of her glorious eyes,
Save the far-away look of Paradise.

The hands I held were fast growing cold,
As the tide of life was backward rolled,
All changed, but the fine-spun hair of gold.

The angel of death had the summons given,
But another stood by the bed that even,
White-winged, to guide to the gates of heaven.

Closer the fingers were twined in mine,
And the face was illumed with a smile divine,
As she whispered "Love, I am ever thine.

"Ever thine, dearest, thine forever;
Death has no power my heart to sever,
As I love thee now, I will love thee ever.

"There comes no death to the soul, O, sweet,
And whatever the change I soon shall meet,
I will come back from the grave to greet;

"To greet as of old and feel the kiss,
That thrilled my girlish nature to bliss,
And give it thee back, as this and this.

"No, love, for thee I shall never die,
Though my home is above the beautiful sky,
And you see me not with your earthly eye,

"Your spirit shall feel that I am near,
Unspoken blessings thrill thine ear,
And you'll know I am ever hovering here.

"I shall come unseen as the perfume of flower,
As the garden mists of the starry hour,
As the sun with its noontide warmth and power.

"Floating down from my spirit-home,
None others will know my touch or tone
O, Love! for I'll come to thee alone.

"Love is stronger than death, than the grave's
deep tide,
As the tide of earth, 'tis of heaven the pride,
And for thee I shall ever live"—and died.

Then came to my ears a song new sung,
The music of harp-strings newly strung,
And the gates of heaven were open swung,

Flooding the earth with a glory bright,
Flooding my soul with a glorious light,
And the smile of an angel clothed in white.

And I know as the zephyr lifts my hair,
Kisses my cheeks with lips pure and fair,
That the hand of my angel-love is there.

I know by the perfumed breath of the rose,
By dreams when earth is sunk in repose,
And my spirit forth to meet her goes,

That her words were true; that beyond the
skies,

Such love as hers never fades or dies,
That she comes to me from Paradise!

LITERATURE AND MUSIC.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Books and music intended for notice in this column should be sent to Lock Box 47, Brattleboro, Vt.

Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, the noted American authoress, has just finished writing a new *nouvellette*, not a line of it ever having been printed before, to which she has given the name of "The Spectre Lover," and has placed it in the hands of her publishers, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, for immediate publication, who will issue it this month in uniform style with all of her previous works. The volume will also contain, besides "The Spectre Lover," other stories by her sister, Mrs. Frances Henshaw Baden, and it will no doubt prove to be one of the most popular volumes ever issued by that author. No words from us are necessary to commend this book to Mrs. Southworth's many admirers; they will find in it no falling off of the power that has made her previous books so attractive to them; the style is spirited and the intense interest sustained to the end. All of Mrs. Southworth's Thirty-eight popular Books are put up in a neat box, price \$66.50, or \$1.75 each, bound in morocco cloth, with a very handsome, newly-designed full-gilt back, and copies of any one or more of the volumes, or a complete set, will be sent to any address, free of postage, or freight pre-paid, on remitting price to the publishers.

"Private and Public Life of a King." 1 vol. crown octavo, with portraits. Adams, Victor & Co., Publishers. Price, \$1.25.

This is a most remarkable delineation not only of George IV., but of his Confederates, Associates and Advisors, as well as of the society of the period. It startled both the Government and the people, and efforts for its suppression so far succeeded that it soon became almost unattainable at any price. Sold by all booksellers.

Mrs. Washburn's forthcoming book bears the title of "Perfect Love Casteth Out Fear." Her previous novels, "The Italian Girl" and "Ina," (the latter published by Osgood & Co.) have earned a good reputation for their author. Lee & Shepard are now her publishers.

A CLERGYMAN'S NARRATIVE.

The following adventure occurred to the Rev. John Jones, of Holiwell, England, while riding in North Wales on missionary business. We give the narrative in the reverend gentleman's own words:—

"When I had performed about half my journey, as I was emerging from a wood situated at the commencement of a long, steep decline, I observed coming towards me a man on foot. On our meeting, he touched his hat and asked me if I could tell him the time of day. I pulled out my watch for the purpose, noticing at the same time the peculiar look which the man cast at its heavy silver case. Nothing else occurred, however, to excite any suspicion on my part, so wishing him a good afternoon, I continued my journey.

"When I had ridden about half-way down the hill, I noticed something moving on the other side of a large hedge, going in the direction of a gate through which I had to pass. He hurried until he reached the gate and then concealed himself behind the hedge within a few yards of the road. I did not then doubt but that he had resolved to attack, perhaps murder me, for the sake of my watch and whatever money I might have about me. I looked around in all directions but not a single human being was to be seen; so reining in my horse, I asked myself in much alarm what I should do.

"The idea of a personal encounter could not be entertained for a moment, for what chance could I, weak and unarmed, have against a powerful man, who was, of course, armed? At length, in despair rather than in a spirit of humble trust and confidence, I bowed my head and offered up a silent prayer. This had a soothing effect upon my mind. At this juncture, my horse growing impatient at the delay, started off: I clutched at the reins which I had let fall on his neck, for the purpose of checking him, when happening to turn my eyes, I saw, to my utter astonishment, that I was no longer alone. There by my side I beheld a

horseman in a dark dress mounted on a white steed. In intense amazement I gazed upon him; where could he have come from? He appeared as suddenly as if he had sprung from the earth! He must have been riding behind and have overtaken me. And yet I had not heard the slightest sound; it was mysterious, inexplicable. But the joy of being released from my perilous position soon overcame my feelings of wonder, and I began at once to address my companion.

"I asked him if he had seen any one, and then described to him what had taken place and how relieved I felt by his sudden appearance, which now removed all cause of fear. He made no reply, and on looking at his face he seemed paying but slight attention to my words, but continued intently gazing in the direction of the gate, now about a quarter of a mile ahead. I followed his gaze and saw the man emerge from his concealment and cut across a field to our left. He had evidently seen that I was no longer alone, and had relinquished his intended attempt.

"All cause for alarm being gone, I once more sought to enter into conversation with my deliverer, but again without the slightest success. Not a word did he deign to give me in reply. I continued talking, however, as we rode on towards the gate, though I confess to feeling surprised and hurt at my companion's mysterious silence. Once, however, and only once, did I hear his voice. Having watched the figure of the man disappear over the brow of a neighboring hill, I turned to my companion and said: 'Can it for a moment be doubted that my prayer was heard and that you were sent to be my deliverer?' Then it was that I heard him speak and utter the words: 'You have much to learn or my presence would seem no mystery to you.'

"Not another word did he give utterance to, though I tried to elicit from him replies to my questions, both in English and Welsh. We were now approaching the gate which I hastened to open, and having done so I waited at the side of the road for

him to pass through; but he came not; I turned my head to look—the mysterious horseman was gone!

"I was dumbfounded; I looked back in every direction from which we had just been riding, but though I could command a view of the road for a considerable distance, he was not to be seen. He had disappeared as mysteriously as he had come."

Sweetness is no protection against injustice. Even sugar can be crushed.

A child is often the hyphen which connects an uncongenial husband and wife.

Two sisters—twins—have to be told everything together, because they are so exactly alike they can't be told apart.

Horace Greeley once said that whether woman was equal to man or not depended on who the man was and who the woman was.

A village in the far west is proud of a woman resident who, when the stealthy savage approached her just pulled off her hair and gave it to him.

Kind words are the bright flowers of earthly existence; use them, and especially around the fireside circle. They are jewels without price, and powerful to heal the wounded heart and make the weighed-down spirit glad.

A Chicago man, who advertises concerning his runaway wife, frankly says, "As I never pay my own debts, it is reasonable to suppose that I shall not pay hers."

The excitement created in a New England town by the report that a vein of copper had been discovered, subsided when it was ascertained that the "vane of copper" was an old weathercock.

A New York minister who came into church during a sudden shower requested another to preach for him as he was very wet. "No," said the other, "preach yourself; you will be dry enough in the pulpit."

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1874, by T. P. JAMES, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

THE STORY OF A HUMPBACK'S PILGRIMAGE.

BY THE SPIRIT-PEN OF CHARLES DICKENS.

Continued.

Mrs. Mellon herself greeted the stranger, who informed her that he was the person for whom lodgings were secured the day previous, and would thank her to show him his room at once.

One would infer, from the stranger's dress, that he was an invalid; as, notwithstanding the day was warm, he was so enveloped about the face and shoulders with shawl and muffler that his features were almost entirely concealed from view. On entering the house, however, he partially removed his wrappings, sufficient to disclose the face of an apparently elderly gentleman, with long grey hair and beard, but with such bright blue eyes that even Mrs. Mellon noticed them and thought they might belong to a much younger man. He was evidently a person of few words, for, aside from telling who he was, and muttering a "thank ye" as she showed him his room, he made no conversation.

On being left to himself, the new lodger hastily locked the door of his room and then very deliberately proceeded to lay aside the wig and false beard which he wore, and disclosed the familiar features of Brassy Jake.

Then divesting himself of his outer garments, he proceeded to unfasten a valise which he had brought with him, and taking therefrom several articles, finally drew forth a bit and stock, used for boring purposes by burglars when engaged in their professional pursuits.

He continued to remove the contents of the valise, apparently in search of some particular object that he did not find, for when the valise had been completely emptied, his face, which had meanwhile worn a cunning smile, assumed a look of astonishment as he ejaculated:

"Vell, d—n my eyes, hif 'ere ain't a go! I could 'a sworn as Parkson told me the plan of the rooms vos

put in; but its certain as it ain't 'ere now. I'm sure, though, as he said the right 'and vall joined Molly's room, so I von't lose any time a-goin' back to Magg's place till I've tried the bore."

He had scarcely finished these reflections, when he heard the sound of voices, and which he discovered as proceeding from the direction in which he had concluded Molly's room to be located. Although he could not catch the words, he could distinguish a voice which he knew to be that of Molly's, and a grim smile overspread his features as he made the discovery.

"No time to lose," he muttered; "I may catch the very vords in the next quarter-hour as vill 'elp me to carry out the vork I've got in 'and."

Thus speaking, with the bit, which he had kept in his hand, he proceeded with great caution to bore through the wall, and, this done, he placed his ear to the aperture but still he could catch the conversation no better than before.

"A closet, most likely," he thought. "Ve'll try it a little nearer the centre." Again the bit was brought to service, and this time with better results, for now, when he stoops to listen, he is enabled to catch nearly every word which passes between Molly and the Humpback.

Now it so happened that there were two rooms adjoining that in which Jake had taken quarters, and what he had supposed to be a closet was one of the rooms in question.

This room was occupied by one Captain Tom Piggins, a retired sea-captain, of limited means, but still possessing enough, by careful management, to carry him through life very comfortably. He was a rough but kind-hearted man, of possibly fifty years, eccentric and, as is not unusual with those who follow the sea, very superstitious. He has had lodgings with the Mellons for over a

year, and his room is a decided curiosity in its equipments. In the centre stands a table of Chinese workmanship, ornamented with dragon's heads and birds of highly-coloured plumage, all inlaid with ivory and pearl, while three Chinese ladies, with such oblique eyes as it is quite painful to look at, are represented in the act of drinking a social cup of tea together. In each corner of the room, upon the floor, lay shells of various shapes and colours, while the walls are covered with stuffed figures of birds, fishes, and reptiles which the Captain has secured during the past twenty-five years, while voyaging to different portions of the globe.

As Captain Piggins cannot content himself to sleep in a bed, he has suspended from the ceiling of his room a ship's hammock, and nothing could tempt him to exchange it for the softest bed of down in London.

It chanced on this particular morning that the Captain, having retired late the night before, in consequence of a friendly set-down with some former ship-mates, had not yet risen from his slumbers when Brassy Jake had first commenced the boring, and the grating noise produced thereby had attracted his attention.

"Rats," he thought; "they think its time I turned out. They're right, too." But still he continued to lie there, with his eyes fixed upon the spot from whence the noise proceeded, and which seemed to be near a shelf on which stood the stuffed figure of an albatross.

As the instrument in the hands of Jake penetrated the wall, it happened to come in contact with the albatross, causing it to move sufficiently to be observed by the captain, who sprang from his hammock in the greatest trepidation, expecting the bird was about to spread its wings and fly.

Several moments having elapsed, and no such marvelous event taking place, the captain recovered from his terror and ventured to approach the spot near enough to discover a slight break in the wall and instantly divined the cause of what he had seen and heard.

To be continued.

For the Messenger.
MY LONE HEART NOW IS SAD.

BY PROF. J. EDWIN CHURCHILL.

In childhood's glad and sunny hours,
 When all was bright and gay,
 The sunshine warm, 'mid fragrant flowers
 I sang the live-long day;
 I lived in one long, sunny dream,
 For then my heart was glad;
 But now I float down life's broad stream,
 My lone heart now is sad.

In youth's bright, happy, joyous time,
 I knew no pain or care;
 I roamed o'er hill, the mountains climbed,
 Sought vales and meadows fair;
 I lived but for the present hour,
 The future seemed so glad;
 But now my life's a faded flower,
 My lone heart now is sad.

In manhood's sober, second thought,
 When joys fill'd to the brim,
 My thoughts in deeds I have outwrought,
 My vision is not dim.
 I look e'en now to Reason's light
 To lead me from the bad,
 My choicest hopes have had their blight,
 My lone heart now is sad.

And now, when age with yellow leaf,
 With faded, scentless flowers,
 Corroding sorrow, care and grief,
 No sunshine gilds my bowers;
 I look beyond this vale of tears
 To a happier land so glad,
 Where there's no death or troublous fears
 My lone heart will ne'er be sad.

Americus, Ga., March 1st, 1875.

◆◆◆
THE GENERAL CHORUS.

We all keep step to the marching chorus,
 Rising from millions of men around,
 Millions have marched to the same before us,
 Millions come on with a sea-like sound;
Life, Death; Life, Death;
 Such is the song of human breath.

What is this multitudinous chorus,
 Wild, monotonous, low and loud?
 Earth we tread on? Heaven that's o'er us?
 In the midst of the moving crowd?
Life, Death; Life, Death;
 What is this burden of human breath?

On with the rest, your footsteps timing!
 Mystical music flows in the song
 (Blent with it?—born from it?)—loftily chim-
 ing,
 Tenderly soothing, it bears you along.
Life, Death; Life, Death;
 Strange is the chant of human breath!

◆◆◆
 He who expects a friend without
 aults will never find one.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

THE ANGEL OF THE HOSPITAL.

Little Meg lay on the sofa in her mother's pleasant sitting-room, with a very discontented expression on her plump, round face.

Everybody knows that a sprained ankle cannot be cured without perfect rest. Mag had not been allowed to put her foot to the ground for a week. Her father carried her into the sitting-room every morning, and Mamma played games, and devoted herself to Meg's pleasure. She had a large family of dolls of all kinds, from wax to paper, besides Snowball, the fat white kitten, who was always ready to play; but she was always out of humor, and did not wish to amuse herself with any of these things; besides, her ankle ached.

And so it happened that when Aunt Mary arrived to spend the afternoon with her pet, she was greeted with a burst of tears and sobs.

Poor Aunt Mary tried soothing and petting in vain, till at last she said, "Meg, dear, I want to tell you about some little sick children I saw in London. Wouldn't you like to hear? I can't begin till you stop crying."

One of Aunt Mary's London stories was not to be despised, and presently Meg said, in quite an altered tone, "Do tell me, Aunt; I won't cry now."

"Well, then, in the mighty city of London there are many people so dreadfully poor that they suffer from hunger and cold and dirt every day of their lives. Now, this is fearful enough for the strong ones, but fancy what illness must be in a crowded room, on a hard bed, with no clean linen, no cooling things to drink, or nice, nourishing food to give strength; without any doctor, very likely, and, in short, with more misery of every kind than you and I could even imagine.

"Knowing this, good people built hospitals, where these unfortunates can have everything done for them to soothe their sufferings and help them to get well.

"In one that I went to see there

were about fifty little patients, divided among four large, airy, cheerful rooms, with pictures on the walls and flowering plants in the windows.

"One little boy named Arthur, I was told, was a great favorite with all the rest, and I did not wonder at it when I spoke to him, and heard his sweet voice and saw the bright smile that lit up his pale little face. He told me with delight that his father and mother and the baby came to see him every Sunday, upon which a little girl in the next bed said sadly, 'I've no mother to come and see me, for she is dead, but,' she added, brightening, 'Father comes, though, once a month.'

"One thing that brightened all was their sweet behavior to each other. Not one bit of jealousy or selfishness did I see, and there was a real courtesy in the way that each one seemed to care that the others should be noticed, too. I could not help contrasting it with the rude self-seeking of many children I have known, who ought to behave better, not worse, than they.

"And how shall I tell you how patient they were? There was no crying or complaining, though some were suffering dreadful pain; and the only noise I heard was a slight moan wrung from the white lips of a little hero, who had been brought in the day before, dreadfully injured by a fall. There was a kind, strong angel in that hospital, whose sweet presence, though unseen, was felt. Yes," whispered Aunt Mary, as she bent to kiss Meg's upturned questioning face, "it was the Angel of Patience, darling, and he will always come to anybody who longs for him, and tries faithfully to keep him when he is here."

The story was finished and Meg lay quite still for some minutes, thinking, with her hand fast clasped in Aunt Mary's. Then she said softly, "I'm very sorry I was so naughty; I don't really think I am more unfortunate than anybody else, and I'll never say so again.

Meg did not forget her promise, and all through the remaining weeks of her confinement to the sofa, the angel of the hospital staid close by her side.

SOUTHERN DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY

PROF. J. EDWIN CHURCHILL, A. M.

FASHIONABLE SOCIETY.

IN THREE PARTS.

Part First.—What Society Is.

The desire to be in the fashion, to act like other people, to conform to custom, is the leading thought of what the world calls "Good Society." But there are those who look deeper than the surface; who have a higher motive, a desire to see the race advance, and who cannot be led or driven by the false opinions of a perverted religion or a positively wicked and demoralizing political control. Man-made laws, either by statute enactment or the result of the customs of undeveloped minds, do not subserve the best interests of humanity, for every one of "high thought" and "noble deeds" will live above the forms and ceremonies of by-gone times; and thus abrogate the Creeds and Rituals of interested demi-gods.

To be conservative, not to be thought radical, to get the credit of being consistent, is the one grand desire of the men and women of the present false, perverted society.

As long as one is poor, and dependent upon his fellows for business, place, position and patronage, so long he will bow down to the power of the dominant party; but let him gain a name, riches and position, and he will snap his fingers in the face of those whom he bowed down to a few months or years before. Every man, when he is strong and wise enough, wishes to be independent.

The "Man-rule" (which cunning and selfishness employs to control) is the lower, or animal side of man-nature, and is used by that class who desire to live from off the labor of others, and revel at the expense of the toil and suffering of the poor. The old doctrine of "Might makes Right" is lived and practiced when they profess to believe, "So do as ye would be done by. The saying that "all things are fair in war," is prac-

tically demonstrated in the warfare, this unnatural Fashionable Life which is called Society.

"Whatever will serve me," says the speculator, "though it crushes the laboring-herd, is my best interest, is my glory, though it make widows and orphans, though it create squalid misery, which is the mother of crime.

While the rich they revel,

The poor they freeze,

There is no level in man's degrees.

To gain the good opinion of others seems to be the whole object of the life-action of the devotees of custom and Fashion.

Innovation, the new departures, are looked upon with suspicion by those who are called prudent, wise and consistent.

Hence, Reformers, New Lights, Rationalists, Free-Thinkers, those who deny Authority, are scouted, hooted at, execrated and ostracised; they are left severely alone to want, suffer and die. Though they may possess superior talent, rare genius, and much learning of the ages; they are looked on with suspicion by those who rule and control society.

They cry "humbug" against any new and better way. "'Tis dangerous to know too much." "Wise above what is written." "Subvert the good old way!" "Break up our Society!"

The teaching of policy to the rising generation is to be "All things to all men." Get money, *honest if thee can*, but get money; this is the thought of the times.

The wish to possess power rami-fies all society, whether secret or popular, sacred or profane, and seems to be the whole incentive to action; they know no other feeling than to *govern* in their society.

Is one sick, in poverty or distress, they must know whether he is in good standing, has paid all his *dues*, never sinned against "our Order;" does he carry his certificate, has he had the Holy hands of ordination laid on him or anointed a saint? All these questions must be answered affirmatively before they can give a "cup of cold water," or shrive him with the last prayer when he is about to die.

What are his antecedents? who were his father and mother? where did he come from? how did he get here?

On Shank's mare, or pony small?

Was he christened with dip or sprinkle, or is he some scape-grace from the Mother of Abominations? These are questions that must be answered before he can have decent burial!

Who can contemplate the tyranny of Fashion without disgust and horror? Men sell their honor, women their chastity, to obtain means to follow this hollow, mocking God,

Whose highest scheme is falsehood deep,

Whose will supreme to make us weep.

It makes woman the child of whim, the slave of silly desire, the devotee of gaudy show; and men dishonest, untrue, and false to their highest convictions of right; leads all into extravagance, and in time will bring sin and crime.

They who follow this soulless creation of folly, will never rise higher than to ape their richer neighbors, and bow down to the silly, sensuous love of gew-gaws, ribbands, laces, paint and powder.

Honest industry is not to be tolerated, they say; no plain neatness in dress honored. The ingenuous, outspoken man or woman is frowned down. They who do not practice hypocrisy, but toil and labor,—the blessing of humanity,—these devotees of Society scoff at, and the hardened hand and sun-browned brow of the self-made man of to-day are made marks of.

To be continued.

We should never take into account second considerations. Act our highest thought. Live our most divine life. Do no wrong, in expectation that some higher power will absolve us from the penalty of violated law.

The work of a truly great man is his humility. Real worth is always modest, and true greatness never is arrogant.

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