

The
Christmas Annual.

EDITED BY
FRANCES BROWN.

CLEVELAND:
E. COWLES & CO., PRINTERS,
144 Superior Street.
1860.



PREFATORY.

DEAR CHILDREN:—

With a glad spirit I am sending to press the first number of the "Christmas Annual."

Your helping hands and your blessed words, have made me happy; and I am half inclined, in consideration of your generous aid, to promise you a Monthly Magazine, devoted exclusively to your interests.

Some of you will be surprised on Christmas morning, to find the Annual tucked into your stockings. Kind friends have sent me a few names, with the money, requesting me to see the Annual sent to the address of some few of their little friends.

A good lady, living in Maine, has given me some money to pay for the Annual for poor children. I know of more than one heart that will be made glad on Christmas day, by this generous donation. How truly the child heart loves and appreciates these little blessings!

You will feel assured, dear children, that you have loving friends among good people when you look through the Annual and see how many good things have been written for you—*expressly for you*.

I wrote to the contributors, asking them if, in their hearts, there was not some prose-gem, love-song, or pleasant story for you. They responded, "yes; yes." And here they are. But I regret that for all the articles

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sent there was not room. I have nearly enough now for the next Annual; so look out for a rich treat in December, 1861.

I hope you will pass very pleasantly the hours devoted to this little book. I certainly hope it contains nothing that is not useful. I know the desire of the writers has been to bless and to beautify your aspiring spirits.

Now, darlings, my work on the Annual has ended. With my blessing and a Merry Christmas, I bid you adieu.

FRANCES BROWN.

Cleveland, Ohio, December, 1860.

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THE SONG OF CHRISTMAS.

BY CORA WILBURN.

Over the land the hearty cheer has sped,
That welcomes me; the festal board is spread;
Light-hearted joy to music's strain is wed.

From happy homes, the shout and song of glee,
From lordly halls, the sounds of revelry;
From blessed hearts, the hymn of liberty;

And mingling strangely with the winter gale,
The ringing laugh; the merry twice-told tale
Of fairy wonders in the haunted dale.

All sounds of welcome and of blissful joy
Greet the calm mission of my earth employ;
Has life below no shadow of alloy?

I question of the gay and glittering throng;
While louder peals the night's triumphant song,
An angel's whisper bids me tarry long

And mark the festal scene; the splendors rare,
The rich commingling of the brave and fair;
The seeming absence of all grief and care.

THE SONG OF CHRISTMAS.

From the red-rose cheek of the sceptered belle;
Whose queenly brow enriched by beauty's spell,
As summer days of life could only tell.

From the gay worldlings heart I cannot gain
One sign of promise, that the kingly reign
Of love and honor, rears its holy fane

Within the soul; whose consecrations aim
Is to the empty semblance of a name,
The tinsel-crown of world-awarded fame!

Through the wild night I hasten sadly on;
And pause beside the hearth where toil has won
The noble conquest that with self begun.

I see the mother; more than royal grace
Enstamped by suffering on the gentle face;
Struggles of heart and hand have left their trace

Upon that chosen one; yet memory's light
Illumes the glory of this trysting night,
Brings the beloved of Heaven before her sight.

The one beloved and beautiful, now stands
A spirit, star-crowned by the angel bands,
Gazing in tender pity on the hands,

All toil-worn, hardened, roughened by the woe
Of earthly conflict with the summer's glow;
The search for bread amid the winter's snow!

The dear departed, as in childhood's hour,
Stand by her knee at midnight's prayerful hour,
I bring a dream of love's perpetual dower.

Alone, bereaved ! the peace that none can know,
Till they have drained the cup of mortal woe,
The watching angel's to her faith bestow.

"Thy will be done !" the low-breathed hymn ascends,
To the star-isles its fervid music wends,
With the the thanksgiving joy of seraph blends.

Awhile I pause within the lowly door
Of the uncared for, world-forgotten poor ;
And learn what truth and virtue can endure.

I see young maidens, and their spring-time bloom
All crushed and fading 'neath the slavish doom,
That wraps their singing hearts in wintry gloom.

Their brows are prematurely marked by thought ;
For them the day with weary toil is fraught ;
No respite by the lingering night is brought.

I see sweet children, pure as lilies pale,
By crystal brooks in summer's Eden vale ;
Their feeble voices mingling with the gale,

Cry unto God for pity ! that in vain
With bare feet frozen, and with bitter pain,
They from the home and love-blest sought to gain !

I see the man bereft of friends and home,
Through the deserted streets despairing roam;
Calling aloud for peace-eyed death to come!

I veil mine eyes and list no more the cheers,
Soul-burdened with the widow's heart-wrung tears;
My spirit trembles with its surging fears!

I hear no more the shouts, the songs of glee,
Oh human hearts! girt 'round with slavery,
Mocked with the counterfeit of liberty!

I yearn to break the proud oppressive reins;
To rend the veil of falsehood that arraigns
To God in Heaven, the forging of man's chains!

I would come to the renovated earth
With festive joy *for all*; with soul-felt mirth,
On the memorial night of Jesus' birth.

Teaching all hearts to do the righteous will
Of the Just Father; and o'ercoming ill
With the soul's mandate: "peace, ye waves, be still!"

Taking the outcast by the helping hand,
Heart-linked into the ministering band,
Of the beloved from the Better land,—

Leading the *g*ang; to the sin-struck here,
Telling of God, all merciful and near,
Unto the longing soul the mourner's tear.

Taking the orphan to my mother breast;
Of the long-tried pure of earth in quest,
Calling the wanderer to my bower of rest;

Bringing sweet peace, "good will to men," I'll flee,
To the far confines of my ministry;
Calling the child-like ones of earth to me.

Leaving my mandates with the chosen few,
That yield their soul's allegiance to the true;
The blessed mandate ever fair and new.

"That ye love one another," as of old,
Again man's consciousness the sign has told,
Upon the pages of the past enrolled.

Farewell! I go to the far tropic climes,
Where silvery clear the music peal of chimes
Echoes the passing of my festal times.

Give to the poor, take to your arms the lowly;
And with the festal season passing slowly
Make life a service to the pure and holy.

COMETS.

BY G. B. POND.

In entering upon the consideration of the theme I have chosen, permit me to refer to Donati's Comet, which the reader will recollect but a little more than two years since, so beautifully illuminated and adorned, as a magnificent torch, the north-western heavens. How glad were we all, especially children, to avail ourselves of the opportunity afforded by each cloudless evening to gaze—some with delight, others with wonder, and yet others with fear and dread—upon this really beautiful and doubtless useful phenomenon.

Now that it has gone, it may seem a little strange that it should have been feared as it was; but in all ages the superstitious have regarded comets as being well calculated, in their mad career, to come in collision with the Earth, and thus *Providentially* destroy its many millions of inhabitants, or as being fore-runners of dreadful calamities, such as wars, famines, and pestilence. But though it did

present the appearance of being somewhat of an eccentric genius bidding defiance—though like a wild giant of the skies, with his long, fiery hair streaming in the wind, or like

A world all ablaze,

it came dashing down toward the Earth, as though it would sweep it from existence, or wrap us all in fire, yet did it rapidly beat a retreat without doing us the anticipated harm. Yes, the earth still maintains its just position among the great family of worlds that adorn the heavens; and the abundance of the late harvest shows it to still be capable of yielding its rich products to the tillage of man; and as for war and pestilence we cannot regard them as existing on a greater scale than formerly, or as being unusually destructive.

As long, though, as superstition prevails, the occasional appearance of these strange visitors will be looked upon with awe and dread. Formerly, they were more generally viewed in this light than they are at the present time. This can be easily explained. We are now living in the broad light of Science and Philosophy. This is an age in which we are inclined to ask for the why and the wherefore of whatever may appear a little out of the usual

course of things—an age in which reason more extensively bears away. It is by reasoning that we are enabled to appreciate the relation of things to each other, and the laws that govern their action; and this, in the very nature of things, must necessarily tend to dissipate the gloom in which superstition enshrouds many of the bright aspects of Nature. This is why there are so few among the enlightened portions of the world who now regard comets with that dread with which they were once looked upon.

The body of a comet is called its head, or nucleus. From this there proceeds in an opposite direction from the Sun a luminous train or tail. This appears to be of a smoky-like substance, through which, stars that are beyond, may often be seen.

The train of Donati's comet, you will recollect, reached up a long distance from its nucleus; but from its appearance you would hardly have guessed it to be 15,000,000 of miles in length, yet such was it computed to be. Though this may seem almost incredible, yet it will bear but a slight comparison to the length of others that have been seen. In the year 1680 one appeared, having a train more than eight times as long, or 123,-

000,000 of miles; and in 1843 another was seen with a train still longer. It was 130,000,000 of miles, which was so long that, as it turned around the Sun, had it pointed directly toward the Earth, it would have completely enveloped us in its mazy depth, and have extended millions of miles beyond.

While some comets appear very large, it requires excellent telescopes to enable us to see others at all.

A remarkable one, which was so bright as to be seen in the day time, made its appearance forty three years before Christ. It was supposed by the superstitious to be the ghost of Cæsar, a Roman ruler, who had just been assassinated.

Comets in passing through the heavens, are confined to a definite course, or have their particular *paths* in which they must keep. In this respect they are like the Planet. (The Earth, on which we live, is a planet.) This course pursued by each comet or planet is denominated its *orbit*. These pass around the Sun. Then in their movements in their orbits they must pass—or *revolve*, as it is called—around the Sun. Lest the reader may get a wrong impression, it may be well to say here, that these orbits are not *real paths*, but are

only imaginary ones, designating the actual course of their revolving bodies. Planets do not revolve around the Sun in an exact circle, but the diameter of their orbits is greater one way than the other. Diameter means the distance from one side to the other. The orbit of a comet is still much longer in proportion to its width. Take a hoop and lay it upon the ground and take hold of two of its opposite sides, and stretch them out till the other sides nearly touch, and you have a very good illustration of its form; then let a marble be placed within it nearly at one end, and it will represent the position of the Sun. From this you see that as a comet approaches and recedes from the Sun it moves nearly in straight lines.

When we first saw the comet to which allusion is made in the commencement of this article, it appeared to be very small, but gradually it seemed to enlarge till it made its nearest approach, it then being 52,000,000 of miles from us, when it began to rapidly recede, and soon passed from our sight. And where, think you, is it now? It is still in its path, but is striking far out into the immeasurable depth of infinite space, where it will be lost sight of for many, many years. Though lost sight of by us, it is not so *lost* but what it will again return; for it

is still under the control of a law of Nature by which it will be kept within its orbit.

To meditate upon the movements of comets in their extensive range, is well calculated to give us enlarged views of the vastness of the Universe. They have been known to pass through the heavens with almost inconceivable velocity—some having moved with a speed of 880,000 miles an hour. The nearer they are to the Sun, however, the faster do they move. Yet, if we consider the length of time it takes them to make a revolution around it—some remaining even beyond the limits of the best telescopes for several hundred years—and the fact that they move almost directly toward and from it, we will readily understand that the distance over which they travel, is indeed immense.

In contemplating the grandeur and harmony of Nature, our capacities of mind will become so enlarged as to enable us to rise above the narrow views of former ages! Let the broad heavens with star-lit beauty be studied, and they will wean us from time-honored errors! But read the hand writing of Divinity on the bright pages of creation, and here will we see much to PLEASE, to INSTRUCT, and to ELEVATE!



OUR BABY.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

The little pet is romping
Every hour of all the day,
As if she were a lambkin,
And hours daisy-banks of May;
She's a winsome little creature,
Pure and beautiful, we say.

Her hair is brown, and curling,
And her forehead white as snow;
Her eyes are blue as blue bells,
And her lips are all aglow;
Her ears, like tiny sea-shells,
Catch all pet names we know.

Her dimpled hands are busy,
As my own from morn till night
With mimicry of world life,
And aspiring for the right.
She's the sunlight of the household,
Filling every heart with light.

Our baby's feet have started
On a never-ending track,
Her little soul will travel
Evermore, ne'er turning back—
We have given her existence,
She can never give it back.

Her rose-bud heart is opening
To the sun and storm of earth;
Would from each rain of sorrow—
Would from true affection's dearth—
I could shield it till death's baptism
Gives the soul a holier birth.

We cannot choose but love her,
With her heart like mountain snow;
We ask Thee, God, to keep her,
Ever innocent as now;
Grant the years which bear her onward,
Wreath no night-shades on her brow.

JENNIE.

"Do you see the angels there? They have come for me," said little Jennie Pratt, and then closed in death her eyes.—*N. E. Spiritualist.*

Dear human bud! The world is cold, and dark, and stormy. Falsehood, hate and calumny are here; they will steal thy blushes and thy beauty; they will turn to wormwood thy life-cup, and sadden thy joyous heart.

A viper is concealed among the green leaves in thy path. It is a charmer. It will lure thee from thy sweet seclusion, by idle tales of the glory and the grandeur of the great world. It will rob thee of thy priceless purity, and then leave thee but a wreck of beauty and of loveliness.

Joy! joy to thee, my child! The good Father has kindly sent his servant, Death, to unlock for thee the gates of the Celestial Garden, and an angel awaits to transplant thee in all thy glorious beauty, to where the sky is cloudless, and where there falleth neither light nor mildew.

Calumny, with its hydra train, is not there, my child ; and the charmer that allures to destroy, is not found upon the banks of the river of life.

Dear immortal flower ! the angels have come for thee. Close the dreamy lids over the blue eyes ; put back the sunny tresses from the marble brow ; fold the dimpled hands gently and lovingly over the pulseless heart ; kiss the cold lips, and bless the disinthralled spirit that has gone to join an angel band in their upward, onward way.

FRANCES BROWN.

THE TWO PRAYERS.

BY MISS A. W. SPRAGUE.

"Please give me a penny to buy some bread,"
A poor little girl to a lady said,
One Christmas morn, as she went her way,
To the House of God this prayer to say,
(*Almost the prayer that the poor girl said*)
"Give us this day our daily bread."

The child looked wretched, and cold, and forlorn,
As though it wished it had never been born ;
Homeless and friendless, its poor little feet
Kept wandering upward and down in the street ;
And this was the prayer its white lips said,
"Please give me a penny to buy some bread."

And the lady heard, but she answered not ;
She had friends and wealth, and she gave no thought
To the poor, half-starving, half-frozen child—
At whose coming and going, no friend ever smiled—
Yet prayed at the Altar with low-bowed head,
"*Give us this day our daily bread.*"

But while she was praying, the poor girl's prayer
Would mingle with hers in the stillness there,
And the Virgin Mother and precious child,
From the wall looked down, but they never smiled,
While the Christ that hung on the torturing tree,
With his sad eyes said, "Ye have done it to me."

Then the Organ's tone filled the trembling air,
And the choir was heard in a song-breathed prayer,
Commencing like this, "Our Father, who art"—
But oh, so changed seemed her favorite part,
Did she hear aright? for she thought it said,
Please give me a penny to buy some bread."

And a sweet light stole through that solemn place,
Till she saw with such rapture, an Angel face,
Her own darling Minnie, her worshipped child,
Who in robes of light, bent o'er her and smiled—
"God loves *her*, mama," then the dear one said,
"Please give her a penny to buy some bread."

Then a strange, sweet thrill through her spirit swept
Till her heart grew soft, and the lady wept.
From the Altar rose, and along the street,
She sought till she found those wandering feet;
"I will answer her prayer like the God," she said;
"I will give her this day her daily bread."

Then she took her home from the crowded street,
And bathed her face and her bleeding feet,
And dressed her in robes of her own dear child—
And thought how in heaven that loved one smiled—
"God has answered now *my* prayer," she said,
As she gave her that day her daily bread,—

"For my heart was starved for my Minnie gone,
I will put in her place this motherless one.
I did not see, but I see it now,
That she has such eyes, such a mouth and brow;
I'll love her and guide, I'll shield her," she said,
"God has given us *both* our daily bread."

BE KIND.

Be always kind to aged people. Speak lovingly and reverently to them. Be ever ready to render them any little act of kindness they may need. The boy who is not gentle and attentive to his mother and grandmother, will very likely be a selfish and unkind husband.

I saw a fine-looking young gentleman in Richmond, the other day, turn away from a beautiful girl and give his strong arm to her grandmother for a walk. Lula smiled approvingly. In that smile I read, "You are a good fellow and will make a blessed husband."

FRANCES BROWN.

A CHILD'S NOTION.

"PA," said a young urchin of tender years, "does the Lord take the papers?"

"Why do you ask such a question?"

"Because our preacher, when he prays, is so long telling Him everything, I thought he was'n't posted."

GIRLS' RIGHTS.

"Have little girls any rights, mama?" asked little May T., who had been tucked away in a "corner," to listen to a prosy discussion upon "Women's Rights."

"Little girls any rights?" Yes! darling; but they know as little about them as the caged canary knows about fresh air and woodland boughs. Like a canary, you are caged in a room nearly as hot as Nebuchadnezzar's furnace. You have a right to be out singing with the birds; leaping and laughing with the unbound streamlets. You have a right to frolic with the winds; to receive the warm kisses of the sun; and to grow strong, brown and rosy-cheeked.

Children are human poems—wild, sweet songs, that you can no more measure and metre, than you can set the song of the wind and the waves to the tune of "Old Hundred." Nature never designed little girls to be prim, and proper, and lady-like. She wants them to be just as she made them: good, loving, and happy.

"Little girls any rights?" Yes; a right to run, jump, swim, skate; a right to the use of the hoe, spade, axe, and everything that will make them strong and healthy. The world is overrun with little, sickly nervous children, that have grown like hot-house plants, and like them they will fade and die with the early frost; and all because they do not have their rights.

I wish little girls would call conventions, get up resolutions and make speeches in favor of their rights. I wish they would send petitions and protests to the legislators, demanding their rights, and protesting against the outrages heaped upon them by quack doctors, ignorant parents, and society generally. Then something would be done.

FRANCES BROWN



I'VE CAUGHT ANOTHER SUNBEAM.

BY MARY H. WILLBOR.

I've caught another sunbeam,
Said the elm tree stretching high;
I've caught another sunbeam,
A leaping from the sky.
And now my branches graceful,
Play in its waves so bright,
While my leaves all young and glossy,
Are quivering in its light.

I've caught another sunbeam,
The rose bush said with grace,
I've caught another sunbeam,
To paint my velvet face.
And now each virgin floweret,
Shall ope its tiny well,
To catch the dropping glory,
Within its burnished cell.

I've caught another sunbeam,
The verdant corn sheaf said,
I've caught another sunbeam,
To bless my plumed head.
Each round and rolling pebble,
To the ripples gentle sway,
While each glad breeze shall whisper,
A low and loving lay.

I've caught another sunbeam,
Sang loud the emerald sea,
I've caught another sunbeam,
In its virgin purity.
And in my snow-wreathed cradle,
I'll rock it tenderly,
While each gay roving billow,
Shall sing forever free.

I've caught another sunbeam,
Said the butterfly and bee,
We've caught another sunbeam,
From yonder tulip tree.
Now while the buds are dreaming,
We'll ope their caskets wide,
And with our fingers cunning,
The honey we will hide.

I've caught another sunbeam,
Said a spider in his home,
I've caught another sunbeam,
To light my palace dome.
I'll swing upon the willow,
I'll hum in sweetest strain,
Until the flies are netted
Fast by my silver chain.

I've caught another sunbeam,
The little brooklet said,
I've caught another sunbeam,
And now I'll surely wed.

I fold my tender children,
In robes of finest silk,
And clasp them to the fullness,
Of my overflowing milk.

I've caught another sunbeam,
Said the meadow green and fair,
I've caught another sunbeam,
For shining blades to wear.
And while the lambs are lying,
Upon my loving breast,
This ray shall weave around them,
Hours of sunny rest.

I've caught another sunbeam,
I heard the soft breeze sigh,
I've caught another sunbeam,
The singing birds reply.
Now quick unto the woodland,
We'll bear it on our wing,
And with our songs of triumph,
We'll make the old hills ring.



A FEW HINTS TO BOYS.

Do not pass your evenings in drinking-houses, nor tell simple-minded girls they are the loveliest creatures out of heaven.

Do not think it manly to swear and smoke. Good people will think less of you, and you will soon lose your own self-respect—the greatest of losses.

Be industrious; idleness is the parent of crime. But see that your time is profitably employed.

Healthful amusements are as useful to mind and body as spading the ground and studying algebra.

Never be ashamed of your “old fashioned” friends; they are of more genuine worth to you and to the world, than a ton of sickly, simpering, sentimental fashionables.

Respect a man for his goodness and not for his broad-cloth and whiskers.

If you love the girls, love *them*; but see that it is not the tinsel lace and their fathers' gold you are loving.

FRANCES BROWN.

THE OCEAN GOD.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

Oh, cannibal sea, what a tale you would tell,
Could I sieze you by powerful genii's aid,
And drag you before me in garments arrayed,
Of those who have fallen beneath your cold swell.

Let us meet on yon clift, your time-lasting throne,
Come tell me the blackness of many a crime,
How thy heart never melted, by gurgling groan,
But wrapped the brave strugglers in blanket of slime,

On a nautilus-shell he came to me there—
A nautilus-shell from the Indian shore—
Drawn by dolphins as fleet as birds of the air,
Undaunted by danger, or storm-demons roar.

He came to me dripping with salt-sea slime,
Beard and hair grey with sea-moss of many a year,
His teeth were of pearl-shells of many a clime,
His eyes of red-coral so thrilling and clear.

His great jetting brows were formed of sea-grasses,
His hat, a great sea-shell, the gift of his queen—
Queen of the mermaids whom no one surpasses,
Whose smiling attention preserves the waves green.

But he wore not the robes of those who are lost,
His vesture a cloud from the low setting sun,
When they wrap him in mantles of Indian cost,
And great veins of silver through all the coast run.

Like winds in deep caverns, his low, hollow voice,
As rudely the breeze shook his locks as it passed,
The waves danced with rapture and wildly rejoiced
At the sight of a lord none other surpassed.

“ Why, wretch, do you curse me with many a crime?
Do skies blush to witness, or waves tell a tale?
When the Wind-god howls o’er me in slumber-time,
And mad Furies thrash me with their iron flail;

I rise, deeply angered, in all my stern might,
The conch-shell sounds hollow through all ocean’s halls,
And my armor I gird, and rush to the fight,
The Wind-god to conquer, or conquered to fall.

Woe your ships then; we care not for trifling toys,
On the waters we rage, piling waves on waves,
Until of the combat we wearily cloy,
And seek our retreat in the coralline caves.”

He went. His sleek dolphins were proud of their freight;
The sea foamed behind him in merrisome glee,
Like a sea-bird he sped in mist from my sight,
And behind him was left the slumberless sea.



THE NARRAGANSETT PACER.

A STORY OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BY FANNY GREEN.

"GRANDMOTHER has promised to tell us a story to night," said Carrie; and at the magic word the children all gathered around the dear old lady, who thus began:

"My grandmother was a beautiful little black-eyed French woman. She had a beautiful name, too. It was Louise Lamorne, but for shortness she was generally called little Lu. She was brought to this country when a child, and lived with her parents in the south part of the State of Rhode Island, which was then known as the Narragansett country. It was so named from a powerful tribe of Indians who once owned all that part of the country.

"In the time of my grandmother, many Indians still lived in the neighborhood. They were, for the most part, kind and good, seldom doing any mischief to any one who did

not molest them. They had been taught by the example of their great Chief, Miantonomo, who loved Roger Williams, and was a good friend to the first white people that came there.

“But it often happened that bad men among the whites would do very wrong things. They would treat the Indians as if they were not men, like themselves, and make them do many things which *they* would not have liked to do. But good Roger Williams on one side, and Miantonomo and Ninigret, the Niantic Sachem, on the other, always did the best they could to soothe the Indians, and to make the White people, who had come to this country and taken their lands away, more just and generous.

“The Indians believe it is right to be revenged on their enemies. That is, when any person has done them wrong, they think they ought to make him suffer. And sometimes, when neither of the Chiefs was near by to restrain them, they would get very angry, and do things that made their best friends sorry. But that was their way; and they believed it was right.

“There was another Sachem who lived over

in Connecticut, and was named Uncas. He was cunning and cowardly, but the White people liked him because he was willing to do all their dirty work.

“He pretended to be a good friend to the Whites; but he was all the time watching for a chance to injure the Narragansetts, who lived just over the line, in Rhode Island. He was jealous of Miantonomo, because he was a great Chief, and he was afraid the White people, of whom he had a very high opinion, might, sometime, take him into favor, and thus introduce a rival to himself.

“He knew that Miantonomo was much beloved by Roger Williams, the Founder and Father of Rhode Island; and he was determined to put him down. So he taught his men to do him all the wrong they could. They spoiled his Hunting Grounds, and they killed his people. He also did much wrong to his neighbors, the Yengees, as the Indians called the Whites. He robbed their storehouses and killed their people, and then laid the mischief to the Narragansetts. Then the Yengees of Massachusetts would get very angry. They punished the Narragansett men and insulted their Chief.

"At length Miantonomo could not bear it any longer. He thought it his duty to protect his own people. And as a free Chief he had a right to do it."

"To be sure he had!" exclaimed Tommy; "and if I had been there I would have laid every man flat, that so much as thought I had'nt!"

"And so would I, too," said Walter. "I have read a great deal about the Indians, and it always seems to me strange that they have done so little mischief as they have, when we have given them such great provocation. I mean to help Father Beeson, the good man that is working for the Indians, all I can. When I heard his call for a convention to help the Indians, read in our church the other day, and so little notice taken of it, I thought I must speak in meeting if I am a boy."

"So did I," said Carrie. "And I mean to get up a Sewing Society among the girls, to make clothes, and help the poor little Indian orphans."

"Good! good!" was echoed all round.

"I wish I was old enough to go to Congress," said Walter. "I would try hard to do something."

"So would I," said Tommy. "I'd knock 'em all down, and pitch 'em head first, out of the Capitol, if they didn't do right;" and he made the emphasis stronger, by a side-long motion of the head with every big word.

"I dare say you'll all be very good and very brave, my little dears," said grandmother. "But you will see by and by it is more difficult to put everything right, than you imagine. But I was telling you of Miantonomo.

"He went into the Mohegan country, where the people of Uncas lived, and set about putting things right—the best way he could. This was just what Uncas wanted. He called his men together privately, surrounded Miantonomo, and took him prisoner. He then sent and told the White people of Massachusetts what he had done.

"They had no right to touch the Narragansett Chief—not so much as to harm a hair of his head; for it was his duty to protect his people; and he had borne a great deal before he attempted to do so—not because he wanted courage, but because he loved Roger Williams, and could not bear to raise a hand against one of his race. But the Governor of Massachu-

setts condemned him to suffer death; and Uncas killed him with his own hand.

"In this very cruel and wicked way perished a good and great man, who never would have injured any one, if he had not been wronged. He was generous and noble, even to his enemies. All he sought was freedom and justice, for himself and his people, and no one had a right to forbid, or to restrain him. Roger Williams said that Miantonomo was the best friend Rhode Island ever had; and he knew what he said. He protected the first White people that came there, and stood between them and danger.

"A Chief like this, so brave and so true, would naturally be much loved by his people. And when he was slain, there was nothing that could keep down his men, and prevent them from taking revenge on the murderers of their Chief. As it always happens in such cases, the innocent suffered for the guilty; and every thing that wore a white skin, was marked as an enemy. It is just so now in the borders of our country, where women and children are murdered, because wicked men rob and kill the poor Indians.

"It was about the time I speak of, that my

grandmother had to go to a place some miles distant, without any protector but her own brave and innocent heart. Her brothers were away, and there was no one but herself to be trusted with a very important message, which her father, who was ill, had to send to a person living at Mashapaug, in the neighborhood of Providence.

"She was mounted on a spirited little horse, that had as true a foot and as easy a tread as any of her race. Bessie was indeed a beautiful creature. She was of a dark brown or bay color, with a rich shining coat, which her loving young mistress not unfrequently dress'd with her own hands. Her limbs were very slender and delicate, the head finely formed, and all the motions extremely light and graceful. There was a white star in her forehead; but what gave her a very remarkable expression, was a ring of black around the eyes, which made the soft, loving orbs deeper and darker."

"O," said Carrie, "she must have looked like the Eastern ladies, with their lids and lashes stained with henna."

"That's just the horse for me!" exclaimed Tommy. "Whip her up, grandmother, and let her go!"

"Your remark is perfectly just, Carrie," quietly returned the old lady. "I have often thought of the same thing myself," and she laid her hand gently on the head of the ardent boy who had crept close to her side, and was looking up earnestly in her face, as she went on. "Bessie was very gentle, but she had a great deal of spirit, for all that. She would never allow any one to mount her but her own dear Mistress, who had first won her to the saddle; and when Little Lu drew up the light rein, she would first turn her soft eyes toward her, to see that all was right, then toss back her head, bringing it down with an arching neck; and a prouder creature you never saw. She would amble off with a pace that seemed more like swimming, or flying, than walking on the ground."

"O, wasn't that a real Narragansett Pacer?" asked Walter.

"Yes, my son, Bessie was not only a Narragansett pacer herself, but the Mother of the Race, which are now acknowledged to be the best saddle-horses in the world."

"Isn't that beautiful!" "Isn't it wonderful!" "Isn't it queer?" and many such exclamations, broke forth all at once from the animated and delighted listeners.

"And we'll tell Uncle John," said Tommy. "Don't his little brown Bob look like her? he has just such eyes, rings and all."

"I should'nt wonder if they were related," said Anna.

"They are," answered Grandmother ;— "Your Uncle could doubtless trace it all back. You see in this resemblance of the eyes, how our traits cling to us, even through our children's children, for many generations. How careful we ought to be, then, to cultivate what is healthy and true, both in mind and body."

"I dare say you are right, Grandmother," said Tommy ; "but I never liked the work so well as the story. It is'nt in me."

"There is a great deal of good in you, my dear boy, which you don't know of quite yet ; but it will come all in good time," she answered, wiping her spectacles, which somehow or other, always moistened when she looked into the bright young eyes that were now bent so earnestly on her own.

The children were called to order by Carrie, and the Story-Teller went on again.

"Bessie loved to hear the sweet voice of Lu, singing or talking, as she often did in the lone ways they went, for company ; and they freely exchanged good opinions ; for Bessie

thought there never was such a mistress as her own Lu ; and Lu thought there was never such a horse as Bessie.

“On the day I speak of, after having been to Mashapaug, Lu thought she would go back another way, because it was shorter, though her friend, Mrs. Fenner, discouraged it because she had heard that there was an ambush of Indians near by the road, in the swamp which she would have to cross, with no path but a narrow causeway, where the road was filled up with round stones, and deep tangled swamps on either hand. Near night it would be very dark and unpleasant there, to say nothing about the Water Snakes that might be met in too close quarters for comfort.

“‘As to the Indians,’ said Lu, as she sprang lightly from the ground to the saddle with a single bound, ‘I have never done them any wrong, and they can’t hurt me. And as to the snakes,’ she continued, lifting the rein and patting the glossy head that turned so lovingly to her, ‘we are not afraid of them ; are we, Bessie ? So good day, Mistress Fenner, and give yourself no uneasiness. The bad penny always returns.’

“Thus saying, she touched her little riding

whip to the glossy ears, and away they went—she and Bessie—with such good faith in each other they had little fear of anything.

“She had been detained longer than she had anticipated, because the Good-Man, Fenner, was from home when she arrived; and now she must make up for lost time. An instinctive sense of danger kept her from singing; but she occasionally cheered Bessie with a soft musical whisper, which was answered by a vivacious pricking up of the pointed ears, and sometimes by a turn of the beautiful head; and then she would dart forward more fleetly than before, as if to make amends for the momentary delay. And so they passed safely through the swamp, and over the causeway, without being either frightened or annoyed.

“It was almost dark when they came in sight of the Bald Rock at Apponaug and to the Amakawee, which, though a small stream, was now swollen almost to a gulf by a late freshet. What was the dismay of the young heroine, when she saw fragments of logs that had formed the bridge, floating down the stream. Her worst fears were confirmed. The bridge was all gone, except the timbers it had rested on. There was one in the middle

and one at each side. These were called the string-pieces; and below was the deep, black water, rolling and dashing angrily. She looked at the narrow timbers, and then at the flood below; and her head swam, and her heart fairly froze with horror, though a brave little heart it was, as ever maiden had, in those times of danger, when real courage was so much needed, even in the common affairs of life. Could she trust her little true-footed pacer in so dangerous and terrible a way? They had gone over many bad places together, but never anything like *that*.

"Bessie grew restless, expanding her nostrils, and pricking up her ears sharply, as if she felt more than she could express. What could she do? That was the question Little Lu asked herself. But she could not answer it. At first chills, and then fever-like flames came over her. By turns she burnt and froze, with anxiety and terror. When she looked at the beam and the water below, every particle of her flesh recoiled, and seemed to cry out against it. But when she thought of turning back, there was a deeper voice in her soul that seemed to say it was impossible. She was not long undecided. In the pause

she thought she heard footsteps behind. Turning her head, she saw a sight that lashed her into the madness necessary for the daring she must invoke."

"O, what was it? What was it, Grandmother?" exclaimed the children, all together; while the staring eyes and rising hair betrayed the painful interest they felt.

"There were several Indians running out of the woods, a little way behind; and when they saw her look back, they began to yell and hoot; and the noise they made was awful to hear.

"Dreadful as the danger was that lay before, it did not then seem as bad as that which followed behind."

"O, *did* she go over?" cried Annie, with a shudder.

"To be sure she *did*," said Charley. "She couldn't go back."

A shiver ran over the children; and even the older ones were almost ready to cry. Again the bright young faces became pale, the moist eyes glistened, and the hair rose in the breathless excitement that oppressed them.

"Was she drowned there, Grandmother, away down in the deep, dark water?" whis-

pered little Hatty, nestling her fair head under the folded corner of the old lady's white neckerchief, as if she, too, saw something frightful.

"No, my dears," answered Grandmother. "she was not drowned, or I might not have been here to-day to tell you her story. She was then a young girl. Afterwards she was married, and became the mother of my father. I have heard her tell the story often. When she got to the bridge she generally made a pause; and my heart, too, seemed to stop. Though I had heard it so many times, I could not get used to it. I never shall forget how the liquid jet of her beautiful eyes would deepen, as she cut short the suspense by saying, in her sweet musical tones, 'I whipped up my little Narragansett Pacer, and away I went!'"

"And *did* she do that?" "And *is* that a real true story you are telling us?" cried Tommy and Anna, in a breath.

"It seems just like a fairy tale," said Carrie, quietly; "but Grandmother says it *was* about her Grandmother, and it must be true."

"Yes," answered the old lady, "it is a true story, and a real history."

"There," said Tommy, "we are getting along. We don't hear those little made-up things now. We have real *histories*—and about our own relations, too," he added, with an important air.

"But you forget," said Walter, "that we interrupt the story. For my part, I think it is the most wonderful thing I ever heard, and I want to know the end of it."

"With shut eyes," said Grandmother, "and a heart so still it did not seem to beat, she let the rein go quietly, resigning herself entirely to the truthful instincts of the animal. And Bessie was worthy of her trust. At first she stopped short before the timber, in sheer astonishment, as if she, too, had rights in the case. But after one look in her dear mistress' face, which was followed by another fierce yell from behind, and a more energetic touch of the whip, she seemed to comprehend the whole matter. After really touching the timber and finding it solid, she was inspired, and went over with a step that seemed more like flying than anything else. And yet it was so true that it never for a moment faltered, or varied an inch from the mid-line of the narrow way.

"What became of the Indians?" asked Carrie. "Did they follow her?"

"No," answered Grandmother. "The moment she reached the ground they gave a great shout; for there is nothing they admire so much as real courage. Then she knew she was safe.

"With a heart full of prayer, and sweet thanksgiving for her safety, and her beautiful eyes dim with tears, she paused, and turning toward them, waved her hand with a sign of peace.

"Then she quickly unclasped the girdle from her waist and held it up so that all could see it. Even at that distance they knew the belt of Miantonomo, which the great Chief had once given to the maiden, when he had been entertained at her father's house. The sight of it affected those men strangely. They tossed up their bare arms toward Heaven, as if invoking his spirit. They whirled and sprang with strange gestures, uttering low and mournful cries; and it was some time before they were quiet. The Chief, with a real delicacy, would not let his men go over to her; though they wanted to tell her, in their rude way, how much they were pleased. He thought she might be afraid of them, and therefore kept them back.

"She went home safely. And when her mother heard of the two-fold danger she had escaped, she fainted away.

"The Indians were always good friends with Little Lu after that; and they protected her father's house in the most dangerous times. On her marriage evening, the Chief, who was one of the guests, presented her with an elegant little basket, and a pair of moccasins, embroidered with shells and porcupine quills; and he told her husband that the heart of the little squaw was a big brave.

"This is all I have to tell you now of my Grandmother, Little Lu, and Bessie, the Mother of Narragansett Pacers."

PROVIDENCE, R. I.



TO MY LITTLE FRIENDS.

BY CORA WILBURN.

Little children ! our good Father
Smiles upon us all in love ;
From his treasure-house of mercy,
Showers blessings from above.

Gives the rose its glow of beauty,
Drapes the azure canopy.
To the fair and pearl-like lily,
Gives the charm of purity.

Sweetly smiles our loving Father
In the glory of the light ;
And our souls uprise in worship,
'Neath the starry joy of night.

God is where the tempest's passing,
Breathes its purifying power ;
In the winter's snowy stillness,
In the summer's golden dower.

Everywhere, sweet Nature breathing,
Pours out incense from her shrine ;
Stream and flowret, wave and blossom,
Point unto the One divine.

All unseen, yet ever present,
Dwelling in each form of life;
Bringing joy, and peace, and wisdom,
Out of closing earthly strife.

God is where the mountains tower,
Stern and lofty to the skies;
Where the flower-enameled valleys,
Bear the hues of Paradise.

God is where the heart is weary;
Where the soul is sad, forlorn;
And his holy Spirit dwelleth,
With the heart by faith upborne.

God is with us, little children !
Ever in his blessed sight,
Shall we not love one another ?
Scanning falsehood, love the right ?

God is with the little orphans;
Happy spirit-mothers' come,
To the lovely ones here weeping,
From the blessed spirit home.

Loving fathers, brothers, sisters,
Helpers, friends from heavenly spheres,
Will allay your tender sorrows,
Kiss away your falling tears.

Come from other worlds of beauty;
Bless you with their love and truth,
And your hearts by angels guarded,
Bask in God's eternal youth.

Love each other, little children !
Do not speak the angry word ;
For its ever rolling echoes
In the Spirit lands are heard.

Ever raise in love and blessing
The fraternal little hand ;
Then will the beloved angels
All the holy teaching band,—

Come unto your hearts and household ;
Dwell forever by your side ;
And the holy peace of heaven,
Will within your hearts abide.

Oh, be patient, little children !
With your loved ones gentle be ;
Ever trusting, good and faithful,
Learn of Immortality !

COTTAGE REST, LYNN, MASS., October 21st, 1860.

THE RELIGION OF CHILDHOOD.

BY MISS LIBBIE LOWE.

DEAR YOUNG READER:—

I imagine I see your joy-lit eyes fixed upon this page, and a soft voice whispers, “O, do not write about Religion!” but like a naughty girl I am not obeying; for, to me, there is something very sweet in the childish face, and when its language is understood we love it as we love the grassy plain, the laughing wind, and the starry dew.

Yes, the Religion of Childhood is the bright soul-flush of budding intellect, instead of the hateful frown of fear; the tender heart-song of heaven, instead of the cruel cries of hell. And when I see the hope-smile flit across the brow of childhood, and feel the lips warm and tremulous touch my own in unstained purity, and hear the little heart beating with strong emotions that unfold the spirit-wings of thought in the infant’s breast, I almost think Childhood’s Religion is the altar of peace, and childhood’s heaven the place where Nature’s angels are.

All the "articles of faith" in Christendom do not present the high-toned trust, the unsullied love and crimson star which shone on the Ark-dove's breast, that sparkle in the happy eye, and glows in the love-born soul of childhood.

I would rather be surrounded by romping boys and girls, whose religion is "Do good and be happy," than all the long-faced ministers in the universe!

In truth, my little pets, the great green forest, mossy banks and rock-preachers, the winged choir and praying leaves, is the church for you! Here the religion of childhood can never lose its beauty-pearls nor grow dark in manhood's hour.

Beautiful childhood! the religion of Nature is thy religion, and the star-lips of God murmur thy songs.

Sweet human flower! Ye shall lead us to the still waters of peace, and bless even hoary-headed age.

Oh! Religion of Childhood! the *Faith of old age*,
Nestle close to the world-heart sweet Dove;
Speak "Peace" to the tempests that fearfully rage,
And sing the sweet song of heaven-born love.

THE CHICKADEE'S SONG.

BY FANNY GREEN.

On its downy wing the snow,
Hovering flyeth to and fro—
And the merry school boy's shout,
Rich with joy is ringing out—
So we gather, in our glee,
To the snow-drifts—Chickadee !

Poets sing, in measures bold,
Of the glorious gods of old,
And the nectar that they quaffed,
When their jeweled goblets laughed !
But the snow-cups best love we,
Gemmed with sunbeams—Chickadee !

They who choose, abroad may go,
Where the Southern waters flow,
And the flowers are never sere
In the garland of the year ;
But we love the breezes free
Of our North-Land—Chickadee !

Every little feathered form
Has a nest of mosses warm ;
There our Heavenly Father's eye
Looketh on us from the sky ;
And he knoweth where we be—
And He heareth—Chickadee !

There we sit the whole night long,
Dreaming that a spirit-song
Whispereth in the silent snow;
For it has a voice we know;
And it weaves our drapery,
Soft as ermine—Chickadee!

All the strong winds, as they fly,
Rock us with their lullaby—
Rock us till the shadowy night
Spreads her downy wings in flight—
Then we hasten, fresh and free,
To the snow fields—Chickadee!

Where our harvest sparkles bright
In the pleasant morning light:
Every little feathery flake
Will a choice confection make—
Each globule a nectary be,
Filled with honey—Chickadee!

So we never know a fear
In this season cold and drear;
For to us a share will fall
Of the love that blesseth all—
And our Father's smile we see,
On the snow crust—Chickadee!

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

A FRAGMENT OF MODERN SCRIPTURE.

BY EMMA HARDINGE.

" Who is there at some period of their early youth, that has not been referred to the Bible as authority upon human life and conduct? When little children err, how common a mode has it become among their Teachers, of disposing of their pros and cons by which their offence could be analyzed, and clearly set forth in its causes and effects, by turning to the history of Elisha—the bears and the little mocking children—and thus save half an hour of judicious reasoning, by a few minutes' injudicious terror. When young men are to be warned off from the gambling table and play-house, they have the fear of husks and swine food forcibly held up to them in the touching picture of the prodigal son; large and little fibbers are constantly warned by the fate of Annanias and Sapphira, whilst of the fate of the young man, who, sleeping under the preaching of St. Paul, fell from an upper win-

dow, &c., &c., is one of the most orthodox incentives which pious parents can present to sleepy and unappreciative listeners to keep awake under somnolent preaching.

One of the most pathetic and to my mind attractive models that has ever been forced through Bible prestige upon human humiliation, is the story of the poor Widow with her two mites. While I have always regarded the warnings of the Bible, (*as presented* by such teachings as the above,) as far too awful and sacred to belong to anything but the Bible—as somehow connected closely with Sunday, best bonnets, and long faces under them, no play, no enjoyment, and the very most solemn bearing that youth could ASSUME, so these warnings, have become too intensely *Sundayfied* to be appreciated at any other time, place or thing, and by being invariably mixed up with external bearing, restraint and gloom, are generally presented in too awful a form to connect themselves with simple daily practice and too conventional to affect us beyond the tympanum of the ear. Not so with the poor Widow and her mites. I wonder if there was ever a very poor supplicant at the bar of public Treasuries, who had not some tender though dim memory of the gentle,

humble ones of earth, by whom their bitter necessities are so invariably responded to, on the principle that "the poor man alone, can feel for the poor man's moan;" when straight-way rises up the vision of the very poor Widow, with two very small mites—her rich heart and richer possessions in the Treasury, where hearts, not mites, are the current coin.

My aim, in this fragment, however, is not so much to deprecate the custom of referring to the Bible for models of imitation and warning, as referring to that as the *only scripture*, the *only model*, the only warning;—"prove all things—hold fast by that which is good," will serve to-day as well as yesterday; but to those that the all things of this passage does not mean *one* thing only, and that there are scriptures of every-day life, writing themselves upon every foot-print of our pilgrimage, if we would but search within and around us instead of without and behind us.

Permit me to refer to one little incident occurring on the page of modern times and daily history, and though in those respects, perhaps, unworthy of record as teachings, if weighed by its intrinsic worth. I cannot help thinking it only wants the prestige of a

thousand years antiquity to make it a real passage of Scripture.

Last 24th of February, 1860, on a certain Monday evening, I undertook to deliver a lecture in the city of Cleveland, Ohio, in aid of the funds of an Institution Farm, endeavoring to found for the reclamation, refuge, and instruction of fallen outcast women.

The subject (the Magdalene, her faults, woes, degradation and wrongs, together with all the piteous details which must necessarily grow out of a true presentation of this most harrowing subject,) worked its legitimate effect upon a throng of the most intelligent and humanitarian minds it has ever been my pleasure to address. The house was very full, and some of the most respected and respectable of the inhabitants of Cleveland composed the chief of my auditory. At the close of the lecture, and in response to a most touching addenda to my own remarks, tendered by my kind "High Priestess," Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, who officiated as one of my chief aids de camps on this occasion, the audience rose almost en masse, and, pressing forward to the platform, wrote their names on the subscription lists, and poured their dollars into my

Trustee's hand, with a noble haste and generous impetuosity that entered a protest forever against the doctrine of universal depravity in the city of Cleveland, at least. On the verge of this well-dressed throng stood, as I am informed, a little lad without shoes or stockings, with a very questionable looking jacket, and a yet more sorry looking cap on his head; at first the child looked wistfully at me, but, as in my central position and oratorical prominence, I seemed to offer a too formidable treasury bar to the little bare-footed subscriber, he shuffled about until he reached Mrs. Brown, and recognizing that, by common consent, she is the approachable of every threadbare figure, especially in the shape of a little boy, he doffed his questionable cap, and, respectfully holding out his hand with two pennies in it, said, bashfully, "please take that, Mrs. Brown, IT IS ALL I HAVE." O, Dollars and Cents!—gold, silver, lace, and rustling silks!—how paltry cold, unmeaning and illusive you showed before the low pattering of those little bare feet, as they quickly sought shelter amidst the crowd, and carried their thrice blessed owner out of sight before the many bystanders, who noticed the act, had time to

tarnish it with their worldly praises, or alloy it by the presents which many a kind but injudicious heart would have bestowed. The boy is not known here, but his true mark is made in heaven, and the best monument that can ever be upreared to the gem of tender sympathy which welled from his heart in the rough coating of two copper pennies, will be found in the brick which they shall lay in my intended refuge for the homeless; the lost; sheltered and saved by such acts as these.

Read barefooted boy for poor widow,—pennies for mites,—Cleveland for Jerusalem, and then ask whether you need to search back 1800 years ago for the scriptures which shall point out the way to the kingdom of heaven.

THE MERRY CHRISTMAS.

BY MISS MARY H. WILLBOR.

One early morning, as the stars grew pale,
'Ere the sun had smiled on the forest bare,
The King of the Weather a council held
With his courtiers, all in the upper air.

"Ho, ho! my brave men! a herald from Earth
Has brought ye a message for Christmas morn;
We must weave them a carpet, fair and white,
And the North-Wind will sing them her sweetest song.

All the rivers, flowing so bold and free,
We will bind, anon, with our crystal chains,
And deck the crown of the gentle tree
With jewels that gladden the fairy fanes.

The curtainless window, glass-cold and dead,
Jack Frost must drape with his silver sheen,
'Till each pane shall laugh at the flowerets rare
That open their feathery foliage there.

Go, whisper the glad Merry Christmas
In the midnight's solemn pause,
And carry to many a sleeper,
The greeting of old Santa Claus."

"Away, away!" the North-Wind cried,
Gay as if to a wedding;
With our happiest holiday faces,
We'll do our master's bidding.

"Pipe up your voices cheerily now!
Give each lone house a shaking!
Merrily fan the Yule log's flame,
'Till the babes' in its glare are waking.

"Come on, ye flakelets, spotless and fair;
Give good St. Nich a greeting;
Dance to the measure of his happy heart
That with loves and kisses is beating.

"The earth has opened her ample breast,
With life and love to embrace ye;
Now nestle ye there, till the children all,
With their gladdest welcome greet ye."

Tripping lightly as they go,
Sing the glad sprites of
THE SNOW.

"Soft and silent we are coming,
Glancing, dancing o'er the sea;
Bright as fairies, warm as feathers,
Light and merry hearts have we.

"Over field and over forest,
Over mountain, over glen,
Dance we with our downy footsteps.
O'er the homes and paths of men.

"Gently tap we at each window ;
But our feathers fine will droop,
If we linger by the fireside ;
So we leave the wandering group.

"Tumbling rudely o'er each other,
Whirling, twirling, rushing out ;
Hurried by the North-Wind's whistle,
Madly now we dash about.

"We will make the children happy,
With our coat of purest white ;
Eyes will brighten, cheeks will redden,
While they make the snow-balls light.

"Swiftly glide they down the hill-side ;
Rushing past the cottage door ;
Minding stumps nor rounded pebble,
Troops behind and groups before.

"True it is their steps may crush us ;
True the sun may part our band ;
But while love or hope remaineth,
We will chain each other's hand.

"Firmly we will cling together,
For our life is short at best ;
We will strive to make all happy,
And in blessing, we'll be blest.

Hark ! we hear a happy chorus,
And it's rich notes rushing o'er us
All the winds prolong ;
Cheeks as red as ripest cherry,

Bounding hearts and voices merry,
All are pouring, rich and strong,
In the joyous

SKATER'S SONG.

"Every cloud the sun is sweeping,
From his walls of pearly blue;
Now they run, like frightened babies,
Now they laugh with me and you.

"For Jack Frost, we see, is busy
Fastening to the idle bank,
Ice-gems to confine the waters,
Where the birds but lately drank.

"Polished as a silver mirror,
Smooth and glib as finest glass,
Sparkling in the merry sunbeams—
Who can let good skating pass?

"Ah! the skates will soon be ready;
Clasp them on the nimble feet,
All must try the charm-ed surface;
Youth and age as equals meet.

"Chasing round the golden moments—
Catching roses from the air—
Drinking health from each bright spirit
Peeping from the sunbeams there.

"Motions full of swaying music,
Swelling, twirling, whirr and whiz;
Dashing, darting, swift as lightning;
Do you know how good it is?

While anxious looks are keeping
Watch by the still fire-side,
And bright eyes there are peeping
Way up the chimney wide,

A "merry, merry Christmas"
Is shouted loud and free;
A "merry, merry Christmas!"
They sing around the tree.

And as the good old Santa Claus
Throws open his rich stores,
They kiss his cheeks so ruddy,
And laugh him out of doors.

For a long way o'er the mountain
He must carry on his back,
All filled with love's kind tokens,
His richly teeming sack.

And as he doffs his red cap
To each little laughing one,
With eyes brim-full of gladness
He sings, with serious fun;

"Good bye, dear, happy children;
And remember what I say—
By doing good to others,
You will make a holliday;

"And thus, by your kind actions,
Prolong the happy cheer,
And in your own sweet spirit,
Keep Christmas all the year."

WHAT AND WHERE IS HEAVEN.

BY LYMAN C. HOWE.

THE first aspiring thought of childhood is to know more of Life and Heaven. Ignorance has blackened the soul's visions, and religious teachings have barred the gates of the future, and thrown a gloomy pall over every thought of things Spiritual.

Hence, growth begets hatred of Religion, because it is presented in pictures of horror.

Not lone since I met a sweet, promising child, whose face was a mirror of Heaven, and from her mother's lips I heard the story of her religious teachings at Sabbath School. The vision of hell was so deeply stamped upon her unsuspecting soul, that she often awoke from hideous dreams, shrieking with fear of torment. The harmony of her innocent life was thus broken, and long was she mocked by the man-made phantom of endless woe. She knew no reason for such cruelty, but accepted her teacher's words, not once suspecting that he could be wrong or do wrong. With such

teachings all the beauties of Heaven and of life were lost to little Ida in the doleful fears of death and damnation.

Dear, trusting children! Forget the false lesson of ignorance, and ask of Nature "What and where is Heaven?" She will answer you "A place of happiness." Ask again, "Where shall I find it?" and she will tell you, "Where life is most, there is most of Heaven."

Yes, Heaven is within your own heart, and wherever your heart goes, there is *your* Heaven. You need not wait to die to find Heaven, for the good God hath made everything beautiful for your heart to enjoy.

The dear words of a loving mother as she kisses your cheek and bids you "good night," and prays the angels to guard you, make you happy, and that is Heaven. When you join in sweet music with loved ones at home, and take each others hand in love and trust united, then you enjoy Heaven. When you sport upon the green banks and among the flowers, your hearts are glad, you rejoice that you are alive, and so in your own breast there is Heaven. Then we may all be in Heaven if we will. We all shall be in Heaven when we learn that Heaven is born of our own lives.

But if we let hate, distrust, selfishness and bad thoughts arise, and do wrongfully to others, then there is "War in Heaven," for our hearts are not peaceful, and we must feel sorrow within.

Heaven is most when there is most of life; but if our feelings are wrongful, and our hearts are throbbing with hateful emotions, we hear not the music of love that trills in the voice of zephyrs, nor see the sweet pictures of life that the flower's breast wears for our eyes. But when we do wrong our Heaven is veiled, and all we look at is tinged with the frowns that lurk within our minds. If we feel mad at our brother, we have no smile for our dearest friends; because, our Heaven has lost its love-flowers and our hearts have no sweet odors for any. Then there is no *real* life to our Spirit, and so our Heaven is not there. Then our greatest hope is in the developement of the Heaven-germ within us. All the Hell we need to fear is the dark thoughts and evil desires that we allow to choke the pure flowers of Virtue and Truth in the Soul-garden of life.

Would you be happy, dear young reader? Then *study to do right*. For in doing right, every enjoyment your soul seeks will ultimately

be found. Should fortune cross your hopes, and your soul feel to complain, think that there is an eternity before you and it is wreathed with smiles. Look up then, and smile your anguish away, for you cannot be happy while you brood over trouble and temporal disappointment. If you see a friend do wrong, ask your own soul if there is not some *feeling* there as wicked as the *act* you condemn in another. If so, strive to cast it out, and keep free from self-condemnation. We often merit the chidings we bestow upon others. If we see clearly our own faults, we shall feel to forgive others for similar ones. If we purify our own feelings, we shall see glimpses of Heaven in everything that reflects upon our soul.

Heaven is rich with love, and to fully enjoy Heaven we must feel no hatred.

Do you ever swear? Then love is wounded and your feelings are harsh and the joys of your life are marred. True feelings that make you happy never swear. You never swear at those you love; then if you love all you will not swear at all.

O, then study the Religion of love and harmony, written in simple lessons on your

tender heart, and breathed in flowers of affection from every soul, and life will grow more beautiful, Heaven less mysterious, death less terrible, well-doing more easy and agreeable, and your heart will ever sing the melodies of Heaven, and in the simplest language of the soul the question of Heaven will burst spontaneously out in the heart-song, "Heaven is harmony, harmony is love, and love is the immortal Savior of every human Spirit."

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

BY DR. JAMES COOPER.

CHILDHOOD is like the little stream
That dances down the hill :
Singing many a happy song—
A sparkling little rill.
The little flowers, on banks of moss,
Like buds of coral gleam ;
While little boats, with streamers gay,
Float swiftly down the stream,

And BOYHOOD is a noisy brook,
Fast running through a glen,
Gathering nuts, and leaves, and sticks,
And scattering them again !
His flowers are roses, wild, that bloom
On rocky precipice,
Where he may climb and danger court,
But footstep never mis-

THE YOUTH is like the rivulet,
Bounding through field and wood,
Singing the hopeful song of life—
“ I will be great and good.”
His flowers are sweet forget-me-nots,
Bound up in bunches rare,
And placed upon some fair maid's breast,
Or twin'd amid her hair !

MANHOOD 's a mighty river that
Is rolling to the sea,
Gathering from each hill and dale,
A tributary fee ;
His flower, the *golden* aster,
He clasps unto his breast,
And pursues the glittering bauble, wealth,
To *sun-down** in the West !

OLD AGE a placid river is,
That sinks beneath the sand,
That TIME, in mighty rifts, has thrown
High up on either hand !
His flower, the frost-rose, cold and pale—
* The last of Flora's train,—
Is clasped within his wither'd hand,
And soothes his dying pain !

*California

BELLEFONTAINE, O., October, 1860.

THE LOST RIDE;
OR,
CORRA BERT'S HOLIDAY.

BY LOLA DEFORCE.

"GONE?"

"Yes, dear;" and the smile beaming from the motherly face of Mrs. Willton gave place to a more serious expression, as she noticed the look of keen disappointment that passed over the fair face of her young questioner.

"I'm so sorry," said Corra Bert, the little girl who stood looking through her tears, at the face of Mrs. Willton, "for I meant to go with them, and I know they will have such a good time."

"They waited for you, Corra," said Mrs. Willton, "'till they thought something had occurred to prevent your going."

The beautiful eyes of Corra were full of tears as she thought how happy she would have been to have went with the party, and wondered why they did not call for her, as it would

have been but little trouble to them and so much pleasure to her, for she could then have gone with their party.

Corra was a beautiful girl of twelve years, and in her short life had endeared herself to all her acquaintances, both for her sweet, amiable disposition, and her unselfish devotion to an invalid Mother—who claimed the almost constant care of her affectionate Corra—who performed every little act of kindness required of her, without a murmur or complaint.

Mrs. Willton's children, Belle, Lizzie and Willie, had, with several of their young playmates, gone out for a sleigh-ride, to which they had invited Corra, who readily consented to accompany them should her mother be well enough to admit of her absence. She had anticipated so much pleasure with her young companions, and a ride in Mr. Willton's new sleigh filled with warm robes, and drawn by a spirited pair of horses, with the addition of merry sounding bells, had kept her awake many hours the night previous to the day on which the "ride" was to come off. Having been so much confined caring for her mother, she felt doubly anxious to improve this opportunity, if it were prudent to leave her sick parent, and finding her mother

willing to let her go, she made preparations as hastily as possible in order to meet the company at Mr. Willton's at the time appointed; but with all her haste she did not arrive till long after the hour, and then to find the party had gone without her.

"Sit down, Corra, and get warm," said Mrs. Willton, leading her to a richly cushioned seat near the grate, in which was burning a bright fire. "I regret that you did not arrive in time; the children would have been glad to have had you gone," remarked Mrs. Willton, after a short pause.

Corra had not sufficient control over her feelings to reply calmly, yet with a slightly trembling voice, said, "I was afraid I might be late, and hurried as much as I could, but Ma wished me to do several things before I left; besides, I had a long distance to walk, and the light snow makes the pavement slippery."

"They would have told James to drive round for you, but we concluded as it was late, that your mother was not so well as usual, and you were prevented from going," replied Mrs. Willton.

Corra made no reply but arose to leave.

"Come again this evening to the party, will

you?" anxiously inquired Mrs. Willton, as she waited on Corra to the door; "Belle will be so happy to have you, besides they will be unhappy to learn of your disappointment, if you do not come to share the pleasures of the evening, and say you are willing to forgive their thoughtlessness in not calling for you."

"I will see," replied Corra, as she politely took her leave.

Belle Willton and Corra Bert were near of an age, and had been quite intimate friends. Lizzie was younger; but Will was over two years Belle's senior. All were kind-hearted, and much attached to Corra, but the fact that she had been so little with them during the winter, they hardly thought it possible that she could accompany them in the "ride," though she expressed a strong desire to go, and thought probably she might.

The young folks started off in high glee, with their happy, smiling faces peeping out from amid the warm comforters, hoods and furs in which they were enveloped, giving evidence that joyous, happy hearts were beating beneath.

We will leave them to enjoy their ride, and return to Corra, whom we left returning home from Mrs. Willton's.

Leaving the elegant mansion of Mr. Wilton, Corra proceeded without interruption for some distance, when turning a corner suddenly, she beheld a little girl a short distance in advance of her, seeking to regain her footing, having apparently fallen from rapidly walking upon the slippery pavement, at the same time losing hold of a carefully rolled up bundle, which had by the force of the fall bounded out into the snow, several feet from where the little girl now stood.

Corra approached and assisted to arrange her shawl that had fallen from her shoulders, and handing her the package that she had picked up, enquired if she was much hurt by the fall.

"Not much, thank you, only my arm aches some," replied she, in a low, pleasant voice.

Raising the sleeve of her dress, Corra found her arm badly bruised and considerably swollen.

"What is your name, and where do you live?" asked Corra.

"Mary Ellis," she answered; "and I live on N—— street."

"So far from home; and how cold you must be with such thin clothes on," said Corra, as she surveyed the little trembling form before

her. Tears filled the little girl's eyes at this, whether from the pain in her injured arm, or the thought of her condition, was not revealed, but turning 'round hastily, she said to Corra,

"I must hurry and carry the work to Mrs. D—, for it was promised this morning, and she will be waiting for it."

"Wait," said Corra, quickly, "I will accompany you, as I am going by on my way home."

Passing along towards Mrs. D—'s, Corra learned that Mary's mother was a Widow, who, by her needle, supported three children, of whom Mary was the eldest. Her father had passed to the spirit-land a year before, leaving them in very destitute circumstances, with no near friends or relations to assist them.

Mary's mother had promised to complete a rich garment, which required a large amount of stitching, for Mrs. D—, and send it home that morning. A sick baby had prevented her from finishing it as early as she had promised, consequently the haste which caused Mary to fall and injure her arm.

Approaching the residence of Mrs. D—, Corra assisted her to ascend the steps leading to the door, and rang the bell. The summons was answered without delay, and the little

girls were ushered into the private sitting room, where Mrs. D—, observing Corra, expressed much surprise to see her with poor little Mary. Corra soon explained the occurrence which brought them there in company, at the same time remarking "that Mary was thinly clad for such a cold winter's day, and that by the fall her arm had been badly bruised."

Mrs. D— was usually kind-hearted, but disliked to be intruded upon by poor people's troubles. Being well acquainted with Corra's mother, and much interested in Corra, she paid some little attention to Mary, and giving her the money for the work her mother had sent, presented her with a thick, warm cloak that one of her own girls had outgrown, while it was yet very good. Thanking her, Mary arose to go, and Corra accompanied her.

Once more in the street, Mary began to converse freely with Corra, who felt very strangely attracted to the little stranger, and when arriving at Mrs. Bert's residence Corra felt loth to leave her, and catching the sad expression of her pale face when about to say "good-bye," she resolved to accompany her home, and saying, hastily, "Wait a moment; I'll see if Ma will let me go home with you," she bounded

up the steps and entered the house, before Mary had time to remonstrate.

"I was too late for the ride," exclaimed Corra, as she entered her mother's room and met her look of surprised inquiry, "but wish to spend the afternoon in another way," she added, hastily.

"How, or where, my child," questioned her mother, kindly.

In reply, Corra narrated in a few words, her little adventure, and closed by saying, "She looks so pale and sad, Ma, and her arm pains her very badly, I do wish to go home with her, and perhaps I can be of some assistance to her mother, who she says is very poor."

"Well, go, my dear, but do not be gone long," said Mrs. Bert, and Corra, with a joyous step, soon rejoined her little friend, and they were soon hurrying along toward the humble home of Mary Ellis.

On entering the small and scantily furnished room, where poverty was painfully apparent, Corra observed that an air of neatness pervaded the entire room, and the sweet, though sad smile with which Mrs. Ellis welcomed her child, for whose return she had been anxiously looking, seemed to dispel the cold, cheerless

aspect of everything around her. Observing that Mary was accompanied by a stranger, she bade her welcome, in a pleasant voice and asked her to be seated.

Corra at once proceeded to state the circumstances which had brought her home with Mary, as an apology for her unlooked-for appearance, which was received by Mrs. Ellis with many warm thanks for her kindness to Mary, who was so much pleased with her present from Mrs. D—, that she had nearly forgotten her arm, till the warm air of the room caused her to feel the pain more acutely, and being at once examined by her mother, was found to be much discolored and swollen, in consequence of her fall. It was soon kindly cared for, and nicely bandaged by soft bands. Some time must elapse ere she could use it, and as she was the one her mother depended upon to run of errands, it seemed too bad to be thus disabled, when her aid was so much needed.

"Be patient, my dear child, we will be cared for, I trust, and not be obliged to suffer more than we have," said Mrs. Ellis, as the tears came to little Mary's eyes.

"Yes," added Corra, "and if God sends the good angels to guard us, as Mrs. Willton says He does, perhaps your father in the spirit-land

will console you by his watchful care over you."

The tears were falling fast from Mary's cheek, and her mother was so much overcome by the recollections of the past, that she dared not trust herself to speak, but the look of gratitude which she bestowed upon Corra, told how grateful she was for the few words of comfort, the first she had received in many months.

Having remained some time, and knowing how needy Mrs. Ellis was, Corra took her leave, with a promise to call again soon, and a firm resolution in her heart to bring material aid as an evidence of the genuine sympathy which she felt for the poor and destitute.

Hurrying home, she acquainted her mother with the particulars of her visit to Mrs. Ellis', and failed not to lay before her the project she had in view, if her mother would allow her to spend the evening at Mrs. Willton's.

Mrs. Bert gave her consent, and Corra with a light heart, hastened to discharge the few little duties required of her, and was, ere long, ready to attend the juvenile party.

As she was about starting for Mrs. Willton's, a visitor was announced, and on his appearance, Corra found it to be Willie Willton, who had

come to accompany her. He apologized for not calling for her in the afternoon, and expressed a wish that the pleasures of the evening might fully compensate for the lost ride.

On arriving at Mrs. Willton's, Corra was warmly welcomed by the family and others of the company with whom she was acquainted.

The beautiful parlors were brilliantly lighted and everything looked so cheerful and pleasant that Corra soon joined a score or more of happy hearted little folks in the joyous amusements of the evening, apparently without a thought of the sorrow and suffering she had but a few hours before witnessed.

Notwithstanding the appearance of thoughtless gaiety, she was busily revolving in her mind how she should accomplish the object which, more than all else, had induced her to attend the party.

At last, a favorable opportunity occurred for her to narrate the adventure of the afternoon; and in conclusion, she, turning to the eager listeners that had gathered around to hear the story, said, "I have thought, since we are so happy and comfortable, how we might do something to make others happy, and wish to make a proposition."

"O, let us hear it!" cried a score of voices, simultaneously.

"Well, as you are anxious to have me inform you of my wishes, I trust it will meet with your hearty approval."

"I promise to aid you before you state your proposition," said Willie Willton, looking up to the pretty Corra, whom he thought possessed the warmest heart of any one he ever knew.

"And I, and I, and I," chimed in many others.

With this encouragement Corra said, "I think we could not spend the remainder of the evening any pleasanter than to go to Mrs. Ellis' and carry whatever presents we can procure from our parents and philanthropic friends, or purchase with the money given us to spend as we please, on this, our holiday. And to commence with, I have twenty-five cents to buy some bread; and Ma promised me this afternoon, several articles of clothing, should go to benefit poor Mrs. Ellis, if I wished to take them."

"Oh, I will give as much," said Belle Willton.

"And I," said the little Lizzie, who had listened with tearful interest to the recital of Corra's account of little Mary's accident.

"And I will give fifty cents that 'Pa' gave me this morning to spend for confectionaries," said Frank Hedden, a generous boy, of ten summers.

This was followed by similar promises from nearly all the company, and in a short time Corra had the satisfaction of knowing that her project was working finely.

"I will assist you somewhat," said Mrs. Willton, as she came toward the group of little folks, and smiled her approval of their charitable enterprise.

"Oh, thank you," said Corra and Belle eagerly, in the same breath, and the latter continued, "How, my dear Ma?"

"Listen and I will tell you. James will soon return with Mr. Willton, and then he may take as many of you as can ride in the sleigh, or as many as would like to go, and drive to the grocers, where you can purchase some things for Mrs. Ellis, and then to Mrs. Ellis' house—Corra acting as Pilot, of course," added Mrs. Willton.

"Oh, won't that be nice!" exclaimed Lizzie, with delight. "May'ent I go, Ma," continued she, looking pleadingly into her mother's face.

"Wait, my dear, till we see how many can go," replied Mrs. Willton, kindly.

In a few minutes the sleigh was at the door, James having returned with Mr. Willton, from his office, and all as happy as good fortune could make them, gathered around him to make known their plans, and received his approval, and the unexpected addition of a whole dollar in money to the sum that had already been raised by the little company of youthful philanthropists.

"What shall we buy with all the money?" asked little Nellie Darling, who had contributed her mite with the others.

"Oh, we'll let Willie or Corra manage that," replied Frank Hedden.

"Yes, Corra shall, for she knows best," said little Lizzie, "for she's been there"

"Let each buy what they choose, Lizzie, dear," interposed Corra, pleasantly; "perhaps that would be better."

The dispute about the purchases was soon ended by Mrs. Willton, who suggested that each should buy what was most needed, beginning with the largest sum of money. This was at once agreed to, and the little company were very soon started on their mission of Love and Mercy.

The single sleigh had been changed for the

double one, by the accommodating coachman, James, whilst the girls were getting on their things ; and in a few minutes the light-hearted company entire were at the grocers, where Willie, with the dollar his father had added to the fund, purchased a small sack of flour ; and Franky Hedden had bought a paper of tea with his fifty cents ; Lizzie and Belle had purchased several pounds of sugar. Corra, according to her promise, bought some bread ; others of the party united their money and procured a large roll of butter and a tin-pail to carry it in ; besides several articles of luxury, dried fruit, raisins, &c.

Having expended their money they hastened into the sleigh again, and were driven to No.—N— street, where Mrs. Ellis lived. The sound of the merry bells had aroused Mrs. Ellis from a deep reflection, and when it suddenly ceased beneath her window, she arose from her sewing and looked out upon the half-deserted street. Everything was brilliant and animated in other parts of the city, but none but the poor, who know no holiday, lived in that locality, consequently the streets were deserted at that time of night (after 9 o'clock), and everything wore a gloomy appearance.

"Whoa!" said the driver, as he reined up before the miserable dwelling that Corra designated as the home of Mrs. Ellis. The little folks bounded out with haste, and following Corra into the dismal room occupied by Mrs. Ellis, they piled their several parcels upon an old table standing against the wall.

"Oh, bless you, Corra, you are an angel!" exclaimed Mrs. Ellis, while tears choked her further utterance.

Lizzie stood crying from sympathy, whilst the others were delighted to know that their charity was worthily bestowed.

James, the driver, had brought up the sack of flour, and deposited it with the other gifts upon the table, and then Corra gave the names and contents of each paper, and then concluded by saying, "the girls composing the company will send a package of clothing for the children, on the morrow."

Mrs. Ellis had recovered her self-possession sufficiently to thank them for their kindness, and between her smiles and tears asked blessings upon them all.

"How is Mary's arm?" asked Corra, as they were about to depart.

"Her arm has pained her considerably, till

about an hour ago she fell asleep, and seems to rest well," replied Mrs. Ellis.

With a wish for her speedy recovery, and a promise to call again, the little company took their departure, with the blessings of one grateful heart following them from the prayerful lips of the widow.

In a short time they arrived at Mr. Willton's, and with eyes filled with tears of joy and sympathy, they narrated the effect their gifts had produced upon the poor woman on whom they were bestowed.

Happy was Corra Bert when she returned to her home that night, for she had befriended a poor afflicted family, and by the act had made an impression on the minds of her young friends that never lost its power over them to influence them for good.

All those who joined her in aiding Mrs. Ellis, became her fast friends; and in after years, when the anniversary of the holiday was being celebrated, a beautiful woman came unexpectedly into their midst, and revealed her name. She was found to be none other than the little unfortunate Mary Ellis of other days.

Willie Willton was then master of the old

homestead, his father's beautiful mansion, and the gentle Corra Bert its happy mistress.

Good spirits had sheltered the young philanthropists, and lives of usefulness and honesty, had brought them a rich reward.

Corra Bert, now Corra Willton, often reverts to her "lost ride," as the happiest day of her life, for "the bread cast upon the waters," returned to her in after years.

THE following beautiful poem was sent, by the author, for the Annual. It has, he says, been previously published, but it will lose none of its freshness on that account.—Ed.

'TIS SWEET TO BE REMEMBERED.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

O ! 'tis sweet to be remembered,
In the merry days of youth,
While the world seems full of brightness,
And the soul retains its truth ;
When our hopes are like the morning beams
That flash along the sea,
And every dream we know of life,
Is one of purity.

'Tis sweet to be remembered,
As the Spring remembers Earth,
Spreading roses in our pathway—
Filling all our hearts with mirth.

O ! 'tis sweet to be remembered,
In the summer-time of life,
Ere we reach the burning summit,
With our weight of woe and strife ;
To look backward through the shadows,
Where our journey first begun,

And the golden-flow'ers of Mem'ry
Turn their faces to the sun !
'Tis sweet to be remembered,
As the breeze remembers day,
Floating upward from the valley,
O'er the pilgrim's weary way.

O ! 'tis sweet to be remembered,
When our life has lost its bloom,
And every morning sun we meet,
May leave us at the tomb ;
When our youth is half forgotten,
And we gaze with yearnings fond,
From a world where all are dying,
To the deathless world beyond.
'Tis sweet to be remembered,
As the stars remember night,
Shining downward through the darkness,
With a pure and holy light.

THE ROMANCE OF A TASSEL.

BY MRS. L. M. WILLIS.

"Well, my children, I suppose I must redeem my promise and tell you another chapter in my life," said my Aunt Susan. We all drew our seats closer to her and listened with eager interest.

"It was a bright day in winter, clear and cold, but gorgeously beautiful. Every leafless twig was covered with white spray, and glistened in the morning sun like the gems that shone at the Prince's ball. The sleet of the day before had formed a crust on the snow which flashed back the sunbeams as if it sought to throw back the glory that it received, just as our hearts, my children, should seek to give forth the brightness of God's love.

Within our cheerful home everything was as radiant as the morning; the great logs sent forth the ruddy heat, the steaming kettle warned of breakfast, and there was the busy rattling of dishes mingled with the fresh joyousness of children.

We were to have a sleigh-ride, and the principal topic of conversation was, the delightful morning and the promise of pleasure; I was old enough to feel all the enthusiasm of the occasion, and yet to temper my feelings with quietness. My Cousin Kate and I had been knitting some new hoods, beautiful we thought them, and of a new pattern. As my fingers had toiled through the countless loops, I had only thought what a delight it would be to wear it, and a little vanity was mingled with my feeling, for truly I looked like another person in its scarlet and white border than in the faded silk of my old hood.

All the young girls and boys of the village were to go to this ride, and I knew very well that Kate and I would have the most dashing head-gear of the party and I remembered with pleasure, that Esquire Thomas's son Chester had just come from the city and was to be one of the party.

I presume I tried my hood on twenty times the day before, because, I said, it felt so comfortable, but I had to look in the glass each time to *see* just *how* comfortable it felt.

Just after our breakfast was over, my Uncle Oliver rode up with his daughter Nancy, who

had been sent to join in the day's pleasure. She lived several miles back in the country, and I must acknowledge that I felt too little interest in her pale face and quiet manners, because I thought she was not quite so smart in her ways and dress as we village girls; but I had not an unkind heart, and so I ran to meet her with a hearty welcome, saying, "Why, how cold you are; your cheeks at least are red as roses; come to the fire." My mother with gentle manner took off her straw bonnet, trimmed with its light faded ribbon, and gave her some coffee, and I ran to get ready for the ride. It took me an hour. I twisted my curls over and over again. I asked Kate if I looked well enough. Then I put on my hood—took it off—re-arranged my curls. "There," said Kate at last, "you look like father's beautiful scarlet and white carnation pinks, and if Chester does not say so, I will box his ears."—And what will Chester say of you?" I asked. "Oh what he always does. "You most beautiful butcherfly." "But is not Chester handsome, Susy? And he is really so good, so manly, so noble, father says, none of your fops—but come, let's go down."

Just then my mother with her gentle touch

opened the door. I remember well the look she cast on me—it was one of mingled pride and trust—her eye was bright and cheerful, but there was in it a look so full of hope for me and trust in me, that I ran up to her with a kiss as hearty as when I was five instead of fifteen.

"Susy," said she, in her animated but gentle manner, "Nancy has nothing to wear but that straw bonnet. She will be ill if she thus exposes herself to the cold wind. She says she will stay with me rather than suffer as she did coming here this morning." "Well I think it's very queer how some people live," said I, "never having anything to wear that is appropriate." But Susy, she says her mother has been so sick, and you know her father is rather afraid of the pennies." "Afraid! I should think he was anything but afraid the way he hugs them. Well, Nancy can have my old hood, though it don't look very well, but it is better than that old straw bonnet."

My mother's look changed instantaneously; there was a sad, half reproachful, half hopeful look on her face as she opened the door, saying, "Would you like to have her wear the old one?" She shut the door and went out. What a commotion was in my heart. I knew

my mother had expected me to offer my new hood to Nancy, and wear the old one myself; but what visions were before me of Chester and the effect of my hood on him; of the general look of the whole party as they saw me again in that old Silk. Then came to my ear the sweet tones of my Mother's voice. I heard all she felt, but more powerful was the thought of what would they say to see me looking like an "old dud."

I believe I should have yielded to the selfishness of my heart if Kate had not spoken.

"I think it is absurd for your mother to ask it; of course you will wear your own things." Her tone and manner brought to me my Mother's hopeful trust in me, for she had called her absurd and I knew she was anything but that.

"Of course I shall," said I, and I ran from the room with swift step. I tore my hood from my head on the way. "Here Nancy," said I, "You must wear my hood this once, it is so warm, and then perhaps your father will get you worsted to knit one—Wont you Uncle Oliver? it only costs a dollar, and just see how fine it looks."

I said this in a gay, laughing tone, but the tears filled my eyes. I ran to the closet to

find the old hood. I was a great while finding it, for I had to wipe the tears from my eyes many a time; but the voices from the parlor, saying, "here comes the sleigh—come, quick," made me tie it quickly upon my head.

I did not stop to look at my mother, for I felt ashamed to have her see my moist eyes; but when I was seated in the big sleigh with the others, I turned and looked back at her. There was in her face the same radiant look of trust and joy.

My heart leaped with gladness; all sadness was gone. I laughed, and talked, and frolicked as we drove over the hill, past the smooth pond, and into the deep pine grove.

I had almost forgotten that I had on the old hood, till Cynthia Bean, in her disagreeable manner, said:

"Well, I guess you enjoy your ride as well as you did two years ago, when you first wore your hood," at the same time she arranged her new quilted satin hood, and cast a look across the seat to Chester Thomas.

Now I knew Cynthia meant to make fun of my appearance, so I drew my hood over my face and said:

"A little better, I thank you; the older a friend the dearer."

Kate was angry that I should be supposed to have nothing better to wear, and whispered quite loudly to some of the girls :

“ She let Nancy wear her’s.”

Chester overheard.

“ Did she ?” said he ; “ what for ?”

So Kate told him why I had done it.

I was ignorant of all that passed, for I had my hands down for a bunch of snow, that I might commence the game of snow-ball.

Soon, however, Chester moved, and asked Kate to exchange seats with him. He was very social and attentive.

“ Come Susy,” said he, “ let’s exchange ; here’s my cap, and I’ll have your hood.”

“ Done,” said I, and with a merry laugh I shook my curls from beneath the soft, beaver rim. All were ready to join the sport, and there was a general exchange of caps. Kate got Thomas Brown’s rich mink, and she looked like a queen, crowned.

But our sport and frolic must have a quietus, for we were coming to the village where we were to dine, so we exchanged our garments again ; and as I took my hood I found one of the tassels gone. I had put a cord and tassels on the winter before, to tie it with, in place of the ribbon it originally had.

As I missed it I looked up and caught Chester's eye. I blushed and turned away, for I felt sure he had taken it.

We had a glorious time riding home by the early moonlight, and at our door my mother met us, and insisted that all should alight and have a merry evening.

I never knew my mother look so radiantly beautiful as that night.

She did not speak of the hood, but I knew that that one act of self-sacrifice had been a promise to her of my soul's strength and love.

Years passed away—not many. I had been at school and finished my last term. We were to have a season of pleasure. Chester Thomas was at home.

One night as we walked home together from a party, he took from his pocket the faded tassel. He said he had kept it as a talisman to teach him generosity and unselfishness.

"And if you will let it," he added, "it shall hereafter teach me love."

Of course I let it; and Chester and I were married when I was twenty-five, and the tassel is kept away among my choicest treasures.

"Let us see it," said we all, and aunt Susan

brought forth her casket and held the little silken treasure up for our admiration.

There was nothing beautiful about it, but it taught us all the value of a generous spirit.

"Now, my children," added Aunt Susan, "may you all hear the sweet promptings to goodness, instead of the selfish ones; and if you do, you'll bless in your old age the life that has brought you so much to be thankful for."



“SOMEBODY TO LOVE ME.”

I found myself, on a bleak day of autumn, in the Dayton depot waiting for the train going to Richmond.

The crowded and comfortless depot induced me to walk about outside and watch, while waiting, the ebbing and flowing of the human tide.

Among the arrivals was a large lumber wagon drawn by a span of jaded horses. The vehicle contained boxes, a stove, trunks, bags, and seven human beings—a bloated red-eyed man, a pale, woe begone looking woman, and five children from two to ten years old.

The man I at first regarded as only the driver of the unfortunate horses, and wrote the woman down “widow” and the children “fatherless;” but the commanding tone in which the children were addressed, and the want of courtesy to the mother, convinced me that that man was the father and husband of the children and woman. “God pity those dependent upon that brandy-brutified creature,” I exclaimed, mentally.

The woman, with one child in her arms—a cripple—and two others clinging to her skirts, made her way to the ladies' room at the station. The eldest child, a boy, stayed to assist in the unloading and reloading, and a little round faced fellow, three or four years old, insisted in spite of frosty fingers and toes, upon remaining out with his father and brother Eddie. It was his first visit to a large town—the first cars his young eyes had seen were now before him. The little fellow gave his father some trouble by clinging about the engine and question asking. Threats and knocks did not deter him from his researches into the undiscovered mysteries about the station; at length with a blow and an oath, Master Tommy was sent reeling into the ladies' room. Grief and wounded pride drove the doveling to the home nest.

Burying his face in the folds of his mother's faded de laine dress, the child burst into a flood of tears. Poor woman! her arms were already full and her heart overflowing with her own private sorrows. She was leaving, for the first time, the home of her girlhood, with all its associations. She was going to a new place, amid strange scenes and strange hearts. All this, under some circumstances,

would have been a pleasure ; but in her heart hope was dead, the promise-buds of youth had withered—love had put on sack-cloth because of its profanity. With her heart-achings and full arms, she saw no room for another with grief and tears. She shook the child from her skirts, saying, "Do go away, Tommy ; why will you cling to me when my arms are full ?" The poor child stood apart from the little home band, and looking into the strange faces of the crowd, wondering, perhaps, if he might stay any where in the world.

By this time, a seat by the stove was vacated. Taking the chair, I drew the child to me and folded my cloak about his nude limbs and took in my hands his icy fingers. The child turned wonderingly upon me his large brown eyes. "What do you want, Tommy ?" I asked ; "here comes a boy with cakes and candy, will you have some ?" Tears gathered again in his eyes, and, leaning his head upon my shoulder, he sobbingly replied, "No ma'am."

"What do you want then, Tommy ?" I again asked.

"*Somebody to love me,*" he replied, and a fresh flood of tears testified to the sincerity of that child want.

Poor orphan of Humanity! There are many hearts like thine—souls who will not be content with cakes and candy. There was a deeper, diviner want in that human heart than I had dreamed. That sinless child has trodden but a few rods of earth, has seen but few clouds as yet, but he has gone sufficiently far, has seen enough of life, to know and feel the great dearth of human love and tenderness.

"Somebody to love me," will long be the unanswered prayer of that young heart.

It was the boon his poor mother sought in vain. The love for which she is dying, has been lavishly given to whisky. How then, could she—the starved heart—give to her child what she had not received?

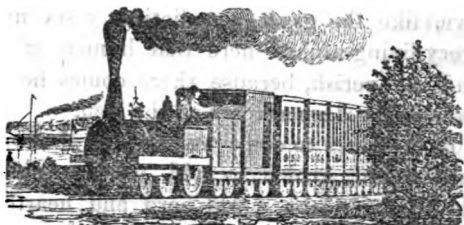
In this land of the beautiful, where the sun lovingly lingers with the wild flowers, and the tiny spring buds woo the dew drops, whose love, like the great benediction, rests upon every living thing—here that human, divine bud will perish, because there comes no answer to the deep askings of the soul.

In the years to come we may find that now angel child, grown to cold, stern manhood. He has found the world hard and heartless, and he has likened his life thereunto. His

deeds and his lips may say he wants power and wealth, but to his *soul* he will whisper, "somebody to love me."

Later in life this same soul may be old in sin as he is in years; a felon, perhaps, doomed to death. He may fear justice and pray for mercy, but still the great unsatisfied Soul will say: "Somebody to love me; a tender friendship, a soft hand to bathe the burning brow, a loving touch and loving words"—these things the old man wants—these would have saved him from an inglorious life and an ignominious death. Who has them to give? Who has not withheld them? What soul has not a like want—an inborn need of "somebody to love," and some one to love in return?

FRANCES BROWN.



THE BOY'S DEAD MOTHER

When some forty of the children in charge of the Children's Aid Society of New York, were arranging for a formal removal to the West, a boy was folding with great care his old cap, having first taken out its lining—a small piece of calico. “John,” called a friend, “what are you going to do with that greased calico?” “Please sir it is not greased, it is all I have to remember my dead mother by; it’s part of her dress which I cut off when she lay dying in——street.” The question and answer were too much for the little fellow, and putting the strip under his shirt, next to his breast, he buried his face in his hands, and filled the room with his sobs.

Man, woman, whoever you are, speak tenderly to that boy across the way. He may be an orphan. His mother and father may both be in the graveyard yonder. Dear child! he has none but his own hands by which to work his way in the world. Speak kindly to him. Perhaps some day an orphan may walk the earth, whose name and yours shall spell alike.

THE INEBRIATE.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

He is dying— that pale, woe begone looking young man—dying while yet on the verge of a noble manhood—dying just when the world is asking his services—dying by the subtile poison of the still. That inebriate's early life was as promising as a cloudless May morning. His high, broad brow, his dark, magnetic eye, his strong physical frame gave great promise of usefulness.

His young mother sang her beautiful child to his dreams, dreaming herself meantime that he would bless her gray hairs and lead her down the valley of age and smooth her pillow for the grave. There was a holy joy in that womanly soul, for she saw in her noble boy the realization of her heart-hopes, and a prayer went up like sweet incense, to the All-Father for power to shield her child from the blighting influence of evil, and lead him sinless back to heaven.

The Inebriate's father saw with manly pride,

his strong, brave boy springing into manhood. Adown the vista of years he seemed to see him a princely ruler in the realm of Mind, wearing becomingly the insignia of office.

But the destroyer came. The youth met him at a fashionable masquerade. The disguise deceived the young man. He had not thought to shake a demon's hand in a place so enchantingly beautiful. The deceiver and deceived parted to meet again in a lady's drawing room. The fair hand of woman presented the destroying angel with a smile to her guest. He saw the serpent in the charmer, but was charmed, nevertheless. The two joined hands and together went down the valley halting at the bar and billiard-rooms. The inebriate has reached the gate of death. His companion has robbed him of his health, his hopes of happiness, his life of usefulness, and of his promising manhood. The poor dying youth feels and regrets his great loss; but the demon has not lost cast; he is courted and caressed by those who have just started in the highway to ruin. That pale woman with care-worn visage and sunken eyes is the inebriate's mother. She is bowed earthward more by grief and care than by years. She

still prays for her child—a *mother's* love is undying—she prays now for strength to bear the burden of a great sorrow that she may care for her dying child, and lay him to rest in the grave.

The old man is his father. Sorrow has whitened his hair and tears furrowed his cheeks. But still he is loving and faithful to his wayward child. He watches day by day the lustrous eye, the hectic flush, and the faltering step. They seem to him the funeral sermons of his hopes, but he still listens uncomplainingly and walks still on—to the beautiful Hereafter—for the resurrection and realization of his spirit prophecy—a noble destiny for his child.



AN INFANT'S PRAYER.

When little three-years-old sister lays her fair cheek against mine, and, with dimpled arms clasped round my neck, prattles in her innocent way, don't I think of the path her little feet must tread? Are there any thorns to piece them—any pits into which she may fall? Now I think of it I must tell you of her little speeches. I think she is so cunning—though perhaps, I am partial; if so, pardon. One night last week she crept up into my lap and ere I was aware of it, fell asleep. I took her up to her little bed; but before putting her in, I said:

“Nellie must not forget her prayer.”

She commenced:

“Now I lay me down to sleep—”

“Dad knows the rest,” she murmured.

And the white lids closed over the bright eyes, and Nellie was asleep again.—*Selected.*

A FEW WORDS TO THE CHILDREN UNDER THE OLD TREE.

You are having a fine frolic, children, under the bending branches of that old oak. Well, sing on and on. The song of childhood is as free and musical as a mountain rivulet. A sad strain will by-and-by creep in to your hearts and you may send it forth in a solemn psalm. But keep your hearts fresh and joyous and child-like while you may. Write more love-songs than dirges; take more lessons of the birds and flowers than of long-faced earth-haters.

Make merry with the falling leaves and fading flowers. Twine garlands for the fair brow of that young girl. Let her feel to-day her kinship with Nature. She is a young princess—born to rule in Nature's kingdom.

While your busy little hands are preparing the flower crown, the girl is saying to her soul, 'Now I must always be good and loving and kind to everybody, then it may be everybody will love me dearly as these boys and girls love me now.'

FRANCES BROWN.



ELLA CLARK;
OR,
A LETTER FROM A SCHOOL GIRL TO HER
FRIEND, VIOLET.

DEAR VIOLET:

It seems as though months had intervened since I had the pleasure of reading one of your long letters. I have waited until my heart is fairly wearied; and now "the hope deferred," has determined me to rouse you by one from myself, which I know will be welcome.

You asked me in your last, if I ever heard about Mary Hart, your old seat-mate. The history of Mary is very painful.

A short time previous to your leaving N—you remember her father placed her in a Seminary in ———. She there exhibited the same selfish disposition, the idle habits, and inclination to tyrannize over the weaker, which she had previously manifested.

Do you remember Ella Clark, a pale, delicate girl, with large dark, dreamy eyes, who

attended Miss Manton's school? If you recollect rightly, you will know she was ranked among the best scholars, having no superior in penmanship and composition.

Ella's parents are very poor, consequently cannot give her the education for which she has so much yearned. Hearing of an excellent seminary in the beautiful town of W—, she wrote to Mrs. Hyer, the principal, asking to be admitted as a pupil, with the privilege of paying her expenses by her services. After a little deliberation on the part of the teachers, they consented to receive her.

As Ella belonged to the same town with Mary, Mrs. H. thought it would be pleasant for both parties to be seated together. Ella's situation in school gave Mary every advantage for persecution. It was not long before she commenced a series of attacks, in no way agreeable to poor Ella. She was the means of prejudicing a number of the scholars against her, by the cruel sneers in regard to the poverty of her family, and in a variety of other ways; but Ella bore them nobly, and persevered in her womanly dignity, and christian forbearance through the whole.

It was in the midst of her trouble that Mrs.

H. proposed prize compositions for the ensuing examination. The time was fast approaching for the compositions to be handed in for inspection. Previous to the day looked forward to with so much hope and fear, the girls generally had quite a blue-stocking look, while they sat poring over their dictionaries with their pen between their fingers, and with an anxious, abstracted gaze, leaning their heads upon their hands.

Once in a while you would hear them exclaim: "O, I wish I *could* think of something!"

Among those earnestly striving for a prize, was Ella. She found it a very difficult task to accomplish, as her health was fast failing from the numerous duties devolving upon her; so what time she failed of procuring through the day, she was forced to take from the sleep, which her delicate nature required. But she persevered through all difficulties, and at last produced the desired composition.

Examination day was at hand. The girls, with faces flushed, and high anticipations, alternating with trembling diffidence, and wildly beating hearts, had seated themselves. The guests, who were buzzing audibly, were

called to order. The lessons were listened to with evident satisfaction; and then the compositions were to be read. There was a breathless silence pervading the room as Mrs. H. proceeded to unfold the papers lying before her. She had read a number, nearly all of which bore a stamp of latent power, and only required time, strength and cultivation, for its development. At last she unfolded a sheet of considerable size. Her face beamed with pleasure, as she read the word "DISCIPLINE." I suppose the word is not unknown to you, Violet. It was a masterly piece, from an original and powerful mind. It touched with strong feeling upon the evils ready to ensnare the young, urging the necessity of self-government. The author spoke with all the pathos of poetry and truth. At the conclusion of the piece there was a general murmur of admiration; and many who knew of Ella's successful attempt at writing, sought her eyes, which were downcast and suffused with tears. Now came the last piece. I wish you could have seen the change of countenance passing over the assembly, as they listened to its contents; the composition of "Discipline" left an expression of thought and intense admiration,

which on the reading of the last, was changed to wonder and disgust. It was a miserable attempt at satire, in very lame blank verse, where the writer had made a cowardly attempt to wreak her vengeance on those who had fallen under her dislike; also, ridiculing the teacher in a most shameful manner.

Not a word was said; but the guests looked at each other, as much as to say, "Who do you think wrote it?" while Mary Hart touched her seat-mate's elbow, and whispered under cover of her hand, and then smiled.

The prizes were distributed according to their merit. Mrs. H. then requested the author of "Discipline" to come forward and receive the highest mark of approbation. Mary Hart immediately advanced; and Ella moved as if to go, then sank upon her seat with a most bewildered expression.

Mrs. H. then requested the young lady who wrote the satire, to rise; the girls all looked at one another, but not one of them moved from their seats.

Seeing the person did not obey her she said, "Ella Clark may step forward and receive the last production, a composition which requires no comment. I am surprised she should so

mistake her calling, and should take so public a manner to manifest her revenge."

All eyes were riveted on her in astonishment ; for you know Ella does not look as though she could be guilty of such a thing ; and you could hear, as she took the paper from Mrs. H.'s hand, the murmur of "Is it possible !"

Ella then with a very perceptible tremor of voice, said, "Indeed, Mrs. H., I am not the author of this."

Mrs. H. simply answered coldly in reply, "Ella, take your seat."

This, as you may well imagine, was too much for Ella, who with tottering steps made her way to her seat, bowing her face in her hands, and never raising her head after that.

I am so weary to-night, dear Violet, I must leave you for a short time ; as soon as opportunity presents itself, will resume the sad story.

So good night !

YOUR OWN MINNIE."

June 12th.

I little dreamed when I laid my pen aside for a walk, Violet, that a whole week would elapse before I could take it up again. But I

return to you in a much happier frame of mind, for I had thought so intently upon the wrong done to poor Ella, I had become very sad.

The guests had all departed; the pupils had left the room; at last the teachers vacated the apartment, leaving Ella alone in her disgrace and sorrow. One of the pupils who had formed quite an intimacy with Ella, and who was passing through the hall on her way to supper, saw her still there with bowed head. She approached to give her a few words of advice, and sympathy, and to question her in regard to such a singular proceeding; but to all her anxious inquiries, there was no response, save the echo of her own voice through that lonely room. She lifted Ella's hands; and they fell powerless upon the desk, and they were so cold they frightened her. As she stepped out to inform Mrs. H. of Ella's situation, a knot of girls obstructed the door-way, discussing the proceedings of the afternoon. Among the number was Mary Hart.

"Do tell us how you managed it," said one to Mary.

"It was pretty well done," said another, "but I must say I pitied Ella Clark, even if I

do dislike her; and to think you should get the *prize* designed for her! That's the cream of the thing."

"Do stop, girls!" exclaimed one, impatiently, "and let us hear how Mary managed it."

Mary then proceeded to relate to them how she slipped into the school room the night before, and changed the compositions, signing Ella's name to her's, and her's to Ella's, and that James Arthur wrote the satire for her, after which she copied it in a close imitation of Ella's hand writing, and wrote Ella's in her own.

Shocked almost beyond belief, the young girl hastened to Mrs. H., who was coming through the hall, and had also unintentionally become a listener to the disgraceful plot.

She then proceeded to the school room, and with the assistance of Ella's friend, raised the poor girl from her lowly situation. She had fainted; and around her mouth was trickling a dark stream of blood, which gushed fearfully as they moved her. She was carried to her apartment, and a physician called, who said there was little hope. She lay senseless the entire night, the blood continuing to flow at short intervals.

As morning advanced she opened her eyes, but was too weak to speak, or even move. Mrs. H. sent for her parents, to take her where she might be made more comfortable, making up by contribution, a nice sum to supply her with her needful wants, and promising that she would come down to see Ella the following Sabbath.

Ella continued very low for a long time, but her disorder, contrary to the expectation of all, took a more favorable turn.

We who had been most intimate with her, were favored with a seat by her side. Could you have seen the look of high resignation, during her sickness, beaming over her face—could you have heard the gentle, comforting words flowing from her forgiving christian heart, it would have left upon your soul, as it did ours, a peace, a warmth, the world can never give, or ever efface. We felt blest that we were allowed even a glimpse of a spirit lit up with so much beauty and truth, so much serenity and love.

The night that a change was perceived, Winnie Wright, who was spending the Sabbath at home, and who is now a teacher of music and the languages in the seminary where Ella

attended, offered kindly to assist me in my watch, it being my turn. We were seated by her bed holding each a thin, transparent hand, stroking occasionally her soft hair, when very suddenly she grasped our hands very tightly, opening her eyes, whispering, "Raise me! raise me! and call mother, for I have but a short time to live."

We spoke to her physician who was lying on a couch in a room adjoining, and called her beloved ones, as we all thought, to receive the last farewell.

She could say but little before she choked, so it seemed quite impossible for her to live more than a few minutes. We had all exchanged the farewell kiss, and were watching anxiously the parting breath, as it became fainter and fainter until it seemed to stop entirely. As the grief-stricken parents turned to leave the room, we motioned for the doctor to approach. He stepped to the bed-side, took her pulse; and after holding it for some time, whispered in my ear, "She still breathes."

Then he grasped both hands, and with his eyes bent earnestly upon her, he sat for at least an hour, and we beside him. I shall never forget the expression of his face. It

seemed to me as if his soul had taken hold of her's, and held it. I never felt so in my life before. It seemed as if he had commanded her to stay, and that she *must*. He is a strong man—strong both in body and mind; and moreover, he is what every sensible man is not, kind and good. He has been deeply touched by Ella's pitiful story, and is a sincere admirer of her genius and her many virtues.

I felt then, as he sat there looking at her *so*, that he was doing battle with Death himself, and determined to save her. But what an hour was that! It seemed as if we almost strained our lives out to save her's. But I think we *did* save her. I say we, for as we drew nearer together in the deep silence, where our very breath seemed audible, it seemed as if we all understood, and resolved to help each other.

I was not surprised when at length the doctor looked up with a hopeful smile, saying, "Tell Mrs. Clark to compose herself for a little sleep. Ella will live! Her pulse beats stronger than it has for many days. She is now sleeping comfortably!"

Ella lay in her quiet sleep the entire night. When she awoke, which was a little after day-

break, she seemed quite bright, gazing around the room with an inquiring look. I put my fingers to my lip, motioning her to silence, for the doctor expressly forbade any conversation. She continued to improve steadily from that time. The doctor did not encourage her with any prospect of health only by the strictest care, and even *then*, he said, it would always be delicate.

Do you remember certain pieces of composition styled excellent by the Committee, on one examination day, previous to your leaving school? And do you also remember a certain sister who was present, plead with her to retain it, for the purpose of printing it? You know she stated to her she wished to have a careful inspection by a competent judge.

Well, do you remember her appealing to two or three persons of literary attainments, for their judgment upon the self-same pieces, craving permission to come to them occasionally, as she wished to assist her parents, who had many cares; and she had no one to whom she could apply for aid. You must know it was a hard task for Ella, with her natural reserve and delicacy of feeling, to make such proposals to people who were almost entire

strangers; but, as she told me in confidence, there was only one thing which rendered her strong to bear it, and that was the hope, which should never fail her while she lived, of being the means of assistance to her beloved parents, who were wearied with their hard battles, and well stricken in years. Ella had but very little personal acquaintance with those to whom she applied for advice, but she was hardly conscious of it, they were brought so near to them by their beautiful writings, their elevated conversation, their noble thoughts gushing out so warmly for all humanity, in the shape of public lectures, kind words spoken to them by friends whose high-toned sentiments awoke in her heart a corresponding warmth, all conspiring to exalt and idealize them. Judging them by her own natural self-abnegation, ignorant of the world's view of such a course, she sought their acquaintance; for she had not then learned that most naturally a stranger has the stranger's heart; that one can have truly noble theories without the wish, or if the wish, without the ability to practice them, and that few are so regardless of self, and many are too distrustful of mankind, to be willing to undertake a task

of that nature, unless a previous interest had been excited, appealing to their sympathies through personal acquaintance, or the judicious praise of a friend.

Though disheartened by refusals which she had no reason to expect, and disappointed in not finding mankind as she had read them from her own blind heart, she did not allow herself to be crushed. Sometimes I have thought it had made her stronger in the performance of the duties devolving upon her, more determined to persevere through the obstacles impeding her progress.

A short time previous to Ella's illness, her seat-mate received a visit from a friend distinguished in the literary world, and introduced him to Ella. After a short conversation on general topics, he stated that having heard she had a scrap-book of original pieces, he had a great wish to examine it. He was interested, he said, in the efforts of the young, and would like to assist her. He had not forgotten the timely aid rendered him when quite a youth, and he was struggling with poverty and its attendant evils. Would she not be willing, he said, for him to take them to W—; he would then have leisure to look

them over, point out her errors, and if desirable, make arrangements with a friend of his, a well known editor, to publish them.

"Perhaps," said he, "it may lead to something more advantageous."

That was the last she heard from her pieces until since her convalescence, when to her great surprise, one day, as she was feeling almost friendless, she received a letter containing several bank-bills, thanking her for the poems and stories, with a generous promise that should she consent to forward others of equal merit, they should receive the same reward. Whenever she has had the strength, she has continued to do so. She is now in a female college out west, studying and supporting herself nobly, by the products of her pen. So much for a friend in time of need. I trust he will never lose the sweet reward of forgetting self.

Poor Mary Hart! I have left her far behind; pardon the digression, for I could not well speak of one without the other.

After Ella was sent home, Mary was publicly expelled from school, as she stoutly denied having anything to do with the disgraceful affair, and boldly asserting that the composi-

tion for which she received the prize was composed by herself; though upon serious investigation, ample evidence was brought to prove the contrary. Invitations were sent out to parents and friends to be present, at which time the stain on Ella's character was effectually removed; concluding with several addresses, from several individuals. Among them was the literary person who had befriended Ella, and had read the first composition on "Discipline."

He spoke most feelingly of Ella, of her faithfulness to her duties, her bright talents, her perseverance, and delicate health; dwelling a long time upon the danger of cultivating such wicked propensities, endeavoring to imprint upon the spirit of Mary Hart, a feeling of severe sorrow. There was not a dry eye in the room, with the one exception of Mary, who bore a bold look of defiance through the entire service.

Mary went from there to New York, to the house of a friend, to drown in fashionable excitement, her deep disgrace.

It was not long before she became a thoroughly accomplished woman of the world—cold, heartless, and dissipated. She at last

eloped with James Arthur, much to the annoyance of her friends. For awhile they went South, and she seemed happy in pursuing follies, still keeping her late hours, sipping her mint-juleps and sherry cobblers, to perfection. Not long since young Arthur deserted her, going no one knew whither, and she returned a wreck of the once beautiful girl, to the home of her broken-hearted parents.

Not long since I was passing along the street where they reside, and seeing quite a crowd collecting round the steps of their home, I stepped forward to enquire the reason, when I learned Mrs. Arthur had fallen in a fit of—delirium tremens!

It was a shocking sight to see her lying in such a state, decked with her silks and laces, dying—such a death! and a woman, too! They tell me she gave up entirely to the excitement of drink after her return. I am indebted to Winnie Wright for the general facts, though I was present at the examination.

Winnie is now a successful teacher in that flourishing seminary of Mrs. Hyer, and much beloved by her pupils.

Jane Du Say is still flourishing as the unenvied belle, wherever she moves; flattering and

being flattered to her heart's content. They say there is some probability of a marriage to a rich bachelor, an Englishman, who is greatly smitten with her charms.

Your loving Minnie May is to be united to a man every way worthy of her, the coming spring. The happy man owns a sweet little cottage, lying in the snugger of a mimic forest, adorned with flowers and fruit, about a mile and a half from the town, whither I sincerely hope you will go. I will do my best to initiate you in all the mysteries of country life. I do so long for one of our good chats. Aunt Katy is very infirm. She speaks of you all with much love, and wishes to see you once more before she dies.

My letter is as long as the "moral law," and considerably longer; but you might as well stop a brook from running, as to dam up thoughts after they are fairly set a flowing.

Write me, dear Violet, and unfold to a loving heart all the sorrows you experience in your chequered life.

Very affectionately,

YOUR OWN MINNIE.

A BEAUTIFUL FAITH.

Beautiful, exceedingly, is the burial of children among the Mexicans. No dark procession marks the passage to the grave; but dressed in its holiday attire and garlanded with bright fresh flowers, the little sleeper is borne to its rest. Glad songs, and joyful bells are rung, and lightly as to a festival, the gay group goes its way. The child is not dead, they say, but "going home." The Mexican mother, who has household treasures laid away in the *campo santa*—God's sacred field—breathes a sweet faith, only heard elsewhere in the poet's utterance. Ask her how many children bless her house, and she will answer: "Five; two here, and three yonder." So, despite death and the grave, it is yet an unbroken household, and the hopeful mother ever lives in the thought.—*Selected.*

A LESSON FOR LIFE.

A child went forth into a mountain ravine; and while wandering there, he called aloud to break the loneliness, and heard a voice which called to him in the same tone. He called again, and, as he thought, the voice again mocked him. Flushed with anger, he rushed to find the boy who insulted him, but could find none. He then called out to him in anger, and with all abusive epithets; all of which were faithfully returned to him. Choking with rage, the child ran to his mother, and complained that a boy in the woods had abused and insulted him with many vile words. But the mother took her child by the hand and said, "My child, these names were but the echoes of thine own voice. Whatever thou didst call was returned to thee from the hillside. Hadst thou called out pleasant words, pleasant words had returned to thee. *Let this be thy lesson through life.* The world will be the echo of thine own spirit. Treat thy fellows with unkindness, and they will answer with

unkindness; with love, and thou shalt have love. Send forth shunshine from thy spirit, and thou shalt never have a cloudy day; carry about a vindictive spirit, and even in the flowers shall lurk curses. Thou shalt receive ever what thou givest, and that alone." Always is that child in the mountain passes of life; for every reader is that child.—*Selected.*

"How do you like arithmetic?" said Mr. Phelps to John Perkins, as he came home from school with his slate under his arm.

"Not very well."

"How do you get along with it?"

"Well enough, Samuel Price does my sums for me."

"Why don't you get him to eat your dinner for you?"

"I couldn't live without eating. I shouldn't grow if I didn't eat."

"Your mind wont grow any if you don't use it. It would be just as reasonable for you to get Samuel to eat your dinner for you, as to ask him to do your studying for you."

THE OLD MAN'S STORY.

DEAR LITTLE CHILDREN:—

I am an old man now, yet how sweetly comes to me the memory of the days when I was a child like you, and hailed joyously the “glad tidings,”—“Christmas is coming.” I remember very dearly the days, when like you I arose early on Christmas morning and eagerly inspected the contents of my stocking, and how happy each little gift made me; and from this I will draw a lesson for you, if Mrs. Brown will let me tell it to you in her book.

To be sure, they always told me that SANTA CLAUS brought all the gifts on Christmas Eve, yet something told me differently, or at least, that Santa Claus was no other than our good parents, brothers and sisters, uncles and aunts, and other kindred and friends who sought to make us happy. Had I believed there was a Santa Claus, who comes down the chimneys, as the old German story tells us there is, and which my parents told me brought the presents, and which your parents will tell you now,

—because it is such a funny idea,—I do not think I should have been half so happy, as I was to believe that they come from those I loved, and who loved me.

Did it not ever occur to you that presents are a great deal prettier when they come from those we love, than from those we care nothing about? You have no doubt all *felt* this, if you have not thought of it; and the reason why, is this: the presents from those we love tell us that they love us, and this is what we all desire most to know. Now I am going to tell you that there is not much difference between old people and young children in this respect. Old man as I am, I am just as well pleased to receive a present from some one I love, as I was when a boy. There is this difference, however; I do not care so much about the present for itself, but for the love it bears; for the older I grow the more I learn of the true divine nature of love, and how much it does to make us happy in this world, and how it alone can make us happy in the world to which many of our friends, and perhaps parents, and brothers, and sisters, have gone.

When we can exchange everything we have

in the world for true love, then we shall all be very happy, for if everybody loves us, there will be no danger of our ever wanting anything that is necessary for our comfort and happiness.

Everybody loves good little boys and good little girls, and how kindly they are provided with everything that is needful for their happiness, and how many presents they always get on Christmas.

Now I remember when I was a little boy and went to the district school in the country. There was a bright-faced little girl who used to meet me very often at the cross-roads, and then we would walk all the way to school together. Many times she would have some nice little flowers to give me, and sometimes she would bring in her little basket an apple, and as she took it out to hand it to me, I always observed that it was a very smooth, bright red apple—just as bright as her own little face, and I used to think she took pains to pick out the handsomest apple she could find, and pick the prettiest flowers in the garden, just because she was going to give them to me.

How is it that I remember such simple little things as these to tell you, now that I

am an old man? Should you not think that I would have forgotten them long before this? I will try to tell you why I have not forgotten that blessed little girl with the bright face, who brought me the flowers and the fruit. There was in her good little heart a great store of love, and every time we met it parted from her and come to me—it come on every bunch of flowers, on every apple, and on every smile of that bright little face, and I felt it, and it made my heart leap with joy to think that that little girl loved me.

O, how deep is the impression of childish love, to last so many years, and bring back the picture in my mind of us both as we walked together from the corners to and from school.

Now here is the lesson from this little story. If every little girl I had known in my boyhood had always been just as pleasant and good as this one little girl was, I should have been made to love them all just the same, and would have been just as good to them in return, and perhaps made them remember me just as long, and just as kindly, as I now remember the one I have told you about.

Do you not see, my little friend,—for I feel

that I am now talking to one that will get this book for a Christmas present—how much we can do to make one another happy, by being good and loving, and generous always to our little mates? If you who are now reading this old man's simple story are a little girl, don't you feel that you would like to make your little mates love you, so that when they have grown old they will love to think about you, and perhaps write a story about how good you were? If you are a little boy, don't you feel that you would like much, when you get to be old, to be able to recall to your mind all the little girls you ever knew, and as having been good and generous, and loving to you?

Now I will tell you how you may be able to make every one you know, and who knows you, love you, and be good to you always, and remember you as long as they live. It is the simplest thing in the world, and perhaps you have been told it many times, but have not fully understood how or why it is true. It is this: **BE GOOD ALWAYS YOURSELF.**

There is no way in the world to make every body love you—your parents, and brothers and sisters, and schoolmates, and all, love you always—but in being good.

When you win the love of all you know, then you will be very happy indeed, for no one can be unhappy, when the love of every one is shining around them in kind words, bright, smiling faces, nice little presents, and watchful care for your good. This is the true way to be happy, little children, and if you strive to practice it, you will find great reason to be thankful for the present of the Christmas Annual that contained the Old Man's Story, which prompted you to make the trial.

Now, dear little children, I will say "Merry Christmas" to you, though I don't know who you are, and you I hope will think "Merry Christmas" for me, though you don't know who I am. It will not be lost to you or me, for there are good angels all around us, who hear all these good wishes for the happiness of others, and carry them and drop them down silently into the hearts of those for whom they are intended. When next Christmas comes, think if the Old Man's Story has done you any good. GOOD BYE.

BE CHARITABLE.

The little that I have seen of the world and know of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered. and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed through; the brief pulsations of joy, the feverish inquietableness of hope and fear; the tears of regret; the febleness of purpose; the pressure of want; the desertion of friends; the scorn of the world that has little charity; the desolation of the soul's sanctuary and threatening vices within; health gone, happiness gone, I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow men with him, for whose hand it came—*Longfellow.*

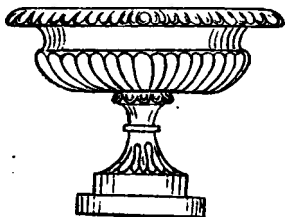


DESCRIPTION OF JESUS.

The Boston Journal says the following epistle was taken by Napoleon from the public records of Rome, when he deprived that city of so many valuable manuscripts. It was written at the time and on the spot where Jesus Christ commenced his ministry, by Centeullas, the Governor of Judea, to the Senate of Rome—Cæsar Emperor. It was the custom in those days for the Governor to write any event of importance which transpired while he held office :

“Conscript Fathers—There appeared in these our days, a man named Jesus Christ, who is yet living among us, and of the Gentiles is accepted as a prophet of great truth; but his own disciples call him the Son of God. He hath raised the dead, cured all manner of diseases. He is a man of stature, tall and comely, with a very ruddy countenance, such as the beholder may love and fear. His hair is the color of the filbert when fully ripe, plain to his ears, whence downward it is most

orient in color, curling and waving about his shoulders ; in the middle of his head is a seam or partition of long hair, after the manner of the Nazarites. His forehead is plain and delicate, his face without spot or wrinkle, beautiful, with a comely red—his nose and mouth are exactly formed—beard the color of his hair, and thick, not of any great length, but forked. In reproving, he is terrible ; in admonishing, courteous ; in speaking, very modest and wise ; in proportions of body, well shaped. None have ever seen him laugh, but many have seen him weep. A man, for his surpassing beauty, excelling the children of men."



PERFECT HAPPINESS.

A laundress, who was in the employ of one of our former Governors, said to him, with a sigh :

“ Only think, your excellency, how little money would make me happy.”

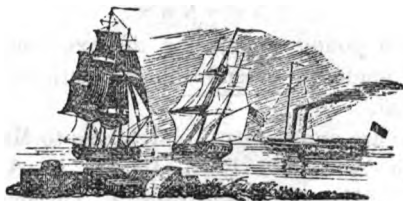
“ How little, madam?” asked the Governor.

“ O, dear sir, one hundred dollars would make me perfectly happy.”

“ If that is all you shall have it,” and he immediately gave it to her.

She looked at it with joy and thankfulness, and before the Governor was out of hearing, exclaimed :

*“ I wish I had said two hundred ! ”—
Selected.*



A FEW ITEMS.

Do not forget, children, to look for a Christmas Annual in 1861.

A second edition of "Sketches from Nature," by Frances Brown, has just been published by Longley & Brothers, Cincinnati.

The "Young Hero" is a capital book. Wish every young hero would read it.

I don't know yet who is to have the promised Cup. The names have not been counted.

THANKS

To the young people for the exertion they have made to extend the circulation of the Annual.

We are under many obligations to Masters Victor Allen and Reed Joiner; to Amelia Burtis, Mary Cross and Flora L. Turner.

Read "Ella Clark." It was written for "Violet," Mary Willbor's forthcoming book. You will all want "Violet." It will be for sale by Frances Brown.

A LITTLE girl, whose Pa had been absent a long time, said to him on his return,

"O, I have been to school and learned to read and spell ever so much since you went away."

"Glad to hear it," said her Pa. "Let me hear you spell some," and he proceeded to pronounce words for her which she spelled readily, till he said "spell 'kitten.'"

She looked down for a moment and gave evidence that she had not learned that, but suddenly her face brightened, and looking up into his face with a triumphant expression said,

"C-a-t cat—that's bigger than a kitten !"

LAURA DE FORCE.



NEW BOOKS.

The following books are now being published, and will be sold at wholesale and retail at the publishers prices.

Orders should be addressed to

Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN, Cleveland, O.

VIOLET:—A true story—by MARY H. WILLBOR. The readers of the *Agitator* will remember that we published part of "VIOLET." The whole story has been revised, and is now being put into book form. It will be ready for sale by Christmas.

Mrs. FANNY GREEN has read the book and says of it:

Though designed especially for the young, this work, in its truly dramatic sketches of Home and School Experiences, has so much of the real philosophy of life, that it must have interest for the maturer mind.

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This volume supplies a great want in our Literature, where there is almost nothing addressed to that most important period in the History of every Life, where there is a growing distaste for Nursery Tales, without a corresponding power to reach and appropriate something that is stronger. But such reading as this will be a continual Feast of the Passover, for such as have found little or no response to the growing and maturer mind.

It is chiefly for this last reason that I cordially recommend it, both to young and old: to the first for their sympathy in all its true and loving Pictures of the Present; and to the second, for the clear and beautiful mirror it holds, reflecting before, what is left behind, and thus showing us how to see more clearly and appreciate more truly, the trembling little hearts and yearning minds, that are too often shut away in the dark, because they are standing at an angle where our light cannot shine into them.

It gives me great pleasure to say of my friend's book what I feel it so well deserves.

This Book will contain about 300 pages of good print, on good paper, bound in muslin for 75c. It will be furnished to Booksellers, Agents, and all who wish to make large purchases, at \$6,50 a dozen, or \$50 a hundred.

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will pervade these pages. Price \$1 per volume—postage paid,

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Orders for the above books may be sent to **Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN**, 288 Superior Street, Cleveland, O.



JUVENILE BOOKS.

The following list of books will be sent free of postage, to any address in the United States:

SKETCHES FROM NATURE, FOR MY JUVENILE FRIENDS—by FRANCES BROWN. Price, in plain cloth binding, 37 cents; half gilt, 50 cents; full gilt, 63 cents.

From a large number of favorable notices of the Press, we select the following extracts:—

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