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Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause; she only asks a hearing.

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ARE THE CHILDREN AT HOME?

Each day when the glow of sunset Fades in the western sky...

WILFRED MONTRESSOR; OR, THE SECRET ORDER OF THE SEVEN.

A ROMANCE OF MYSTERY AND CRIME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE DE LACY, OR THE COQUETTE," ETC.

BOOK FIRST—THE SEVEN.

CHAPTER V.—THE EXPLANATION—THE DEPARTURE.

Zorah, the disguised Georgian, entered the octagon chamber. Wilfred Montessor was alone, and the rest of ceremony was lying on the circular table before him.

parlors, and assembly rooms, speculate gravely upon them, and wrangle and dispute bitterly and fiercely. With the inconsistency of thoughtless prejudice, the same men in a strange land laugh immoderately at the forms and ceremonies of the strange people among whom they are sojourning.

Montessor paused an instant, then offering his arm to the disguised Georgian, he said: "We will retire, Zorah. I have still an engagement for this evening, and I must improve my toilette a little."

"At this chamber?" said Zorah. "Hmet has his orders," replied Montessor. The man of thirty-five and the page left the octagon chamber, and passed through an elegant conservatory into the hall of the main office.

Near the termination of the first flight of stairs, on the left hand, was a door partially open. Absorbed in different trains of reflection, Montessor and Zorah, almost unconsciously, entered the apartment to which it is conducted. On a dressing bureau of rose-wood and maple, stood a concave mirror in a splendid gilt frame. A small lamp was burning in front of the mirror, and cast a feeble light on the rich furniture of the chamber.

Our Children.

"A child is born; now take the form and make it a bud of moral beauty. Let the dews of knowledge and the light of virtue, wake it in richest fragrance and in purest hues."

From Our Young Folks.

THE BUTTERFLY'S MISHAPS.

A butterfly, roving, with nothing to do, Over the wall of a clover-field flew. Fine-scented clover, white clover and red...

From Our Young Folks.

THE CATERPILLAR.

A little sunbeam was out one day, looking for some work to do: for, although sunbeams seem to laugh and play all the time, they manage to accomplish a great deal of labor, and they do it so pleasantly that it looks to others, and seems to themselves, only play.

worm was satisfied also. It was kept warm by the sunbeam, and found plenty of food if it could ever have eaten enough; but it ate and ate, and still was hungry, and ate again, until the green leaf was all eaten up but the bones, nothing left but a dry skeleton. Then the worm, which had grown larger and stronger squirmed, and wriggled, and crawled off to another fresh leaf, and there commenced his dinner, as hungry as if he had not already eaten up his cradle and his house.

The caterpillar raised his head from the leaf for the first time, and gazed with wonder, admiration, and longing after the beautiful fly that looked to his eyes like an angel, and repeated his words, "Nothing but worms!" and sighed as he saw his dark gray coat and looked upon his squirming companions.

The good worm was very thankful, and not a little surprised, but at the same time extremely hungry; so he again commenced eating with all his strength. Thus passed his life. A bird came one day, and ate and carried away several of his companions, but this did not trouble him. He admired the bird and its swift flight with a patient longing, and then turned contentedly to his green dinner again.

Then a spiny, noisy cricket came to make a call, and made him jump with nervous fright every time he spoke, his voice was so shrill. He was a little saucy too, and swung himself about in a lordly manner, and talked in a very contemptuous tone about poor, crawling worms, and pitied them, and wished they could have had a happier lot.

The caterpillar wished so too, in his patient way; for he was very humble, and did not know it was not at all polite in the cricket to speak in that manner; but when he was gone his face brightened, and he felt more cheerful, and softly admitted to himself that it was not altogether pleasant to have visitors that felt above his own rank in life.

Then some little girls came along, that were searching for flowers,—little, rosy, bright-eyed darlings like the little ones that read this story. They were afraid of the poor caterpillar, and wanted to poke him with a stick, only they dared not, and called him a horrid old thing, and wished he was dead. The poor caterpillar felt sorry and more humble than ever, although he could not think what he had done to deserve such treatment.

He had lived just as God made him to live and had always been good and humble. I think he would have been very sad, if the good little sunbeam had not come and kissed and caressed him, and cured his little aching heart, for there is nothing like love to cure heart troubles. Note that down, little ones; and where you see a poor, forlorn, crying child, be like the kind sunbeam, and find some work to do there in loving and curing the little aching heart or finger, as the case may be. Love is better than salves or plasters.

came hovering past on silken wings, looking like second cousins to the sunbeams.

They did not notice the caterpillar, and indeed he did not expect such condescension; but he could not help gazing at them, while a longing greater than he could contain seized him to join those beautiful creatures. But this he could not do, and he felt sad, and almost despised his low condition. He had been as a worm as perfect as worm could be, but the glimpses he had obtained of a higher and nobler life had quite disgusted him with his present state of existence.

He spun a silken cord, making it as strong as he could, and fastened one end around his body, and attached the other to the under side of the leaf; and gazing in the direction in which the beautiful pageant had disappeared, he swung himself off into the air, determined in death, if not in life, to float in the atmosphere.

Here he swung for eight days in a languid, dreamy state, warmed by the sunbeam and rocked by the breezes, unconscious of the lapse of time or of his own individual existence. But at the end of that period a crack in his light gray coat aroused him, and the sunbeam sparkled and laughed for joy, and performed with the zephyr a merry dance, in which the caterpillar unconsciously joined, being carried in the arms of the frolicsome zephyr before he had fairly got his sleepy eyes open.

And when he had got wide awake, so that he could look around to see what the fuss was about, what do you think he saw the very first thing? Four beautiful golden wings, so much like the friendly sunbeam, bordered with black, dotted with yellow, and covered with the finest and most elegant feathers, but so small, of course, that you could not see them. And they were his own! He could move them slowly back and forth, but could yet scarcely believe the evidence of his senses.

No wonder the sunbeam laughed and the breezes danced to witness the joyful surprise of the little sylph; for they had known of his sorrow, and had pitied and loved him in his humility. And now he had found his reward, and the sunbeam sparkled and shone upon him, and the breezes gently fanned him to dry his beautiful wings and teach him to use them; and it was not many minutes before he was floating off to play with them and the little troop of brother and sister butterflies that had been transformed around him by the aid of other sunbeams and other breezes. No more munching mulberry-leaves on a single bush, but sipping honey-dew from the cups of a thousand lovely flowers; floating up towards the soft clouds above the tallest trees, and fully realizing the bliss of an aerial existence!

Little Graves.

"and plants his flowers at my tomb, And gathers at my grave."

These little graves are very small—they are so narrow, deep and dark. They make me shudder with their cold, damp silence. Tread carefully, speak lowly, these little ones may have life.

But innocence has no fears. These little pilgrims have explored the depths of these graves—without a single tear—without a single regret, without a tormenting remorse.

Innocence is engraved upon every feature of those sweet faces—see those fair brows, no care, no wrinkles there—no availing fears that supersede beauty.

They drank not the cup of life; for, as they were, they sipped its nectar sweets. Their spirits were winged ere they left their wondrously fair bodies. They were of heaven. Angels knew them and loved them. We knew them by one name, the angels by another. We watched and tended them with tenderest care; but the angels will minister and care for them evermore. We watched their entering into this mortal life; they wait and look to give glad welcome to our spirit homes.

We are surrounded with the dying and the dead; but they are in that clime where they die no more, and there is "no sorrow there."

Let us cover these little graves with forget-me-nots and beautiful immortelles. Theirs is the victory without its battle, the crown without the strife of the race, life without the fear of death.—Methodist Recorder.

"A colored preacher in Nashville seeks to convert the stubborn members of his flock by treating them to poisoned peaches.

A negro, after gazing at the Chinese, exclaimed, "If de white folks is dark out dere, I wonder what's de color ob de nigger?"

