The editress' corner

The season of roses has come, and decked our hill with lovely Roses, and beautiful buds, each returning summer bring them in perfected loveliness, each Autumn, finds them withering, fading, gone. yes, gone. "but not for ever" fore sure as the seasons come in their appointed time so surely will return — no not the roses of the former year. but the same bushes are dotted in the same fashion and appear ~~the same~~ as before. bright beautiful and fragrant, but very tender

Has this, Our rose bud which was born in the cold air of winter long before other rose buds dared begin to form been growing? does it look as though it was nearer blooming than it did at first? it does not look quite as thrifty as we would wish to see it we must have let some of the snows of winter fall upon it or it would grow better

All earths roses soon will have spent their fragrance soon this bud of ours will cease to attract our attention soon very soon it may be some of the fingers that helped to form leaves for this bud will grow cold and motionless in the fetters of death. others may be called for distant, to employ their energies in other spheres of action. the ties that now bind them all around it, must inevertably sooner, or later be loosed. seeing then that earthly roses all lose their fragrance, their beauty, and consequently their attraction, and that all earthly ties must be severed, it becomes us to seek roses that are not of earth. to lay hold of cords, that the reaper death, cannot reach. The roses that are not of earth, but which bloom in a fairer land, are ever lovely. the longer they grow the more beautiful, they become ever shedding their fragrance around them causing the heart

of the desponding, to cheer up, and brighten the eye of the weary, the changes of season, or place, affect it not. but in the chilling atmosphere of winter and the scorching rays of summer it lives on brightly blooming and keeping the hearts of its possessors true to their trust. but this too can be destroyed out of our hearts if we seek not its presence let us endeavor always to keep the roses of kindness and love blooming in our hearts that when all earths roses have spent their bloom these two properly cultivated may secure a glorious home in a world where roses never fade in a land where the pains of death are never felt, where there is no parting a sin and sorrow but all is perfected beauty and happiness

See again, the blooming roses.
Crown our hill, with lovely wreaths.
Where the weary bird reposes.
When its fragrant odor breaths.

Fair, and fragrant, blushing, flowers.
Perfect, from the hand, of God.
Gems, for ornamental, bower.
Emblem, of the pure, and good.

Yes, there fair, and lovely, treasures.
Given, to "earths fallen sons."
Filling hearts, with joyous pleasures.
As they pluck, the fragrant ones.

But earths roses, all are dying.
All their beauty, fading fast.
Soon our eyes will see them lying.
Withered dead, in ruins, cast.

If earths roses, then are flying.
Let us look away from earth.
Where there is no fading, dying.
And no withered roses seen.

"Passing away"

"It is written on the brow
Where the spirit's ardent ray
Lives burns and triumphs now
Passing away" Mrs Hemans

"Passing away" is written on every object that meets our eye the good the beautiful, animate and inanimate objects all are passing away the day passes and night comes and rolls away, the moon rises and sets at her appointed time the stars perform their revolution, but there, all these, must pass away, the noble brow, on which the mark of lofty intellect, is stamped, must bow, and pass away, the brilliant eye which speaks of the hidden working of the soul, must be closed forever, the throbbing heart be stilled, the voice be hushed, and gone forever. yes all must soon be forever gone but there is one thing that "passeth not away" "the throne of God endureth forever" There is one thing that cannot die, that is the immortal soul while every object around is undergoing the process of passing away the immortal spirit lives on and the" it to passes away from earth it is only to live in another world either a world of boundless joy or endless pain

"Oh shall we meet"
In a land of purer day
Where lovely things and sweet
Pass not away"

Things in another world, that world to which we are hastening, "pass not away" and if lifes close find us watching for the coming of our Lord the faithful servants, we will find a glorious home and be able to say from the experience of life

"How blest from earths vain show
To pass away"

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The Prairie Rose Bud

Edited By

Jane S. Huggins

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Tit-for Tat or a sequel to a joke played back.

You might think that Willie would be more careful about his teasing after the pig scared him so nicely but he was not he was more careful about the pigs pen but that was as far as his carefulness went. one day he and two other boys were standing near a beehive watching the busy little creatures as they flew in and out of their hive. One of the boys said & Willie get a stick and thrust it in that hole in the hive just to see what the bees will do the other boy too joined in telling him it would be fine fun and if he would they would stand and look on. & they did not stand close and held themselves ready to run These boys were both older than Willie and were in reality worse to blame than he and they got what they deserved a part of his punishment. They knew that the bees would fight to defend their homes but they thought it would be time enough to run when they saw them attack Willie They told W. to put the stick in and quench still he saw the bees and then drop it and run.

They laughed very loud to see Willie get a long stick and march bravely up to the hole in the hive. These boys were not brave enough to do this themselves but they were brave enough to see and even persuade a boy younger than they were to put him self under the mercy of these infuriated bees. the stick was no sooner in than the scream was raised loud and long and these three brave boys were seen running through the yard with a swarm of justly offended bees after them. they were found a moment after in a stable where they had fled in vain for refuge. they were told to go out and run as fast as they could. We started for home and the other boys took down street as fast as they could go. the next day they appeared with their faces swollen sadly but they received no lasting injury and I think they have now learned that fun gained by the pain or sorrow of another is never in the end pleasure to us

Helena Spalta

Editress' corner

There is a long apology needed for the delay of our paper this time it is now one week from the time it should have made its appearance and there is only one piece in and the editress has just commenced writing this look discouraging and we are very sorry for it but do not know how we could have helped it. the busy cares of life are pressing thick around us and time cannot be had while "the sun shines" for writing and a law like that of the Medes and Persians which alteredh not has positively forbidden the luxury of taking a few of those sweet calm hour of night for such a purpose and now what is to be done must we give up our project if we do whose fault will it be I have done all I could to get more writers for this number but have been unsuccessful we have reason to be ashamed of ourselves about that

Will the readers please excuse this frightful scrawl it has been written at odd moments and in great hast

19 Aug

Notice Little Dick the great musician made his escape from prison today none of his friends know where he is. it is feared he will get among enemies and be murdered or that he has gone to an uncongenial climate which will prove injurious to his health will those that know him please do all in their power to return him to his friends.