

MUSINGS.

(Written for THE COURIER.)

"Meditation here may think down hours to moments.
Here the heart may give a useful lesson to the head,
And Learning wiser grow without his books."

Who has not dreamed over and over again of the beautiful faces—beautiful to us because of the tender associations and loved scenes of the "long ago"? Who, in his most deeply meditative moments, particularly those of introspection, is not haunted, both in his day and night dreams, by visions of the songs he used to sing, the books he used to read, the pictures he used to gaze upon, the trees that used to throw their lengthening shadows over his pathway, before the heart had learned the depressing lessons of sorrow and disappointment: taught by that ruthless instructor—Time? The memorials of the days passed in the careless freedom and unalloyed delights of childhood are not to be buried in oblivion. Indeed, the mind too willingly reverts to those bright hours, and calls up the old abiding joys which are but the warp and woof of present existence—the background that gives all the coloring to the landscape of today. The beautiful tints of the many colored rainbow of home, a mother's tender love and Christian influence that filled up all the interstices of the young minds with thoughts which were the seeds and roots of wisdom, but which, alas, gave no prophetic instinct; the innocent sports, and wildly extravagant ambitions—this rainbow of peace and joy which spanned the horizon of youthful vision, never fades away; not even though the sun of hope may occasionally dispel the lowering clouds whereby we catch glimpses of the clear, blue plains of heaven.

How many there are, alas, who live in the past—in the time when our morning hopes awoke before us smiling, among the dews and exuberating airs of quiet home; and fancy colored them with every hue of heavenly loveliness. Childhood is the one oasis of life to which the mind may ever turn for refreshing experiences. Deceit, impurity, treachery, unfaithfulness, injured love, lurked not beneath the sacred roof to crush the trembling sensibilities of the trusting soul. For every wound there was a balm, and the sunny days sped as on the wings of the eagle with meteor-like swiftness.

But passing out upon life's rugged highway, without a slumbering thought of the pain and anguish that thicken the air, what wonder that the poison shafts that fly hither and yon find sheathing in the unsuspecting heart? And what wonder that the wounds therefrom, incurable, eat and corrode the soul until life is bitter and hard to live?

Oh, tell me not that we think somber and melancholy strains because of inheritance! Nay: what occasion for gloomy thoughts when the atmosphere is rife with joy and gladness; not that joy which is everywhere, and at all times to be found in Nature; but that inner gladness of the soul that ever proclaims it in harmony with its surroundings, and which may be denominated as our especial and individual belonging? Only when the unarmored soul—unarmored through the tender solicitude of the dear ones under childhood's roof-tree—engages in the raging battle of life on its own account can it appreciate either pure joy or deep pain.

When deception tricks the guileless one into its fiendish clutches, and injured love is the sacrifice upon the altar—oh, who can understand such anguish but the pierced heart? No, I

cannot, I dare not believe that shadow, darkness and despair come to us of our own seeking—'twere a travesty upon the purity and unexcelled joys of childhood's hallowed influences to entertain the thought. Once, all was brightness, and gloom was unknown. Whence are they now? Once, we could freely partake of happiness and claim it as our own; later death lurks even in the sunbeam. Whence this change?

Experience tells many tales of sadness; and unless your pathway has wound, and wound yet again, among the jagged rocks and briery byways, you may not know of the thorns that everywhere protrude to pierce and mangle the tender flesh. No, these paths are not of our conscious choosing, neither are they ours through inheritance but, rather forced upon us by a chain of apparently unavoidable circumstances, and how can we escape? Then, what must be the state of the soul that may not feel the pain and great weight of sorrow laid upon it by influences entirely outside of itself?

Oh, reader, be not so ready to censure the soul that suffers. If you have joys not intermingled with pain, share them with your weeping brother. You may reach him and lift him to a plain where joy is seen in the glistening dew-drop and glowing flowers through love and tenderness, but never through cold, stinging reproof. When you feel a soul cry out in the agony of its despair:—

"Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!

I am so weary of toils and of tears;
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain,

Take them, and give me my childhood again.

I have grown weary of dust and decay,
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away,
Weary of sowing for others to reap;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep;"

be assured that unsought and untoward winds have riven the little bark from its chosen and loved moorings, and that it floats upon the uncertain ocean of life without helm, tossed by the restless billows.

MYRA E. OLNSTEAD.

SUGGEST.

(Written for THE COURIER.)

Success is not the rabble's loud applause,

The wreaths and tributes of the clam'rous throng

Whose erring judgment is more often wrong

Than right,—poor playthings of the wind, like straws

Blown here and yon. The mediocre draws

More noisy comment from the crowds along

Life's thoroughfares,—that sympathy is strong

Twixt things alike is one of nature's laws.

To fix a standard that is high and true,
Forever straight toward that mark to press,

A path o'er every obstacle to hew,
To be content with nothing that is less,

To do the best 'tis given thee to do,
This is the very acme of success.

ISRAEL RICHEY.

She Was an Observer.

"You have brought new sunshine into my heart," he said, rapturously.

"Do you mean that," she said, timidly.

"Of course I mean it. Can you doubt me?"

"Oh, of course I know you wouldn't intentionally misrepresent. But you know a young man so often thinks a girl has brought sunshine into his life

when, in reality, it's only moonshine."

FUNKE OPERA HOUSE

FRANK C. ZEHRUNG, Manager.

COMING ATTRACTIONS:--

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WAR SONG CONCERT

Directed by Mrs. P. V. M. Raymond.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 15.

Edouard Remenyi,

THE HUNGARIAN VIOLINIST.

LANSING THEATRE

ED. A. CHURCH, Manager.

COMING ATTRACTIONS:--

FRIDAY, MAY 10.

"SIDETRACKED"

SATURDAY, MAY 11.

Lillian Lewis

—IN—

"CLEOPATRA"

TUESDAY, MAY 14.

EMILY BANCKER

—IN—

OUR FLAT.

"TRILBY"

AND

THE

PASSING

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