



THE TROUBLESOME ELEMENTAL.

BY A THEOSOPHIC ADEPT.

I'M fond of going out by night
To roam about in astral light.
Most adepts do—since they with ease
Can leave the body when they please.

The elementals are our slaves,
And when his hand the adept waves
And speaks the word of power, they
Ought to implicitly obey.

But lately in the upper spheres
Some of these spirits, it appears,
As here on earth is oft the case,
Are apt to get above their place.

There is one elemen'al who
I have especially in view;
One night I chained him by my spell,
And for some years he served me well.

I chose him from the other sprites,
To follow me in astral flights,
From all the dangers lurking round
He guarded me like faithful hound.

(The elemental race are shy—
They stand from three to four feet high—
In aspect vapory and slim,
Devoid of either head or limb.)



IN REALMS BEYOND HIM.

SHE—"Have you read 'Pope's Essay on Man,' Mr. Slonessy?"
HE—"No, not yet. But (*brightening up*) I read a mighty good article of his in to-day's paper on Separate Schools, don't you know."

This creature, docile once and meek,
Has latterly developed cheek;
He sometimes won't my calls obey
And takes to vanishing away.

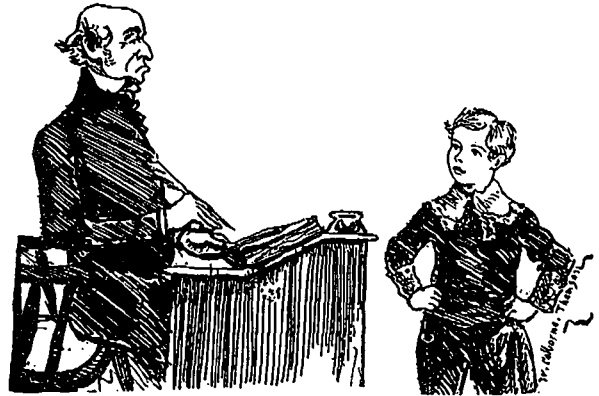
That's not the worst—he won't remain
At all times on the astral plane,
But has a most unpleasant knack
Of following me when I go back.

Now I've no use for him down here,
I cannot send him out for beer;
The neighbors all would stare I know
To see him shovelling off the snow.

I find him standing by my chair
And dogging me round everywhere,
And when I swear and cry "Avaunt!"
He vibrates—meaning "No, I shan't."

One day last week on seeing it
The servant girl went in a fit.
"A ghost!" she yelled—such utter rot!
That, he most certainly is *not*.

I tried the difference to explain,
But some deficiency of brain
Prevented her attaining to
A calm and reasonable view.



THERE WERE COMBINES IN THOSE DAYS.

SCHOOL-BOY—"I want five cents to buy a pad to do examples on."

GRAND-PA—"When I was a boy we used slates."

SCHOOL-BOY (*reflectively*)—"I guess maybe the school trustees wot owned the slate factories is dead."

She left. I set him to such chores
As tending fires and scrubbing floors,
But with his uppish airs imbued,
He's careless, indolent and rude.

And then 'tis hard to get a child
To his appearance reconciled,
Though but a misty, formless shade,
He makes the family afraid.

So, though he's really very cheap,
And costs me nothing for his keep,
I wish he'd quit and seek again
The regions of the astral plane.

THERE appears to be no negative side to the assertion that photographs are taken from us before we get them.

A GROCER is known by his dishonest-tea; a coal dealer by his false weights; a printer by his form; a doctor by his patients; a butcher by his chops; a carter by his express ways; and a Grit by his liberal terms.