

THE Lancaster Organs

IS PRINTED BY INMATES OF THE
Insane Asylum, St. John, N. B.,
AND ISSUED EARLY EACH MONTH.

Frank Jarvis, . . . Managing Editor.

TERMS: (PAY IN ADVANCE.)

Single Copy, 3 CENTS
One Year, (post paid) 25 CENTS

Advertising Rates:

One Inch, One Month, 12 CENTS
One Inch, Three Months, 30 CENTS
One Inch, One Year, \$1.00
Two Inches, Six Months, 90 CENTS

Other advertising rates in proportion.—
One rate to all. 10 % advance on quarterly
rates, if paid quarterly. Changes for ads.
must be in not later than the 20th of the
month.

Subscribers are requested to make use of
the envelopes we send them. As none of
our articles are copyrighted, exchanges are
welcome to the use of them. Literary arti-
cles sent us will receive careful attention, es-
pecially if they are concise and original, and
sent early in the month. Local news is wel-
come at any time. Contributors, however,
must not expect us to print everything that
is sent. By subscribing through the mail,
our friends will help along the paper. Address:

THE LANCASTER ORGANS,
Box 34, Fairville, N. B.

Entered at the post office, Saint John, N. B., as
second class matter.

ESTABLISHED, 1850.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—We have to thank
our friends for the patronage they have ex-
tended to us, and the interest they have
shown in the success of the LANCASTER OR-
GANS. Our paper is not very large; never-
theless, what it contains is high class litera-
ture. We have been adding pages and im-
proving reading matter from month to month
so that now it is almost like giving the pa-
per away to ask only 25 cents a year for it.
Therefore, even though it may slightly de-
crease our circulation, we have decided that
after February 1st, 1894, the subscription
price of the LANCASTER ORGANS will be 50
cents a year, or 5 cents a copy. Any person,
however, sending 25 cents before that time
can have the paper for a full year. So now
is the time to subscribe.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

How sweet it were, hearing the downward
stream,
With half-shut eyes over to seem
Falling asleep in a half-dream;
To dream and dream, like yonder amber
light,
Which will not leave the myrrh bush on the
height. —Tennyson.

This world is full of what may be called
the beautiful. It abounds everywhere and
meets the gaze at every turn. Whether it is
in the smoky city or the quiet country vil-
lage—you see it. You cannot escape it.
If you shut yourself from the outside world,
it still follows you; and how often do we
mistake the beautiful for what is called the ugly!
The beautiful animates and sends a thrill
of joy through the mind; for by the mind
our senses work—take away the mind and
all will be oblivion.

The beautiful has a soothing influence,
and often steers our way on the sea of life,
amidst all the storms and rocks, in safety.
Trouble comes, and the beautiful drives it
away. Hapiness and the beautiful go arm in
arm like friends, ever helping the other, and
ever befriending the friendless. Ever cheer-
ing the drooping heart, and ever encourag-
ing the truly ambitious. They knock loud-
ly at the heart of the hopeless and dejected.
Do not refuse entrance. Take them—press
them to your bosom and weep for joy that
you have found two friends, for the beauti-
ful is happiness, and happiness is beautiful.

Did you ever cross the ocean in the balmy
and sunny month of June? On the broad
and expansive ocean; no ship in sight, the
bright sun kindly transmitting its enlivening
rays, you stand at the side of the vessel and
look around. All that you see partakes of
the æsthetic, and you are imbued with a feel-
ing you cannot account for.

Perhaps, in the distance you may see the
waterspouts of the whale, or you may pass an
iceberg coming from the chilly north; or, if
you are not too far out at sea, the gulls in
their playful flight will follow, and rest on
the masts, and then fall behind, and again
catch up, only to fly away, to disappear.—
Everything is pleasing to the eyes, and you
wish it was always so. But soon all is
changed, night comes on, and with the night
large, black, threatening clouds. The soft in-
vigorating air develops into heavy winds and
blows in fearful gusts. All except those