

Family Reading.

The Beautiful Land of Nod.

Come, shut your eyes and fold your hands, Your head like the golden-rod; And we will go sailing away from here To the beautiful Land of Nod.

An Englishman in New Brunswick.

When I first visited New Brunswick, I had come a thousand miles by rail and boat and sleigh to find my parish, where it lay away in a comparative wilderness, "twenty miles from a lemon," or a lamp chimney.

much goodness and affection, and for many life-long remembrances.

The little community in which I was now stationed was of English origin, although it had had an interval of American experience.

The culture was largely due to the presence of a well-conducted grammar school in the settlement; which, while it attracted many young people from a distance, afforded unusual facilities for the education of the resident population.

The congregation generally partook, as a matter of course, of the same characteristics. Rarely exceeding a hundred persons, old and young, it would include several University graduates, two or three members of the legislature, and none who had not received at the least a sound plain education which had made them a reading people; a people to whom it was a delight to preach; and for whom it was a pleasure to prepare.

The changing seasons being strongly marked, wrought curious changes in the congregation. An extra "foot of snow" falling on Saturday would compel the absence of all who lived at driving distance; if it came on Sunday morning and was drifting, perhaps a dozen persons might be able to force their way to church.

So moral and godly a community it has never been my lot to see. Drunkenness and open vice were absolutely unknown. In the exercise of a sort of "local option" privilege, the sale of strong drink had been forbidden in this particular township; and the results were no less striking than in the neighboring territory of Maine.

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and variety; with many others that are ornaments in English gardens. And was there not the river, itself a thing of beauty and a joy for ever!

And our sunsets were wonderful in their beauty, a beauty I have heard well described as "unearthly." Then as the days grew shorter, we would at times be visited by the awful splendors of the aurora borealis; streaks and flames of light gathering sometimes over all the heavens; a burning crimson tent; seemingly tired and knotted in the very zenith.

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"Well, in the first place, I and my brothers and sisters are the favored food of blackbirds and thrushes. And I suppose you will admit that everybody likes to hear them sing; and then again, I am a dainty morsel for a duck."

"A fine ambition, truly to wish to be swallowed up alive," said the Caterpillar, sarcastically.

"We are all appointed different lots in this world," answered the Snail; "if I were eaten by a duck, that duck might be eaten by some great personage—think of that! What a glorious lot, to help to make a dish for a crowned head!"

"I don't see anything at all glorious in being eaten," said Miss Caterpillar. Just look at me. When I am a butterfly I shall fly from flower to flower, enjoying the sweets of all, and perhaps I shall be caught by some clever man and put in a glass case for folks to examine."

"Yes, and he'll stick a pin through your body first," retorted the Snail, "and leave you to die a lingering death. Better to be swallowed by a duck at once, and have done with it. Besides, what good will it do you to be examined after you are dead?"

"And what good will it do you," said the Caterpillar, "to help fatten a duck that is to be eaten by a King?" Besides, how do you know, if you are swallowed by a duck, that that particular duck will be eaten by a King?"

"I only said the duck might be eaten by a king," returned the Snail, rather taken aback by the question.

"Oh, yes, might," snapped the Caterpillar; "but it is just as likely that it might be stolen and eaten by a tinker."

This so exasperated the Snail that the dispute got high. Both she and Miss Caterpillar lost all further appetite for their dinner. And when they had all but come to blows, a fine large white Alesbury duck that had strayed from a neighboring yard espied them on the cabbage-leaf, and put an end to their quarrel and their lives at the same time, by swallowing them both.

Learn from this, never to boast. You are not a bit more use in the world than your neighbor. Whatever may be your abilities, it is quite possible, nay, certain, that he is just as much use in his sphere as you are in your own. — Sunday Magazine.

How They Made Out. "I don't know," said Margaret, "how we shall make out; but we can't let the child starve. Margaret was the house-mother in a German home, where money was scarce, and plain food was not plenty."

A stranger had come along the street, and stopped at the door, and asked if he might have some supper with the family. He was watching the yellow-haired little girl who followed Margaret around, which made her speak the sentence with which this story commences.

"Then she isn't your own child?" asked the stranger. "No!" Margaret explained that she was the child of a poor neighbor who died a few weeks before, leaving nothing for the little girl, and no friends for her to go to. So they had to take her in.

"And can't you manage to keep her?" the stranger asked. "And have none of your own, I suppose?" "Oh, dear, yes!" and she laughed over his queer mistake. None of their own! Why, there were ten in all.

When supper was ready, they all trooped in. What a little army of them! and how clean their little faces were! their hair neatly combed, and their patched and worn clothes looking as though each of them had been as careful as possible. At the supper table each of them looking out for Gretchen; she had the largest potato, carefully peeled by Margaret, the mother's name-child; Melchor, the father's namesake, put a bit of butter on it, though he ate none on his own.

made her tremble as she broke the seal. Oh, what do you think that letter said? Why, that the man who had taken supper with them the night before was so pleased with the ten children, and with Gretchen besides, that he decided to make them each a present of \$100 which would be paid to them each year while they lived! \$1,100 a year because a strange man who took supper with them was pleased with their kindness to him, and their unselfish care of the orphan Gretchen! That sounds like a "made up" story doesn't it? and yet it is true. The letter was signed, Joseph, Emperor of Austria. And he was the stranger who had eaten potatoes with them the night before.

Ah! I wonder if you know what this makes me think of? Do you remember who laid aside his crown and his royal dress, and left his throne, and came to us—not simply to amuse himself and give us pleasure, but to save our souls?

Some day we shall see him, with the royal dress blazing with jewels, the crown of gold on his head. Will he remember us then as those who received him here? He is watching our actions, whether they are unselfish and loving, or hard and hateful. Is he getting a reward ready for us? The reward is not \$100 a year; it is a home in the palace, a seat on the throne. It is to be introduced to his Father as brothers and sisters; it is to reign with him forever and ever.—Pansy.

Look out for the Voice. You often hear boys and girls say words when they are vexed that sound as if made up of a snarl, a whine, and a bark. Such a voice often expresses more than the heart feels. Often, even in mirth, one gets a voice or tone that is sharp, and it sticks to him through life. Such persons get a sharp voice for home use, and keep their best voice for those they meet elsewhere. I would say to all boys and girls, "Use your guest-voice at home." Watch it day by day, as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you than the best pearl in the sea. A kind voice is a lark's song to a hearth and home. Train it to sweet tones now and it will keep in tune through life.—Child's Guide.

Throw up your Chin. The whole secret of standing and walking erect, consists in keeping the chin well away from the breast. This throws the head upward and backward, and the shoulders will naturally settle backward and in their true position. Those who stoop in walking, generally look downward. The proper way is to look straight ahead, upon the same level with your eyes, or if you are inclined to stoop until that tendency is overcome look rather above than below the level. Mountaineers are said to be "as straight as an arrow," and the reason is because they are obliged to look upward so much. It is simply impossible to stoop in walking, if you will heed and practice this rule. You will notice that all round-shouldered persons carry the chin near the breast and pointed downward.—Advance.

Wanted his Mouse. The story is told of a discharged State prison convict, who was inconsolable because he left his pet mouse in his cell. The little fellow was the only friend he had. It came from a hole in the corner every morning, and ate the crumbs from his hand. "He would playfully run down my arm and play about my face, let me feed him, and stay by me when I was eating my supper," he said; "when I went into my cell and did not pay immediate attention to my little pet, he would chatter and scold at me in such an earnest way that it made me laugh. He was my one friend, and I have come away forgetting him." The agent of the Prison Association restored the mouse to his friend.—Newton Graphic.

A visit made with purpose on three different nights to a Tremont street faro bank in Boston disclosed the presence of nine Harvard students the first night, seven the second, and eleven the third. The police authorities of Boston are trying to close all these places.

APR... FA... TREAT... of nitrat... gallons o... and good... applied... are filled... spikes a... handful... tied up i... immerse... water fo... you a sa... also go... pound of... a large... used as... stimulan... whole of... will bene... sustenan... To R... drops of... watery... flower p... In sov... do not s... must be... germina... which co... They ar... will blo... kind of... Forge... ies of th... moist pl... In sta... or pots... them wi... fitted o... paper wo... moist ur... Every... ner de... Mothers... those us... and as b... art of g... of delic... The... the fol... stumps... winter b... in diam... of the st... deep, pu... of saltpe... and plug... spring t... in a gill... The stu... out blaz... the roo... ashes."... Sheep... storm f... fleeces... will tak... weather... not be t... Fowl... less like... and rou... poorly... But ver... without... rect dra... Fowl... and som... finemen... be over... or an o... reished... Stron... years o... The ste... long gr... THE... for the... from a... more h... load of... fresh be... by exc... cannot... a good... mixing... layers... in a sh... cord o... weather... materi... piled, i... few bu... upon t... when t... as qu... so as t... as pos...