Samily Beading.

The Beautiful Land of Nod.

Come, cuddle your head on my shoulder

Your head like the golden-rod; And we will go sailing away from here To the beautiful Land of Nod. Away from life's hurry and flurry and

Away from earth's shadows and gloom, We will sail off together to a world of fair

weather. Where roses are always in bloom.

Come, shut your eyes and fold your hands Your hands like the leaf of a rose : And we will go sailing to those fair lands That never an atlas shows.

On the north and the west they are bounded

On the south and the east by dreams; 'Tis the country ideal where nothing is real But everything only seems.

Come, drop down the curtain of your dear

Your eyes like the bright blue-bells; And we will sail out under starlit skies, To the land where the fairies dwell. From the river of sleep our bark shall

Till it reaches the mystic isle Which no man hath seen, yet where al And there we will pause awhile.

I will croon you a song as we drift along To that shore that is blessed of God; Then ho! for that fair land. We re off for that rare land, That 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. For the first time in my life I had crossed wide waters in a carriage with horses. - The experience was afterwards to become familiar enough; but that first clatter of the horses' hoofs on the ice, as they trotted swiftly from the shore in the dark evening, was sufficiently startling. I found my parish covered deeply with frozen snow. Whole billows of it, many feet thick, covered the banks, the roadway, the fields and gardens. The mid-day sun had moistened the surface for a time, the evening frost had congealed The rich alluvial earth-annually enit till its shining surface would bear the weight of a man. White, hard, and

glistening, it covered the whole scene. I stayed three weeks, and departed in the beginning of March, to return at the end of April with my family. The change which had taken place was wonderful. My parish had, by the breaking up of winter, been once more put into communication with the outside world. The mighty river which I had traversed in the sleigh, now bore me to my destination in a steamboat of proportions suited to its own dignity. The melting snows had swollen the stream to some twenty feet above its former level. The steep banks, up and down which I had driven a few weeks before, were submerged; and our huge vessel siddled in among the bushes skirting the roadway by the church and parsonage, when a plank was run out, and we landed with our luggage on the high road itself. Water lay in all the hollows, the ditches were rivulets, and the creeks were rivers. It was not difficult to believe that a few days more would convert the whole country into a the comparative isolation in which each lake, dotted with islets holding up the houses and barns from the swelling flood.

We were all low-spirited that day. Coming amongst strangers was a trial, intensified by the knowledge of the distance which lay between us and many friends in the province we had left. The forty-eight hours' journey had wearied and unnerved us, and the sympathetic and ever-weeping skies deepened our depression. The people we were coming to seemed conscious that the place was not showing to the best advantage, and were themselves excited and ill at ease. But kind friends bore us off to a welcoming farm-house, where warmth, refreshment, and Christian sympathy soon transposed the minor key in which our minds were moving, to a pleasanter and livelier strain. By-and-bye, when we came to know our people, we learned to honour Word of God; while here and there and love them; and were able-when Greek Testament might be seen refer- its little garden-spot bright with beauthe time of separation came—to thank red to by one who was desirous God for the privileged years we had knowing the original of a word in de- (I remember the girls used to eat them) spent among them, for the experience of | bate.

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

The little community in which I was

the old Gazetteer, settled about 170 years ago in what was then the royal colony of Massachusetts. There the boundaries soon became too narrow for them; and twenty years before the American revolution, a party of the men were attracted to New Brunswick by the governor's proclamation of free lands. Ascending the river St. John, they selected a lertile tract about eighty miles from its mouth, and shortly, after removed to it with their families. They were good stock wherewith to found a settlement. The sturdy Yorkshire character, already leavened with true piety, and lighted with clear intelligence, had lost nothing by its so journ amongst the Puritans of New England. When this second "swarm ing" landed in New Brunswick, it brought its piety, its intelligence, and its Yorkshire independence of spirit. The first act of these new Pilgrim Fathers was to bind themselves by solemn written covenant to one another and to their God. They covenanted to lead sober, moral lives: to be brotherly and helpful, each to each; to train their nant had been observed, and how the blessing of God had rested on the little community, became evident to me as I began to know and understand my people. Let me say, in a word, that I have never met, in any land, with people of such intelligence, high principle, and unaffected piety. After the generations that had passed, here were still the Puritans of the seventeenth century, with the added culture of the nineteenth.

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. One effect of the school was to add ano ther product to the staple of the soil. riched by the deposits of the Spring floods, produced enormous erops of hay which was largely exported; but besides this it used to be a common expression that the settlement raised men; who, educated and well-principled, generally made their way to posiitions of usefulness and trust in the professions, in the higher walks of commerce, or political life. There were few families which had not sent some of their members from the grammarschool to the Provincial university, and thence into the world; while those who remained to till the farm and conduct the business of the home were wellread and well-mannered to a degree remarkable in an exclusively rural population. I believe that few ministers, in country districts especially, are blessed with a Bible-class of young people such as that which gathered in my parlour on Sunday evenings. It was not specially numerous; but was reearnestness of purpose; the outcome, probably, of good home-training, and of family lived; and which gave opportunities for self-communing which are often sadly wanting in the rush and strain of city life. They were trained to think, and they had time to think, We often "sat and reasoned high " on many of the great questions which concern our human life and its relation to God and the universe; the young people asking questions freely; not hesitating to state their difficulties, whether as arising from the language of the Scriptures or from their observations of facts within and without them. especially recall one young serious face belonging to a girl accustomed "think aloud," whose eye would look clearly and fixedly forward while she deliberately uttered the deep reasonings with which her mind was busy. Well acquainted with these young people also with the facts and language of the

as a matter of course, of the same characteristics. Rarely exceeding a hunnow stationed was of English origin, dred persons, old and young, it would although it had had an interval of include several University graduates, American experience. "A number of two or three members of the legislapious people from Yorkshire," so says ture, and none who had not received at boats" on its surface, their square sails 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. At the morning service I had no cause to complain of want of attention; but the afternoon was, I must confess, a trial to me frequently Men who were accustomed to be much in the open air, naturally became drowsy on entering a small building where the air was already vitiated; and " nodding" was not infrequent. I once suggested-half in jest, half in vexation-that we should have a "pullman pew fitted up for the sleepers! But after all, there were very few of them, and none deplored the tendency more than themselves.

The changing seasons being strongly

marked, wrought curious changes in the

falling on Saturday would compel the

congregation. An extra " foot of snow

absence of all who lived at driving distance; if it came on Sunday morning and twig for miles along the bank glit- ed after you are dead?" and was drifting, perhaps a dozen persons might be able to force their way sparkled with brightness and colour as to church. But a fine winter's mornchildren in the fear of God; and to ing-sunny, blue and beautiful-would maintain constantly the institutions of bring the sleighs, with their jingling Divine worship. How well this cove- bells, from far and near. These would halt here and there to pick up wayfarers, or to call for some elderly or weakly persons unable to walk in the snow. One or two teams would come in from "the Lake," or perhaps from across the wide river, all full freighted. and the house would be filled. The spring brought another change; the river, swollen by the melted snows, overflowed the road on its banks, and from this, my people strove to bring the dispute got high. the only approach was by boats; which forth the fruits of the gospel of Christ, -like the sleighs in winter-would the great factor in the life of so many give a neighbourly call from house to of them. To know what was Chrishouse; and so would come on in pretty tian duty was ever the preliminary to procession up or down the stream to reducing it to practice. And the the church doors. Nay, it is remembered that occasionally the water has was sufficient to sweeten many a bitter been so high as to necessitate the boats | cup, and to lighten many a heavy load. entering the church and landing the Often was the minister ministered unto minister on the pulpit stairs, to preach when visiting a home where death had to a congregation driven to take reluge entered, or where its coming was hourin the galleries! the advancing spring ly expected. I have seen often the would bring another diversion; mosquitos. As the sun rose higher day by have no hope; and have learned by day, and the waters receded, the germs | many a death-bed the truth and power of these little pests were hatched out, of the gospel of Christ, and its marveland they would proceed to fill their lous adaptation to the deepest needs of empty ghost-like bodies from the full men. The Divine presence and comveins of the residents. "Wee Satans" my predecessor—a Scotchman—used to dow" has been demonstrated before me call them; and truly I had reason to and I have learned the power of the admire his nomenclature. They had simple argument of Christian experia sort of fascination for me. On the ence, which outweights all that sceptihot evenings I have watched them fas- tism can urge. Yes, this "Church in not plenty. tening on some bald head in the prayer | the Wilderness" as I have called it, meeting; gradually changing from was and is, a real and living church; a gray to red as they fed from the veins people called unto holiness, and walkof some aged pilgrim to whom long use | ing in the fear of God. I thank God had made their presence indifferent for the privilege of living and working and who sat unconscious of the fact that they were making a meal off his head. For myself, I never could attain to this sublime indifference. I could not let them alone, which is by far the wisest thing to do; but have been compelled, markable for its thoughtfulness and while preaching, to watch for and did red-and-black hairy Caterpillar, my hand as they lighted on my head striped house on her back, met together ing for the little girl. and no friends and face. And woeful were the in- on a cabbage leaf. At first they were first for her to go to. So they had to take flamed lumps and swellings with which so intent on eating a hearty dinner that that head was often adorned. But this visitation did not last very long; they had their little day, and ceased to be. About two months saw the worst of it over; and then would come the most enjoyable season of the year, the late summer and the "fall."

It would not be easy to find words suitably expressive of the beauty of my colonial " parish " in the autumn of the but then it was a good place to look choice." away from; and the opposite bank of the great river was sufficiently steep; with a hilly back ground covered with dark forest. On our own side we had the meadows, with their wondrous crops of grass; and the "corn-patches" where the yellow maize showed always be a black, ugly, slimy snail." its silky tassels floating in the wind. Then were the white farmhouses dotted along the bank of the river; each with tiful flowers; roses in rich abundance geraniums that were marvellous in size | pillar.

The congregation generally partook, and variety; with many others that And was there not the river, itself a food of blackbirds and thrushes. And thing of beauty and a joy for ever! I suppose you will admit that everywhether flowing on in its fullness, with body likes to hear them sing; and a fleet of little schooners or "wood- then again, I am a dainty morsel for a set to catch the breeze; or bearing a huge raft of timber from the distant forests, drawn down to the harbour pillar, sarcastically. by some little "puffing Billy" of a

steam-tug. their beauty, a beauty I have heard times be visited by the awful splendors | ed head!" of the aurora borealis; streaks and tent; seemingly tired and knotted in ened into a glistening slendour, which amine." seemed to be not of this world. A fall tering with diamond pendants which they caught the sun's rays.

So moral and godly a community it and the Caterpillar laughed tauntingly has never been my lot to see. Drunk enness and open vice were absolutely by a king, returned the Snail, rather 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 neigh- tinker." boring territory of Maine. But apart thought that such was the will of God. sorrow which is not that of those who panionship in the "valley of the sha-

WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

The Snail and the Caterpillar.

On a fine, bright sunny day, a splen-'dodge" them; or perhaps slap with and a snail, carrying her beautifully neither of them took much notice of the other. But at last the Caterpillar said: "You eat more than your share, Mrs. Snail, and you pick out all the tender, juicy green bits."

"There is no harm in having a good appetite, I suppose," answered Dame Snail, " and besides, there is plenty for

" Perhaps so," grumbled the Cateryear. True, our countryside was flat; pillar, "but I ought to have the

"Why? Because if I nourish myself well I shall change into a beautiful red-and-black butterfly, whose beauty will charm everybody, whilst you will

"Thank you for the compliment," said the Snail, "but good looks are not everything in this world; besides, you may not live to be a butterfly at all,

I am of as much use as you." "Prove it." sneered Miss Cater-

are ornaments in English gardens. brothers and sisters are the favored Oh, what do you think that letter said?

"A fine ambition, truly to wish to be swallowed up alive," said the Cater-

"We are all appointed different lots in this world," answered the Snail And our sunsets were wonderful in | "if I were eaten by a duck, that duck might be eaten by some great personwell described as "unearthly." Then age—think of that! What a glorious as the days grew shorter, we would at lot, to help to make a dish for a crown-

"I don't see anything at all glorious flames of light gathering sometimes over in being eaten," said Miss Caterpillar. all the heavens; a burning crimson Just look at me. When I am a butterfly I shall fly from flower to flower, the very zenith. And even in the long | enjoying the sweets of all, and perhaps cold dreary winter, oft-times the white I shall be caught by some clever man monotone of the scene would be light- and put in a glass case for folks to ex-

"Yes, and he'll stick a pin through of snow—a thaw—an icy north wind— your body first," retorted the Snail, bright sunshine; all these in quick | "and leave you to die a lingering death succession during a few hours would Better to be swallowed by a duck at result in a transformation scene gor- once, and have done with it. Besides, geous beyond degree; every branch | what good will it do you to be examin-

"And what good will it do you," said the Caterpillar, " to help fatten a duck that is to be eaten by a King?" But to go back to what I have said, Besides, how do you know, if you are the chief charm of my parish was the swallowed by a duck, that that particular duck will be eaten by a King?"

I only said the duck might be eaten 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

This so exasperated the Snail that 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 Whatever may than your neighbor. be your abilities, it is quite possible, nay, certain, that he is of 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 ont; but we can't let the child starve. Margaret was the money was scarce, and plain food was

street, and stopped at the door, and with the family. He was watching the Margaret around, which made her commences.

·Then she isn't your own child?' asked the stranger.

was the child of a poor neighbor who Advance. died a few weeks before, leaving noth-

'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.

trooped in. What a little army of them! and how clean their little faces their patched and worn clothes looking as though each of them had been as "Why so, Miss Caterpillar?" asked careful as possible. At the supper mother's name-child; Melchor, the father's namesake, put a bit of butter on it, though he ate none on his own. The stranger saw all this and a great deal more, though he seemed to be talking with the father and mother.

The next day a soldier in military dress rode up to the house, and asked for the house-mother, and gave her

"Well, in the first place, I and my made her tremble as she broke the seal 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 himselt and give us pleasure, but to save our souls ? and and and soft

Some day we shall see him, with the royal dress blazing with jewels, the crowu 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. house-mother in a German home, where Those who stoop in walking, generally look downward. The proper way is to look straight ahead, upon the same level A stranger had come along the with your eyes, or if you are inclined to stoop until that tendancy is overcome asked if he might have some supper look rather above than below the level. Mountaineers are said to be as straight yellow-haired little girl who followed as an arrow,' and the reason is because they are obliged to look upward so much. speak the sentence with which this story It is simply impossible to stoop in walking, if you will heed and practice this rule. You will notice that all roundshouldered persons carry the chin near 'No!' Margaret explained that she | the breast and pointed downward. -

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 tellow 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 When supper was ready, they all playfully run down my arm and play about my face, let me feed him, and stay by me when I was eating my supwere! their hair neatly combed, and per," 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 table each of them looking out for that it made me laugh. He was my Gretchen; she had the largest potato, one friend, and I have come away forgetcarefully peeled by Margaret, the ting 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 Bosgreat, solemn looking-letter which ton are trying to close all these places.

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