

REST.

Let us rest ourselves a bit. Worry?—wave your hand to it— Kiss your fingertips, and smile It farewell a little while.

While we yet look down—not up— To seek out the buttercup And the daisy, where they wave O'er the green home of the grave.

Let us launch us smoothly on Listless billows of the lawn, And drift out across the main Of our childish dreams again.

Voyage off, beneath the trees, O'er the fields' enchanted seas, Where the lilies are our sails, And our sea-gulls, nightingales;

Where no wilder storm shall beat Than the wind that waves the wheat, And no tempests burst above The old laughs we used to love.

Lose all troubles—gain release, Langour and exceeding peace, Cruising idly o'er the vast Calm mid-ocean of the past.

Let us rest ourselves a bit. Worry?—wave your hand to it— Kiss your fingertips, and smile It farewell a little while.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A North Carolina Man's Scheme to Bring the Name of Nisbit to the Front.

One day I halted at the cabin of a North Carolinian named Nisbit, and I saw so many children around that I asked him if he was keeping school or running an orphan asylum.

"Why, yer's only half 'em!" he replied in considerable surprise, and going to the door he uttered a long-drawn whoop.

In three or four minutes children began to break out of the woods and thickets and weeds and briar patches, and when they had gathered around the door and been added to those inside I counted seventeen—not one less—and the oldest was not 20 years old.

"You seem to be fond of children," I observed to the father and mother as they stood beaming down on their progeny.

"I dote on 'em," replied the mother. "I like 'em, and I'm kinder carryin' out an idea of my own," added the father.

"Fur three ginerashuns our family has bin sloppin'."

"What's that?"

"A-goin' to the dogs—nuthin' solid about 'em; turnin' away from eddecashun an' driftin' into whiskey and idleness. 'Deed, sah, but it hain't so very far back that some of the Nisbits were hung by the neck for murder. Fur three ginerashuns back we haven't produced a Nisbit fitten to dodge a skunk. I'm speakin' about my partickler line o' Nisbits. Thar' may be other Nisbits who had money and brains."

"Yes, a mighty bad lot!" sighed the wife, as she held up her hands.

"Thar was my grandpap," continued the pioneer, as he accepted a plug of tobacco I advanced on the seven points of sympathy.

"There was my grand pap. He 'un might hev bin President of these Yunited States just as well as not, but he was too durned lazy to vote for himself. He was so mighty onery that dogs and cats wouldn't stay with him, an' so opposed to work that if he fell into a swamp he'd stay right thar until somebody cum around to pull him out.

"They wanted him to be Guv'nor and sheriff and lots of other things, but doggone his plecter to Davy! he just wanted to sot and sot, and chaw and chaw, and guzzle and guzzle, and he was too onery to die till he was rising to 90."

"Yes, the pore critter!" sighed Mrs. Nisbit.

"And thar was my pap," continued the pioneer, as he lifted up one leg and got both hands over the knee. "Thar was my pap, who might hev bin the biggest lawyer or preacher in these Yunited States if he hadn't bin so slashin' shuckless. All he wanted to do was to sot and sot and sot, and drat his buttons if he wouldn't wait fur somebody to pull him in out of a rain-storm! Durn him, he knowed 'nuff, but he hadn't no hustle to him."

"The pore, onery soul!" sighed Mrs. Nisbit.

"And thar's me," continued the man as he changed knees and spit into a wood-box. "Yes, thar's me. I'm onery. I'm lazy. I'm on the squat. I'm so dog-gone shuckless and mean that b'ars won't eat me. I hain't got the ambushin to swap mews or make moonshine whiskey. The only good thing about me is the feelin' that the name of Nisbit has been rolled in the mud and drawn through the muck till I've got ashamed of it. Yes, sah, stranger, when you stopped at the doah and asked if my name was Nisbit I war ashamed to own it."

"And so you've got a scheme?" I queried.

"I hev. The name of Nisbit has got to be silver-plated ag'in and perch aloft on the banner of—of—wall, she's got to roost near the top of the tree. The day has got to cum when the Nisbits kin war broadcloth and plug hats, and when niggers will bow down before 'em to the dust of the airth."

"What is the scheme, if I may ask?"

"It's bringin' up them children to know suthin'. Yere, Absolam, cum yere."

Absolam was a boy of 15, and he toed the mark without any hesitation.

"Absolam, who was the first man?"

"Adam."

"Whar did he 'un hang out?"

"Garden of Eden."

"Who killed his brother?"

"That'll do. Go an' dig roots till cribbins time. He 'un is to be a statesman, stranger, an' he's gettin' it down purty fine. Cum yere, Thomas."

Thomas was about 13 and had been roosting on the wood box.

"Thomas, how many parties ar' they?"

"Two—Democrat and Republican."

"Which ar' the heftiest?"

"The Democrats." (This was a year ago.)

"How often kin a feller vote?"

"Only once."

"What's a candidate?"

"Feller who runs for office."

"That'll do, and you kin go to the 'tater patch and hoe two rows. I'm gwine to make he 'un a leadin' politishun, stranger. He's climbin' like a young bar with a dog under the tree, and the day is cummin' when he 'un will make old North Carolina thrill. Cum yere, Peter."

Peter was of uncertain age, with rags enough for four boys of his size. He was in the wood-box, but he came out at the call, evidently anxious to show off.

"Peter, what's good fur worms?" asked the father.

"Jim woed and 'lasses."

"What takes bile off the stomach?"

"Wild onion tea."

"What cures fits?"

"Rubbin' with hot water."

"What cures cramps?"

"Whiskey."

"And dog-gone me if I've got a drop in the house! That'll do, Peter; you go 'n' find that mew and bring him home. I'm gwine to make a doctor of he 'un, stranger. Washington, over thar, is gwine to be a lawyer. Perry will be a merchant; and so it goes on through down to that dratted tow-head-a-drinkin' out of the wash-dish, who has got to be a steamboat captin', or I'll hang his hide on the fence."—M. Quad, in Detroit Free Press.

SAVED BY HIS BOOT HEEL.

It Grounded an Electric Wire Leading to a Charge of Dynamite.

Alderman-elect Duffee, who is a plumber when he isn't a politician, stood over a 40 pound charge of dynamite two nights ago while a man in a bomb-proof, a safe distance away, worked an electric battery for ten minutes, trying to make the thing go off, and wondered why he couldn't.

It was only by singular good fortune that the plumbers did not lose a valued member and Ward Six an alderman of whom much is expected.

The alderman was doing some work at the new Stafford mill, and while waiting for his assistant to return with some necessary material he walked across the street to the ledge from which the building stone was being taken out. It was after dusk, and there was no one about, so the alderman went down into the ledge and was absorbed in contemplation of a fissure in the rock, when he noticed a man carefully crawling toward him on hands and knees.

It was the man who had tried to fire the blast and he was examining the wire to find out what the trouble was. When he discovered the alderman he staggered to his feet, and when he could command his tongue, told him his situation. The alderman nearly fainted from fright and hasn't quite recovered his equanimity yet. It was found that his boot heel had rested directly on the wire, thus grounding it and preventing the blast from exploding.—Fall River Dispatch.

Tired of Trifling.

"Kin I have er man indicted foh false pretenses?" asked a colored woman as she walked into the prosecuting attorney's office.

"If you have anything of a case you can."

"Well, I jes erbout reckon I has a fus-class case. You see, I mah'ed my husband ten years ergo, an' at dat time he wah de mos' consumptedest lookin' niggah yoh eber did see. But Lawd bress yoh, f'om dat time he 'gin ter fatten up, an' gitten healthier and healthier twell terday I'm furdur f'om inj'yn' de 'vantages ob bein' his widdar dan eber I wer. He nebber did hab nuffin no how, 'ceptin' er shanty dat yoh dasn't blow yoh bref agin, an' two yaller dogs, an' I's done tired waitin' foh dem. I wish you'd please 'dite 'im, or leastways draw up some kin' ob papahs foh to call his 'tention to de fac' dat somefun hab got to be did."—Arkansas Traveller.

Perils of Style.

They do things decorously when they can up in Winnipeg. A lord bishop from the eastern dominion visited one of the established church magnates there recently, and was treated with high ceremony. His grace was late at breakfast one morning, and the rector's wife, becoming uneasy, instructed her maid-of-all-work as follows:

"Go up to his grace's door, Bridget, and knock gently, and when the bishop answers say slowly and quietly, just as I do, 'My lord, breakfast waits.'" The hostess listened and heard Bridget's clump, clump, clump upon the stairs. Then a brawny bang upon the bishop's door and the following:

Bishop (gently from inside)—"What is it?"

Bridget (loudly from outside)—"My God! Come to breakfast! It's a-waitin'!"

The Soul of the Party.

Bandmaster (new campaign band).—"Shentlemens, we haff an engagement to-night to blay in von torchlight procession."

First cornet (in alarm).—"But dot band is only shust been organized. We haff not blay together yet already."

"Dat macks nix ouse. You all blay vat you blesse. I haff one strong mans on dot base drum."—Philadelphia Record.

Not Any Too Loud.

"Spiegelhauser," said the leader of a little German band to the trombone player, "vat for you blays loud? You drown derest of dot music."

"Meigensteiner," returned the trombone, "ven I don'd blay so loud und drown de rest of dot music, ve lose money; so don'd you forgot it."

He Swallowed His Money.

Tubley—Well, my little man, what would you do with a ten-cent piece if I should give it to you?

Freddie—I would put it in the little brass ship that papa gave me for a bank.

Tubley—That's right. You are papa's own boy. He puts his money into a schooner almost every night.—Burlington Free Press.

PRINCIPAL SHERATON.

A Brief Biography from the Paper He Formerly Edited.

James Paterson Sheraton, D.D., born Nov. 29, 1841, St. John, N. B., was the son of Robert Sheraton, merchant, and grandson of James Paterson, LL.D., of the University of Glasgow, and for more than 50 years principal of the Grammar school in St. John; under whose care and training Dr. Sheraton spent most of his boyhood and youth.

He entered the grammar school in his seventh year, where, with the exception of a short time, he remained until he matriculated in the University of New Brunswick. Previously to entering the university he enjoyed two special advantages. Dr. Paterson was an enthusiastic devotee of the physical sciences and a proficient in Oriental languages; in both of which departments his grandson received the advantages of his instructions. During his residence in the university Dr. Sheraton carried on his Hebrew studies with the venerable Bishop of Fredericton, who is an ardent student of the sacred tongue. In 1861 Dr. Sheraton graduated in Arts with honors in Natural Sciences and in Classics, and was the Douglas gold medalist of the year. He spent the following two years partly in the University of King's College, Nova Scotia, and partly in private study under the direction of the bishop of Fredericton and of the late Rev. John Armstrong, a revered evangelical clergyman, in whose parish he worked for a short time as lay reader. In December, 1864, he was admitted to the deaconate, and in the following year he was ordained presbyter. He labored successfully in the parishes of Weldford and Shediac in northern New Brunswick. In the autumn of 1872 he went to the diocese of Huron by the invitation of the bishop, but for family reasons was obliged to return the following spring to New Brunswick, to the parish of Petersville, which had been offered to him, but declined in the previous summer. In 1873 he removed to the town of Pictou, N. S., to succeed the Rev. T. C. DesBarres, of Toronto, then rector of Pictou. In 1877, after repeated solicitations, he came to Toronto to take the principality of Wycliffe college. He also undertook the editorial supervision of the Evangelical Churchman, which he retained for many years. The brilliancy of his style made the reputation of the paper, especially among scholars in Canada and the United States. In 1883 the University of Queen's conferred upon him the degree of D. D., honors course.—Evangelical Churchman.

One Way to Help on the Reform.

Four young fellows thought they would go out and "blow a cloud" between the acts at Macauley's recently, and so they attempted an exit. A very large lady sat in the aisle seat, and the determined air with which she viewed the proposed flight boded evil for the youngsters. They stepped all over the others in the row and reached the fat lady. "You can't get out here!" said she in so loud and determined a voice that the boys blushed deeply and returned to their seats much embarrassed. This ponderous lady is a reformer and she deserves a large following.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Cigarette.

Dr. W. L. Dudley, professor of chemistry of the Vanderbilt University at Nashville, has thoroughly investigated the question of the injurious qualities of cigarette smoking, and states on irrefutable evidence that the evil exists only when the smoke is inhaled, as it then absorbs carbonic oxide, and thus deoxidizes the blood and impairs its powers to build up the ever-wasting tissues of the body. He further states that a cigar, a pipe, or even a water pipe would prove equally injurious as the cigarette, if the smoke was inhaled. At last we have some sound common sense upon this well-thrashed subject.—Tobacco.

Laborious.

Little Ina, nearly five years of age, set out to visit school the other day as gay as a lark, but returned after the session with a rather careworn expression of countenance. When asked how she liked school, she said:

"I did not like it."

"Why not?"

"Oh, I had to work awful hard."

"What did you have to do?"

"I had to keep still like everything."—New York World.

The Advantages of Office.

"I'm a hantler easier in ma mind noo," said one woman to another, as they stood chatting at the door step one summer evening, "since oor Jeems has been cleckit a bailie."

"Ah, hoo's that?" asked the neighbor, with pardonable curiosity. "Because I was aye feared that Jeems might fa' into the water if he got fu', but since he was made a magistrate, a policeman aye brings him hame."—Scotsman.

A Likely Nation.

Young Englishman (dining with the family).—"You have never been in England, have you, Bobby?"

Bobby—"No, sir; but I think the English must be nice people."

Young Englishman—"And why, Bobby?"

Bobby—"Because ma says they make such excellent servants."—Life.

A Wise Husband.

"Don't you think it extravagant, Henry, to pay \$50 for a diamond ring for your wife?"

"Not at all. You seem to forget how much I shall save on her glove bill."—Boston Transcript.

Purely Piekwickian.

It is only the man who doesn't believe in a hell who tells another man to go there.—Norristown Herald.

BEETHOVEN'S THIRD SYMPHONY.

Passion and pain, the outcry of despair, The pang of unattainable desire, And youth's delight in pleasures that expire, And sweet high dreamings of the good and fair Clashing in swift soul-storm, through which no prayer Uplifted stays the destined death-stroke dire, Then through a mighty sorrowing, as through fire, The soul burnt pure yearns out into the air Of the dear earth, and, with the scent of flowers And song of birds assuaged, takes heart again, Made cheerier with this drinking of God's wine, And turns with healing to the world of men, And high above a sweet strong angel tones, And Love makes life triumphant and divine.

—Richard Honey, in Scribner's Magazine.

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