

Family Reading.

The Beautiful Land of Nod.

Come, cuddle your head on my shoulder
dear,
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
worry,
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
by rest,
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
eyes
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
sweep,
Till it reaches the mystic isle
Which no man hath seen, yet where all
have been,
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 it 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 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 and love them; and were able—when the time of separation came—to thank God for the privileged years we had spent among them, for the experience of

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. "A number of pious people from Yorkshire," so says 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 fertile 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 sojourn amongst the Puritans of New England. When this second "swarming" 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 children in the fear of God; and to maintain constantly the institutions of Divine worship. How well this covenant 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 a 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 another product to the staple of the soil. The rich alluvial earth—annually enriched by the deposits of the Spring floods, produced enormous crops 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 positions 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 grammar-school 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 well-read 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 remarkable for its thoughtfulness and earnestness of purpose; the outcome, probably, of good home-training, and of the comparative isolation in which each family lived; and which gave opportunities for self-communicating 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. I especially recall one young serious face belonging to a girl accustomed to "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 Word of God; while here and there a Greek Testament might be seen referred to by one who was desirous of knowing the original of a word in debate.

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. 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 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. But a fine winter's morning—sunny, blue and beautiful—would bring the sleighs, with their jingling 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 the only approach was by boats; which—like the sleighs in winter—would give a neighbourly call from house to house; and so would come on in pretty procession up or down the stream to the church doors. Nay, it is remembered that occasionally the water has been so high as to necessitate the boats entering the church and landing the minister on the pulpit stairs, to preach to a congregation driven to take refuge in the galleries! the advancing spring would bring another diversion; mosquitoes. As the sun rose higher day by day, and the waters receded, the germs of these little pests were hatched out, and they would proceed to fill their empty ghost-like bodies from the full veins of the residents. "Wee Satans" my predecessor—a Scotchman—used to call them; and truly I had reason to admire his nomenclature. They had a sort of fascination for me. On the hot evenings I have watched them fastening on some bald head in the prayer meeting; gradually changing from grey to red as they fed from the veins of some aged pilgrim to whom long use had made their presence indifferent, 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, while preaching, to watch for and "dodge" them; or perhaps slap with my hand as they lighted on my head and face. And woe! were the inflamed lumps and swellings with which 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 year. True, our countryside was flat; but then it was a good place to look 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 its silky tassels floating in the wind. Then were the white farmhouses dotted along the bank of the river; each with its little garden-spot bright with beautiful flowers; roses in rich abundance (I remember the girls used to get them) geraniums that were marvellous in size

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! whether flowing on in its fullness, with a fleet of little schooners or "wood-boats" on its surface, their square sails set to catch the breeze; or bearing a huge raft of timber from the distant forests, drawn down to the harbour by some little "puffing Billy" of a steam-tug.

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. And even in the long cold dreary winter, oft-times the white monotone of the scene would be lightened into a glistening splendour, which seemed to be not of this world. A fall of snow—a thaw—an icy north wind—bright sunshine; all these in quick succession during a few hours would result in a transformation scene gorgeous beyond degree; every branch and twig for miles along the bank glittering with diamond pendants which sparkled with brightness and colour as they caught the sun's rays.

But to go back to what I have said, the chief charm of my parish was the people.

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. But apart from this, my people strove to bring forth the fruits of the gospel of Christ, the great factor in the life of so many of them. To know what was Christian duty was ever the preliminary to reducing it to practice. And the thought that such was the will of God, was sufficient to sweeten many a bitter cup, and to lighten many a heavy load. Often was the minister ministered unto when visiting a home where death had entered, or where its coming was hourly expected. I have seen often the sorrow which is not that of those who have no hope; and have learned by many a death-bed the truth and power of the gospel of Christ, and its marvellous adaptation to the deepest needs of men. The Divine presence and companionship in the "valley of the shadow" has been demonstrated before me, and I have learned the power of the simple argument of Christian experience, which outweighs all that scepticism can urge. Yes, this "Church in the Wilderness" as I have called it, was and is, a real and living church; a people called unto holiness, and walking in the fear of God. I thank God for the privilege of living and working in it for a few years.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

The Snail and the Caterpillar.

On a fine, bright sunny day, a splendid red-and-black hairy Caterpillar, and a snail, carrying her beautifully striped house on her back, met together on a cabbage leaf. At first they were first so intent on eating a hearty dinner that 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 us both."

"Perhaps so," grumbled the Caterpillar, "but I ought to have the choice."

"Why so, Miss Caterpillar?" asked the Snail.

"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 always be a black, ugly, slimy snail."

"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 Caterpillar.

"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?" and the Caterpillar laughed tauntingly.

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 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 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.

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 a great, solemn looking-letter which

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.

Al! I wonder if you know what this makes me think of? Do you 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.

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.