

Poetry.

"OVER THE RIVER."

BY NANCIE A. W. PRIBST.

Over the river they beckon to me,
 Let's cross the river to the other side,
 The glens of their money roles are,
 But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.
 There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
 And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue,
 He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
 By the pale mist hid from mortal view;
 We saw not the angels who met him there,
 The gates of the city we could not see;
 Over the river, over the river
 My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale,
 Carried across the household pet,
 Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale,
 Darling Minnie, I see her here,
 She crossed on her bosom her dainty hands,
 And fearlessly entered the phantom bark,
 We felt it glide on its silver sands,
 And all our sunshine grew strangely dark;
 We knew she was late on the further side,
 Where all the ransomed and angels be;
 Over the river, the mystic river,
 My childhood's idyl is waiting for me,
 Ah! none return from those quiet shores,
 Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
 The dip is heard of the golden ears,
 A glimpse is caught of the snowy sail;
 And lo! they've passed like a fleeting dart,
 They've crossed the stream and are gone for aye;
 We may not under the veil part
 That hides from our vision the gates of day,
 We only know that their bark no more
 May sail with us on these stormy seas;
 Yet we are left, on the unseen shore,
 They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
 Is flushing river and hill and shore,
 I shall one day stand by the water cold,
 And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
 I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail,
 I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,
 I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,
 To the better shore of the spirit land,
 I shall know the lord's ones who have gone before,
 And joyfully swell the meeting throng,
 When over the river, the peaceful river,
 The Angel of Death shall carry me.

The Fireside.

HOW DICK WENT TO THE PICNIC.

"Where in the world is that boy?" Mrs. Frye took her hand from the suds and went to the barn.
 "Dick, what are you doing?"
 "Making a box for the cat. Going to let her, and get money to go to the picnic on Friday."
 "Thankful that he was in no worse mischief, his mother went back to her washing and sighed to think how poor they were. Dick kept busy at his work, making his box like the cattle case he had seen on the freight train, open at the sides and on top, with only narrow bars nailed across. Part of an old barrel served for a handle, and it was with no little satisfaction that he held it up to view.

"There, Tabitha Maria, how do you like your new quarters? Not much room, but turn around, is there? But you've plenty of good air—needn't be afraid of smothering. Oh, ho!" he continued, as a head was thrust through the bars; "this'll never do. You're not such a beauty that your looks will help me any." Down went the box, while another bit of single was added to pussy's prison. "Let me see," he mused, crowding back poor Tabitha's head, "you're worth about a quarter; then, if those hens will lay a little extra this week, I'm all right."

Dick called forth into the July sunshine, but found that cats were a drug in the market; everybody owned one, so he came home tired and discouraged, and let pussy out.

Mrs. Frye was washing the dinner dishes.
 "I say, mother, I'm going fishing."
 "Well, don't tumble overboard," she said anxiously.

For more than an hour Dick sat on the end of the wharf, patiently watching his line, but the fishes seemed to be taking an afternoon nap.
 "I don't blame you, mither," he said, "I'm most melted here in the sun. My! here comes the parson!"

"Fishing Richard?" Mr. King never called him Dick.
 "Yes, sir; but they don't bite."
 "Ah! Simon Peter had that same trouble once. Out all night and caught nothing."

The minister had the queerest way of talking about men in the Bible—just as if he were acquainted with them.
 "It was a little strange," he continued, "that Christ should ask me to push out into deep water; the last place to find fish, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir; they keep in near the shore most always."
 "It wasn't a favorable time, either. If ever you go to the Sea of Galilee, I advise you not to try fishing in the turquoise. By the way, I suppose you will go to the picnic?"

"If I can earn the money. That's what I want these fish for—to sell."
 "Peter found some money in a fish's mouth once."

Dick opened his eyes. "I never heard of that!"
 "Didn't you? Read the seventeenth chapter of Matthew when you go home. And if I were in your place, I would ask Jesus to help me in this matter."

"Ask Him how to earn money?" said Dick again.
 "Certainly. Why not? You don't see the way clear yourself, do you? He is the Right, just the time to go to the Lord, when we need him, and men can't help us. Do you want a ticket given to you, Richard? You know the superintendent has a few for those who can't afford to buy."

"No, sir," replied Dick, with emphasis.
 "Boys who help themselves always make the smartest men," said Mr. King. "But, Richard, don't let yourself out to Satan's service. I dare say he has plenty of odd jobs to be done this week, waiting for just such boys as you; but don't be fooled by him. If you feel that the Lord can't furnish you with the right kind of work think of Peter. Good-by, my boy."

"Hi!" thought Dick, "wish I was your boy!"
 "Mother, I'm going blackberrying. Where can I find a pick? Quick, the boys are waiting!"
 Dick rushed into the room where his mother stood looking, flew to the little cupboard, and began rummaging among the dishes.

"Joe Shaw says they are thicker than hops. Hurrah for the picnic!" he said, and was off again, swinging the pall above his head.

When they reached the spot there were only a few stunted bushes by the roadside. The other boys began clambering over a stone wall, but Dick stopped short.

"Where are you going?" he asked.
 "Over here is a place. Come on."
 "But isn't this Squire Deane's place?"
 "Of course, you greedy. What of that? We shan't get caught, for the folks are away this afternoon."

"But it's stealing just the same, if we don't get found out."
 "How long since you turned deacon?" sneered Joe Shaw, at which the others began to laugh.

"Now little boy, so he was! Goes to Sabbath school?" mocked the boys.

"That was so busy thinking, he scarcely noticed them," said one of the boys, who was not a member of the church, and was running swiftly down

the hill, beyond the sound of his tormentors. He heard and panted, he threw himself under a tree. "There, old fellow, you didn't catch me this time!" and he shook his fist at the invisible foe.

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THE BEWITCHED HAMMER.

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"It's just the day to have me dinin'-room carpet; it's little weather we'll have for six months more!" he too went to let a carpet touch the grass. An the byes, bless their troublesome little bodies, are gone to their cousins, and I won't have nobody to pester me at all."

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Miss McCloskey spread the carpet neatly, and began to drive the tacks, when she noticed that several of them clung to the small end of the hammer.

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"Yes, sir; they keep in near the shore most always."
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