

Poetry.

THE RIVER PATH.

The bird-song floated down the hill,
The tangled bank below was still;
No rustle from the birchen stem,
No ripple from the water's hem.
The dusk of twilight round us grew,
We felt the falling of the dew;
For from us ere the day was done,
The wooded hills shut out the sun.
But on the river's farther side
We saw the hill-tops glorified,
A tender glow, exceeding fair,
A dream of day without its glare.
With us the damp, the chill, the gloom;
With them the sunset's rose bloom;
While dark, through willowy vistas seen,
The river rolled in shade between.
From out the darkness where we trod
We gazed upon those hills of God.
Whose light seemed not of moon or sun;
We spoke not, but our thought was one.
We paused, as if from that bright shore
Beckoned our dear ones gone before,
And stilled our beating hearts to hear
The voices lost to mortal ear.
Sudden our pathway turned from right,
The hills swung open to the light;
Through their green gates the sunshine showed
A long slant splendour downward flowed.
Down glade and glen and bank it rolled;
It bridged the shaded stream with gold,
And borne on piece of mist, allied
The shadowy with the sunlit side.
"So, pray we," when our feet drew near,
The river dark with mortal fear,
"And the night comes, chill with dew;
O Father, let thy light break through!"
"So let the hills of doubt divide,
To bridge with faith the sunless tide!"
"So let the eyes that fall on earth,
O'er thy eternal hills look forth!"
"And in thy beckoning angels know
The dear ones whom heaved below!"
John G. Whittier.

The Fireside.

ABOUT THE OLD VIKINGS.

At the recent celebration of the 250th anniversary of Boston, the second tableau in the grand procession, was an odd looking ship with a dragon's head at her prow, six round shields hung in a row over her bulwarks and a dragon's tail at her stern. The tableau represented an old Norse ship, and the man at the bow, "a tall, old man, with spear in hand," impersonated Leif Ericson, an old Norseman who lived about 900 years ago and who spent the winter of 1000-1 on the coast of what is now the State of Rhode Island.

But you always thought Columbus discovered America. Well, to the forefathers of its present inhabitants, he did, but long years before the cry of "land" went up from the deck of the *Pinta*, the dragon ships of the old Norsemen had cruised about among the bays of our New England coast. No doubt you all know that the Norseman lived way up in the Scandinavian Peninsula, in the north of the Scandinavian Peninsula is of course you know, or what do I see you going to school for with your big geographies under your arm all these fine mornings?

Over a thousand years ago—only think of it, boys! Seems a long time don't it? One of their sea kings was out to sea in his dragon ship. With all their great sailing, these old Norsemen; but with all their little better than pirates, I fear. As I was about to say, one day a terrible storm came up. Quite likely he didn't mind this much, at least, though in the North sea a storm could have been no joke.

Anyway the captain wasn't in the habit of "going below" when a gale came up. How do I know? Why, you see their boats were so shallow in the hold they could have had no cabins to speak of.

They lowered their sails and rowed away as hard as they could and perhaps when the blizzard was too keen, they dodged their heads, when no one looked, down behind their shield and rubbed their ears a little.

You know they used to hang their shields on the inside of the gunwales where they glanced and blazed in the sun. They must have looked something like a row of tin pans set out in the sun to dry. (We beg the old Vikings' pardon.)

By and by, after floating about for a long time, they came in sight of an island. They didn't explore the island much though, but when it cleared off, sailed back to Norway as quickly as possible. After this as they sat in the mead hall, the skalds would sometimes sing of the fury of the storm and the wondrous tale away to the west.

Of course when the boys heard these songs, they said "Just wait until we grow up and we'll go and find out about this new land." And fourteen years afterwards Ingolf sailed away in his dragon ship to find the land in the west, where he settled.

These old Vikings made quick work of the Irish when they found living at Iceland, for this was the new-found land, and soon they had the land all to themselves. There they lived for many years, going back to their old home in Norway once in a while to drink a "skol" with their relations, or perhaps to bring back some pretty blue-eyed Norwegian girl to a new home. They also used to go to Norway on trading voyages, and one day another storm came up and drove one of these trading vessels still farther to the north-west. So far in fact, that they saw still another strange land, which they contented themselves with gazing at from a distance and turned their prow back toward Iceland. This was way back in 877.

It appears that the boys of Iceland were not so adventurous as the Norway boys, for nearly a hundred years went by and no efforts were made to learn anything more about this new land. At last, one fine morning in 980, Eric the Red started up and said he was going to see about this unknown land of which the skalds sang. So he sailed away from Iceland, and soon he found the new land, which he named "Greenland."

Another adventurer, Herluf, soon followed and settled near what we call "Cape Lawwell." When Herluf left Iceland, one of his sons, Biarne, was away from home. He had gone to Norway on a trading voyage. When he got back to Iceland he was much surprised to find his father gone away on such an adventurous voyage with Eric the Red. Perhaps he was a little angry with his father for giving him the slip in such a shabby fashion, or perhaps he really wished to see the old man. I can't say, anyway, he decided to go over to Greenland and make him a visit. Wh'ever his motive was he didn't have very good luck. An awful storm beat him about, and he lost his way entirely. When he cleared off he saw land to be sure, but the land which he saw did not answer to the description of Greenland at all, so he turned to the north-east and after nine days sailing, surprised his father.

Quite likely the old Norseman said as he saw his son's dragon ship coming into the harbor: "By the hammer of Thor, if that isn't Biarne. I expected he'd follow me!" This was in 1000. Biarne said he saw three distinct tracks of land. They were doubtless, the coasts of New England, Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. He must have sailed across the gulf of Maine, and for aught I know, may have caught cod and haddock down among the Maine Islands. All this nearly

nine centuries ago. Think of it, boys when you go fishing next summer.

Biarne told his father, of course, what he had seen; and they said he was a "very great fool" not to have explored the new countries.

But although they called Biarne a fool, nobody seemed to be in a hurry to start on an exploring voyage. I suppose they had enough to do in Greenland, and it was ten years after when Leif the son of Eric the Red, bought Biarne's ship and with a crew of thirty-five men sailed away to look for the new land.

They found everything as Biarne had said and when they got down to what is now Narragansett Bay, they landed somewhere not far from the present city of Newport, as it is thought. Here, finding the climate very pleasant, and the days much more equal than in Greenland, they passed the winter of 1000-1.

One day when they were out on an exploring expedition, they lost one of their men, a German named Tyrker. Leif thought a great deal of Tyrker, because he had lived many years in his father's family before they left Iceland, so he lost no time in trying to hunt him up. After they had searched some time without success, when they thought they saw Tyrker coming out of the wood, holding something in his hand and talking in such a queer way that at first they thought him crazy. But he wasn't. He was only talking German, which these Norsemen could not understand.

I don't suppose Tyrker had spoken a word in German for many years. Perhaps Leif had never heard him speak a German word, but now he was so glad that he had suddenly forgotten his Norse and was talking in the language his mother hushed him to sleep in when he was a baby. At last he got calmed down enough to tell them in the Norse tongue, "I have found vines and grapes." They could scarcely believe him. I don't suppose those Norsemen had ever seen real grapes before, but Tyrker told them "he ought to know, for he had picked and eaten them times enough when he was a boy." When they were finally convinced, they gathered a whole boat load to carry back to their winter quarters with them, and called the new country "Vineland." They staid all winter in Vineland. It will soon be time for the teams to start for the woods, where they will feed all winter, and come back looking red and hearty in the spring.

Only think, boys, that is just what these old Norsemen did nearly nine hundred years ago, and not a little way from us, either, only down in Rhode Island. They felled trees all winter and in the spring sailed back across the Gulf of Maine to Greenland. Now you see what the Boston tableau meant. The old steel-clad sea king was the Leif of whom I have just told you.

On the little of Manana in Monhegan harbor, is a rock inscribed with strange characters. The islanders say an impression of those seeming hieroglyphics was sent to Norway some time ago, and pronounced by antiquaries to be Norwegian characters from about the 11th century.

If they were made by Leif or by his brother Thorvald, who made a voyage in the vicinity of Maine in 1004, I cannot say. Indeed I cannot vouch for the truth of their being made by the Norsemen at all. But the characters are there, for I have seen them.

These old Vikings, who were the first discoverers of America, of whom we know, were once fierce and warlike men. Until about the year 1000, they were worshippers of Odin, (the god for whom on Wednesday, Odin's or Wodin's day was named.) Odin dwelt in the Valhalla up in the region of the clouds, and was supposed to have a particular love for warriors, and when one died in battle, Odin would send a beautiful maiden called a Valkyria, to cut the woof of his life and conduct him into the Valhalla. There he would become immortal and would spend his days in that which he loved best of anything—fighting. At midnight his wounds would be miraculously healed, and he would spend the night in drinking beer which the Valkyria would pour out for him in cups made out of what do you suppose—out of the skulls of his enemies.

When they were not fighting they were feasting. Every day a large pig was cooked for them to eat, and every night he became whole again. When the Valkyria rode forth on their errand of choosing fashions up over the northern skies, quivering with men called "Aurora Borealis" or "Northern lights."

A queer heaven, wasn't it? Aren't you glad we don't believe such awful things?

About the time Biarne first saw the coast of our New England, Olaf Tryggvesson (of course I know you can't pronounce that last name,) the King of Norway, became a convert to the Christian religion. But even after they gave up their old fierce gods, Odin, and Thor the Thunderer, Odin's son, it seems as if they had merely changed the name. They had as yet little of the spirit of the "meek Christ," whom they professed to adore. They preached the gospel with the sword and when they wanted to convert a man they had no seasons of prayer for him, they didn't ask him to rise and be prayed for. Nothing of all this. They brought a deadly adder, and King Olaf said:

"O Sea King!
Little time have we for speaking,
Choose between the god and evil;
Be baptized, or thou shalt die!"

And when the old heathen would not believe—
When his frantic struggle ended,
Through King Olaf's hand an adder,
Touched by fire, they forced to give him;
And the adder "gnawed through bone and marrow," and so the old Viking died.

Then King Olaf drew his sword and smote the old gods, and commanded the land to be a Christian folk. He didn't make any talk with them about it. He said, "O Cling between two things, my folk. Be baptized or given up to slaughter." And the people looked at the dead bodies and said:

"O King, baptize us with thy holy water."
King Olaf used to send priests into Iceland and Greenland, to convert the people there, but I am afraid the priests were but little less heartless than the people they were sent to convert. To find out about them, you must read Longfellow's poem of "Shanghaied the Priests." It seems that Shang-brand both swore and drank, only he made the sign of the cross over his ale, instead of that of the hammer of Thor.

But I have told you enough to-day. Perhaps some other time I will tell you more about these old sea kings who came to our shores in their dragon ships, and sailed away again, leaving scarcely a trace of themselves behind, and about the queer old Viking ship that was dug up in Norway only last winter.

"Eat Slowly."—A respectable, elderly lady patient went to London to consult the very highest medical authority about her dyspepsia, and its accompanying ailments. She waited patiently for her turn, entered the awful presence, told her pitiful story, put out her furred and creased tongue, and the doctor listened, and said, "Un! Ah! Yes! Just so!" Then he looked profoundly, awfully wise.

"Now, doctor, what shall I do? I have tried everything, and nothing does me any good. Can you do anything to help me?"

"Yes, madam, you must eat slower."
She waited for her prescription, but the doctor did not write; and was evidently expecting her to go. He thought she might be hard of hearing, and spoke louder: "Eat slower!"

"By an involuntary, but slight movement of his right hand the saw there was nothing to do but pay the fee. The two guineas dropped, and she sadly left the presence."

Two guineas for two words! But they are richly worth the money. "Eat slower" is a very wise and very important counsel. There is a time for everything—and as eating is one of the most important things of our mortal life, the time we take to do it rightly is of very great importance.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

Be kind to the Lion, and study his will,
And assist in "inspiring the dews,"
And don't interrupt him—keep perfectly still,
No matter how awkward his paw.

Be kind to the Wombat and Tapir so mild;
Be kind to the wondrous Jackass;
Be kind to the Tiger and don't make him wild,
Or he'll give you too much of his jaw.

Be kind to the Oyster, Johnnion and Snail;
Be kind to the bristly Kangaroo;
Be kind to the Leopard, don't tread on his tail,
Or he'll spot you at once if you do.

Be kind to the Gasterpod, Gurnard and Rat;
Be kind to the Natrix torquata;
Be kind to the Rana palustris and Cat;
Be kind to the Tuberculor.

Be kind to the Bullfinch, the Goat and the Scape,
To the Yak, Whelk and Lesser Pheasant;
Be kind to the chaste, odoriferous Ape,
To the Beaver, the Porch and the Tomtit.

Be kind to the friendly and vigorous Flea;
Be kind to the bold Cockatoo;
Be kind to the Pussycat, Balaham and Gee,
And be kind to the Bowwow and Moo.

Be kind to the Phaeolion, Yarell and Bok,
To the Boscovich, Giffin and Shoo;
Be kind to the Chug-chug and Speed Prairie Hok,
To the Wiffin, the Snake and the Spook.

—English Paper.

GOD'S BIRD.

Miss La Fleche, the educated daughter of an Omaha chief, who has been writing and speaking on behalf of her race in the East, this winter, told to a friend lately this little story, to illustrate the method by which the red man trains his children.

"I remember," she said, "the first time I ever heard the words 'God's bird' was when I was a little girl, playing about the tents on a summer day, when I found a hurt bird lying on the ground. I was a fledgling that had fallen from the tree and fluttered some distance from the nest."

"Ah! I thought, 'now this is mine.' I was delighted, and ran about with it in my hands. 'What have you there, Luette?' said one of the men who was at work in the field."

"It is a bird. It is a mine, I said. 'He looked at it. 'No, it is not yours. You have no right to it.'"

"Not mine?" I said. "I found it. Whose is it, then?"

"It is God's. If you keep it it will die. He will cure it. Go, and give it back to him."

"I did not dare to disobey. 'Where is God?' I said. 'How shall I give it back to him?'"

"He is here. Go to the high grass yonder, near his nest and lay it down, and say, 'God, here is thy bird again.' He will hear you."

"I went into the tall grass crying and averted, and did as he bade me. I laid it down on the grass in a warm, sunny spot, and said, 'God, here is thy little bird again.'"

"I never forgot that lesson."—Youth's Companion.

CHARLIE AND HIS DOG.

A good while ago a little boy, named Charlie, had a large dog, which was very fond of the water, and in hot weather he used to swim across the river near which the boy lived. One day the thought struck him that it would be fine fun to make the dog carry his collar across the river, so he tied a string to the dog's collar and ran down with him to the water's edge, where he took off all his clothes, and then, holding hard by the dog's neck, and the bit of string, he went into the water, and the dog pulled him across. After playing about on the other side for some time, they returned in the way they had come, but when Charlie looked for his clothes he could find nothing but his shoes. The wind had blown all the rest into the water. The dog saw what had happened, and making his little master let go the string by pretending to bite him, he dashed into the river, and brought out first the coat, and then all the rest in succession. Charlie dressed and went home in his wet clothes, and told his mother what fun he and his dog had had. His mother told him that he did very wrong in going across the river as he had done, and he should thank God for making the dog take him over and back again safely; for if the dog had made him get in the river, he would most likely have sunk and been drowned. Little Charlie said, "Shall I thank God now, mamma?" and he knelt down at his mother's knee, and thanked God; then getting up, he threw his arms round his dog's neck saying, "I thank you, dear doggie, for not letting go." This little Charlie afterwards became Admiral Sir Charles Napier.

THE BROKEN CRAFT.

The late Dr. Spencer said that when he was a lad, his father gave him a little tree that had just been grafted. One day, in his father's absence, he let the colt into the garden, and the young animal broke off the graft. It was mended, however, on the following day, and continued to grow finely. Years passed, and young Spencer became a man, and a minister. Some time after he became a pastor, he made a visit to the old homestead, where he had spent his boyhood. His little sapling had become a large tree, and was loaded with apples. During the night, after his arrival at the homestead, there was a violent thunder-shower, and the wind blew fearfully. He rose early in the morning, and on going out, found his tree lying prostrate on the ground. The wind had twisted it off just where the colt broke it when it was a sapling. Probably the storm would not have broken it at all if it had not been broken when it was small.

The incident furnishes a good illustration of the fact that often those whose characters are broken in manhood were weakened in early life; that the fallen man who was religiously trained, and has become corrupt, broke off his connection with virtuous ways by the same sin that enervated his boyhood.

The tree was broken by accident, but we break our moral lives by our own misdeeds.

MULLEN'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.—A correspondent of the Lexington Press writes as follows about the flowers of a well-known plant: "I have discovered a remedy for consumption. It has cured a number of cases after they had commenced bleeding at the lungs and the hectic heat was already on the cheek. After trying this remedy to my own satisfaction, I have thought that philanthropy required that I should let it be known to the world. It is common mullen steeped strongly and sweetened with coffee sugar, and drank freely, and old plants are good dried in the shade, and kept in clean glass. The medicine must be continued from three to six months, according to the nature of the disease. It is very good for the blood vessels and it strengthens and builds up the system instead of taking away the strength; it makes good blood and takes inflammation away from the lungs." It is the wish of the writer that every periodical in the United States, Canada and Europe should publish this receipt for the benefit of the human family. Lay this by and keep it in the house ready for use.

Not only does health of mankind depend much upon their cleanliness, but cleanliness is one of the principles of their activity, their good humor, their internal satisfaction, and even, in certain respects their morality. Uncleanly villages and huts are the abodes of idleness, degradation, bad faith, theft and all the vices. A want of cleanliness injures not only the purity of the body, but that of the soul itself.

A man in Oceania, Md., had a vicious, kicking horse, which he was anxious to sell. While trying to make a bargain with a probable purchaser he remarked, "That horse is so gentle that my little girl could go up behind and twist his tail, and he wouldn't raise a hair." The girl overheard this, lay lock it for the truth, tried the experiment on the horse, and was killed by a kick.

A distinct and peculiar combination.

FELLOWS' COMPOUND SYRUP OF HYPO-PHOSPHITES

FOR THE RELIEF AND CURE OF ALL WASTING DISEASES, Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, General Debility, Brain Exhaustion, Chronic Constipation, Chronic Diarrhea, Dyspepsia, or Loss of Nervous Power. It is unequalled in the treatment of Palpitation of the Heart, Trembling of the Hands and Limbs, Loss of Appetite, Energy or Memory.

It acts with vigor, gentleness and stability, owing to the exquisite harmony of its ingredients, akin to pure blood itself. Its taste is pleasant, and its effects permanent. Its first apparent effect is to increase the appetite. It assists digestion, and causes the food to assimilate properly—thus the system is nourished. It also, by its tonic action on the digestive organs, induces more copious and regular evacuations. The rapidity with which patients take on flesh while under the influence of the Syrup, of itself indicates that no other preparation can be better adapted to help and nourish the constitution, and hence be more efficacious in all depression of spirits, shaking or trembling of the hands or body, cough, shortness of breath, or consumptive habit. The nerves and muscles become strengthened, and the blood purified.

READ WHAT THE INVENTOR, MR. FELLOWS, HAS TO SAY ABOUT HIS SYRUP OF THE HYPO-PHOSPHITES.

In the summer of 1864, I was suddenly affected by a copious expectoration of mucous matter, and I had been declining in health for some months, and, being exceedingly nervous, the symptoms caused alarm. As my business was that of a dispensing chemist, the shop was constantly visited by medical men, all of whom tendered their advice. During 1864 and 1865 my chest was examined by ten first class physicians, some of whom pronounced the case Bronchitis; some, not wishing to cause alarm, or unwilling to venture an opinion, gave no decision; some stated unequivocally that I had Tubercular Disease of the Lungs, and located the trouble where the pains were felt. By professional advice, I used, in turn, horse-radish extract, country life, eggs and all in the morning, tonics, Benger's food, cod-liver oil, electricity, tar, and various inhalants, but the trouble increased. Expectoration became more profuse and offensive. Night-sweats set in. Cold chills, diarrhoea, dyspepsia, cough, blood-streaked expectorations, loss of sleep, loss of appetite, loss of memory, loss of ambition, accompanied by general prostration, showed themselves. Under the microscope the blood was found to contain but a small portion of vitalized corpuscles; the heart's action was feeble; the pulse intermittent; the stomach could not digest properly, so that flatulency and acidity were the result. Finding the symptoms indicated Consumption, I determined to use every effort to stop its progress, and, if possible, to cure it. I selected the most powerful tonics and stimulants, and combined them with the vital constituents of the human body. For months I endeavored to amalgamate them before my efforts were crowned with success. I cannot speak too plainly or too strongly of the effects produced, and the benefits I received from the composition.

My appetite increased; the expectoration became dry, digestion better; lessened; I gained in weight; the lacking cough left me; refreshing sleep returned; my spirits became buoyant, the mind active and vigorous. I continued taking the Syrup month after month; but owing to the damp, foggy climate of St. John, my recovery was necessarily slow, although I could observe a gradual return of strength for three years, during which time I continued taking the remedy. My present weight is one hundred and eighty-eight, being thirty-eight above my usual. I have no symptoms of the disease, and I feel as well as I ever did. I cannot tell you the Syrup month after month; but owing to the damp, foggy climate of St. John, my recovery was necessarily slow, although I could observe a gradual return of strength for three years, during which time I continued taking the remedy. My present weight is one hundred and eighty-eight, being thirty-eight above my usual. 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