family Circle.

The Wondrous Land.

BY L. P. LEETE, M. D., SUFFIELD, CT.

I have been told there is a wondrous land, That lies far out beyond the restless sea, Its bright shores glistening with the golden sand And fair fruit hangs from every pendant tree

For that bright land the young and old embark And yet no keel ploughs the returning wave There shines no sun, and yet 'tis never dark, For floods of glory the whole landscape lave

Some that have caught the vision from afar, With lips inspired, the tale could ne'er unfold For human speech the narative would mar, And angels tongues' would leave the half un

It seems that Patmos was the nearest isle To that blest land of beauty and of song, Where the beloved for a little while Gazed on its loveliness with rapture strong.

He with his telescopic vision keen, Just when the mist was lifted from the sea, Saw a fair city and a landscape green, And sparkling waters near the living tree.

The Master touched his ear one glowing morn As he had touched the human ear before, And strains of music unto him were borne, Borne by the breeze from the enchanted shore.

While he was gazing on the city fair, A pearly gate was left for once ajar; He saw a multitude all gathered there From every nation, whether near or far.

He saw none sick, he saw no tear-drops flow, No parting friends, nor heard a weary sigh, No face that wore the fair test shade of woe, But glory beaming from each sparkling eye

Since I have heard from him about the place, Leaving the isle of Patmos I will steer Straight for the land of beauty and of grace, To see the city and its songs to hear.

The Spider and the Butterfly.

child. She was not long kept in doubt, been dealing. for at that moment a white butterfly was depths of a flower, then flitting in the sun-customers in that way, and sometimes light till he came to another, every time spider, starting from its hidden place, rushed upon its victim. The butterfly it soon hung helplessly, unable even to struggle.

All this while the little girl had been looking on with breathless interest, and now she uttered a low cry of distress, and turning to her papa, she exclaimed:

"Papa, save it, save the poor butterfly!" The clergyman stretched out his hand, and began to disentangle the insect, the frightened spider darted back to his shelter, the web was broken, and the rescued butterfly once more fluttered feebly in the

sunshine. "I am so glad it is safe," cried the child, as, after resting for a moment on a leaf, the pretty creature flew gaily away. "You look grave, papa; are you not glad, too?"

"My child," her father replied, "I was thinking of other snares, and other victims."

"Where papa?" manufesily galego I adl "They are most dangerous where they

are expected least." "I don't understand, papa; who makes

them, and why?" "Our great enemy makes them, my

should look out for them most, for they are private office of the senior member of the church of God. sure not to be far from us; and when once firm. This gentleman was so seldom at we fall into them, no power of our own can the ware-house that Henry was by no

"What would happen to us then, papa?" The good man looked tenderly at the

child as he replied 168 301011 who ery to him."

falling into Satan's trap?"

Her father looked up and answered:

"Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation."—Early Days.

From Principle.

A TRUE STORY.

after all the pains your father took to get ask your name." you the situation?"

"Yes, mother, I obeyed father during my minority. I am twenty-one now, and fogy as I am was of much consequence, it is right that I should act for myself."

present situation, my son? Mr. Clark told ber. I have always been a little particular your father only yesterday that he was about the clerks I take into my ware-house, thinking of making you confidential clerk, and I never hire a man until I know where in the place of Grant, who has left on he spends his evenings. I have had my account of ill-health; that implies an eye on you for some time. I snapped at increase of salary, of course."

"The subject was broached to me last night, mother, but I refused the situation. The spider was full of business; he I don't wish to make any outside talk darted this way and that, fastened his about it, but I leave Clark & Upham from threads now to this leaf, then to that principle. They are, I am sorry to say, duties, to attend my private bar, the bar flower, crossing it at regular distances with neither Christian men, nor temperance wonderful care; he did not stop to rest, men. In the elegant little apartment, half for Mistress Spider was hungry, and there office, half reception-room, off the great was no dinner for her as yet, so he darted sales-room, where they entertain their round and round, up and down, till at last country customers, there are kept a variety making game of him? But he replied the web was finished; he retired under a of nice fruits and liquors. Many an unleaf to watch, with all his eight eyes, for wary, but well-meaning young merchant some thoughtless insect. The minister and has lost his head there, and gone out to be his little daughter passed that way, and dragged into the yawning pitfalls of this apartment in your establishment." had seated themselves on the bank to great city, because he had not the moral watch the spider. "O! papa, I wonder if courage to refuse the hospitalities of the he will catch anything?" whispered the prosperous merchants with whom he had boy. My son in law, Clark, here perhaps

"If I accept the situation of confidential seen dipping its long proboscis into the clerk, I shall be obliged to entertain the take them out to see the city sights, which, getting nearer and nearer to the web and with some people, means all that is fast them time enough, when I set them up the watchful spider. The beautiful insect and 'loud' and bad. I have occasionally did not dream of danger as it sported with been required to take Grant's place when take the business off their hands if I can a companion, or folded its delicate wings he has had one of his 'bad spells,' so I for an instant to rest on some blossom. know all about it. Poor Grant's bad Then again it flitted nearer and neaper, spells, by the way, are caused by too much happy in its ignorance of the hidden snare, wine, instead of 'heart disease.' He was a for the web was so placed that only in one church member and a temperance man light could its delicate threads be seen. A when he became an employe of the house convolvulus was growing on the other side ten years ago. He took the situation of of the web, and the butterfly flew straight confidential clerk, when it was offered to towards it, thinking what delicate honey him, under a conscientious self-protest there would be in its painted cup, but, alas! because he felt that he had grown up with at that very moment its beautiful wings the business, understood it perfectly, and that George Grant and I could carry on were entangled in the silken trap, and the had earned the right to the increased the business of the firm without any

"I also began at the foot of the ladder, struggled, but it was in vain; the treacher- so I have the same grounds for feeling that ous threads seemed only to hold it tighter, I have earned the situation, and the same and its enemy, approaching cautiously, scruples about accepting it. He was began to weave it to a close web, so that socially inclined, and after a while came to breaking over the barrier so hard to define, and taking a glass or two too much. Having his sad downfall as an example, I him upon his feet again is to show that have made up my mind that I will black you have confidence in him." M . Y boots or clean sidewalks, if necessary, but I will never use my influence towards leading a brother man to destruction.

> course, but when he understands the situation he may feel differently.

"Who am I that I dare to pray daily, Lead us not into temptation,' and then go nto that room and handle those dainty crystal wine cups, and those exquisite cut the counting-room a list of religious

93 German granters Mrs. Benedict said no more upon the subject. She had been very proud of her son's situation in one of the largest wholesale houses in the city, and had thought it keep the stranger company if he desires all over, how she should say, when Henry was enquired for, "Oh, Henry is Clark & Upham's confidential clerk." But she felt years, and you cannot find a firm where a that her child was right, and knew in her better feeling exists between merchant heart that she had now more cause for and customer than that of-Grant & pride in him than she had ever had before Benedict. Henry was not out of a situation for a child, that he may ensuare all those who single day. While working his required forget to watch, and we call those snares, "notice," he found a place as subordinate temptations." The child looked thought- clerk in a great shipping ware-house at ful, and her father went on: "Just as the wages barely sufficient to pay his board. family, so far as we know, who yet survives, spider puts its web where it can least be He took the situation with the understand- is Miss Abigail Judson, a sister of Dr.

means the only clerk who did not even know him by sight.

one of the junior partners, the young man "There is a hand ever ready to help the was surprised to see, sitting in an arm-chair helpless, and an ear that always hears the behind the mahogany desk, an old gentlecry of the distressed; just as you saw the men in a rough-cloth morning coat, whom poor butterfly, though it could not help he had seen frequently at prayer and temitself, saved by a strength not its own, so perance meetings, not taking part in the our Heavenly Father hears and saves those exercises, to be sure, but sitting quietly, watching the proceeding from under his "But what must we do to keep from shaggy eyebrows, while on the opposite side of the glowing grate sat Mr. Clark, his former employer.

"Good morning, Benedict, good morning," said the old gentlemen, rubbing his hands in a satisfied way, "I have known you for some time before you were employed here. Perhaps you may remember of having seen me?"

"Your face is quite familiar. I have so often seen you at our church," replied | College Hill, near Cincinnati. "You have left Clark & Upham, Henry, Henry, truthfully, "but I never thought to

"Ha, ha," laughed the jolly old man, "of course you didn't think such an old but you seated me in a warm, cosy place, "Why do you object to retaining your near the register, one cold night, I rememoffered, and I don't intend to let you go where I 'bart my customers,' I mean Your salary would be doubled, of course.

A look of blank surprise overspread Henry's honest face. Were the two men quietly and friendly, "I thought that you was a temperance man, sir. I understood that there was no such objectionable

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed the old man again. "You were informed rightly, my you didn't know Clark was my son-in-law." "No, sir," admitted Henry, more and more surprised.

just as I supposed they would if I gave twelve years ago. Now I am going to find some one who understands all the ins and outs, and hooks and crooks of the trade, to manage it for me. Clark, here, spoke of you. What do you think about

The young man looked very grave for a few moments, then he said, honestly:

"I think, sir, with the present corps of clerks, and with the wine-closet and it contents removed from the private office.

"Would you dare trust George Grant?" asked the old gentlement in suprise.

"Yes, sir. He has signed the pledge and he will endeavor to keep out of temptation. He is older than I has rare business capacity, and has been longer in the business than I have. The best way to set

The transfer was made immediately, with as little noise as possible. That was some time ago. Henry Benedict and "Father will be greatly disappointed, of George Grant are both partners now. The business has prospered without the wine, but there is always good cheer in the charming little room where a great many heavy bargains are closed weekly.

> There is always conspicuously posted in services, temperance meetings, lectures, and all the moral entertainments in the city, and there is always same gentlemanly young fellow among the clerks, detailed to and show him the good side of city life. This has been the established custom for

The only member of the original Judson seen, so Satan puts his traps where we ing that he was to leave on a week's potice Judson. She resides at Plymouth, Mass., think it least likely that we should find whenever he could better himself. One and has there lived many years, in a home

them; when we feel least disposed to think cold winter morning Henry was much fronting the sea. She is now quite aged, of hidden dangers, then is the time we surpresed at being sent for to come to the but retains a clear mind and interest in the

In Hamilton, N. Y., yet lives Miss Catharine Chubbuck, sister of "Fanny Forrester." The latter, as is well known, became the wife of Dr. Judson, and after Going forward, and being announced by his death, she returned to Hamilton, her early home, where she died, and where her body lies buried.

> Dr. George D. Boardman is the son of Mr. Boardman, who became the second Mrs. Judson. His eloquent ministry in Philadelphia has just finished its fifteenth

> Adoniram Judson, M. D., the eldest son of Dr. Judson and of Mrs. S. B. Judson, is an accomplished and rising physician in New York. His researches into the nature and treatment of "spinal curvature" have gained both the attention and approbation of very eminent surgeons.

> Miss Abigail B. Judson is a sister of the last named son, and is an accomplished teacher. At present she is principal of one department of the institution at

Mr. Henry Judson is the only one who has resolved to wrestle with "the stubborn glebe." He has a farm in fertile Illinois. He also is a son of Sarah B. Judson.

Rev. Edward Judson is the young pastor whose work has been so wonderfully blessed in Orange, N. J. He is the youngest son of Dr. Judson aud of Sarah B. Judson. Blessed is she among women, who left

The only child of Dr. Judson and of Emily C. Judson, who survives, is Emily you quick enough when the opportunity Frances Judson, who in 1870 became the wife of Rev. Thomas A. T. Hanna, pastor unless you disappoint me in some way. of the Baptist Church in Plantsville and Now, my young friend, how would you the Secretary of the Connecticut Baptist like, in conjunction with your present Convention. She is a noble Christian

Smiles.

Sal Ary is the young lady that everybody wishes to secure. - Whitehall Times Ann Uity is also much admired.—Bos. Post. The worst bread girl is that brazen huzzy, Saf Æratus, Nat. Bap. But the girl most gifted in irony is a Sal Amander. Baptist Weekly. But the girl for these hard times is Gene Rations.—CHRISTIAN

"Mary," said a mother to her child, If I was a little girl like you, I should "Well, Clark & Upham have failed up, pick up all those chips." "Well, mamma, answered Mary, "ain't you glad you are not a little girl?"

> A disobedient little girl being told by her mother that it was necessary that she be whipped, said, "Well, ma, then I suppose I must; but won't you give me chlo-

"Did you ever," asked a brother humorist of Josh Billings, " stand at the hall door after your lecture, and listen to what the people say about it as they passed out?" Replied Josh, "I did-once" (a pause and a sigh)—but L'll never do it again!"

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ip and down stairs as

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TESTIMONIALS From Rev. Dr. Quin

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