

THE ROAD TO SLUMBER-LAND.

What is the road to Slumber-land? and where does the baby go?
The road lies straight through mother's arms when the sun is sinking low.

He goes by the drowsy "Land of Nod" to the land of "Lullaby,"
When all wee lambs are safe in the fold, under the evening sky.

A soft nightgown, clean and white; a face washed sweet and fair;
A mother brushing the tangles out of the silken, golden hair;

Two little tired, satiny feet, from the shoes and the stockings free;
Two little palms, together clasped at the mother's patient knee;

Some baby-words that are drowsily lisped to the tender Shepherd's ear;
And a kiss that only a mother can place on the brow of her baby dear.

A little round head which nestles at last close to the mother's breast,
And then the lullaby, soft and low, singing the song of rest.

And close and closer the blue-veined lids are hiding the baby eyes;
As over the road to Slumber-land the dear little traveler lies.

For this is the way, through mother's arms, all little babies go
To the beautiful city of Slumber-land when the sun is sinking low.

—The Nursery.

WHY THE RABBITS HAVE A SHORT TAIL.

[To appreciate the following story, it will be necessary for the reader to draw upon his imagination to the extent of conceiving an old negro man, with the little folks gathered around him after supper, when he is not too much exhausted by his daily toil.]

"Dah! Do you hear, chil'en? What dat?"
Children.—"Oh! Pap, dat ar' nothin' but a pup bark'n'."

The Father.—"He! he! Chil'en, do you want to know how come dogs ter bark and der rabbits to hab short tails?"

Children (altogether and greatly excited).—"Yes, Pap. Tell us wight now."

Father begins: Long time ago der dogs use' ter whistle, and der rabbits dey use' ter have long tails; but der dogs, dey mighty proud and kinder imposin' like. Well, der dogs an' rabbits use' to talk like folks in dem olden days. One Mr. Dog went an' imposed on Buddy Rabbit, 'cause he bigger'n Buddy Rabbit; an' den Buddy Rabbit he made up his mind ter get even wid Mr. Dog, of he live.

"One day Buddy Rabbit was gwine 'long der road a-thinkin', when he looks an' see Mr. Dog settin' up behin' a big oak tree, des a-whistlin' away. Den Buddy Rabbit say: 'Hello! Buddy Dog.' An' Mr. Dog answer: 'Good-mornin', Buddy Rabbit.' Den Buddy Rabbit say: 'Buddy Dog, you is a mighty fine whistler. I do b'lieve I could fix your whistle so dat all der ladies would say you got der best whistle of any gemman in dis town.'

"Mr. Dog say: 'How, Buddy Rabbit? Ef you will des fix my whistle, I'll do anything you want me ter do.'

"Buddy Rabbit say: 'Well, Buddy Dog, I can fix your whistle so it will be der best whistle in dis town, sho'. Ef gwine ter hite you at fass; but, ef you want me ter, I'll fix it.'

"So Buddy Rabbit ran his han' in his pocket an' pulled out his knife, an' tell Mr. Dog ter hold wight still, while he split boff sides of his mouf back. Den he say: 'Now, Buddy Dog, don't you whistle tell I get to dat big tree way down yonder, so I can hear of your whistle is better.' When Buddy Rabbit get to der tree, Mr. Dog try ter whistle; and his whistle done spiled so he can't whistle good a bit. And Mr. Dog gwine ter get mighty mad; but Buddy Rabbit say quickly: 'Ah! Buddy Dog, I see exactly what's der matter. I done split your mouf back jes far enough to split your present whistle and not quite far enough ter get to der good whistle. Jes hold wight still once more, while I split it back jes a leetle bit farder.' Den,

when Buddy Rabbit done split Mr. Dog's mouf way back, he ran down der road, den tell Buddy Dog ter whistle; but when poor Mr. Dog try ter whistle, his whistle done gone, and he say, 'Gr-r-r gr-r-r bouf, wouf,' and growl and bark all der time, instead of whistlin'. So it make Mr. Dog so mad, 'cause Buddy Rabbit done split his fine voice and whistle, and make him growl an' bark, he take after Buddy Rabbit with all his might, to kill him. Mr. Dog an' Buddy Rabbit run. And jest as Buddy Rabbit jumped into der briar-patch, Mr. Dog catch him by his long tail an' bite it short off; an' from dat day ter dis Mr. Dog he whistle no more, but bark with his big mouf, an' Buddy Rabbit he been had a short tail.—Independent.

TRUE ECONOMY OF LIFE.—The true economy of human life looks at ends rather than incidents, and adjusts expenditures to a moral scale of values. De Quincy pictures a woman sailing over the water, awakened out of sleep to find her necklace untied and one end hanging over the stream, while pearl after pearl drops from the string beyond her reach; while she clutches at the one just falling, another drops beyond recovery. Our days drop one after another by our carelessness, like pearls from a string, as we sail the sea of life. Prudence requires a wise husbanding of time to see that none of those golden coins are spent for nothing. The waste of time is a more serious loss than the extravagances against which there is such acclaim. There are thousands who do nothing but lounge and carouse from morning till midnight—drones in the human hive, who consume and waste the honey that honest workers wear themselves out in making, and insult the day by their dissipation and debauch. There are 10,000 idle, frivolous creatures who are doing nothing but consume and waste and wear what honest hands accumulate, and incite others to live as useless and worthless lives as they do. Were every man and woman an honest toiler, all would have an abundance, and half of every day for recreation and culture. The expenditure of a few dollars in matters of taste is a small matter in comparison with the wasting of months and years by thousands who have every advantage society can offer, and exact as a right every privilege it affords.

MOTHER.—Children, look in those eyes, listen to that dear voice, notice the feelings of even a single touch that is bestowed upon you by that gentle hand! Make much of it while you have that most precious of all good gifts, a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love of those eyes; the deep anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain. In after life you may have friends—fond, dear, kind friends; but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother can bestow. Often do I sigh in my struggles with the hard, uncaring world, for the sweet, deep security I felt when of an evening, nestling in her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale, suitable to my age, read in her tender and untiring voice. Never can I forget her sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared asleep; never her kiss of peace at night. Years have passed away since we laid her beside my father in the old churchyard; yet still her voice whispers from the grave, and her eyes watches over me, as I visit spots long since hallowed to the memory of my mother.—Lord Macaulay.

"CHICKEN on shell," said an Englishman, looking down the carte at a Boston hotel; "that must be a delicacy. Here, waiter, chicken on shell." The waiter shortly after produced the viand, which was in the shape of eggs. The Britisher was non-plussed. Upon enquiring what it meant, the waiter replied that it was a bad time of year for fresh eggs. They advertised them as chickens that there might be no mistake.

THERE is an intelligent dog at Mud Pine, Ind., so sharp that whenever company comes to the house he proceeds at once to catch a chicken, a thing he will not do at any other time.

HINTS TO WRITERS.

William Cullen Bryant once gave the following sensible advice to a young man who had offered him an article for the *Brening Post*.

My young friend, I observe that you have used several French expressions in your letter. I think, if you will study the English language, that you will find it capable of expressing all the ideas that you may have. I have always found it so, and in all that I have written I do not recall an instance where I was tempted to use a foreign word, but that on searching, I have found a better one in my own language.

Be simple, unaffected; be honest in your speaking and writing. Never use a long word when a short one will do as well.

Call a spade by its name, not a well known oblong instrument of manual labor; let a home be a home and not a residence; a place not a locality, and so on of the rest. When a short word will do, you always lose by a long one. You lose in clearness; you lose in honest expression of meaning; and, in the estimation of all men who are capable of judging, you lose in reputation for ability.

The only true way to shine, even in this false world, is to be modest and unassuming. Falsehood may be a thick crust, but in the course of time truth will find a place to break through. Elegance of language may not be in the power of us all, but simplicity and straightforwardness are.

Write much as you would speak, and as you think. If with your inferior, speak no coarser than usual; if with your superior, speak no finer. Be what you say, and within the rules of prudence. No one ever was a gainer by singularity of words or in pronunciation. The truly wise man will so speak that no one will observe how he speaks. A man may show great knowledge of chemistry by carrying bladders of strange gases to breathe; but one will enjoy better health, and find more time for business, who lives on common air.

Sidney Smith once remarked: "After you have written an article, take your pen and strike out half the words, and you will be surprised to see how much stronger it is."

NEW FEATURES.—As the managers of some of our so-called agricultural fairs have ransacked the catalogue of sports to lend attraction to their "shows," we would recommend to their attention the example of the State of Florida, which is to have a State agricultural fair at Gainesville, Feb. 20-25. A large premium list is published, which includes not only prizes for plantation products, but for mule trots, rifle shooting, military drills, brass band contests, and Sabbath school music. The latter is a trifle outside the province of agriculture, yet a church organ, valued at \$200, is to be awarded to the Sabbath school which renders the best vocal music. Here is novelty in the way of attractions to a cattle show, and the society which shall first adopt this novel programme will no doubt succeed in drawing out more 25-cent pieces and more small boys than their old fogy competitors, who fancy that agricultural fairs are intended for the tame exhibition of simply cattle, grain and roots.—Cultivator.

ARREST THE TRAMPS.—Why should not every professional or habitual beggar be arrested and imprisoned? In the streets of every large city in this land men, women and children, regularly plying the trade of mendicancy, are to be met with at every turn. There ought to be work-houses for these vagrants where they should be compelled to labor for their livelihood. In Paris, we are told, no beggar is ever seen in the streets; a similar vigorous enforcement of law in American cities would cause no suffering, and would greatly promote industry and virtue. The people who cannot work do not need to beg from door to door; there are provisions enough everywhere for the relief of such as these; and the energetic repression of beggary is the first contribution that the law ought to make toward working out the problem of pauperism.—Sunday Afternoon.