

Youths' Department.

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND OF THE 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 shadow 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 bound 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-bell;
And will sail out under star-lit 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 will be 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.

It Pays.

"Do you keep hens?" said Mr. Arnold to Rev. Mr. T.

"Yes."

"Well, do you find they pay?"

"Yes," again from the reverend gentleman.

"Are they laying many eggs?"

"Yes."

"Do you sell them?"

"Oh, no!"

"Don't sell them?"

This seemed to disturb the equanimity of the parishioner.

"But perhaps you eat them?" in a tone of voice more doubtful than the last.

"Eat them! Oh, no!"

"Don't eat them, don't sell them; well, and you say they pay, how do you make this out?"

"Why, I give them away."

"Give them away!" this in a tone of indignation.

"Yes, give them every one to sick, suffering ones in my parish, and I find it pays splendidly."

This same Mr. T., who, by the way, is a son of a lately deceased clergyman in New York, who was noted for his charitable work among

missions, and who also is the recipient of a very small salary from a poor little church in the suburbs of B., went one day to visit a sick man whose days on earth were nearly spent. He found the physician there, who said an air cushion was indispensable to the comfort of the patient, who was obliged, by the nature of his disease to sit in a chair day and night. Mr. T. left

the house, and in five hours after came back with the air-cushion.

When the poor invalid remonstrated with him for so much kindness to one who could not pay him anything in return, Mr. T. only grasped his hand and said—

"My dear friend, he sent it to you, whose store houses are never empty, and needs no return."—*Sel.*

"And Then?"

We remember reading, years ago, of a man who was so sparing of his words that he seldom uttered more than two consecutively, and consequently was known as "Two Words." Favorites of his, and most often made use of, were these, short and questioning—"And Then?"

Every man, woman and child utters them frequently,—they are indeed the text of many a hope, many a promise, many a prayer. Childhood will grow out of its childishness, *and then*, all the joys and success of manhood will gladden it. Youth will step out from its youthful annoyances, *and then*—will come only halcyon days, full of sunlight and song, and glad fulfillments.

Manhood will brush away the clouds that envelop it, *and then*—the long awaited results will surely be realized in maturer years. Manhood's prime may wear itself out in noble endeavors, but Old Age will reap the fruits, *and then*—content will render the hours peacefully sweet. Old Age will be ended by-and-by, *and then*—

And then—what?

It is not enough that we dream over the two words,—that we use them as pleasant agencies to conjure up brightness for the future. To paint beautiful pictures of the "Good time coming" is well, because none have a right to shut the sunlight out of their lives, and the sunlight streams in ever through the open door of To-morrow; but to shut our eyes to our possible destiny,—to look resolutely away from a destiny that must be inevitably ours,—that is not well. It is the height of folly, or else the climax of cowardice.

Thousands are dancing through life thinking lightly of the morrow, "*And then*" upon their lips, but never repeating it in its deep and solemn suggestiveness. Poor fools, that make a minuet of the week, and glide down it careless and unconcerned, for them, as for all others, there will come a Saturday night with its silent hush, and the sun will go down, and the stars will come out, and the soul will remember itself—*and then*—

As we have each our by-and-bys, that we fill with those things we love best, so there is for all one great common By-and-By, and it is surer than those little ones we think most of. Who says "by-and-by" with a thought of all its meaning? We hang upon being as by a thread, and yet we plan with an "*I will*," as though the future were ours to do with as we please. And some day we shall say "*I will*," and our wills shall be as mere breaths; and it shall be then, O Father, "*as Thou wilt*," and we shall close our eyes to all around us, and go out somewhere by a way which we know not—*and then*?—*Rural Home.*

Sharper Than a Serpent's Tooth.

A few weeks ago, a young man belonging to an influential, honorable family, cheated a couple of business firms in a great western city, by false representation, out of a couple hundred thousand dollars. The matter was brought before his father, an old man of strong integrity. The young man was his only child.

"Gentlemen, I can do nothing," he said. "I have paid nearly half a million dollars already to make up sums which he has embezzled. He has brought me to beggary. The law must take its course." He turned away. The road between him and death was short, and it would be dark and cold.

On the same week an elderly woman was seen to throw herself into the Schuylkill river, near Philadelphia. She was rescued with difficulty. She held in her hand a satchel containing gold, notes and banknotes representing several thousand of dollars. When she recovered her senses, she was asked,— "Why did you do this? You were in no danger of want."

"No I had money enough. But I had five children once: four boys and one girl. They all went away—all went away. They have not wanted me to visit them, and they

do not write to me. I have waited for years and they do not come back. Folks told me they were doing well, and were fine gentlemen and ladies; but they have forgotten their old mother. I was so lonesome that my head got queer. Indeed, gentlemen, I tried to do all I could for my little children, but when they grew up they were tired of me."

No words of ours can add to the force of these two chapters of actual life. Very few sons and daughters are as guilty as these, but how few are wholly free from such guilt! Many a man or woman who would not take the life of the poorest living creature, kills the souls of those who love them best, by years of passive, cold forgetfulness and neglect.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Strange Question.

A poor child straying into a Sunday-school one day asked simply: "Is this the way to heaven?" The Superintendent was for a moment startled. Was the school, indeed, the way to heaven? Was he trying to make it so? Were the teachers intent on the same object? The artless question struck home. From desk to class the question went round with a thrill. What were they all doing? Whither were they all tending? The question was like an angel suddenly come into their midst to make a record of all that transpired in that school. Oh, superintendents, teachers, make sure of this one thing: with all your efforts to impart knowledge, make the salvation of the soul of paramount interest: whether your school be a model or struggling up to perfection, be sure that every scholar shall feel that it is the road to heaven. That is poor apology for a Sunday school, where a child can not learn enough of christianity to find the way to heaven! Now, let us all see if we can not make our Sunday school the way to heaven.—*Kind Words.*

He who lets one day slip by without feeding upon some portion of the Bible endangers the health of his soul as truly as the man defrauds his body who goes without food. And no sooner does he allow one day to pass thus forgetful of God and his truth, than a tendency is begotten which promises a second omission, and a third, and so on, until this bread of life, sent down from heaven for the nourishment of that which is immortal within us, is wholly neglected, and leanness of soul at last results in spiritual death.