Just over there, Beyond the solemn rivers darkling flow, Where trees of life by crystal fountains grow,

A land of light, Of matchless beauty, never fading bowers,
Of gardens filled with ever-blooming flowers
Untouched by blight.

No shadow lies On its green slopes that stretch serenely fair, No storm-cloud broods in all its tranquil air, Or skades its skies.

No grief, no pain,

No cankering care, no wearisome delay, No blighted hopes wear the young life away In that domain. There is no loss. No empty hands upreached to grasp the good, No hungry hearts that cry in vain for food, No hidden cross.

No sad farewells! No tears in secret for the absent shed! No bitter wail—no mourning for the dead !

No funeral knells

There is no strife, No voice of revelry—no battle song, No armed legions pour their hosts along The streets of life:

But victory's psalm,
And joy's unending chorus fills the air;
While hand's that in earth's conflict bled, there bear The conqueror's palm.

White-robed and free, From earth's embattled plains the nation's come To join the everlasting "Harvest Home"— Heaven's Jubilee.

O land most fair! O Country of the saved! my mortal eyes Look up with longing for thy brighter skies, And cloudless air!

From hills of time I turn to catch some glimpses of thy green, And list to hear the hours of toil between Thy songs sublime.

Dim gleamings of thy beauty from afar, And hear faint echoes through life's fret and jar

But day by day
My feet press nearer to thy hidden strand
And hour by hour I know an Unseen Hand
Directs my way.

My eyes shall see the country of the blest, And I shall find my everlasting rest Shubenacadie, June 19, 1876.

THE CHRISTIAN'S REVENGE.

Obadiah Lawson and Watt Dood were neighbors. Dood was the oldest settler, and from his youth up had entertained a singular hatred against Quakers. Therefore, when he was informed that Lawson, a regular disciple of that class of people. had purchased the next farm to his, he declared he would make him glad to move away again. Accordingly a system of petty annoyances was commenced by him. and every time one of Lawson's hogs chanced to stray upon Dood's place, he was beset by men and dogs and most savagely abused. Things went on thus for nearly a year, but the Quaker, a man of decidedly peace principles, appeared in no way to resent the injuries received at the us." hands of his spiteful neighbor. Matters, however were drawing to a crisis, for Dood more enraged than ever at the quiet of Obadiah, made oath that he would do something before long to wake up the spunk of Lawson. Chance favored his design. The Quaker had a high blooded filly, which he had been very careful in raising, and was just four years old. Lawson took a great pride in this animal, and had refused a large sum of money for ber.

One evening, a little after sundown, as Watt Dood was passing around his cornfield, he discovered the filly feeding in the little strip of prairie land that separated the two farms, and he conceived the fiendish design of throwing off two or three rails of his fence, that the horse might get into his corn during the night. He did day as sure as my name's Jim Hender- to hear his sage remarks on the live stock so : and the next morning, bright and ear- son," said one, coercing the other. "Hoot. ly, he shouldered his rifle and left the mon; gang hame the yer wife and dinna the cause of the volley of laughter that house. Not long efter his absence a hired gie ony mair o' yer hard-earned siller to now and again issued from aft where were man whom he had recently employed, you ill-faured sheebeener." heard the echo of his gan, and in a few " Jim Henderson," said the other, quite list, from the English bishop to the Cocka buck, that the herd had attacked him, staun' yer havering." and that he hardly escaped with his life.

that something was wrong. Ho therefore like." stepped quietly away from the house, and "Oo, aye," replied his companion, his sharp cut electric features; Wilkie going through the field in the direction of meditatively, "I dinna mind if I dae hae Collins with his large goggles and penthe shot, he suddenly came upon Lawson's a half oor in the Barony; gie's a snee- sive look; Dr. Candlish, the great free filly stretched upon the earth, with a bul- shun." And so their voices died away in church leader, with his immense brow and let hole through his head, from which the the distance. warm blood was still cozing. The animal was warm, and could not have been killed ing up a days irregularity by going to know. an hour. He hastened back to the dwell- church. The Scotch idiosyncrasy is a ing of Dood, who met him in the yard and thing almost incomprehensible in its demanded, somewhat roughly, where he ramifications; no matter what his state for a moment, but collecting himself he ciation delivered by a lusty Boanerges.

rode home, where he informed the people of the fate of his filly. No threat of recrimination escaped him: he did not even go to law to recover damages, but calmly awaited his plan and hour of revenge. It

came at last. Watt Dood had a Durham heifer, for which he had paid a heavy price, and upon which he counted to make great gains. One morning, just as Obadiah was setting down to breakfast, his eldest son came in with the information that neighbor Dood's heifer's had broken down the fence, entered the yard, and after eating most of the cabbages, had trampled the well-made beds, and the vegetables they contained, out of all shape—a mischief impossible to repair. "And what did thee do with her, Jacob?" quietly asked Obadiah. I put her in the farm-yard." "Did thee beat her?" "I never struck her a blow." "night, Jacob, right. Sit down to the breakfast, and when done eating I will atfend to the heifer.

Shortly after he had finished his repast, Lawson mounted a horse, and rode over to Dood's, who was sitting on the porch in front of his house, and who, as he beheld the Quaker dismount, supposed he was coming to demand pay for his filly, and secretly swore he would have to go to law for it, if he did. "Good morning, neighbor Dood; how is thy family?" exclaimed Obadiah, as he mounted the steps and seated himself in a chair. "All well, I believe," was the reply. "I have a small affair to settle with thee this morning, and I same rather early." "So 1 suppose," growled Watt. "This morning my son found thy Durham heifer in my garden. where she destroyed a good deal." "And what did he do with her?" demanded Dood, his brow darkening. "And what would thee have done with her, had she been my heifer in thy garden?" asked Obadiah. "I'd have shot her!" retorted Watt madly, "as I suppose you have done; but we are even now; heifer for filly is only 'tit for tat.'" Neighbor Dood, thou knowest me not, if thou thinkest I would harm a hair of thy heifer's back. She is in my farm-yard, and not even a blow has been struck her, where thee can get her at any time. I know thee shot my filly but the evil one prompted thee to do it and I lay no evil to my beart against my

heifer is, and now I'll go home." Obadiah rose from the chair and was about to descend the steps, when he was stopped by Watt. who hastily asked. What was your filly worth?" "A hunhereafter let there be pleasantness between | roundings.

Obadiah mounted his horse and rode home with a lighter heart, and from that day to this Dood has been as good a neigh bor as one could wish to have, being com-FOR EVIL.—Cincinnati paper.

STRAY RECOLLECTIONS OF NORMAN MACLEOD.

BY D. C. MACDONALD.

when, turning the corner, I stumbled dently under the influence of drink.

minutes Dood, considerably excited and oracularly, in the midst of his drunken | ney butcher. I did manage, however to out of breath, came hurrying to the house, hiccaps, "dinna presume for to dictate see the cause. Dr. Macleod was seated on where he stated he had shot and wounded till me, ye drucken vagabond. I'll no a camp-stood with his broad slouched hat

This story was credited by all but the ciliating voice, "cam along and we'll gang style, and his great arms resting on a newly-employed hand, who had a dislike and hear Norman the nicht; it'll dae us thick mounted stick. Around him sat to Watt, and, from his manner, suspected, baitb guid and ye ken come oot whan ye and stood and hung a crowd of people.

filly." was the instant retort. Watt paled regular stirring, terrifying, Mosaic denunfiercely shouted, "Do you dare say I kill- But I had not hitherto heard Dr. Macleod: dead?" replied the man. Dood bit his lip, evening congregation consisted for the hesitated a moment, and then walked into most part of the dregs of the population. the house. A couple of days passed by, while he had the reputation of being heterand the morning of the third one had odox, and, worse still (as I thought then).

wedged in between an Irish washerwoman with two dirty infants is her arms, and a downfaced, careworn looking man, who looked as if he never could have been young or seen green fields and blue sky. The church was densely packed. I look.

ed behind me. What faces! working

people; working people; sermons for them! They looked more in need of meat, and drink, and rest. I felt a vagua sensation of discomfort, of dismay, creeping over me. At last came the preacher, massive, dark, with a face of inexpressible repose. He gave three measured, search. ing looks around him before saying "Let us praise God by singing a portion of the 40th psalm." And a strange medley of dissonant voices wailed monotonously through the tune of "Bangor." The pray. er I did not hear. I must confess I was too much fascinated with those images of misery stan ing feebly along the ragged benches. The chapter was read, " Ho! every one that thirsteth," in a rich, mellow voice of rare poise and volume; then another Psalm, and the text was given from the same rapt, gentle prophet, Isa. 45. 17: "Ye shall not be ashamed nor confounded world without end." I was disappointed at first, for there were no first, secondly, thirdly, followed by the usual denunciations of "fiery wrath mollified grudgingly with the fag end of promise which I had been used to, and which constituted my ideal of pulpit oratory. But he would for a time direct himself particularly to one section of the congregation, and after a few impassioned appeals, which, however were entirely devoid of fluster or excitement. would wait for a moment, as if for some indication of assent, while a death-like stillness pervaded the vast assembly. And sometimes he would stretch out both arms as if embracing the seried mass of perishing humanity before him, while he poured forth a torrent of simple Saxon eloquence there was no misunderstanding nor gainsaying. And sometimes he would talk in the veriest patois of the kitchen, the workshop, or store, and "let go" similes and draw comparisons that seemed utterly ridiculous, until all of a sudden, in the midst of his rambling, he would pull in his threads right and left and unite all in the plainneighbor. I came to tell thee where thy tive, consoling refrain, "Ye shall not be ashamed nor confounded world without end." As for me I simply forgot the fact of my existence, and when the half hour was over and he had done, I felt as though I had been listening for hours, while I dred dollars is what I asked for her," re- vearned to hear that voice again, and the plied Obadiah. "Wait a moment." And rustling, and the coughing, and the sigh-Dood rushed into the house, whence he ing and sobbing of the poor humanity soon returned, holding some gold in his awaked me from my Elysium of forgethand. "Here's the price of your filly, and fulness to the sober realities of my sur-

mer, I was traveling by the Pioneer steamer from Fort William to Glasgow and among my fellow-passengers were Norman Clerk, my fellow-student, and pletely reformed by the RETURNING GOOD his uncle, Norman Macleod. Norman Clerk was a ponderous young man, singularly like his uncle in face and slowness of movement; but though excessively good-natured and amiable, he was perhaps the most obtruse, irresponsible, harum. scarum specimen of the genius "sopho On a dreary Sunday in 1864. I was more" it has been my fortune to know. walking down Howard Street, Glasgow, No need to fear a violent reprisal from him for this whithering estimate of his against two men, apparently laborers, who parts, unless The Times has contributors were talking in loud tones, and were evi- in Buenos Ayres, where he is settled as a flourishing cattle-farmer. Norman would "I tell ye ye'll no hae anither drap this insist on my remaining forward with him in their pens, while I was eager to learn seated every variety of the habitual tourthrust on the back of his head, and his "Weel, aweel," said the other, in a con- feet stretched out in the most elegant among whom were Dean Stanley, with diminutive form; the handsome Earl of I was not at all surprised at their wind. Morton, and many others whom I did not

On a gloricus day in the following sum-

I could see they were all arguing very keenly on some subject. Candlish was evidently the proposer, and from one to he had been. "I've been to see if your of mind, a Scotchman has an indwelling another he would turn with lightening bullet made sure work of Mr. Lawson's hankering for a "guid sermon,"-for a rapidity, while his hand and thin lips kept moving with Gallic velocity. Then Dean Stanley would, in a deferential way, seem to utter dissent. Then followed a comed her?" "How do you know she is his church was too remote, and his flitting mingling of voices, at the end of which Lord Morton said something to Dr. Mcleod. The others were silent a moment, while that heavy face evolved something slowly that did not at once dawn upon broken, as the hired man met Lawson of detracting from the dignity of the proriding in search of his filly. A few words fession by his unseemly preference for the one another in bewilderment, until one

so at eight o'clock I found myself tightly | most unpolished and ungentlemanly take upon themselves more. laughter imaginable. Stanley roared: Lord Morton said "Hear! Hear!" every. body else laughed; and Wilkie Collins apply themselves earnestly to their farms. wiped his spectacles. But Norman's long and produce all they can, for they are limbs were still at a prolonged angle of sure of a sale at fair prices. There never 45°, and the big face was as unmoved as was so much encouragement as at the ever, only that the eyes were twinkling strangely as they followed Dr. Candlish who had retired to the side of the vessel and was shaking his head in a pitying years since a neighbor's wife told me that

> All this at my then age was mystery to yard of prints; butter then was twelve me; later, when I knew him well. I understood it all, for truly with him there yard. Now see the difference in favor of was but "one sten from the sublime to the ridiculous" when he chose to be merry. And yet to hear him talk for twe hours on missions to an audience of four thousand, without a note or pause, one sions. Also, for one dozen of eggs you would think there was not a particle of can get three yards of cotton cloth, or five humor in his composition. As a continuous and unwearied speaker, he was the tion. equal of Gladstone, who is one of the most sustained and powerful speakers the farm, to say nothing of the small living. "Norman, come aft and let's fruits and apples, and garden truck, which hear them" I said to my enthusiastic | are very profitable in some locations, let stock-fancier, young Clerk, "Hock," he me ask what has the farmer to complain growled gutturally, "I dont care for min- of?

I remember once asking the Doctor after the publication of his Gold Threadan exquisite allegory for the young-what author he studied for style. "Always Shakespere and Jeremy Taylor," he said they are the two master writers of a clear and vigorous style."

- THE QUEEN AT HOME.

Figaro has interviewed John Brown with the following effect : "Her Majesty leads a very regular life,

believe?" I said. "Yes; it's generally the same, day after

day," was the reply. "She gets up about nine in the morning, and has breakfast in her apartments.

Then she walks up and down the terrace until she comes indoors to sign her papers. The documents are all put ready for her to sign, with the corner turned down where she is to write. But Her Majesty, woman-like, will insist upon reading most of them, and of seeing what is inside. However, she rarely makes any alteration. After this, which often takes two or three hours, she sees the Princess Beatrice. (God bless her!) and has lunch. Then she will, if it is fine, take a walk in the grounds with the Princess Beatrice and Prince Leopold, when he or she will drive out, and I have to attend her.—Then she comes home, and one of the ladies reads to her until it is time to prepare for dinner. After dinner the ladies read to her again, and she looks over pictures and things, and

goes to bed very early." "The dinner is rather a stiff affair, I suppose?" I said

"Well, stiff is hardly the word for it, was the reply.

"The guests assemble, and dinner is generally announced before her Majesty enters the room. The minister-in-waiting and the people invited sit at the table, and there is a pause. Then the Queen enters, everybody rises, her Majesty makes a bow and sits down, and the guests resume their seats. The footmen serve the dishes in solemn silence, and not a word is spoken. Her Majesty makes two or three remarks during the dinner, but no one speaks unless the Queen speaks to him, and the company is more like a Quaker's meeting than anything else. Before the dessert her Majesty generally rises, bows and leaves the room, but the guests, ladies and all, remain. The Princess Beatrice generally leaves with her mother. Then the conversation becomes more general after her Majesty has left, and at the end of the dinner Lady Biddulph, or Miss Cadogan, or somebody, rises, the ladies leave the room, the gentlemen remaining standing, then the gentlemen usually go to the smeking or billiard-room, and the ladies to the drawing-room. Sometimes the Queen will go into the drawing-room in the course of the evening, but not very often. And the gentleman are all in courtdress, which is usually very tightly-fitting, so they can't enjoy their dinner much. 1 don,t envy them a bit."

STICK TO THE FARM.

graph has the following to say in regard to the condition of the far ner, and his prospects, in Maine:

been brought about by excessive extravagance in nearly every family, and the glowing advertisements to lure the young to run away from the farm and the trades half an hour later before the family and all honorable pursuits, and look upon gathered around the table. Then it was labor as dishonorable.

Those who have been able to survive the surf of this return tide, find themselves at | ings, Uncle Leslie and Carol had to burry the old farm again, but with less starch in off to business; but on Sunday they took their dickies than when they left. Many | their ease; and Laura knew that taking a of this class are wholly unfit for the honorable pursuits of life. But these times of explanation ensued, when with a heavy haunts of the wretched. But I determined quicker than the rest caught the meaning will settle people back upon a firm botheart the Quaker turned his horse and this evening to go and see for myself; and and led off in a rattling discharge of the tom, and teach them to do with less and

The farming community are w no suffefing; they may take cou ge and present time.

Let us now look at the market, in the way of exchange, for the farmer. Four manner at the paddle-box, as it seemed to she always was satisfied when she could exchange one pound of butter for one cents a pound, and prints twelve cents a the former, at present, when one pound of butter will bring in exchange eight yards of prints, which will make a woman's dress suitable to be worn on most occa. yards of calico, or other goods in propor-

Now in looking over the productions of

A small solution of carbolic acid and water, poured into holes, kill all the ante it touches, and survivors immediately take themselves off.

" BESIDE ALL WATERS."

BY MARY E. BRADLEY.

Laura Curtiss sat at her window, one Saturday afternoon, in a brown study. hands folded in her lap, eyes looking out into the sunshiny, busy street, but taking no note of what passed before them. Her cousin Mab, with a lapful of lace and ribbon in the armchair opposite, looking up from her pretty thoughts to make a timewern proposition.

" Penny for your thoughts, Lorry! They ought to be grave and reverend ones, with such a seber face as that."

Laure gave a little start. " Grave and everend? I don't know," she said. "1 was just pondering whether it was worth while when I have only two months to stay in town—to take a class er not."

"A class,-what do you mean?" "Oh, in Sunday-school, of course. I

have one at home, you know." "Do you, really? Well, I should think it was a great bore," said Mab," placidly. "Isn't this a lovely tie, now?" holding up a dainty fabrication of white silk and Maltese lace. "I've spent this whole afternoon over it, but its perfect at last, isn't it? I was sick and tired of those Valenciennes things I've been wearing. and I was bound to have something new for to-morrow. What are you going to wear, by the way? It's your first Sunday at our church, and I want you to make a

"You shall dress me to suit yourself then," said Laura, good-naturedly. "I really haven't given the matter a thought vet."

Well, you'd better. And stop thinking about the old Sunday-shools," said Mabvivaciously. "Where's your ribbon-box? I want to rummage it. Of course it isn't worth while to take a class,-it's all nonsense for such a little time as two months. Don't dream of it my dear."

She plunged into the ribbon box, considering the matter settled; but Laura's pondering went on all the same. There were pros and cons to be adjusted, and the cons were troublesome. Besides Mab's careless veto, there was aunt Leslie's mild disapproval to be expected. Sunday-school teaching was excellent in its way, certainly; so were hospital labours, and foreign missions, and temperance crusaders; but it never occurred to Aunt Leslie that she or Mab had anything to do with them. There were pienty of people to interest themselves in such things, she used to say. But where they were to come from, if everybody was of her mind in the matter, she forgot to mention.

Laura knew she would have no symm pathy from her aunt; of Mab's she had a specimen already; and what Carol would say was doubtful. Something sarcastic, probably, or politely contemptuous: she had heard him make sharp speeches A contributor to the Germantown Tele- about "ostentatious piety," and the blood mounted to her cheek with a sudden hot flush, as she pictured herself a possible aim for such arrows of rhetoric. Another The hard times, in my opinion, have thing, too,—insignificant in itself, but not in relation to others—was the Sunday morning breakfast. Nobody ever came down before nine o'clock, and often it was an elaborate meal, daintily served and eaten in elegant leisure. Week day morn. class would mean going without breakfast for her, since the school opened at nine. It did not signify per se; she knew she could get a glass of milk and a slice of

that she drea satirical rem worry at her fast. She spicuous,-au two months ? home to her ple, her own duties. Was thinking of i two month's

the house? A girl of more selfish yes, and suffe stream. But religion, and text floated t ed are ye th there was th thoughts. She said no an opportuni aunt by and quence so su next mornin Mrs. Leslie

she was mis " Laura ha I do not wi said. decisiv a parade of l know."

" Whoever ther?" asked " Well, I not have any Whatever we behaviour i therefore to "I perfectly

grave answer And Mab with a little l and an imper ders, but said ed. for the p was e-neeme no questions again, and L criticism at le pathy.

From the had taken th was a crowde were not too received her that her com path at least class of box know what left us sudde too full to ta rather not led Laura tov

There were from ten to saw at a gla social level, ing a differe two little In iuquisitive ey man boys. little Cuban. one pale and stant pain, tl ion but curio

Laura une trepidation. terials to d means sure them. She ever, of wint sympathy, ar she felt that She strengtl the following nities to go in their hom some of the and in them the exercise

Her little ford, was the him living in scanty fire, board. His himself, was shirts; and I night she co she told Lau close to get was paid; be work.

The Gern Here was a tive sister, a in a bakery the family. cane bottom get employ: ways, and th Laura's pur home from ful hearts b teachings s children we in the hard lives.

To tell months' wor these colum sults can be