

ing too late. Our boat-ride was very pleasant, and we came to the landing very soon after dark. Then we took the ferry-boat, and crossed a portion of Passamaquoddy Bay. Away off to the left, as we were crossing, I saw a beautiful green island, with the moonbeams upon its tall trees. Uncle told me that it was "Campo Bella," and belonged to her Majesty the Queen of England's dominions. Aunt Addy then pointed to the grove where the moonbeams were resting so brightly, and told me, that nestled away in its very bosom was a little church, where we would go some pleasant Sabbath and attend service. I was quite tired of the steam-boat before we left it, but it was delightful to be upon the bay in that ferry-boat: there was such a soft light upon the waters, and the islands looked so beautiful. I told uncle that it made me think of what poor old Mr. Jason said just before he died.

*Mary.*—And what was that, Tommy?

*Thomas.*—Father and I went to see him, you know. He had suffered so much, that father thought he might be impatient to be gone, but Mr. Jason said, "O no, I have had a rough time upon life's sea. My bark has been tempest-tossed, and well nigh wrecked; but now I have entered a calm, deep river, there is not a ripple upon the smooth waters; now I am going steadily along to the beautiful land that lies in full view. Why should I be impatient?"

For the rest of the conversation between Thomas and his sister, we must refer to the volume in the Methodist S. S. Library entitled, "Thomas, the Thoughtful Boy," Library B, No. 147.

### THE BETTER LAND.

A father and mother were living with their two children on a desert island in the midst of the ocean, on

which they had been shipwrecked.—Roots and vegetables served them for food; a spring supplied them with water, and a cavern in the rock with a dwelling. Storm and tempest often raged fearfully on the island.

The children could not remember how they had reached the island; they knew nothing of the vast continent; bread, milk, fruit, and whatever other luxury is yielded there, were things unknown to them.

There landed one day upon the island, four Moors in a small boat. The parents felt great joy, and hoped now to be rescued from their troubles; but the boat was too small to take them all over together to the adjoining land, so the father determined to risk the passage first.

Mother and children wept when he embarked in the boat with its frail planks, and the four black men were about to take him away. But he said, "Weep not! It is better yonder; and you will all soon follow."

When the little boat returned and took away the mother, the children wept still more. But she also said, "Weep not! In the better land we shall all meet again."

At last came the boat to take away the two children. They were frightened at the black men, and shuddered at the fearful sea over which they had to pass. With fear and trembling they drew near the land. But how rejoiced they were when their parents appeared upon the shore, offered them their hands, led them into the shade of lofty palm-trees, and regaled them upon the flowery turf with milk, honey, and delicious fruits. "O! how groundless was our fear!" said the children; "we ought not to have feared, but to have rejoiced, when the black men came to take us away to the better land."

"Dear children," said their father, "our voyage from the desert island to this beautiful country, conveys to us a