

## For Girls and Boys.

## THE BEAUTIFUL LAND OF NOD.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

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 worry and hurry and flurry,  
 Away from earth's shadows and gloom,  
 We will float off together to a world of fair weather,  
 Where blossoms are always in bloom.  
 Just shut up your eyes and fold your hands—  
 Your hands like the leaves of a rose—  
 And we will go sailing to those fair lands,  
 That never an atlas shows.  
 On the north and west they are bound by rest.  
 On the south and east by dreams.  
 'Tis the country ideal where nothing is real,  
 But everything only *seems*.  
 Just drop down the curtain of your dear eyes—  
 Your eyes like the bright blue-bell—  
 And we will sail out under starlit skies  
 To the land where the fairies dwell.  
 Down the river of sleep our bark shall sweep  
 Till it reaches that magical isle  
 Which no man has seen, but where all have been,  
 And then we will pause awhile.  
 I will croon you a song as we float along  
 To that shore that is blessed of God.  
 Then ho! for that fair land, we're off for that rare land.  
 The beautiful land of Nod!

—Harper's Young People.

## KEEPING HIS HEAD CLEAR.

A noted operator in stocks declined on invitation to take a glass of wine. "Why, you used to drink," remarked his friend. "I did when I was in the dry goods business; but since I have gone into Wall street I find that I must keep my head clear, and I can't do it and drink," was the reply.

The following story shows that another great operator has the same opinion, and puts tobacco among the things not to be used:

William H. Vanderbilt was a great smoker in his youth. One day in 1853, as the family was on the way to St. Petersburg, on board the steam yacht "Northern Star," the father and son were walking on deck. The latter was puffing away his afternoon cigar.

"I wish you would give up that smoking habit of yours. I will give you ten thousand dollars if you do," said the commodore, abruptly.

"You need not give me any money, your wish is sufficient," answered the son, throwing the cigar overboard. And he has never smoked since.

The command which Mr Vanderbilt has always had over himself in matters of this kind is quite remarkable. He was, for example, like his father, very fond of a game of whist, and, like him, considered himself to be one of the best of players.

When he removed to New York and became connected with the Harlem railroad, he used to spend three or four evenings in a week at the Union Club. But he noticed that tobacco smoke and midnight hours interfered with the clearness of his head next morning, and he at once gave up both club and whist.

The same happened to wine. He likes a glass of champagne, but having discovered that his head felt it next day, he never touches wine now, not even at public banquets and dinner parties at his own house. As to spirits, they were out of the question with him.—*Ex.*

## THE TIME TO BE PLEASANT.

"Mother's cross!" said Maggie, coming out into the kitchen with a pout on her lips.

Her aunt was busy ironing, but she looked up and answered Maggie. "Then it is the very time for you to be pleasant and helpful. Mother was awake a great deal in the night with the poor baby."

Maggie made no reply. She put on her hat, and walked off into the garden. But a new idea went with her.

"The very time to be helpful and pleasant is when other people are cross. Sure enough," thought she, "that would be the time

when it would do the most good. I remember when I was sick last year I was so nervous that if any one spoke to me I could hardly help being cross; and mother never got angry nor out of patience, but was just as gentle to me. I ought to pay it back now, and I will."

And she sprang up from the grass where she had thrown herself, and turned a face full of cheerful resolution toward the room where her mother sat soothing and tendering a fretful, teething baby.

Maggie brought out the pretty ivory balls, and began to jingle them for the little one.

He stopped fretting and a smile dimpled the corners of his lips. "Couldn't I take him out to ride in his carriage, mother? It's such a nice morning," she asked.

"I should be glad if you would!" said her mother.

The little hat and sack were brought and the baby was soon ready for his ride.

"I'll keep him just as long as he is good," said Maggie; and you must lie on the sofa and get a nap while I am gone. You are looking dreadfully tired."

The kind words and the kiss that accompanied them, were almost too much for the mother.

The tears rose to her eyes, and her voice trembled as she answered: "Thank you, dearie; it will do me a world of good if you can keep him out an hour; and the air will do him good, too. My head aches badly this morning."

What a happy heart beat in Maggie's bosom as she trundled the little carriage up and down on the walk!

She had done real good. She had given back a little of the help and forbearance that had so often been bestowed upon her.

She had made her mother happier, and given her time to rest.

She resolved to remember and act on her aunt's good words, "The very time to be helpful and pleasant is when everybody is tired and cross"—*Canadian Baptist*.

## THE BEST LIQUOR.

"Give us a glass of your *best* liquor," said a hard drinker, as he entered a shop. The shopkeeper filled a glass and gave it to him. The toper, without noticing it particularly, dashed its contents down his throat. He soon began to taste, and taste, seemingly not exactly satisfied.

What's the matter, my friend?" said the shopkeeper. "Wasn't it good?"

Why, yes, it was good enough, but it seems to me it wasn't very strong. What kind of liquor was it, master?"

"Cold Water," was the reply, "that's the *best* liquor we have in the shop, and I believe it is the best in the town. As for any other kind, we have not got any, for I left off selling strong drink some time ago. So you've saved your twopence, and you'll feel better for it afterwards."

"Well, said the toper, "if this isn't a regular take in. But, I believe, sir, you're right, for all that. And as you don't charge anything for your liquor, I have a good mind to be your customer, and see if I can't get rid of headache and sore eyes."

The shopkeeper who was a warm-hearted Christian as well as a zealous temperance man, kindly encouraged the man never to drink anything but the *best* liquor in future. "God's beautiful, bright, sparkling water was the drink of Eden."—*British Workman*.

## BOYHOOD OF FATHER MATHEW.

He never joined in any cruel sport, or willingly inflicted pain upon a living thing. Coursing and snooting and ferreting, in which his young companions indulged, he detested with all his heart. Once he witnessed, with horror and compassion, the agony of a poor hunted hare in her breathless struggles with the fierce dogs, and from that moment he held the spot in abhorrence. The sight of a shattered wing or a blood-stained breast of a bird filled the heart of the boy with a sense of pain; for his impulse was to succour and befriend, not to persecute and destroy. . . . At another time, a grand entertainment was given to Father Mathew on the Island of Innisfallch (Killarney), when a stag hunt was arranged for his gratification; but he was not happy so long as the chase lasted, and only enjoyed real pleasure when the gallant stag plunged into the lake, and was thus saved from the fangs of the hounds.—*Father Mathew: a Biography.* By J. Francis McGuire.