

## THE MAN WITH THE WOOLEN SHIRT.

I know fine gents who reap their rents,  
Look on him as so much dirt,  
But here's good luck to the man of pluck  
Though he wears a woollen shirt.

By the giddy world the lip is curled,  
None care how his heart is hurt,  
But he has more worth than titled birth,  
Has the man with the woollen shirt.

For its gilded gods the world applauds,  
And their manhood few assert,  
So here's good health not to wanton wealth,  
But the man with the woollen shirt.

No land he owns nor dual thrones,  
By his strong right hand exalted,  
He stems the strife to the close of life,  
Does the man with the woollen shirt.

Perchance some day he will win his way  
To a life beyond this span,  
Where a sweet repose will end the woes  
Of the woollen shirted man.

And though by few he's mourned 'tis true,  
No pageant; his tomb begirt,  
Yet jewels all are the tears which fall  
For the man with the woollen shirt.

Then hip! for him, hooray! for him,  
He's neither a knave nor fool,  
So hip hooray! again I say,  
For the man with the shirt of wool.

—St. John News.

## JOHANNA'S FIRST LOVE.

BY HORATIA CARLIN.

The folks were packing up, getting ready to move. Standing about in different rooms of the house were trunks stuffed full of clothes, and boxes stuffed full of books, and rows of chairs tied together two and two, and bureaus and washstands and clothes-presses dragged from their places against the wall into the middle of the floor,—and baskets full of odds and ends; and bundles of this and bundles of that and bundles of the other.

The carpets had all been pulled up, and stretched on the line in the back yard; where Mrs. Clinton, Johanna's father, was now energetically engaged in beating them with a broom, and enveloping himself in a cloud of dust at every blow.

In the dining-room, Mrs. Clinton, with dishes of various sizes and shapes piled up around her, was placing them between thick folds of paper, and storing them carefully away in boxes; while Jane a towel pinned over her head, was sweeping the deep layers of dust that had accumulated under the sitting-room carpet into the corner.

Usually little Johanna would have been greatly interested and excited over this delightful confusion of things, but to-day all the pleasures of the confusion were wasted so far as she was concerned. For a dreadful sorrow lay on her heart—which weighed down her spirits, like lead in a plummet, or lead in a riding skirt, or simply like lead.

How could she enjoy herself now, or ever enjoy herself again, when that very afternoon she was going to start on a journey, to a place miles and miles away, and leave her precious little kitty behind her, to be neglected, starved, chased by dogs, stoned by boys, poisoned by cruel neighbors, annihilated!

For her mother had forbidden Johanna to take the kitty along with her—her dear, dear kitty that she had loved its whole life long—just as much as Mrs. Clinton had loved the baby its whole life long!

But Mrs. Clinton was "grown up" now, and she had forgotten how it feels not to be grown-up; she could not have loved a kitten if she had tried.

So she had said very decidedly, "No, Johanna, you must not think of taking that kitten along. Why, we are going a hundred and fifty miles in the wagon, will be nearly a week on the road, and have to camp out some of the nights; and that cat of yours would be no end of bother! It would get lost any way; you must not think of such a thing! Now, don't cry," she added, as Johanna put her apron up to her eyes. "You can have another kitten when you get to Iowa, one that will do just as well as this one, every bit."

Suppose some one had told Mrs. Clinton that another baby would do just as well as

her baby. But Johanna had been taught not to argue with her elders. So she caught up kitty in her arms, and rushed out doors to her little play-house, between the three tall redwood trees that grew very near each other.

There, nailed to the trunk of one of the trees, was the little box with the slide door to it, into which she had so often put kitty, when she was "keeping house," and had played that kitty was her stove because she purred so loud, and made a noise like the hum of a boiling tea-kettle.

But it made Johanna feel very badly to see the "stove" now. She sat down on the "sofa," as she called it—a stone covered with a piece of old carpet—and strained kitty close to her heart. "O kitty what shall we do? whatever shall we do?" she moaned. "I can't leave you; oh dear, what shall I do?"

Kitty did not answer, for she did not know any more than Johanna what to do. Besides she did not realize that any thing needed to be done. She was not being stoned or poisoned or persecuted then; and kitties never look ahead into the future, you know.

So she just curled up into a tight little ball in Johanna's arms and purred herself to sleep. And Johanna slipped down on the ground with her head on the stone sofa, and hugging kitty very gently, for fear of disturbing her, sobbed and sobbed and sobbed. She felt just as miserable as a little girl can feel!

From the house, she could hear her father's steady "swish," "swish," "swish!" as he beat the carpets—and it sounded to her like "poor puss, poor puss, poor puss, poor puss, poor puss,"—over and over again. But this only made Johanna cry the harder. She lay there for a long time, holding puss and trying to reconcile herself to the idea of living without her. She thought some of giving her to Mrs. Archer, their nearest neighbor, but Mrs. Archer had five great boys, and how could puss be happy living there? She could not bear the thought of what puss might have to undergo!

Gradually the sounds from the house grew fainter and fainter, and before she knew it Johanna had followed kitty's example and fallen fast asleep. There her mother found her with the kitty still tight in her arms, when some time afterwards, every one was ready to start except Johanna, who was missing. Such a sorrowful, tear-stained little face it was as she lay there! Mrs. Clinton's heart relented at the sight.

"Come, Johanna, we're going now," she said, waking her. "I suppose you'll have to take that kitten along, if you can't live without it," she added shortly. "But it's perfect folly; come along quickly, for father is waiting; the wagons are all loaded."

"O mother! may I really take kitty?" Johanna burst forth. "O mother, I'll rock the baby always, every day, for ever after this! And I'll always be where you can find me, too, when you want me to rock him!"

Johanna skipped along beside her mother, and I think that now, instead of being the most miserable little girl that ever was, she was the most happy. All that afternoon she held kitty in her arms as they rode along in the wagon, and every once in a while she would whisper in kitty's ear, "Oh, I'm so glad, glad, glad! Aint you, kitty?"

But as her mother predicted, kitty caused Johanna a good deal of anxiety on the journey; though Johanna kept her anxiety to herself—"For no one loves poor puss but me," she thought.

The first night they stopped at a wayside hotel, and at bed-time, Johanna put the kitty in the pocket of her dress, and carried it up stairs to bed with her. She was afraid to put her out doors for fear she would get lost or hurt in some way, and she was afraid to tell any one that she was going to take puss to bed with her, for she was pretty sure that would not be allowed. As long as she could keep her still, and out of sight, no one else thought anything about her.

That very evening she had eaten her dinner at the hotel table with the kitten in her pocket the whole time, and no one had known it. But towards morning kitty, who, like all cats, feel uneasy in strange places, began to "meow," "meow" most dismally. It woke Johanna's father, who slept in the same room, and who was very tired from moving furniture and beating carpets. The noise made him cross,

"Where does that caterwauling come from?" he said.

"Oh! kitty, don't," Johanna whispered anxiously to kitty, "don't, don't."

"Meow, meow!" said kitty, good and strong.

"Johanna, can it be that that kitten is in your bed?" asked her father.

"Yes, father," said Johanna, faintly, "but kitty, will be good in a minute, I guess."

"Meow! meow!" said kitty. Then Mr. Clinton lost patience. He got up and put poor puss out in the hall, and poor Johanna did not sleep another wink that night! But she need not have worried, for she found puss all right again in the morning.

The next night the family camped out in the woods, and Johanna took the shoe-strings from her shoes, when no one was looking, and fastened puss to a bush near where she slept. But Johanna did not sleep very well, for she was afraid her puss would "meow" again in the night, and wake up the father, and then he might do something dreadful to puss.

And in the morning she had another fright. She was running around among the bushes, and leading kitty by the shoe-strings, when she saw something in the distance that looked like red berries.

"I'll just take kitty here a minute while I go for them," she said. But when she had got the berries she couldn't find the place where she had left kitty. And just then her father called, "Come, children, we must be going! All go get in the wagon!"

"I'll stay here and starve, before I'll go off and leave puss to starve," thought Johanna in desperation. Then she rushed frantically here and there among the tall bushes calling, "Kitty! kitty!" and her father kept calling, "Johanna, Johanna," and saying, "Why don't that girl come!"

But she searched until she found puss, and then her father scolded her for keeping them all waiting for a cat. In due time the family reached the end of their journey, and Johanna told kitty in private that she "felt relieved enough to get her settled again." And now I am going to tell the shocking part about this story.

Two years afterwards the Clintons were going to move again, and when Johanna heard it she said, "You don't catch me taking that cat along this time. I don't care a single, solitary thing about her!"

Was it not dreadful for her to have grown so cold-hearted? But I don't think she had really grown cold-hearted; she had only grown older, and had outgrown her first love; that was all.—*Fatchman.*

## THE BROWN GIRLS' LEGACY.

A TRUE STORY.

Pale with fright, the two children sped toward home, never stopping until they were safe within their own garden fence. Then they sat down to rest and take breath.

"We must tell mother about it, though I am sure she will never let us go to Sunday-school again, it is so far and the wild beasts roar so loud."

"I'm sorry," said little Meta. "Oh, how they did roar! Wasn't it dreadful?" And the child threw her hands over her eyes, and her ears, as though to shut out the horrid sound.

The Browns had moved to the West, and the children missed their Sabbath-school. By much urging, they had gained permission to attend the nearest school, over four miles away.

Wild beasts still haunted this wild unbroken country, and to-day the children had been dreadfully frightened. They knew full well that their Sunday service must be given up.

Helen was the first to speak.

"Do you remember the little books that our Sabbath-school teacher gave us at home?" She always spoke of the East as home. "Why can't we have a Sunday-school all by ourselves? You and I can sing, and we will teach the other children. I'm sure mother will let us take the big Bible."

"Oh, yes!" said Meta, drying her eyes. "And after you have read in the Bible and sung, then you will read from the little books, and we will give them for a library, won't we?"

Helen shrank a little from giving away her precious books, but Meta seemed so earnest that she consented.

The parents were interested, and before another Sunday came, all the children in the neighborhood (there were but few) were interested in the novel plan.

It proved to be a beautiful day. A small table was brought out to the east porch. The family Bible, a pile of little books, a Sabbath-school singing book, and a bottle of flowers were placed upon it. Meta had said, as she brought the wild flowers, "I'm sure God will be pleased to see we want His flowers at our little Sunday-school."

Helen conducted the meeting, and never did an or-fained pastor carry more influence or throw more heart into his words than did this frail child of ten summers. She read among other verses, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Who can blame her if a quiver of pain passed over her face at the thought of her precious books just sacrificed to the cause?

She was ashamed to find her eyes turned toward the little pile, and she set her lips firmly. She knew it was no time to waver.

The meetings went on for a year—always at the east porch in warm weather, and in the big living-room in winter. Some kind friend gave them a rough box with a shelf and a curtain in front to keep the little library safe.

Time went on. The Sunday service grew until every family for miles around was represented. Still Helen read the Bible and the books, while all joined in singing. Surely, the Heavenly Father never looked upon a more earnest company of worshippers than the little assemblage at Baraboo. It was not until the influence became so strong that a chapel was built that Helen relinquished her pastorate.

She was now a stately maiden, and soon left the place for a home of her own.

It was years afterward that Helen, revisiting the place, stood in the grand library-room at the church, not the chapel; for they had been earnest workers and had a most beautiful place of worship.

"If you please, ma'am, these books are not to be taken from the room, though you can examine them here at your leisure." The librarian had noticed this stately lady gazing at the few small books in a side case.

He did not know that this noble looking woman with iron-gray hair was once a slender, pale-faced girl, who read and sang with his own mother, so many years ago.

"Why are these books kept so choice?" she said.

"Because they were the first starting of this fine collection. They are called the 'Brown girls' legacy,' and were given by two small girls who, they say, laid the cornerstone of this church."

A flush came into the face and a sweet light lit up her eyes, as she drew a chair toward the little case, and, one by one, took down the worn and yellowed books. Tears came to notice how neatly they had mended the torn leaves. On the fly-leaf she could trace her childhood name.

As she remembered the struggle it had cost to give up the precious books, she felt the force of the words of Jesus,

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."—*Christian Register.*

## WHAT DO THEY READ?

A young man receives a little book from his pastor's wife, urging the Christian duty. He is converted, enters the ministry, and goes to a western tribe of Indians and proclaims the Gospel. Another young man rises from the perusal of the "Life of Jesse James," and resolves to be an assassin. He commits a crime, kills two officers who attempt to arrest him, and is now in prison awaiting his trial. Though their training in other respects was very different, the former having pious parents, yet the final resolve that settled the future life-works of each, sprung from the character of the two books they had read. In this age of schools and reading, young people will read. The most of our young people are readers, but what do they read? Shall our free schools arm missionaries with the sword of the Spirit and bless the world? Or shall they arm assassins with the bowie knife and pistol to destroy human life? Which? Let book-sellers and parents beware of putting dangerous weapons into reckless hands; and let the good combine in earnest efforts to put moral and religious books into every home that will receive them.—*N. Y. Observer.*

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