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HER NAME.

Such a wee mischlevous lassie!-It tries one's patience quite To watch the child. She cannot do A single thing just right 'Tis "Kitty, don't say that, dear," "Oh, Kitty, don't do so!" These are the words that greet her, Wherever she may go. When just at dark, one evening, She climbed upon my knee

In playful mood I asked her name, "Why, Kitty, 'course," said she. "Yes, Kitty, but the rest, dear?" she hung her curly head-

The rogue!-for just a moment: Then-"Kitty Don't!" she said. -MAX GUTHRIE In November St. Nicholas.

WHAT WE PLANT.

BY HENRY ABBEY.

What do we plant when we p'ant the tree? We plant the ship which will cross the sea. We plant the mast to carry the sails. We plant the planks to withstand the gales-The keel, the keelson, and beam and knee— We plant the ship when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree? We plant the houses for you and me. We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floors, We plant the studding, the lath, the doors, beams, the siding, all parts that be; We plant the house when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree? A thousand things that we daily see; We plant the spire that out-towers the crag. We plant the staff for our country's flag. We plant the shade from the hot sun free; We plant all these when we plant the tree.

MARY ANN'S PIECE.

BY JULIA SCHAYER.



FTERNOON of a winter's day, many years ago. An old-time, low-ceiled room, not a bit artistic in its furnishings, but suggestive of comfort, and industry, and family affection-a "living-room,"

in short, and when that is said no other description is needed.

By one of the windows a pleasantfaced woman was seated in a low rocking chair, that gave out a cosy, cheerful little squeak as she swayed to and fro. She was sewing busily on a long-sleeved gingham "tire," and listening at the same time to the sing song of a high pitched, childish voice.

It was the voice of Mary Ann, her only child, practicing the "piece" she was going "to speak" in school the next day.

Mary Ann was sitting on a low cricket, with a yellow kitten asleep on her lap. She was a solemn looking little thing, with apple cheeks, clear gray eyes, and straight, brown hair parted exactly in the middle, smoothed behind the ears and cut very straight around the neck. She ham tire, like the one her mother was at work upon.

In the days when Mary Aun was a little girl all children had to "speak pieces" in school, and the piece Mary Ann was reciting was a very popular one. The fathers and mothers of the children who may read this little story will certainly remember "The Blackberry Girl." It began as fol-

"Why, Phœbe, have you come so soon? Where are your berries, child? You surely have not sold them all; You had a basket piled.'

"No. Mother; as I climbed the fence, The nearest way to town, My apr. n caught uoon a stake And so I tumbled down.

"I scratched my arm and tore my hair,

But still did not compla'n, An I had my blackberries been saved, Should not have cared a grain.

... But when I saw them on the ground, All scattered by my side, I picked my empty basket up

And down I sat and cried "Just then a pretty little miss Chanced to be passing by, She stopped and looking pitiful,

She begged me not to cry."

On and on went Mary Ann's voice through the pathetic story to its happy ending, how Phœbe had longed to go to Sunday-school, and how her father, a poor laboring man, had promised that if she could earn the money for bonnet and shoes he would "try to buy the gown;" and now there lay the berries she had picked on the ground "all mixed with sand and dirt," whereupon the "pretty little miss" had given Phœbe the bonnet

> 'I have another one at home. And one's enough for me."

from her own head, saying:

and Phœbe's tears were dried, and she had gone home as happy as possible.

Mary Ann knew the lines perfectly, and her mother, after telling her to speak up loudly and not too fast, decided that it would do very well indeed.

Mary Ann drew her cricket nearer to the big air-tight stove, dropped her round chin into her plump hands, the sleeves, which were much too and fell into one of her "thinking long; all the while he was talking to spells."

For some time nothing was heard in the room but the ticking of the tall | said something after him, she was clock in the corner, the snapping of laughing now, with her poor little the fire, the purring of the yellow kitten, and the squeak of Mrs. Clements' rocker. Suddenly Mary Ann drew a long breath, as she always did when coming out of one of her et, and started off on a run for home.

'spells" for a plunge into conversa-

tion. "It was real good of that pretty little miss to give Phœbe her bonnet; wasn't it, Mother?" said Mary Ann. "Very good," answered Mrs. Clem-

ents, hitching nearer to the window; she was so anxious to finish the last buttonhole by daylight. There was another pause, then an-

other deep breath, and another question. "Do you s'pose the little miss's mother scolded her when she got

home?" Mary Ann's gray eyes were very serious as she asked this question; but her mother, intent on that last buttonhole, did not look around at

"Scold her?" she repeated, in a far away tone. "What for?"

"Why, she gave her bonnet away, you know, without asking her mother if she might," said Mary Ann, with that earnest, puzzled look still on her

"Oh, well," answered Mrs. Clements, breaking off her thread with a satisfied air, "of course it would have been better to have asked; but I suppose she was a long way from home, and it was an act of kindness, and I guess her mother didn't scold her."

Mary Ann looked relieved. After little more thinking she woke up the kitten, tied an apple to a string, and went in for a nice frolic until supper time.

When Mary Ann started for school the next morning, it was bitter cold; but she was wrapped up from head to foot so warmly that only her nose was exposed to the air, and there was so little of that, that it really did not down there and see what's goin' on." matter.

She had a pleasant day at school, and spoke her piece in such a loud, clear voice, and with so much expression that the children listened spellbound, quite as if they had not heard it twenty times before. The teacher smiled at her, and said: "Very well, indeed, Mary Ann," and she came down from the platform, covered with glory and confusion.

After school the big girl she liked best put on her wraps for her, and she started off home, a very proud and happy little girl.

Mary Ann's home was some distance from the village; and just in the coldest, loneliest part of the road she met two strange little figures.

One was a boy of nine or ten years, with tow colored hair, big blue eyes, and a mild pink face, and he was leading by the hand a wee little girl. stand!" Both children were scantily clothed wore over her plaid wool frock a ging- in faded rags, and the younger was crying pitifully.

At sight of these forlorn objects, Mary Ann stopped. In her short life she had known only the thrifty New England people of the village, and it was her first glimpse at real poverty.

"What is the matter with her?" she asked of the blue-eyed boy.

the boy, simply: "Me, too." Mary Ann stood doubtfully. The

words had a strange sound, and it took her sometime to get their meaning.

"Cold!" she cried, presently. "Of course she's cold! Why didn't you put on her coat and mittens? The poor little thing!" she added, with indignation.

The boy looked at her, only half understanding what she said.

"Why don't you go home to your mother?" asked Mary Ann, severely. "No got home," said the boy, with a sad smile. "No got mudder."

Mary Ann's gray eyes darkened. She took a doughnut from her basket and gave it to the little girl, who seized upon it greedily. The boy gave her a grateful smile. Mary Ann's eyes grew darker still. She set her basket on the snow, and pulling off her mittens, thrust them into the boy's hands.

"Put them on her quick!" said Mary Ann.

The boy hesitated, then did as he was told, saying something to the little one in a queer guttural jargon. The child looked up with a shy smile. Mary Ann looked at them a mo-

ment, then unbuttoned her long, thick coat and pulled it off. "Here," she said, her voice trembl-

ing a little; "help me put it on to her!" "'I've got another one at home.

And one's enough for me!" she quoted.

The boy looked almost scared now; but he helped Mary Ann button the coat around the child and turn back the little one in his odd-sounding language. The baby looked up and mouth full of doughnut.

"She say, 't'ank, pretty miss;'" said the boy.

Mary Ann nodded, seized the bask-

nuts when a glowing, breathless little girl, without coat or mittens, burst into the kitchen.

"Mary-Ann-Clements! What"-The astonished woman got no fur-

warm things or, nothing but old rags, and the little girl was crying 'cause she was cold and hungry-the boy said so-and he couldn't speak plain he said 'mudder' and 'tank you,' and I didn't have but one doughnut left, and I remembered 'Why, Phœbe,' and I gave the little girl my mittens and coat—and the little miss's mother didn't scold her, and you are going to scold me, Mother Clements-you

know you are! "You dear, blessed child!" cried Mrs. Clements, in a choking voice, as she gathered the sobbing Mary Ann in her arms. "No, Mother isn't going to scold, either-not one mite! You precious- There! Sit right up to the fire in the rocker, while I hurry and make some ginger tea; for if you haven't got your death a cold, I'll the best of all. never guess again! You poor blessed"-

And she rushed into the pantry after the ginger (which was not kept there) with suspicious haste.

It was curious: but when Mr. Clements heard the story that evening, he, too, had to go out into the woodshed for something in a great | glory.-Christian Register, hurry, and came in with his eyes and nose in such an inflamed condition that Mary Ann insisted upon his sharing her ginger tea, as she sat closely cuddled against his shoulder.

"Those children must belong to some o' those Norwegians down to the mills," said Mr. Clements. "I heard there was sickness down there, but I didn't know they were sufferin'. I'll speak to the selectmen about 'em to-morrow, and you women folks better get some things together, and go

The "women folks" did get a good many things together, and found plenty of use for them among the poor foreigners, thrown out of work by the closing of the mills. The selectmen bestirred themselves, too, and there was no more suffering that winter that human kindness could prevent.

There was a great deal of happiness added to the Clements family, too, though said Mr. Clements, who dearly loved a joke:

"I guess, wife, you'd better be kind o' careful what pieces you pick out for Mary Ann to speak after this. Some of 'em seem to be kind of expensive!

"Well!" said Mrs. Clements, solemnly, "why that child didn't catch her death a'cold that day, in spite of ginger tea, is more than I can under-

But Mary Ann only hugged the yellow kitten closer, and said, hap. the two rushed across the lawn to a hole pily: "I'm so glad I learned to speak | in the fence. Polly's kitten jumped Why Phoebe."-Independent.

A BED-TIME STORY FOR LITTLE FOLK.

"Oh, dear, I wish I wasn't a little boy," said Rob. And what do you think made him say it? It was because his mamma "She have cold an' hunger," said | had just told him to put away his blocks and to take Prince to the stable and give him some oats. Prince is his rockinghorse, and the stable is the corner between the rocking chair and the south window. Every night Rob ties Prince to the chair, and holds a saucer of bird-seed under his nose till he has eaten as much supper as a rocking-horse ought to eat. It doesn't take long, and he likes to feed his pony; but he knows his bread and milk are ready by that time, and his bedtime has come. That is why he said "Oh, dear!"

"Why, what should I do if I hadn't any little boy?" said mamma; "and what would you do if you hadn't any little

Rob thought a minute, and then said: "If I was a little bird I shouldn't want one. Oh, mamma, may I play I am a bird?

His mamma said, "Yes; you may be a robin." So he began to hop about on the floor, flapping his arms for wings. When he was tired of doing that, she told him to stand on one foot and put his head down on one side and go to sleep.

"Why, mamma," he said, "I can't sleep in that way. Besides, I am hungry." "Are you?" said his mamma. "Well. here are some crumbs left from a cookie my little boy had. You may eat them;

but, if you are a robin, you must sleep as

robins do. Rob stood on one foot for two minutes. He thought it was an hour, he was so tired; and then he said he would rather be a cat because he could lie down. His mamma poured some milk into a saucer, and put it on the floor, and said, "Come, Kitty, Kitty!" but he couldn't drink it as pussy did, and he tipped it over before he had tasted a drop. Then he lay down on the rug before the fire. He tried to curl himself up in a little ball; but he

still and purr, though he tried very hard. In a few moments he jumped up and said: "Mamma, I don't want to be a little boy yet. What else can I be?" Mamma smiled, and said, "Do you want to be a flower?"

bumped his head, and he couldn't lie

"Oh, yes," said Rob; "I will be a morning-glory." He had heard his mother call his little baby sister her little morning-glory, as she lay cooing to herself in her crib; and he thought it was a very sweet name.

"Well," said mamma, "the mor. ing-

Mrs. Clements was frying dough- glories have all gone to sleep by this time, so you must come and stand by me

and go to sleep too." Rob went to her and stood very still to show he was on a stem. Mamma put his arm through hers, because that flower always puts out little runners to hold on by. Then she told him how it twists "It was a boy and a girl," gasped itself up when its early bedtime comes, Mary Ann, "and they hadn't any and Rob shut his eyes so tight and puckered his lips so close that his little face was as red as a rose.

Just then nurse came into the room with a bowl of bread and milk; and mamma said: "Shall I sprinkle my flower with water, or shall I give my little boy his supper?"

"Oh! I'll eat my supper," said Rob. "I rather you'd be my mamma than anything else." So he sat in his mamma's lap while he

ate his bread and milk; and she told him he was her little robin. And then she washed his face and hands, and called him her little kitten,

because the mother cat always washes

her kittens. And, when she put on his nightgown, she said he was her little flower, and wore a white dress like the other flowers. And then she kissed him, and said, 'My darling little boy;" and that was

When he had said, "Now I lay me" and the prayer mamma made for him, he asked if he might say one more. Mamma smiled, "Yes;" and he said:

"Dear heavenly Father, I thank you for making me a little boy." Then he shut his eyes, and in two minutes he didn't know whether he was

a bird or a boy or a kitten or a morning

THE CHAPERONES.

Polly and Molly came out to play one morning, and brought with them their dolls, their garden tools, and their twin kittens. These last were exactly alike, only Molly's wore a red necktie, and Polly's a blue one.

Polly and Molly were very much alike, too; and so were their dolls. They usually played together very happily. But today Molly wanted to play party, "with me for a shamprone," she said.

"What is that?" asked Polly, much

"Well, the minister's wife came to see mamma yesterday; and she said she was shamprone for some girls at a picnic They kind of look after 'em, I think. Anyway, it must be nice, or the minis ter's wife wouldn't be it. I'll shamprone Arabella and Rosa, and you can dig in the garden.

"I want to be shamprone for Rosa, my own child, myself," said Polly, decidedly. "You can't, child," said Molly, firmly and with a superior air. "You don't

know how," Polly fired up at this. "You always want to be the best of everything! And you are as selfish as the lions in Daniel's den," she cried,

stamping her foot. "You are the greatest child to get things twisted," said Molly, laughing, while Polly got very red in the face. 'Daniel didn't have a den, poor child."

There is no telling what would have happened next, if Polly's kitten hadn't growled and spit at Molly's and then through this, and Molly's looked 11. The Obscuration of Universalism, — Rev. Thomas J. Sawyer, D. D. through anxiously from the other side when - slap! came a soft gray paw through the hole, and struck Molly's kitter, who instantly slapped back.

"Well, will you look at Fly!" said Molly.

"And Spy, too," said Polly. sat down on the grass to give them a good lecture.

such a thing?" said Molly. "It's perfectly scandelabrous!" "I'm as 'shamed as I positively can be," said Polly, rubbing Spy's pink nose

against Fly's. "Kittens are very silly somestimes, I think, don't you, sister?" said Molly. dimpling at Polly.

"Kind of; exactly like girls sometimes," answered Polly, dimpling, too. Then they looked straight ahead and blushed a little.

"I'll tell you what, let's play we're both shamprones. There's dolls enough and kittens, too, for that matter," said Molly, presently.

"Well, let's," said Polly, cheerfully. And then they leaned over and kissed

There was a tall woman weeding a flowerbed near by, who had been looking sorry; but now she smiled, and looked glad .- L. E. Chittenden, in the Churchman.

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