

Christian Family.

MISS MARY STUMP, EDITOR.

Little Johnnie.

Softly breathed the coming May
On that Southern Sabbath day.
In that genial, sunny clime
May-days come before their time:
Earth and sky were bright and blest
On that holy day of rest.
But no sound of prayer and psalm
Rose upon the Sabbath calm.
And the morning sun looked down
Upon a mob-besieged town.
Horsemen galloped here and there,
And their curses filled the air.
Soon a hundred ruffians yell
Round the home where heroes dwell;
Brave Judge Chiselm, scorning fear,
Though the wolves of hell were near;
And Cornelia, heroine rare,
Fair and young and brave as fair;
Little Johnnie, aged thirteen,
Bravest boy the world has seen!
When the Judge to jail was led,
"I'll go, too!" brave Johnnie said.
Sire and son walked hand in hand
Through the threatening ruffian band,
And within the prison gate
Johnnie shared his father's fate.
When the mob, with savage yell,
On their helpless victims fell,
Johnnie stood and faltered not
In the furious storm of shot—
Stood beside his sister there
On the splintered, bloody stair—
Held the door and kept at bay
Fiends who would his father slay,
Till the leader of the band
Shot away his little hand!
Then to save his sire from harm
He stretched out his shattered arm;
Sprang before the powder flame
That before his father came,
And received in his own form
The full fury of the storm;
Till his body, torn with lead,
At his father's feet fell dead!

When he to his grave was borne
Few there were for him to mourn.
Mississippi, murder wild,
Mourned not for her noblest child;
Not a hymn or prayer was heard,
Priest nor preacher spoke a word.
Only she who gave him birth
Sighed the sad words, "Earth to earth."
Only his own mother wept
Where her darling hero slept.
But his little grave shall yet
With a nation's tears be wet,
And through all the coming years,
With their eyes bedimmed by tears,
Mothers to their sons shall tell
Where heroic Johnnie fell.
Storied page and poet's song
Shall his praises still prolong;
And while Love and Valor live
Men to Johnnie's name shall give
The first place on history's page
With the heroes of the age.

JOHNNIE CHISOLM, AGED THIRTEEN,
BRAVEST BOY THE WORLD HAS SEEN!
De Kalb, Kemper Co., Miss., April,
29, 1877.

Dead Leaves.

Nature's great heart lies dumb
Within her breast, for the gray and
cheerless days have claimed her leaves
and borne them with many a rude
embrace from their branches to the
ground. There they lie, poor rem-
nants of summer's bounding pulse
or the strong heart-beats of early autumn.
Nature rests, but her leafy crown is
changed to dirty heaps of dull colored
leaves blown about her feet all through
the murky days and rainy nights.
The leaves that burned bright upon
the hillside a few weeks ago, now are
strewn upon the ground a moist de-
caying mass, that will not even
"rustle to the rabbit's tread," nor be-
tray the flight of forest bird, so water-
soaked have they become from the
downpouring of December skies. Poor
dead leaves, no one would recognize
them now for the same that made the
summertime beautiful, as they lie at
our feet in pitiful drifts, like bright
hopes of human lives, which change
or circumstance chills till they lie
dead as December leaves, an unhappy

remembrance to the heart that cher-
ished them once so fondly. But it is
only the summer-leaves that the
heavy misty days can deprive of fair-
ness and beauty, for the pine needles
shine till they dazzle the eyes when a
chance sunbeam peeps out from the
clouds and lights the diamonds that
hang ready to drop from the ends of
the dripping leaves. The ivy too,
luxuriates and makes some amends in
its greenness for the dead garlands of
roses and the bareness of clematis and
honeysuckle vines. Though it be
only summer leaves that wither in
winter's greedy clasp, we mourn their
transient loveliness and no amount of
evergreen and trailing ivy can re-
compense for the dead leaves of the
beautiful summer-time; no hopes can
cheer as did those June looked out so
shyly upon from her leafy bowers, and
no retrospect be more bitter than
looking back at those chosen idols
from broken shrines crumbling amid
the desolation of the fleeting year.

Dick—A Story for the Little
Folks.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

He was a tall, thin, starved-looking
boy, with a little jacket, the sleeves of
which crept half-way up his arms, and
a hat that was nothing but a brim;
and when she saw him first he was
eating a crust out of a gutter. She
was only a poor old woman who kept
a little shop for candy and trimmings,
and poor enough herself, heaven
knows; but, as she said, he looked a
little like what her Tom might have
been if he had grown up and been
neglected, and she couldn't stand it.
She called to him:

"Come here, sonny," said she, and
the boy came. Before she could speak
again he said:

"I didn't do it. I'll take my oath
on anything I did not do it. I ain't
so mean."

"Didn't do what?" said the old
woman.

"Break your window," said the boy,
nodding his head toward a shattered
pane.

"Why, I broke that myself with
my shutter last night," said the old
woman. "I'm not strong enough to
lift 'em, that's the fact. I'm getting
old."

"If I'm round here when you shut
up, I'll come and do it for you," said
the boy; "I'd just as soon. What
was that you wanted me for?"

"I wanted to know what you eat
that dry crust out of the gutter for,"
said she.

"Hungry," said he. "I've tried to
get a job all day. I'm going to sleep
in an area over there after it gets too
dark for the policeman to see, and you
can't have a good night's rest without
some supper if it is dirty."

"I'll give you some that's cleaner,"
said the old woman.

"That will be begging," said he.

"No," said she, "you can sweep the
shop and the pavement, and put up
the shutters for it."

"Very well," said he. "Thankee,
then. If I sweep up first I'll feel bet-
ter."

Accordingly she brought him a
broom, and he did his work well.
Afterward he ate his supper with a
relish. That night he slept, not in
the area, but under the old woman's
counter.

He told his story. His name was
Dick; he was twelve years old, and
his father, whom he had never seen
sober, was in prison for killing his
mother.

The antecedents were not elevating,
but the boy seemed good. The next
morning the old woman engaged a
clerk for her small establishment.
The terms were simple—his living
and a bed under the counter. When
the neighbors heard of it they were
shocked. A street boy—a boy whom
nobody knew! Did Mrs. Briggs
really wish to be murdered in her
bed? But Mrs. Briggs felt quite safe.

She had so much time now that she
was going to take in sewing. Dick
attended to the shop altogether. He
kept it in fine order, and introduced
candies, dates on sticks and chewing
gum. Pennies came in as they never
came in before since he painted signs
in red and blue ink to the effect that
the real old molasses candy was to be
got there, and that this was the place
for peanuts.

And in the evening, after the shop
was closed up, she began to take him
into her confidence. Her great dream
was to buy herself into a certain Home
for the Aged. It would cost her a
hundred dollars. She was saving for
it; she had saved three years, and
had fifteen of it. But it cost so much
to live, with tea twenty-five cents a
quarter, and leaves so small, and she
had been sick, and there was the doc-
tor, and Mrs. Jones's Martha Jane to
be paid for minding her and the shop.
After this Dick took greatest interest
in the savings, and the winter months
increased them, as though he had
brought a blessing.

One night in the spring they took
the bag from under her pillow and
counted what it had. It was thirty
dollars.

"And I'll begin to make kites to-
morrow, Mrs. Briggs," said the boy,
"and you'll see the custom that will
bring. If a little shaver sees the
kites he'll spend all he has on 'em,
and then he'll coax his mother for
more to buy the stick-dates and
chewing gum. I know boys."

"You're a clever boy yourself," said
the old woman, and patted his hand.

It was a plumper hand than it had
been when it picked the crust from
the gutter, and he wore clean, whole
garments, though they were very
coarse.

"How wrong the neighbors were,"
she said. "That boy is the comfort
of my life."

So she went to bed with the
treasure under her pillow and slept.
Far in the night she awakened. The
room was utterly dark—there was not
a ray of light—but she heard a step
on the floor.

"Who is that?" she cried.

There was no answer, but she felt
that somebody was leaning over her
bed. Then a hand clasped her throat
and held her down, and dragged out
the money, and she was released.
Half suffocated, she for a moment
found herself motionless and bewildered,
conscious only of a sudden draught
of air from an open door, and some
confused noises.

Then she sprang to the door and
hurried into the shop.

"Dick! Dick!" she cried. "Dick!
Dick! help! wake up! I'm robbed!"

But there was no answer; the door
into the street was wide open, and by
the moonlight that poured through it
she saw, as she peered under the
counter, that Dick's bed was empty.
The boy was gone.

Gone! Gone! Oh that was worse
to poor Granny Briggs than even the
loss of the money; for she trusted
him and he had deceived her. She
had loved him, and he had abused her
love. The neighbors were right; she
was a fool to trust a strange street
boy, and had been served rightly;
when he had robbed her.

When the dawn broke the wise
neighbors came into poor Granny's
shop, to find her crying and rocking
to and fro; and they told her they
had told her so, and she only shook
her head. The shop took care of
itself that day. Life had lost its in-
terest for her. Her "occupation was
gone," but not with her savings.
Money was but money after all; he
had come to be the only thing she
loved, and Dick had robbed her.

It was ten o'clock. Granny sat
measuring by the empty hearth. Good
natured Mrs. Jones, from upstairs,
was "seeing to things," and trying to
cheer her, when suddenly there came
a rap on the door and a policeman
looked in.

"Mrs. Briggs?" he said.
"Here she is," said Mrs. Jones.
"Yes, I'm that wretched critter,"
said Mrs. Briggs.

"Some one wants to see you at
headquarters," said the policeman.
"There's a boy there and some
money."

"Dick?" cried Mrs. Briggs. "Oh I
can't bear to look at him!"

But Mrs. Jones had already tied on
her bonnet, and wrapped her in a
shawl, and taken her on her arm.

"The wretch!" she said. "I'm so
glad he's caught. You'll get your
money back."

And she led Mrs. Briggs along—
poor Mrs. Briggs who cried all the
way, and cared nothing for the money.
And soon they were at their destina-
tion, and then, and not before, the
policeman turned to the two women.

"He's pretty bad," he said. "They'll
take him to the hospital in an hour.
I suppose you're prepared for that.
He's nearly beaten to death, you
know."

"Did you beat him you cruel
wretch?" said Mrs. Briggs. "I
wouldn't have had that done for twice
the money. Let it go with him if its
any comfort to him."

"I beat him," said the man. "Well,
women have the stupidest heads.
Why, if I hadn't got up when I did,
he'd have been dead. He held the
bag of money tight, and the thief was
pummeling him with a loaded stick;
and the pluck he had for a little
shaver—I tell you, I never saw the
like!"

"O Dick! Dick! I knew you were
good. I must have been crazy to
doubt you," and then she wrung her
hands and cried: "O Dick, for just a
paltry bit of money!" and so she
knelt beside the pale, still face upon
the pillow and kissed it, and called it
tender names.

And Dick, never guessing her sus-
picions of him, whispered:

"I was so afraid he'd get off with it
if he killed me, granny, and you in
such high hopes last night."

He did not know what she meant
by begging him to forgive her. It
would have killed him if he had, for
he was very near death.

But Dick did not die. He got well
at last, and came back to the little
shop; and though Granny Briggs had
her savings, she never went to the
Old Ladies' Home. For long time be-
fore she died Dick was one of the
most prosperous merchants in the
city, and his handsome home was
here, and she was very happy in it.
Primitive Methodist.

Who are the Great Preachers?

The great preachers of the world
have been those who are in direct
sympathy with human life, and who
had an end to gain with the men be-
fore them. But with culture and
scholastic habits, men have inter-
preted the word of God, "Follow me, and
I will make you a preacher of ser-
mons." The end of preaching is not a
good sermon, but a holy heart. Fine
sermons have nearly ruined good
preaching. If ministers cared more
for their people and less for their ser-
mons, they would be more useful.
Preaching has almost ceased to be a
living business between a man's heart
and the wants of his congregation.
Learning, rhetoric, eloquence, are good
as collateral influences, but no man
will win souls who does not feel the
throbbing pulse of his congregation—
who does not know their lives—who
does not understand how to take the
primary truths of Christianity, and
apply them to the conscience of men
in their daily life. Such will be cer-
tainly efficacious; and such preaching
is necessary to the filling up of the
churches. Were such preaching uni-
versal in our time, not only would our
churches be filled to overflowing, but
thousands would have to be built.
For it may be depended upon that
there is never a man who preaches
intelligent truth, and preaches it with

a living sympathy for men, whom the
people do not flock to hear.—*Chris-
tian Visitor.*

What's in a Name.

The following incident (says an
Irish paper) is stated to have occurred
a few Sabbaths ago in a Presbyterian
church not a hundred miles from Ran-
dalstown. On that occasion a well
known and much esteemed Professor
in the General Assembly's College
delivered a very admirable discourse to
a large and appreciative congregation,
and, as usual, delighted and instruct-
ed all who heard him. At the con-
clusion of the sermon a child was to
be baptized, and previous to the out-
ward act of admission into the Chris-
tian church, the reverend gentleman
took occasion to dilate with unusual
vigor and effectiveness upon the im-
portance and efficacy of the ceremony.
Addressing the parents in particular,
and the congregation in general, he es-
pecially expatiated upon the future des-
tinies of the child, which might, should
it be spared, be of a lofty character.
There was no saying, he continued, to
what position the infant then before
them that morning, might not arise.
It might be taken in hand by some
family of eminence and high social
condition, and in due season, when
properly educated, perhaps become an
officer in one of her Majesty's regi-
ments. It might, again, attain the
honorable position of a member of
Parliament—even a title might be its
—a baron or a marquise—possi-
bly even with good luck a seat in
the House of Lords, or for all that he
knew he might be what he (the
preacher) deemed better still—a min-
ister of the Gospel in that very pul-
pit which he himself then occupied.
Having thus wound up this ambitious
list of potentialities, and brought his
imaginative vaticinations to a close,
he stooped down to the father of the
baby and demanded the name.
"ELIZA JANE!" was the unexpected
response of the worthy man, who had
lent a keen but perplexed ear to the
astonishing catalogue of glories which
were set out in behoof of his child.

The Seven Wise Men.

Most people have heard of the seven
wise men of Greece, but very few
know who they were, or how they
came to be called so. Here is the
story of them, and the moral of it is
worth remembering if their words are
not:

The seven wise men of Greece are
supposed to have lived in the fifth
century before Christ. Their names
were Pittacus, Bias, Solon, Thales,
Chilo, Cleobulus, and Periander. The
reason of their being called "wise" is
given differently by different authors,
but the most approved account states
as some Coans were fishing, certain
strangers from Miletus bought what-
ever should be in their nets without
seeing it. When the nets were drawn
in, they were found to contain a gold-
en tripod which Helen, as she sailed
away from Troy, is supposed to have
thrown in there.

A dispute arose between the fisher-
men and the strangers as to whom it
belonged, and as they could not agree
they took it to the temple of Apollo,
and consulted the priestess as to what
should be done with it.

She said it must be given to the
wisest man in Greece, and it was ac-
cordingly sent to Thales, who declar-
ed that Bias was wiser, and sent it to
him.

Bias sent it to another one, and so
on until it had passed through the
hands of all the men, afterward dis-
tinguished by the title of the "Seven
Wise Men," and as each one claimed
that some one was wiser than he, it
was finally sent to the temple of
Apollo, where, according to some writer
it still remains, to teach the lesson
that the wisest are the most distrust-
ful of their wisdom.—*Ec.*