

REST COMETH AFTER ALL.

Though friends desert you for race for fame, Though fortune leaves you for some other goal; Though you are blameless, yet receive much blame, Though sorrow dwelleth deep within your soul, Though life has been a failure, and you plod Footsore and weary o'er this earthly ball, Still if you have a faith, a trust in God, Rest cometh after all.

Rest cometh after all, then higher climb; Rest cometh after all, though wealth departs, The world may blame you, yet rest sublime Shall drive the sorrow from your heart of hearts; Though life's sad failures make you onward plod, Sin-sick and weary till you reach the pall Still if you have a faith, a trust in God, Rest cometh after all.

Rest cometh after all, then let us go Forth to the duties of this fleeting life, Bearing our Master's burdens, for we know In him is comfort and a rest from strife And worldly sorrow; let our faith be shod With love and mercy, while we evangelize Our friends to an eternal, mighty God. Rest cometh after all.

Rest cometh after all, then as we seek A higher life a better, grander road, Let us of Jesus as a Saviour speak, For He will help us bear life's awful load Of cares and sin, of doubt and unbelief, Of earthly struggles, be they great or small, We thank Thee, God, that life and trials are brief, Rest cometh after all. —Littsburg Dispatch.

A MODERN HERO.

To the memory of Michael Rooney this simple stone was erected by his fellow workmen. Those words you may read any day upon a plain white slab in a cemetery in one of our larger cities. But you might read them a hundred times without guessing at the little tragedy they indicate, without knowing the humble romance which ended with the placing of that stone above the dust of one poor and humble man.

In his shabby jacket and mud laden brogans he was scarcely an attractive object as he walked into Mr. Camp's great tin and hardware shop one day and presented himself at the counter with:

"I've been tould yer advertised for hands, yer honor."

"Fully supplied, my man," said Mr. Camp, not lifting his head from his account book.

"I'd work faithful, sir, and take low wages till I could do better, and I'd learn—I would that."

It was an Irish brogue, and Mr. Camp had declared that he never would employ an incompetent hand. Yet the tone attracted him. He turned briskly, and with his pen behind his ear he addressed the man who was only one of fifty who had answered his advertisement that morning for four workmen.

"What makes you expect to learn faster than other folks? Are you any smarter?"

"I'll not say that," said the man, "but I'd be wishing to; that 'ud make it easier."

"Are you used to the work?"

"I've done a bit of it."

"Much?"

"No, yer honor; I'll tell no lie; but I know a bit about tins."

"You are too old for an apprentice, and you'd be in the way, I calculate," said Mr. Camp, looking at the brawny arms. "Besides, I know your countrymen—lazy fellows who never do their best. No, I've been taken in by Irish hands before, and I won't have another."

"The Virgin will have to be after bringing 'em over in her two arms, thin," said the man despairingly, "for I've tramped all day for the last fortnight, and niver a job can I get, and that's the last penny I have, yer honor, and it's but a half one."

As he spoke he spread his palm open and displayed an English halfpenny.

"Bring whom over?" asked Mr. Camp, arrested by the odd speech as he turned away.

"Just Nora and Jamey."

"Who are they?"

"The wan's me wife, the other me child," said the man. "Oh, sir, jisth try me. How'll I bring 'em over to me, if no one will give me a job? I want to be aiming, and the whole big city seems against it, and me with arms like thin." He bares his arm to the elbow as he spoke, and Mr. Camp looked at them and then at his face.

"I'll hire you for a week," he said; "and now as it's noon go down into the kitchen and ask the girl to give you your dinner—a hungry man can't work."

And with an Irish blessing the new hand obeyed, while Mr. Camp went upstairs to his own meal.

Rooney worked hard, and actually learned fast. At the end of the week he was engaged permanently, and soon was the best workman in the shop. He was a great talker, but not fond of drink nor of wasting money. As his wages grew he hoarded every penny, and wore the same shabby clothes in which he had made his first appearance.

"I'vey cent I spend," he said one day, "puts off the bringing Nora and Jamey over. Better no coat to me back than no wife and boy by me fresside, and anyhow, it's slow work saving."

It was slow work, but he kept at it. Other men, thoughtless and full of fun, tried to make him drink, coaxed him to accompany them to places of amusement or to share in their Sunday frolics.

At first the men, who prided themselves on being all Americans, and on turning out the best work in the city, made a sort of butt of Rooney and his Irish ways. But he won their hearts at last, and when one day, mounting on a work bench, he shook his little bundle, wrapped in a red handkerchief, before their eyes and shouted:

"Look, boys, I've got the whole at last; I'm goin' to bring Nora and Jamey over at last!" all felt a sympathy in his joy, and each grasped his brawny hand in cordial congratulations.

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found his treasure gone. Some villain had robbed him.

At first Rooney would not believe it lost. He searched every corner of the room, shook his quilt and blanket, and begged those about him to "quit joking and give it back." But at last he realized the truth.

"Is any man that had that's shaved from me?" he asked. "Boys, is any man that had?"

And some one answered, "No doubt of it, Rooney; it's stole."

Then Rooney put his head down on his hands and wept. It seemed more than he could bear—to have Nora and the child put months away from him again.

But when he went to work that day it seemed to all who saw him that he had picked up a new determination; his hands were never idle. At noon he scratched out a letter, blotted and very strangely scrawled, telling Nora what had happened, and the men noticed that he had no meat with his dinner.

At last, before he hoped it, he was able to say, "I'm going to bring them over," and to show his handkerchief, in which, as before, he tied up his earnings—this time, however, only to his friends. Cautious among strangers, he hid his treasure, and kept his vest buttoned over it night and day until the tickets were bought and sent. Then every man, woman and child capable of hearing or understanding knew that Nora and the baby were coming.

The days flew by and brought at last a letter from his wife. "She would start as he desired, and she was well and so was the boy, and might the Lord bring them safe to each other's arms and bless those who had been so kind to him." That was the substance of the epistle that Rooney proudly assured the men that Nora wrote herself. She had lived at service as a girl with a certain good old lady who had given her an education, the items of which Rooney told upon his fingers, "The radin', that's one; and the writin', that's three; and moreover she knows all a woman can."

Then he looked at the men and asked, "Do ye wonder the time seems long between me an' her boys?"

At last the dock was reached. A crowd of vehicles blockaded the street; a troop of emigrants came thronging up; fine cabin passengers were stepping into cabs; drivers and porters were shouting in the usual manner. Nora would wait on board for her husband—he knew that.

The little group made their way into the vessel, and Rooney searched for the two so dear to him, patiently at first, but by and by growing anxious and excited.

"Why don't you ask the captain?" suggested one, and Rooney jumped at the thought. In a few moments he stood before a portly, rubicund man, who nodded to him kindly.

"I'm looking for me wife, yer honor," said Rooney, "and I can't find her. I bade her wait for me."

"Women don't always do as they are told, you know," said the captain.

"Nora would," said Rooney, "but maybe she didn't come."

At the name of Nora the captain started. In a moment he asked, "What is your name?"

"Mike Rooney, sir."

"And your wife was Nora?"

"That's her name, and the boy with her is Jamey, your honor."

The captain looked at Rooney and then said, "Sit down, my man; I've got something to tell you."

"She's left behind?" asked Rooney.

"She sailed with us," said the captain.

"My man, we all have our trials; God sends them. Yes, Nora started with us," Rooney said nothing. He was looking at the captain, now white to the lips.

"It had been a sickly season; we had illness on board—the cholera—," said the captain. "Many died—many children. When we were half way here your boy was taken sick."

"Jamey?" gasped Rooney.

"His mother watched him night and day," the captain went on, "and we did all we could; but at last he died, only one of many. There were five buried that day," Rooney groaned.

dry eyes; then, turning to his friends, he said:

"Boys, I've got me death," and dropped to the deck like a log.

They raised him and bore him away. They carried him to the little bed which had been made ready for Nora, wearied with her long journey. There at last he opened his eyes. Mr. Camp bent over him, and the room was full of Rooney's fellow workmen.

"Better, Rooney?" asked Mr. Camp.

"A dale better," said Rooney; "it's easy now. I'll be with her soon. And look ye, mather, I've learned one thing—God's good. He wouldn't let me bring Nora over, but he's taking me over to her—and Jamey—over the river. Don't you see it, and her a-standin' on the other side?"

And with these words Rooney stretched out his arms. Perhaps he did see Nora—heaven only knows—and so he died.—Ex.

Just An Ordinary Woodchuck Log.

When I was a boy my father had a fine field of clover, and he discovered that woodchucks were making sad havoc with it. On the field was a log, and near the log the destruction was the greatest. My father told me I must kill those woodchucks. I went to the field a number of times, but could not get a shot at them. I came to the conclusion I must use a little strategy; so one morning I went to the field before light. With my gun loaded with a heavy charge of BB shot, I got in a position where I could take a range of the log lengthwise. As it began to grow light the woodchucks began to gather for their morning frolic. They mounted the log, sat up, and looked around to see there was nothing to disturb them. When I thought the log was nearly covered with them I pulled both barrels at once, the gun kicked me over. When I got up there were no woodchucks to be seen. I went to the log and picked up fourteen dead woodchucks, and it wasn't any great log for woodchucks, either. —Boston Record.

A Lecturer Complimented.

While Max O'Rell was on a lecturing tour in this country he was one day approached by a young man who thanked him earnestly for his lecture the previous night, saying: "I never enjoyed myself more in my life." The pleased lecturer grasped his admirer's hand. "I am glad," he said, "that my humble effort pleased you so much."

"Yes," said the young man, "it gave me immense pleasure. You see, I am engaged to a girl in town, and her family all went to your show, and I had her at home all to myself. Oh, it was a happy evening—thank you so much, Mr. O'Rell. Do lecture again soon." It is best to swallow a compliment as you do a sugar coated pill—without inquiring into its inwardness.—Lewiston Journal.

Nothing can exceed the comfort and luxury of the newly-introduced "Health" Undervests for ladies and children. Women are generally quite alive, both for themselves and their children, to the inestimable blessing of good health. As far as colds and their attendant evils are concerned, they can surely be prevented by wearing the undervests just introduced and stamped with the word "Health." These goods are now for sale by every first-class dry goods house.

Pretty, but Not a Likeness.

Alice (looking at her portrait)—Don't you think that Van Brush has managed to make rather a pretty picture of me?

Edith—Yes, he really has—what a remarkably clever artist he is!—Munsey's Weekly.

Appropriate.

"You're very late in returning from church; you must have had a long sermon."

"Oh, yes; Dr. Sixthly gave us a great discourse on 'The Evil of Talking Too Much.'"—Puck.

What's in a Name.

Mr. Softly Young—I beg you, Miss Mangler, at least not to say that you will be a sister to me. Miss Mangler—No, Mr. Young, I promise you I will not. What you need most is a mother.—Boston Times.

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