

Family Reading.

Two Cents a Week.

"Two cents a week," the Master asks From every loving daughter's hands: Two cents a week, to tell His love And teach His word in foreign lands. "Two cents a week," to place ajar The gates of mercy, high and broad, Two cents a week, to spread afar The knowledge of our risen Lord. "Two cents a week," O precious thought! May save some soul from death and hell; Two cents a week, from my poor purse, May teach some tongue his love to tell. "Two cents a week," may send a blaze Of Gospel light, o'er India's plains, Two cents a week may free a race For ages bound by error's chains. "Two cents a week," from China's shore, We catch the cry and hear the plea; Two cents a week, a few years more And struggling China shall be free. "Two cents a week," may make the note Of Zion's song in fair Japan. Two cents a week, O blessed Christ May tell of all thy love to man.

The Little Boy who ran away.

"I'm going now to run away," Said little Sammie Greer, one day. "Then I can do just what I choose; I'll never have to black my shoes, Or wash my face, or comb my hair. I'll find a place, I know, somewhere, And never have again to fill That old chip-basket—so I will. "Good-bye, mamma," he said, "good-bye!" He thought his mother then would cry; She only said, "You going, dear?" And didn't shed one single tear. "There, now," said Sammie Greer, "I know She does not care if I do go, But Bridget does; she'll have to fill That old chip-basket—so she will. But Bridget only said, "Well, boy, You off for sure? I wish you joy." And Sammie's little sister Kate, Who swung upon the garden gate, Said anxiously, as he passed through, "To night what ever will you do When you can't get no 'lasses spread At supper-time, on top of bread?" One block from home, and Sammie Greer's Weak little heart was full of fears; He thought about "Red Riding Hood," The wolf that met her in the wood, The bean-stalk boy who kept so mum When he heard the giant's "Fee, fo, fum," Of the dark night and the policeman, And then poor Sammie homeward ran. Quick through the alley-way he sped, And crawled in through the old wood-shed. The big chip-basket he did fill; He blacked his shoes up with a will; He washed his face and combed his hair; He went up to his mother's chair And kissed her twice, and then he said, "I'd like some 'lasses top of bread." —Golden Days.

New Select Serial.

A DEACON'S DAUGHTER.

BY MISS LILIAN F. WELLS.

CHAPTER. V.

MARTHA'S INTRODUCTION TO MISS GOODWIN.

As is often the case with people who resolve to wake at a certain early hour in the morning, Martha's eyes opened wide several times during the night; and she would start up and listen for some sound below to tell her it was time to get up. But when half-past four really came, she was sleeping so soundly that Roxy was obliged to give her a gentle shake in order to rouse her. The train she was to take left Sherwood at seven o'clock, and Sherwood was four miles away. She had several little things to do before leaving, and she wanted to have time to run in for a last good-bye to Huldah and the baby. She had asked Amos to take her over to Sherwood, for she knew that her father would feel it his duty to make a last impression upon her with solemn warnings to beware of the snares and pitfalls of the world; and she was unwilling to have the first few miles of her journey made wretched. The entire household, including Joel Armistage, the hired man, assembled at the kitchen door to say good-bye to Martha, as Amos drove into the yard. There were no last words then; for Martha and her mother had said theirs

the night before, and the deacon had spoken his when he gave Martha the money for her journey, just before rising from the breakfast table that morning.

"If there's any left, be very careful of it," he had said. "I hope ye'll lay by every cent ye can; for I'll tell ye once for all, that I consider your salary 'll be enough to buy everything ye need; as long as ye git that ye needn't expect a cent from me."

"You needn't be afraid father. I shall never ask you for any more if I can possibly help it," had been Martha's reply.

As she and Amos rode away in the coolness and stillness of the early morning, Martha turned and looked back at the old white house with its yellow door, its blue window-shades, and its general air of hard and dreary living.

"Amos," said she, "do you think it's very wicked of me to be so glad to get away?"

Amos looked sober, and laughed a queer laugh. You see, he could not very well condemn her without condemning himself. He never went to his father-in-law's except from necessity, and always experienced a feeling of satisfaction on leaving there.

"Mebbe you'll learn to think more o' your home after bein' away from it a spell," said he.

"You may as well say you do not blame me a bit, for I see it in your eyes," said Martha, quite reassured.

"But I will tell you one thing, Amos. I am sorry to leave you and mother, and Huldah and baby."

"I s'pose you'll write to us now an' then, won't ye?" Amos asked.

"Oh yes. I promised to write to mother every week, and you can read her letters. Then I will write to you and Huldah besides."

Here they stopped before Amos' pretty little nest of a house; and Huldah came to the door with baby in her arms. Martha sprang out of the wagon and ran up the path.

"Good-morning and good-bye," said Martha, putting her arms around them both at once.

"Oh, Marthy, I'm glad to have you go for your sake, but I shall miss you so!" said Huldah, dropping tears on Martha's face. "I won't tell you to be a good girl, for I know you will be. I know we can trust your good sense to keep you from doing anything foolish. And Marthy, remember, we'll be praying for you. Good-bye."

One more squeeze and kiss for sister and baby-nephew, and Martha ran down the path again, stepped lightly up to her seat, and Dolly started off on a brisk trot—the newly-risen sun throwing gigantic shadows of horse, wagon and riders along the road-side.

The somewhat limited extent of Martha's previous traveling had been accomplished in a wagon. Consequently, this was a day of many novel experiences to her. The mere being in the car, whose furnishings seemed so elegant in her eyes; the feeling of doing at last, as the rest of the world did; the swift motion; the constantly changing view from the window; the innumerable sights, sounds, and sensations of a long railroad journey taken for the first time—all combined to keep Martha in a state of happy excitement. She forgot herself, her appearance, almost where she was going—in watching the people and things around her.

At Poughkeepsie she was somewhat unpleasantly recalled to thoughts of herself. Several persons came into the car at that place, and as it had been nearly full before, the new passengers found some difficulty in obtaining seats. Half of Martha's seat being unoccupied a young lady, evidently about Martha's age, came and settled herself in it. She was dressed handsomely, though not very tastefully, and it was some time before her numerous ruffles and ribbons were arranged to her satisfaction. Martha, chancing to glance around from the window, met a pair of black eyes fixed upon her very unbecomingly attire with undisguised contempt.

Martha shut her lips proudly, and turned away; nor did she give another look at her companion till they stopped at New York. But her cheeks flushed with a keen sense of mortification, and the end of her journey was spoiled. She began to torture herself

with fears that her aunt Charlotte and Miss Goodwin would also look at her in that contemptuous way.

"If they do," thought she, "I shall be sorry I came."

When Mrs. Iredell read Martha's second letter, telling of her acceptance of the situation, and naming the day on which she might be expected to arrive in New York, the aunt had smiled over her niece's almost childish expressions of delight and satisfaction; but their unspoiled frankness and simplicity pleased her, after all, and she said to herself:

"I am sure Miss Goodwin will like her for that very reason—her absolute ignorance of the 'tricks and manners' of the world. I do hope, though, that she won't be too shockingly countryfied."

About five o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, Mrs. Iredell stepped from her carriage at the Grand Central Depot, and walked to a position from which she could see every person who should leave the train that had just swept in from the North. She was doubtful as to whether she should recognize Martha or not, but knowing how easily one unaccustomed to such a place would be confused, she closely watched the stream of passengers issuing from the train, thinking she might distinguish her niece by her dress and manner.

There was no one in the first car who could possibly be Martha, she thought. Stay! There was a plump, rosy-cheeked girl in unmistakable 'country' attire. But, no—she was mistaken in thinking that was Martha; for the bonnie lassie was seized at once by a stout man and three small boys, all talking German as fast as they could.

As she looked farther on, Mrs. Iredell saw two young girls just leaving the second car, one after the other. The foremost was arrayed in a brown silk dress and blue ribbons, kid gloves, and much beflowered hat. No, that certainly could not be Martha.

The other was tall and rather slender, had a fresh-tinted, intelligent face, bright, dark eyes and brown hair, wore a plain, black, straw hat, with a band of black ribbon around it, a black and white checked shawl, and a dark-green delaine dress, with white dots in it, that looked as if it had been made with an eye not only to perfect simplicity, but also to scantiness of material. Her shoes were thick and coarse, and her hands ungloved. This was Martha, as Mrs. Iredell knew at the first glance; for the resemblance between Nathan Stirling and his younger daughter was not to be mistaken.

Martha had been looking anxiously out of the windows as she passed down the car to the door. Suppose her aunt had changed very much in the five years since they had seen each other? Or suppose her letter had not reached its destination, and Aunt Charlotte should not know she was coming? Or suppose—but just then she saw a fine-looking, gray-haired lady, whose face was vividly impressed upon her memory, standing on the edge of the crowd. Her fears and doubts took flight at once. She sprang down from the car, pushed her way eagerly along the pavement, and exclaimed, so that several people turned to look and smile: "Oh, Aunt Charlotte, I'm so glad to see you!"

Mrs. Iredell scarcely knew whether to be vexed or amused. Her fears were realized—Martha did look 'shockingly countryfied'; but the girl's eager face looked so much as Mrs. Iredell remembered her brother Nathan's to have looked long ago in his early boyhood, that the lady concluded to put aside her annoyance, and not wound the poor child by a cold greeting. So she took Martha's hand in her own faultlessly-gloved one, and kissed her quite warmly. But Martha's eyes were keen—and Martha was very sensitive. She caught the shade of displeasure on her aunt's face, banished almost instantly though it had been, and the kind kiss only half reassured her. Oh, she didn't, she didn't want her aunt to be ashamed of her.

"I suppose you have some baggage, have you not?" inquired Mrs. Iredell. "Yes, a trunk," replied Martha, meekly, doubting how her aunt would look upon the small, worn, hair-covered trunk that had accompanied a whole generation of Stirlings on their travels before it had come down to her.

But whatever Mrs. Iredell's opinion of it was, she made no sign.

"The carriage is out this way," she said to Martha, after ordering the trunk to be taken to Miss Goodwin's.

As I have said, Miss Goodwin lived up-town; and to Mrs. Iredell, the streets through which they passed seemed comparatively quiet and uninteresting; so she was amused to see Martha sit gazing out with an expression of incredulous wonder.

"What is it you are wondering about, Martha?" she asked at length, startling Martha out of her absorption.

"Why, Aunt Charlotte, everything," was the answer; "but the people most o' all."

"Wait till you see Broadway," replied Mrs. Iredell, smiling. "Martha," she continued after a moment, "how much money did your father give you for your outfit?"

"Martha's face flushed to her temples. 'He did not give me any,' she answered.

"What! not any? Well, I thought I knew my brother, but really—"

"He said what was good enough for Sherwood was good enough for New York. I am very sorry to have you ashamed of me, Aunt Charlotte; but you see I could not help it. I had to come as I was, or else stay at home. This has been my best dress for two years—and Martha eyed the green delaine with an expression of great disgust.

"Never mind, you may put it away in a few days, and never wear it again. Miss Goodwin and I will arrange about your outfit," said Mrs. Iredell, readily comprehending what Martha must have endured.

When they reached their destination, Mrs. Iredell told Martha to wait below while she went up to Miss Goodwin's room for a few moments. She was anxious to prepare her friend for Martha's queer appearance.

"Have you not brought my little companion?" asked Miss Goodwin, as soon as Mrs. Iredell was seated.

"Yes, I have brought her; and I feel confident you will like her, though, perhaps, you will think me prejudiced. She has, in my opinion, a more than ordinarily good face. But you must be prepared to see her plainly—even poorly—dressed."

"Oh, is she poor, then? I had an impression that the family were in comfortable circumstances, from what you said.

"They are; but my brother has seldom been away from home, and he has absolutely no idea as to what is proper in ladies' dress.

"It makes no difference, not the slightest difference, Mrs. Iredell, in my estimation of your niece," said Miss Goodwin. "I have an idea as to how I can help her about her outfit very nicely, if neither she nor you would object."

Mrs. Plummer, Miss Goodwin's nurse and housekeeper, was summoned; and, at her mistress' request, brought out sundry articles from drawers and closets, over which the two ladies consulted so long that poor Martha, waiting in the hall below, grew very weary.

Presently Mrs. Plummer came down the stairs.

"Miss Goodwin would like to see you now," said she.

Martha followed her up the broad stair-way, on whose velvet carpet her feet made no sound, and felt that Mrs. Plummer must hear her heart beat in the stillness. It beat louder and faster as the door was opened, and a flood of soft light shone out into the hall. Now that the moment of meeting Miss Goodwin had really come, she wished herself back in the lonely hall again. But there was no chance for hesitation.

Walking into the room with eyes cast down, and the color coming and going in her cheeks, she thought she would rather have faced her father in his sternest mood, than this unknown invalid lady.

The room was large, and Martha walked on, scarcely knowing where she was going, till a voice close beside her said:

"So this is Martha Stirling?" "Yes, ma'am," murmured Martha, and then she looked up. For a moment there was utter silence in the room, as she stood gazing upon the lady

she had come to serve. Both Mrs. Iredell and Miss Goodwin could see by her face what she was thinking, as plainly as if she had spoken her thoughts. They saw her astonishment, her admiration, her reverent pity, that made her feel like falling on her knees before that crippled, yet stately form, that beautiful white face, with its crown of snowy hair, and its expression of suffering—long and patiently borne.

Miss Goodwin had long ago accustomed herself to endure being looked at; but there was something different in Martha's expression from what she had seen in her face for many years. Long ago, when she was young, Isabel Goodwin had often seen that same expression in a face that was the dearest in all the world to her. But he had died—the only one among all her suitors to whom she had given her heart. Now, as she saw that look in Martha's face—a look which cannot be named, but which meant that, with one word of encouragement the whole world of the girl's heart would be hers—Miss Goodwin was deeply touched. The tears sprang to her eyes, and she stretched out her hands. As Martha took them tenderly, reverently, Miss Goodwin drew her closer, and whispered: "You look as if you love me. Do you?"

"Yes," answered Martha, with eyes as well as lips.

"My dear child, I am so glad you have come! It is thirty years since any one has loved me." Then releasing Martha's hands, she said aloud to Mrs. Iredell, who had been watching the scene with great interest:

"I thank you more than I can tell, for bringing me this little girl, Mrs. Iredell. I hope I may be able to do you as great a kindness some time."

Mrs. Iredell expressed herself as much gratified by Miss Goodwin's pleasure, and soon took her leave, saying she would call again, the next day, to continue the arrangements for Martha's wardrobe.

Growing poor gracefully.

Growing poor is harder than the actual being so. Poverty is not such a terrible thing when we once get down to it. It is not dangerous unless it strikes in. Sometimes the system is strengthened ever after. Long kept, as well as quick made fortunes are ever in jeopardy, and there is never one so poor that he cannot be poorer; it is well to know how to make the descent with the least awkwardness. There is a great deal of sentimentalism in the talk about sneers at poverty. Poverty of pocket is much less often in reality subject of ridicule than poverty of soul. People will be apt to think of you pretty much as you think of yourself. If, because you cannot entertain as you once could, cannot dress, come and go, you show solicitude lest you should be neglected; if you take friends to task, and ascribe to unworthy motives what may or may not have been meant for slights; if you endeavour to enlist their sympathies by recounting their own disadvantages, ten to one they will drop off. If, on the other hand, you meet them as of old, if they find the same sunshine about you, do you suppose they will mind a few inconveniences? Not they. Do not let life narrow down. Do not let the necessary carelessness "strike in."

There are some who, out of their largeness of life, and a natural appreciation of the beauty of harmony, are easily led on after the ordeal of getting down to it has been safely passed. Surroundings influence spirit, and we long to have grace and fitness, and the poetry of convenience about us. But the best gifts are every man's. We can all have God's pure air and sunshine free; with a moderate share of labour we can all command most scrupulous neatness. If we cannot go abroad from place to place, which in this beautiful world is a deprivation, surely we can have less variety of toilet, live plainer, and let the life of the busy, toiling, suffering world in upon us through books and papers. To grow poor gracefully is to bring our wants within our income. Reach out and bring them in, as did Noah his dove, till the waters abate, and you shall ride safely, even over the mountain tops. There is one temptation. You can no more grow poor gracefully by making of debts, either large or small, than you can go down stairs gracefully on stilts. Part with everything rather than bear the weight of debt. Small debts are so "convenient," you know, but they are like a swarm of stinging insects buzzing about your ears. People will know you are on stilts all the time. You may hate to come down, but how much freer you will be on your own footing, to feel a Divine right to all you have and are!

—Interior.

The False Balance.

Two little girls, in the early morning of an October day, were dressing in a sleepy fashion, or rather one of them was dressing, and the other sat on the side of the bed, looking at her.

"There," said Bess, impatiently, "now that mean old shoe-string must go and break, and I know that bell's just going to ring. Turn over the leaf, Gussie, so we can be learning the text, while we do our hair."

Gussie got up on the bed, and turned over the leaf on a roll of texts which hung on the wall, and then stood a minute, reading it to herself.

"Why don't you hurry?" said Bess looking up at her, "you'll be awful late. My senses me! What a text to pick out for folks: 'A false balance is abomination unto the Lord,' 'Pears to me if I was a Sunday-school committee, or whoever does print out those verses, I'd find some that had some sense to 'em'."

"Why, Bessie Maynard, that's in the Bible, and I sh'd think you wouldn't dare to talk so," said Gussie, with horrified eyes.

"Well, I don't mean just that way, of course. I mean sense for everybody. You know yourself there's a difference. There's verses about wives, and husbands, and ministers, and—and grandmothers, and they don't fit everybody. I should think that verse was meant for grocery men that don't weigh things right, and I just wish they had to learn it."

"It's easy to learn, anyhow," said Gussie, "only I like to think about my verse. Some of them seem just a purpose for me, like 'Diligent in business,' and 'Whatsoever thy hand,'"

"Yes," said Bess, complacently, "you are so slow, Gussie, and such a put-offer, but there isn't a thing in this verse to think about."

There was a little silence, for Bessie was brushing her thick curly locks, and it took all her patience to struggle through the tangles.

"That's because you didn't brush it out last night," said Gussie.

"I s'pose so! but it is such a bother. Dear me! I'm just going to braid it this way; I can't stop."

"O Bessie! you know mamma won't like it; and it spoils your hair," said Gussie.

"It'll do for once," said Bess; "it looks all right, anyhow."

"I wonder"—began Gussie, and then suddenly stopped.

"What?" inquired Bess.

"I didn't know—I thought, maybe, that might be what the text meant," said Gussie, slowly; "sort of half doing things; not giving quite so much as you pretend to—"

Gussie stopped, afraid of offending the sister of whose superior gifts she stood greatly in awe; but Bess only laughed as she answered, "You do think of the queerest things Gussie."

That was what they all said of Gussie but she kept on thinking.

It was her day to dust the parlors.

"I'll help you," said Bess; "and then you'll get through so we can go for chestnuts."

"But you don't do the corners, Bessie, and you haven't moved any of the books," said Gussie, as she watched her sister's rapid whisk of the duster.

"What's the difference?" said Bess; "it looks all right; you s'pose anybody's going to peek around after a speck of dust? There, now that's done!"

But Gussie, with the thought of that false balance in her queer little head, kept on until the work was thoroughly done, saying to herself, "If I pretend to give mamma a pound of work, and only give her half a pound, I'm sure that's a deceitful balance."

The next thing in order was to pick over the grapes for jelly, and even patient Gussie sighed over the big basket, but as usual, Bessie's part was completed long before hers.

"I wish you could learn to be a little more nimble with your fingers, Gussie," said her mother, and Bessie added, in an undertone, "It's cause you fuss so; s'posin' a bad grape does go in, now and then, who's going to know it when they're all smashed up?"

"I don't care," said Gussie, feeling a little touched by her mother's criticism. "I shan't have any false balances 'bout