

## Our Young Folks.

### TWO CENTS A WEEK.

"Two cents a week," the Mother 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 wake the note  
Of Zion's song in fair Japan.  
Two cents a week, O blessed Christ,  
May tell of all Thy love to man.

### THEY LEAVE NO STING.

She was only a baby, but she held up her sweet, red lips, tipped by her blessed little head, shut the bright eyes, and went the rounds from one member of the family to the other, repeating the phrase she had just heard from her young mother's lips :

"Three kisses and one to grow on."

They caught her up, the darling, and, kissed and kissed her fair baby face, pulled the soft curls, squeezed the dimpled shoulders and followed her every movement with wistful, worshipping eyes, until she came to the sour, disappointed member of the family, whose words were all hollow like dolls stuffed with sawdust. She tiptoed up to the stern, bearded face and put a fat, chubby little hand on each unyielding knee.

"Three kisses and one to grow on."

"What does all this tomfoolery mean?" inquired the gruff, grumpy voice.

"Baby is three years old to-day," said the young mother, feeling how hard it is to explain a simple, foolish question that has no particular meaning "and so we give her a kiss for each year and one to grow on. But you needn't kiss her, Uncle Ben, if you don't want to."

What was it the old man saw in the limpid eyes lifted to his?—a vision of the green fields and still waters of Paradise? or did some prescient knowledge possess him, that he caught her up in his arms as he had never done before and kissed her again and again?

"Not want to kiss her?" he said in a broken voice. "Why, I should as soon think of refusing to kiss an angel from heaven. There, pet; there and there! Now may you grow on this one even to the heights of heaven—never short of their standard, little one. That is the old man's prayer."

Her age I cannot tell,  
For they reckon not by months and years  
Where she has gone to dwell.

But I often wonder if we would not all reach nearer the gates of Paradise if we had more kisses to grow on.

To the light of the shining angels  
The little one has grown.

O, great family of humanity, lead all your weary wandering ones up the divine heights by kisses. They are stronger than blows; they leave no stings like bitter words; they are blessed memories

that blossom in our crown of thorns when those whom we kissed have gone from us a little way beyond tears or kisses; grown on that precious nourishment into the higher life, in the city whose builder and maker is God.

### PRAYER FOR THE PENNIES.

It was a bright spring evening when little Polly stole softly into her father's room, with shoeless feet, and her golden hair falling lightly over her white night-gown; for it was bed-time, and she had come to say "good-night."

"Father," said the little one, raising her blue eyes to his kind face, "father, may I say my prayers beside you, for mother is too ill for me to go to her to-night?"

"Yes, pet," he answered, tenderly stroking the curly head.

And reverently the child knelt down beside him, and repeated her evening prayer, adding at the close with special earnestness "God bless my two pennies."

What can the child mean? thought her father in surprise, and when the little white-robed figure was gone, he went and asked her mother if she knew what the little daughter meant.

"Oh, yes," said the lady. "Polly has prayed the prayer every night since she put her two pennies into the plate at the last missionary meeting."

Dear children, have you ever prayed to God for a blessing on the pennies you have put in the missionary box? If not, be sure you never forget to do so in the future.

### COUSIN BEN.

Small and slight, yet strong of muscle.

With a supple grace beside,  
Keen, dark eyes, that shine and twinkle  
With the fun they cannot hide,  
Thin, fine lips, whose red curves quiver  
With a touch of boyish pride,—  
That is roguish Cousin Ben,  
Merriest of little men.

Eager, nimble little fellow,  
Wide-awake for work or play,  
Always hovering at your elbow  
If you do not tell him nay,  
Under foot and all around you,  
Yet he's never in the way.—  
That is restless Cousin Ben,  
Busiest of little men.

Active brain whose ready logic  
Floors us all and gains his will,  
Loving heart that subjugates us,  
Holding us his vassals still,  
Guileless soul, with power for working  
Confident good or endless ill,—  
That is little Cousin Ben,  
Dearest of all little men.

All a father's proud ambitions  
Centre in this one small boy,  
While a mother and a sister  
Find in him their sweetest joy;  
High position, wealth and learning,  
Will for him their powers employ,—  
May our darling Cousin Ben  
Grow to be the best of men.

### THE LITTLE LAMBS.

During a revival, the pastor announced that a meeting would be held that evening for the reception of members. On hearing this, little eleven year old Frank went home and asked the permission of his grandmother, under whose charge he was, to present himself for membership. She was astonished and said :

"My dear child, you are too young. You must wait until you are older."

This was more than little Frank could endure.

He instantly burst into tears, and hid his head in her lap. It was sometime before he regained composure. He then said :

"Grandma, if you had a flock of sheep and lambs, and it was winter time, would you put all the sheep in stables, and leave the little lambs outside to perish in the snow and cold?"

The little boy's faith and earnestness triumphed. His grandmother consented. He was examined as to his faith in Christ, and received into the church.

He became a physician and the head of the public institution of the State of Kentucky, and is still an earnest and devoted follower of Christ.

### HELPING HIS FATHER.

Some years ago, a boy whose name was Webster, then nearly four years old, was taken from his home to that of his grandpa, where he remained several weeks. His grandpa was a Christian man, and always asked God's blessing upon the food before eating, and read a chapter and prayed in the morning when the breakfast was finished.

When little Webster was taken home, the first time he sat at his father's table in his high chair, he said before he began to eat, "Papa, why don't you talk to God before you eat, as grandpa does?"

And the father said, "O grandpa is a good man."

"But, papa," said Webster, "a'n't you a good man? Why don't you talk to God as grandpa does?"

And the good mother, sitting on the other side of the table, said "Father, that is God's voice to you." And it was; and then, for the first time, the father, as the head of his own house, and mother and child bowed their heads, while a blessing was brokenly asked on the food. That was the beginning. After the breakfast, the father read and prayed, and continued the practice as long as he lived.

### A GREAT MISTAKE.

Boys and men sometimes start out in life with the idea that one's success depends on sharpness and chicanry. They imagine if a man is able always to "get the best of a bargain," no matter by what deceit and meanness he carries his point, that his prosperity is assured. This is a great mistake. Enduring prosperity cannot be founded on cunning and dishonesty. The tricky and deceitful man is sure to fall a victim, sooner or later, to the influences which are forever working against him. His house is built upon the sand, and its foundations will be certain to give way. Young people cannot give these truths too much weight. The future of that young man is safe who eschews every phase of double dealing and dishonesty, and lays the foundation of his career in the enduring principles of everlasting truth.

### AT THE TABLE.

Young people do not always make as great an effort as they should to be at the table promptly. If a bell is rung, they begin to get ready when it rings; they should be ready to go instantly on the ringing of the bell. That is the only way—to be ready before the call is made. It is not only annoying to others, but it is disrespectful to parents, when the children are not promptly in their places at the meal-time. Be in your place at the right time, and be in your place with clean hands, hair neatly brushed, and clothes properly arranged—above all, with a pleasant temper and kindly words. One of the most strongly-marked distinctions between savages and civilized people is found in their table-manners. Savages eat like animals; civilized people meet at the table for pleasant intercourse, and not merely to be fed.