

men on entering the world, but there are none nobler, or that lead more directly to heaven, than that of this modern crusader.—*Youth's Companion*.

TWO CHILDREN.

Up among the Vermont hills live two children who do not like to get up early. So their mother said one day "I will give you a cent apiece every morning you are down promptly to breakfast."

It was queer how that cent cleared the sticks out of the children's eyes, took the sleepy gapes out of their mouths, the stretchiness out of their limbs, so that instead of turning over to go to sleep again, Ruby and Buzz would give one good jump out of bed into the middle of the floor, and then they were wide-awake, and the day was fairly begun.

In this way the children had each earned six cents. Ruby went about rattling her pennies in her apron pocket, but Buzz, although he had a nice pocket in his new trousers, put his money in a box in the bureau drawer.

"To-morrow will be Sunday," said Buzz on Saturday night as they went to bed. "I don't think we ought to take a cent for getting up early on Sunday morning."

"O, I do," said Ruby. "And that will be seven cents I shall then have."

"But I do not think it would be right to earn a cent in such a way on Sunday," said Buzz.

"This is not doing real work and earning money on Sunday," said Ruby; "this is only getting up, and we have got to do it any way, and I mean to have a cent for it, and that will be seven cents in the morning," and Ruby took her money out of her pocket and piled it in a pile on the table.

"Getting up early for a cent on Sunday, would be working to get the cent," said Buzz stoutly, "and I am going to do it without any pay on Sunday. 'Cause I think that is the way to do."

"Well, I think it is the way to get a cent for it if you can," said Ruby; "let us ask mother."

The children pleaded the case before

their mother.

"Why do you think it is right to take a cent on Sunday, Ruby?" she asked.

"'Cause I want it, and I will have more if I do," said Ruby; "we are paid for getting up, and we do get up on Sunday just as we do on other mornings, and we ought to be paid for it just the same."

"Now, Buzz, why do you think it is not right?" asked the mother.

"'Cause getting up is work for us—it is not work for you or papa, but it is for us, and you pay us because it is, and I don't want to work for money on Sunday—and then—and then—" here Buzz hesitated.

"What is it, my boy?" asked the mother.

"And then," the little fellow went on, "there is something in me down here"—and Buzz laid his brown, chubby hand over his heart—"that feels queer when I do what I think isn't right—not a pain, you know, but a queer feeling. I had most rather have a bee sting me."

"But if you do not take the money, you will not have as many cents as Ruby has. Will you like to hear her counting them over, always having more than you?" asked the mother.

"No, I shan't like that. I don't like to hear her count her money any way. Ruby needn't count it so much. But I shall not take a cent on Sunday."

"And I shan't take a cent every Sunday, just as soon as mother will give it to me," said Ruby.

The mother said they should decide for themselves. So Ruby took her money each Sunday, and she had a quiet conscience, nor did any, even in their secret thoughts, accuse her of doing wrong.

Buzz went without the Sunday cent, and he too had a quiet conscience. But it was at this point of difference that the children's natures began to diverge.

Ruby had more money, and more "good times;" but Buzz had a more tender love for the right, because he had made a sacrifice for it, and this made his heart strong to do right things, even when they went a little against the grain.—*M. E. D. in Wide Awake*.