"TWO CENTS A WEEK AND A PRAYER."

"Two cents a week and a prayer." A tiny gift may be, But it helps to do a wonderful work For our sisters across the sea.

Two cents a week and a prayer,' From our abundant store; was never missed, for its place was filled By a Father's gift of more.

"Two cents a week and a prayer," Perhaps 'twas a sacrifice;
But treasure came from the the storehou above,
Outweighing by far the price.

"Two cents a week and a prayer."
"Twas the prayer, perhaps, after all,
That the work has done, and a bl brought,

The gift was so very small.

"Two cents a week and a prayer,"
Freely and heartily given;
The treasures of earth will all melt awayThis is treasure laid up in heaven.

"Two cents a week and a prayer."
A tiny gift may be,
But it helps to do such wonderful work For our sisters across the sea.

Heathen Woman's Friend.

## NANCY.

"There are just two kinds of people in the world Janet," said her mother. "Those who help, and those who hinder." "I never see anybody that I can help," answered Janet, swinging her school-bag investicative.

impatiently.

Her mother tied on her hat and kisse

her. "Use your eyes to-day, Jenny, and tell me the results to-night."

tell me the results to night."

Janet sauntered down through the lawn, glancing at the sunny stretch of grass, the great elms, and the old farm-house in the background. "It's pretty certain there's no one here to help, unless I feed the peacock, or—or—unless Nancy needs such attention. But I wonder who Nancy is, anyhow!"

tention. But I wonder who Nancy is, any-how!"
Nancy Houser was a poorly dressed girl, of deven years, who was lame, and who limped as she came up the path.
"Has your mamma any arrants for me to do the day, Miss Janet!" she asked.

"I suppose not. There are plenty of servants in the house," said Janet shortly. She did not like the unattractive little cripple who ran errands for the workmen's wives in the village, to be seen about the

Then Janet stopped. What was she doing now? Was she "helping" or "hindering" some one less favored than herself? There was slence for a moment, and

self l There was silence for a moment, and Nancy was passing on.
"Stop a moment. Have you no way to earn money but this, Nancy l"
"No men."
"How much do you earn a week l"
"Oh, different at different times. Most of the folks give me two or three cents an arrant. I go slow on account of this," glancing at her lame foot. "Your mamma and that kind of ladies give me more. But hey've servants of their own, as you say. I never get mor'n sixty cents a week, and I pay my board and buy my clothes out of that,"
"Mercy! How you talk! Do you pay "Mercy! How you talk! Do you pay

"Mercy! How you talk! Do you pay yard to old Mrs. Halloran? Why, she ashes for us, and takes home cold vic-als!"

"Mercy! How you talk! Do you pay board to old Mrs. Halloran! Why, she bard to dold Mrs. Halloran! Why, she washes for us, and takes home cold victuals!"

"She can't afford to give 'em to me, then," said Nancy, quickly, her face on fire at the offence to her friend. "She has five children; that's seven of us altogether. I'd rather pay my own way when I can at ennyrate."

Janet, struck by her tone, looked for the first time in her life carefully at the girl's face. Heretofore she had thought of her saperhaps hardly worth her notice, for she had constantly heard her laughed at in the village as "Arrant Nancy." She had seen one or twice the rough boys of the village chase her down the street, yelling, "Crazy Nance." It had never occurred to Janet to the was crazy or ton. She saw now that the girl had no not still the firends of the girls. The people in the village were always glad of an excuse for a the offence or was now that the girl had no not to enquire whether she was crazy or ton. She saw now that the girl had no not, she saw now that the girl had no not, she saw now that the girl had no not, she saw now that the girl had no not, it is the people in the village were always glad of an excuse for a the old with the will great the driver to stop in front of a comfortable liditiver to stop in front of a comfortable driver to stop in front of a comfortable diviver to stop in front of a comfortable driver to stop in front of a comfortable diviver to top in front of a comfortable diviver to stop in front of a comfortable driver to stop in front of a comfortable diviver to stop in front of a comfortable diviver to stop in front of a comfortable diviver to stop in front of a comfortable driver to stop in front of a comfortable diviver to stop in front of a comfortable driver to stop in front of a comfortable diviver to stop in front of a comfortable div

moment or more the two girls looked at each other in silence. At length Janet said, more quietly than she had spoken be-

said, more quietly than she had spoken before.—

"Let me ask you, Nancy, why you don't go out to service! It would be better than this uncertain way of living."

"Oh, don't I know that? You see every winter I have trouble with my leg, and am in bed for weeks. Nobody would have me for a servant when they knew that."

"Where do you stay when you are sick?"

"With Mrs. Halloran. She's kep' me for two winters. An's she's a Catholic an'
I'm a Protestant, too."

"She is one of the kind who help," thought

"Oh yes, mem!" and now Nancy hesitated and her eyes filled with tears. "Yes, mem, I have at home in Londonderry. You see, "Oh yes, mem!" and now Nancy hesitated and her eyes filled with tears. "Yes, mem, I have, at home in Londonderry. You see, it was Jane Plumer wrote to me to come here to America. She lived here, and she wrote that a girl like me could just pick up money. So my folks gathered up enough for my passage, and I came an' Jane was moved away with a family to Californy."

"Yes, mem. An' that very week the trouble began in my leg. So I've just lived the best way I could, as I tell ye. But I'll never see my mother agen !" and the poor child began to sob.

Janet's eves too. filled with tears, and she

Janet's eyes, too, filled with tears, and she asked now, very tenderly,—
"Why don't your father and mother come to this country"

"Why don't you,"
to this country ?"
"Oh, they'd only be too glad, mem. But
the times is mortal hard in Derry. They
were nigh starvin' last winter. All the
where girls that come to this country send
money back but me! And—and—yer—see

I can't.

—1 can't,
"How much would bring them?"
Seventy dollars it would take from Derry
here. Oh I've counted it a hundred times,
over and over again! I'd work my fingers
to the bone, if I could only earn it, but it's
not possible for me to earn so much
moment."

money."
"No; I'm sure you could not! Seventy dollars!" said Janet, in an awe-struck dollars!" said Janet, in an awe-struck whisper, "Well, good-bye Nancy! I think you had better run up to the house and see if mamma has an errand for you. I hope she has!"

She hurried away to school. The girls She hurried away to school. The girls noticed that on that day and the next, Janet Moore was very quiet and thoughtful. On Saturday afternoon she called a meeting of her own school-girl friends, seven in number. It was held. What was done by them was kept a secret. But they separated with very anxious and important faces.

faces.

Soon it was whispered about the school that a new club had been formed by some of the girls, and that Jenny Moore was its president. In a few days the members of the club appeared wearing black velvet bracelets with "H. E. S." embroidered on

them in steel beads.

Of course, this excited curiosity, and even the mothers were inquisitive to know the

boment or more the two girls looked at che other in silence. At length Janet id, more quietly than she had spoken better.—

"Let me ask you, Nancy, why you don't let use the parlors were empty and the guest had left the house.

"Let me ask you, Nancy, why you don't out of service? It would be better than is uncertain way of living."

"Oh, don't I know that? You see every miner I have trouble with my leg, and a man bed for weeks. Nobody would have me ra servant when they knew that."

"With Mrs. Halloran. She's kep' me ra two winters. An' she's a Catholic as an made ey and the table in breathless silence as me two winters. An' she's a Catholic as an off and added up the ammounts. After this was done he drew a long breath, pushed there. "Have you a father and mother, ancy?"

"Ske'is one of the kind who help," thought met. "Have you a father and mother, ancy?"

"Ske'is one of the kind who help," thought met. "Have you a father and mother, ancy?"

"Ske'is one of the kind who help," thought off and added up the ammounts. After this was done he drew a long breath, pushed the reyes filled with tears. "Yes, mem, have, at home in Londonderry, You see, we have and interty-nine cents. One penny more to mammy!" O mammy! O mammy!

"One hundred and thirty-nine dollars and ninety-nine cents. One penny more to make the round number," he continued solemnly depositing the penny with the rest of the money.

"O you dear, precious, foolish old papa!" cried Jennie flinging her arms about his neck and crying and laughing at one. She was so happy that she must have some outbreak.

"Now we can do it!" said Clara.

'Now we can do it!" said Clara.
'Yes! Yes! Yes!" exclaimed a chorus

"Now we can do it!" said Clara.
"Yes! Yes!" ves!" exclaimed a chorus
of merry voices.
"It," as our readers have no doubt guessed
was to bring Nancy's father and mother from
England to this cou.try. That there should
be no further delay, the doctor wrote the
father by the next mail, forwarding by draft
the money for the passage of himself and
his wife.
"Now what shall we do with the remaining seventy dollars?" Janet asked.
"I would advise you to provide some
kind of home for them when they come,"
said the mother. "There is a suug little
cottage on Squire Hill's place, that he will
rent for twenty-dollars a year. Frify
dollars of the money you have made will go
far towards furnishing it comfortably, and
I have no doubt the other mothers of the
H. E. S. will give a little help."

Of course all these mighty plans were kept

of course all these mighty plans were kept a secret from poor Nancy, who unfor-tunately at this time was bed-ridden at Mrs. Halloran's, but under Dr. Moore's care, who gave much of his time and skill to the cure of his little daughter's friend

friend.

He found that her lameness was not incurable, and "the girl herself," he told his wife, "has more than ordinary intelligence and a nice sense of honor. She ought to have an education. If her father, as she says, is a skilful weaver, Phillips will give him steady work, and he can support his family comfortably, while Nancy goes to school."

But Nancy knew of no happier prospect before her than running of "arrants" again when she was once more able to leave her

bed.

One bright morning in May, Dr. Moore stopped his carriage at the door of Mrs. Halloran's little one-story house. Jane jumped out and rushed into the neat kitchen. She was greatly excited. Nancy was there. Janet was so eager that she stammered as she talked.

the mothers were inquisitive to know the meaning of it.

The club met twice a week at Jenny Moore's and as Jenny's mother seemed pleased and willing that they should use her sitting-room, everybody inferred that the object of their meeting certainly was not an objectionable one. Between these meetings the girls were all of them very busy sewing and were provokingly seeret. Two other girls were admitted to the club after termendous promises of secrecy.

They are yours. You are to keep them, a dress and shoes and hat, for you to wear. They are yours, You are to keep them, a dress and shoes and hat, for you to wear. They are yours, You are to keep them, a dress and shoes and hat, for you to wear. They are yours. You are to keep them, a dress and shoes and hat, for you to wear. They are yours, You are to keep them, a dress and shoes and hat, for you to wear. They are yours, You are to keep them, a dress and shoes and hat, for you to wear. They are yours, a vour a dress and shoes and hat, for you to wear. They are yours. You are to keep them, a dress and shoes and hat, for you to wear. They are yours. You are to keep them, a dress and shoes and hat, for you to wear. They are yours. You are to keep them, a dress and shoes and hat, for you to wear. They are yours. You are to keep them, a dress and shoes and hat, for you to wear. They are yours. You are twell enough, in your you are well enough, in your your a dress and shoes and hat, for you to wear. They are yours. You are twell enough, in your you are well enough, in you to wear. They are your a dress and shoes and hat, for you to wear. They are your a dress and shoes and hat, for you are well enough, in you to wear. They are your a dress and shoes and hat, for you to wear. They are your a dress and shoes and hat, for you are twell enough, in your you are well enough, in your you are well enough.

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is coming in at the gate! Here are our friends,"

"Daddy! Mammy! O mammy!"

"Daddy! Mammy! O mammy!"

Pale and trembling, Nancy hurried as fast as she could to the door, and with a cry, "Mammy! O mammy! O my good mammy!" clasped her mother in her arms. The father looked on with the tears streaming down his checks but not moving or saying a word. The title group passed into the kitchen, and at leagth were thoughtfully allowed to remain alone for a while, that they might talk together of themselves and of the happiness of being once more together. Then, after many friendly and encouraging words, Janet and her friends left them to the enjoyment of their new home.

home.

Matthew Houser proved to be not only a skilful weaver, but, like his wife, honest and devout. They were people who, whether rich or poor, would be an acquisition to any community. Nancy is now the principal dress-maker in the village, a happy, educated woman, and Janet's most faithful friend. Janet has never been sorry for the day which taught her to use her eyes and to take her place among the helpers of the world.— Youth's Companion.

## 'THE FIFTY-DOLLAR BILL.

Mrs. Dean sat alone in her little kitchen. She never used her parlor. There was the extravagance of an extra fire to be considered,—the fact that the best rag carpet, woven by her own skilful hands, must not be worn out too recklessly, the dread possibility of sunshine fading out those chair covers. Mrs. Dean was an economist. She believed in making everything last as long as it possibly could. And so she made the kitchen her headquarters, and sat there kintting, with her feet comfortably balanced on the stone hearth, the saucepan of apples bubbling softly away at the back, and the sound of her husband's ax ringing from the back shed as he cut and split the kindling wood, piled up there in well seasoned logs.

She was a wrinkled-faced woman of fifty,

logs.

She was a wrinkled-faced woman of fifty, with stiff ribbon bows to her cap, hair that seemed dried up instead of silvered, and keen blue eyes that twinkled as if they had discovered the secret of perpetual motion. To save money was her chief end and aim in life. The very mittens she was knitting were to be sold at the village store in exchange for tea, sugar, spices and all necessary groceries. "A penny saved is as good as a penny earned," was the golden rule by which she shaped her life.

"I'm glad I took that money out of the savings bank yesterday," said Mrs. Dean therself, as the bright needles clicked merritly away. "People say it isn't quite safe And one can't be too careful. But then therself, as the bright needles clicked merritly away. "People say it isn't quite safe And one can't be too careful. But then deep the control of the same same to burglars, though, to be sure, no burglars would ever think of looking in the folds of the old Clinkerville Clarion newspaper in the wall pocket on the wall. It's the bureau drawers, and the trunks, and the locked up chests that they aim for. A fifty-dollar built and all savings, too, out of the house money!"

Just then there came a knock at the door