

cents or eight cents, I could have divided it; but I could not divide seven cents, and so I put in all into the missionary box."

"You poor boy!" she said, and she went right off and brought me a big bowl of milk and bread. There were tears in my mother's eyes, and I said, "Pshaw, Mother! I would go without eating all day to have bread and milk taste as good as this."

But this was not what she was thinking of. It was the thought, "This little boy, my youngest, can deny himself for the sake of Jesus," that brought tears to those eyes.

When I grew to be a young man I told my mother, "I have decided to give my life to missionary work," and she wept heartily over it, but said, "I have always expected this, Cyrus," and she never said another word about it. She had already unconsciously educated me for a missionary.—*Selected.*

EVIL COMMUNICATIONS.

Nell came running over the sands to where I sat, among a great pile of rocks, pressing sea-weed.

"See what Papa has sent me!" she cried, holding out a basket of beautiful fruit. "Does it not look delicious? I am going to have some this minute, so please put up your book and taste it, too."

One by one she began taking out the peaches, pears and plums. There were many very fine ones, but, as she neared the centre of the basket, the fruit began to be speckled.

"How strange," said Nell; but in another moment she uttered an exclamation. "Oh! just see, here is a pear that is quite decayed!"

"And which accounts for the spots on all the others," I said.

"Why, how is that?" asked Nell, looking up with interest.

"It is a well-known fact," I answered, "that one speckled apple in a barrel will injure those around it, and, if left long enough, may ruin the whole."

"I never knew that before, and I suppose that must be the reason why the farmer where we were in the country last summer would never put an apple into a barrel that had fallen to the ground; he picked every one 'by hand,' as he called it," said Nell.

"Yes," I said, "one bruised windfall might have spoiled his whole barrel. But, Nell, do you know that, between us, we have preached a small sermon? Do you think that you can add the text?"

Nell shook her sunny head, and looked puzzled; but the next instant her face lighted up, and she said, "I know what you mean; it is that 'Evil communications corrupt good manners.'"

"Yes," I answered; "or, as the Revised Version has it, 'evil company doth corrupt good manners.' We cannot associate with evil companions without ourselves being tainted; one day spent in bad company, one hour with a bad book, may leave a spot on our character of which we may never be able to rid ourself."

"How very, very grave you make it seem," said Nell. "And I do not think," looking down with a serious expression at her pears and plums, "that I shall forget what you say. Is that what keeping one's self unspotted from the world means?"

"Exactly," I answered.

"Papa did not know that he was sending me a sermon," she said, a moment later, with a smile.

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