

### DANGER OF KEEPING BAD COMPANY.

The crows, one spring, began to pull up a farmer's young corn, which he determined to prevent. He loaded his gun, and prepared to give them a warm reception. The farmer had a sociable parrot, who, discovering the crows pulling up the corn, flew over and joined them. The farmer detected the crows, but did not see the parrot. He fired among them, and hastened to see what execution he had done. There lay three dead crows, and his pet parrot with ruffled feathers and a broken leg. When the bird was taken home the children asked:

"What did it papa? Who hurt our pretty poll?"

"Bad company! Bad company!" answered the parrot, in a solemn voice.

"Ay! that it was," said the farmer. "Poll was with those wicked crows when I fired, and received a shot intended for them. Remember the parrot's fate, children. Beware of bad company."

With these words the farmer turned round, and, with the aid of his wife, bandaged the broken leg, and in a few weeks the parrot was as lively as ever. But it never forgot its adventure in the cornfield; and if ever the farmer's children engaged in play with quarrelsome companions, it invariably dispersed them with the cry, "Bad company! Bad company!"

### LEARNING TO GIVE.

In the Young People's Department of the *Missionary Herald*, Mrs. Stover of West Central Africa, tells of the gifts of the young people of Bailundu, who you know have but just learned of Jesus Christ, for missionary work in Micronesia. The boys were strangely interested in the account of the people who live on the islands, and of the missionaries who hear so seldom from their homes, and though they had little to give, they wanted to do something. They had no money, for money is not used in their country. So they brought cloth and chickens, and corn

and beans, and other articles which they could raise, and sold them to the missionaries. A yard of cloth is worth as much to them as a dollar is to a child in America, and yet these poor children of Africa brought for the "Morning Star Mission" the value of twenty-three yards of cloth! Was not that a genuine gift? It is worth while to send the gospel to people who prize it so dearly, and who seek so eagerly to give it to others.—*Sel.*

### THE LITTLE ALASKAN CHILD.

In *Gospel of all Lands*, we find the following true story about a little Indian girl in Alaska. She was sad and neglected. No one cared for her. Her hair was tangled; face and hands dirty; and her only garment, a cotton dress, was faded and soiled. One day this little girl found her way into a mission school and was gladly received by the teacher, who had come to bless just such poor little waifs. Soon the Indians gave the child to the teacher, who took her home. In six months she learned to speak English and to read the English Testament; also to write and sew, and do many kinds of housework. She became tidy, pleasant-mannered, clean, and happy.

After she had been with the teacher awhile, there grew up in her heart a great desire for a doll, only a cheap little doll, such as we can buy for sixpence.

That afternoon at the school the lesson was about Christ, who gave up so much, and for our sakes became poor. This made the little girl wish to do something to show her gratitude to the dear Saviour who had done so much for her. That night, when bed-time came, she carried to the teacher her sixpence, which was to buy the doll she wanted so much, and said, "Teacher, divide; Jesus half, me half." She was willing to wait a little longer for her doll, so that Jesus might have part of her money! How many of our young readers are willing to make as much sacrifice to teach just such needy children as this child once was.