

soldiers, who were always getting up Indian fights. Every boy who went to muster had his money given him to buy gingerbread and other confections, on that great day. Now, I remember almost as well as though it were yesterday, a bright September morning when I started for the muster. My mother gave me seven cents to buy gingerbread for my enjoyment during the day; and a cent then would buy a pretty large piece of gingerbread. I was rich, and my mother was generous.

I was thinking how I could spend all that money in one day, when my mother said, "Perhaps, Cyrus, you will put a cent or two into Mrs. Farris' contribution box as you go by."

Mrs. Farris used to take the box home with her on Sunday; and persons not at the meeting might stop at her house during the week and drop in a few cents.

As I went along I kept thinking. My mother said "a cent or two." I wished she had told me to put in one cent, or two cents; but there it was: "Perhaps, Cyrus, you will put in a cent or two."

As I turned it over in my mind during the first mile of my walk, I thought, "Well, I will put in two cents." Then I began to reason with myself: "How would that look? Two cents for the heathen, and five cents for gingerbread." It didn't satisfy my ideas very well, because we always read the missionary news in the *Foreign Recorder* every Sunday, and then the *Missionary Herald* came every month; so we kept full of all the missionary news there was, and my conscience was a little tender on that subject. Two cents didn't look right, and after awhile I began to think that I would put three cents in the missionary box.

I went on for a time with a good deal of comfort after I had come to this decision. But by and by the old reasoning and comparison came back to me. "Four cents for gingerbread, and three cents for the souls of the heathen." How was I to get rid of that? I thought I would change it to four for the heathen, and three for gingerbread. Nobody could complain of that.

Then I thought of the other boys, who would be sure to ask, "How many cents have you got to spend?" and I should be ashamed if I had only three cents. I said, "I wish mother had given me six cents, or eight cents; then it would be easy to decide; but now I don't know what to do." I got to Mrs. Farris' house and went in. I remember just how I felt, to this day. I got hold of my seven cents, and thought, "I might as well drop them all in, and then there will be no trouble," and so I did.

After that I went off immensely well satisfied with what I had done. I was quite puffed up, and enjoyed it hugely till about noon, when I began to be hungry. I played shy of the gingerbread stand; didn't want to go there; went off around where the soldiers were having their

dinner, and wished somebody would throw me a bone.

Well, I stood it without a mouthful till about four o'clock, and then I started for home. I can remember just how I felt when I got in sight of my home. It seemed as if my knees would fail me—they felt worse than they do now; I could hardly drag myself along. But as soon as I reached the house, I cried, "Mother, do give me something to eat; I'm as hungry as a bear; I haven't eaten a mouthful all day."

"Why, Cyrus, where is the money I gave you this morning?"

"Mother, you didn't give it to me right. If you had given me six cents, or eight cents, I could have divided it, but I couldn't divide seven cents, and so I put it all into the missionary box."

She said, "You poor boy!" and she went right off and brought me a big bowl of bread and milk; and I don't think I ever ate as much bread and milk before. 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 that wasn't what she was thinking of; no mother here would interpret it in that way. It was the thought, "This little boy, my youngest, can deny himself for the sake of Jesus," that brought the tears to those loving eyes.

Now if there are any mothers here who want their children to go as missionaries, that is the way to train them for missionaries.

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.

I have often thought, in looking back over my boyhood, that out of that missionary box came six missionaries who have done long and good work. We never thought of it then, but that is my interpretation of it now. One of the missionaries is the man who saved the Telugu Mission when his Mission Board thought of giving it up. They told him they wouldn't send him back, and he said, "You needn't send me, back, but I shall go back. As I have lived, so shall I die, among the Telugus." They couldn't do anything with such an obstinate man, so they said, "When you die, we do not want the heathen to pitch you into a hole and cover you up; we want you to have a Christian burial, and this young man shall go back with you."

I think in five years after their arrival they baptized five thousand converts. That was the Rev. Dr. Jewett, of the Telugu Mission. When we were boys we used to attend the same church and look at each other through the loopholes in the high pews. I have always felt as if he came out of that missionary box. I am sure I did, but I didn't know it at the time.—*Selected.*