

teaches that there are a great many devils or malignant spirits to whom sacrifices should be made; the third believes in the soul passing through different bodies, and that the best thing is to lose all thought and feeling and desire. Many of the people believe in and use all three religions.

HE GAVE THE SEVEN CENTS.

FOR A BOY'S BAND.

LESS than a hundred years ago a boy named Cyrus awakened one morning with bright anticipations, for this was the day for "fall training of militia muster." To participate in this affair was the greatest military glory imaginable. There was the colonel on his magnificent horse; the fifers and drummers; the militia men. There used often to be Indians there, and about twenty or twenty-five old Revolutionary soldiers who were always getting up Indian fights. Every boy who went to muster had his gingerbread and other confections on that great day.

On this bright September morning the mother of Cyrus gave him seven cents to buy gingerbread, and as one cent could buy a large piece he felt rich, and was thinking how he could spend so much money in one day, when his mother said: "Perhaps, Cyrus, you will put a cent or two in Mrs. Farris's missionary box as you go by."

As he went along he wished that mother had said just how much he had best give. During the first mile he thought it over and over and concluded to put in two cents. Cyrus knew a good deal about the wants of the heathen and pitied them very much, so he reasoned with himself. "How would that look? Two cents for the heathen and five cents for gingerbread." That seemed too little, so after a while he decided to give three cents. This made his conscience comfortable for a time, but the question came "Four cents for gingerbread and three cents for the soul of the heathen? Then I thought of the other boys who would be sure to ask 'How many cents have you got to spend?' and I would be ashamed if I only had three cents."

Not knowing what to do when he reached Mrs. Farris's house he concluded to drop the seven cents and save more trouble. He felt quite "satisfied" and "puffed up" until about noon, when he began to be hungry. He stood it until about four o'clock, when he started for home weak in the knees and as hungry as a bear. His mother's bowl of bread and milk never tasted so delicious and there were tears in her eyes because her youngest boy could deny himself for the sake of Jesus.

When Cyrus grew to be a man and told his mother that he was going to Turkey as a missionary she only said, "I always expected it, Cyrus."

That boy was the great Cyrus Hamlin, one of the translators of the Bible into the Turkish language to be read by thousands of darkened minds; a man who is honored by the whole Christian Church. A penny put out at interest at the beginning of the Christian era would now roll up an almost incredible fortune, but a self-denying offering from love to Jesus pays very different interest in souls saved, which will shine forever as gems in the Saviour's crown.—*Pres. Journal.*

GOOD RULES.

Say nothing you would not like God to hear.

Do nothing you would not like God to see.

Write nothing you would not like God to read.

Go to no place where you would not like God to find you.

Read no book of which you would not like God to say, "Show it me."

Never spend your time in such a way that you would not like God to say, "What art thou doing?"

BE PROMPT.

Don't live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through it, from beginning to end. Work, play, study, whatever it is, take hold at once, and finish it up squarely; then to the next thing, without letting any moments drop between. It is wonderful to see how many hours these prompt people contrive to make of a day; it is as if they picked up the moments that the dawdlers lost. And if ever you find yourself where you have so many things pressing upon you, that you hardly know how to begin, let me tell you a secret; take hold of the very first one that comes to hand and you will find the rest all fall into file, and follow after, like a company of well-drilled soldiers; and though work may be hard to meet when it charges in a squad, it is easily vanquished if you can bring it into line. You may have often seen the anecdote of the man who was asked how he had accomplished so much in his life. "My father taught me," was the reply, "when I had anything to do, to go and do it." There is the secret—the magic word, *now!*