

QUICK TRAINS.



THE first train leaves at six P. M.,
For the land where the poppy blows;
The mother dear is the engineer,
And the passenger laughs and crows.

The palace car is the mother's arms;
The whistle a low, sweet strain;
The passenger winks, and nods, and blinks,
And goes to sleep in the train.

At eight P. M. the next train starts
For the poppy land afar,
The summons clear falls on the ear,
"All aboard for the sleeping car!"

But what is the fare to poppy land?
I hope it is not too dear;
The fare is this—a little one's kiss—
And it's paid to the engineer.

So I ask of Him who children took
On His knee in kindness great,
"Take charge, I pray, of the trains each day,
That leave at six and eight.

"Keep watch on the passengers," thus I pray,
For to me they are very dear;
"And special ward, O gracious Lord,
O'er the gentle engineer."

THE BOOK OF LIFE.

"MOTHER!" exclaimed my little Jeanie,
running to me in an ecstasy of delight;
"see what a beautiful book
Father has given me! And only see.
Mother, my name is written in it, so
everybody will know its mine, and nobody can
rub it out!"

Like the lightning's flash came into my mind
our Saviour's words: "Rejoice, because your
names are written in heaven."

"Mother, do you know why Father gave
this book to me?"

"No, Jeanie, I have forgotten."

"Why, don't you recollect, I always said
'wait a minute,' when you told me to do any-
thing; and he said, if I wouldn't say it for one
whole month, he would give me something;
but I didn't think it would be anything so
beautiful as this book."

"It is a very pretty book, Jeanie, but I know
of one more beautiful, in which I trust my
darling's name will be written."

"O Mamma, what sort of a book is it? What
is it called?"

"Our Saviour called it the Book of Life,
and He said we must rejoice over our names
being written in it more than over anything in
the world."

"Is everybody's name written there, Mam-
ma?"

"No, my darling, only the names of those
who love Jesus while they are on earth, and
try to serve Him."

"How can I serve Him, Mamma? I don't
know anything I can do for Him."

"Yes, my child, you can do something for
Him every moment in the day. Kind words,
little things done because we love Christ—in all
these we serve Him. This morning, Tommy
asked you to help him tie his wagon; you re-
fused, saying you were in a hurry. If you had
given up your own pleasure and helped him,
because Jesus says we must love and be kind
to each other, you would have served Christ."

"O Mamma, I didn't know such a little thing
as that was serving Christ."

"Why, my daughter, have you forgotten
what Jesus said of the cup of cold water, given
for His sake? Our lives are made up of little
things that happen every day, and what we do
for Christ's sake is put down in His Book of
Remembrance. You overcame a bad habit for
the reward of this pretty book; remember that
Jesus promises all the glorious things of heaven
to every one that overcomes temptation and
sin, and serves Him truly."—*Selected.*

CATCHING THE SUNBEAMS.



LITTLE WILLIE laughed and clapped
his hands and then stretched them out
to catch the pretty sunlight that
streamed in upon his bed in the crib.
All the children laughed, and Charley
said, "Silly baby." "Not so silly, after
all; it's a very pretty thought," said mamma.
"It's what God wants all His children to do—
catch the sunbeams. Look at baby's face and
see." And, sure enough, the little fellow had
bent his head forward until the golden light was
on his rosy cheeks and bright curls. "I think
I know what mamma means," said Louie,
looking into the baby's laughing face. "She
means catch the—happy, and be glad in-
stead of cross." "That is it," said mamma.
"There is happiness all around us. If we try
to catch it for ourselves and make others happy,
too, will not that be like sunshine? Yes, and if
things do not go just right, we can call it cloudy
weather. But we can be cheery, and so make
sunbeams."

WHAT gift can we make to God so worthy,
so acceptable to Him, as ourselves, our souls
and bodies, to be used always and only in His
service? He asks for them; He longs for them;
He needs them. He asks not only for our
hearts, but for our bodies too, with all their
young strength, their bright life, their joyful
vigor. Do not keep them back from Him.
Give Him the service of your lips, your hands,
your feet. Whatever you do, do it for Him.
Let your feet walk only in His ways. Let
your hands grow skilful for Him, your voice
sweet to sing His praise. Let nothing that is
wrong, impure, unholy tempt you from Him;
but be His wholly, in thought, word, and deed.