

THE TRAIN THAT RUNS TO ETERNITY.

AS I was travelling to a certain town, the train stopped, and a lady entered the carriage I was in. She was blowing and panting, for she had been running to catch the train, and as she wiped her face she says, "How I perspire! I was very nearly too late!"

Said I, "Ay, ma'am, you might catch cold and die from such a run as that."

"I might, sir, indeed," she replied.

"And did you ever think, ma'am, about getting ready for the other train?"

"What train is that, sir?"

"Why, the train that runs through the valley of the shadow of death."

"Well, to be sure, sir, we ought to think about that." "But I've never had much time to think about it!"

"But, my dear lady, you'll have to find time to die. Haven't you had some friends that have had time to die?"

"Yes, sir," she says, beginning to weep. "A year ago my mother died! But, indeed, I go to church, and I take the sacrament, and I try to do my best."

"Yes; but you may do all that, and go to hell!"

"Well," says she, "what else should I do?"

"Now suppose," said I, "I was standing in yonder station, and saw you running in breathless haste, and I knew the train was just about to start. I come to meet you, and ask you where you are going. I pay for your ticket and offer it to you; but you say, 'No, thank you, I've got plenty of money.' And so, while you are finding your purse, you lose the train. Now, you see, it is your pride that has hindered you from going. But suppose another case. You have got a letter to say that if you come to a certain place by twelve o'clock to-morrow, you will receive the title-deeds to a large estate. But you have no money to pay your fare. When you come to the station I see an anxiety and perplexity on your face. I ask you, 'what's the matter?' and you tell me. If I gave you a ticket, you would willingly and eagerly take it, and say, 'Thank you, sir; I'm very much obliged to you.' Now if you want a free passage, Christ gives it

you. And you might have it in this railway-carriage. We'll just pray a bit!" So I prayed with her, and she found Christ in the railway-carriage.

I visited her some time after, and found her on her dying bed. I asked her how she was. "Oh," she said, "I haven't lost my ticket, bless God; I've got my ticket all the way through."

R. WEAVER.

"HE IS ABLE."

SOMETIMES we hear a man say, "I am not a Christian, but I admire Christianity and would like to be a Christian," but a railroad man can't be a Christian." This only proves that such a one lacks that one essential to being a Christian; that is confidence in Christ and his word. All that you need is to be persuaded that He is able to keep you from falling. He has said, "I will in no wise cast out." "I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish." "Whosoever will may come." To deny that these words apply to railroad men, is to call Christ a liar, when we know better. The question, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great a salvation?" has no answer.

INFIDELITY removes nothing that is bad. It only ridicules and denounces all that is good. It tears down, it never constructs; it destroys, it never imparts life; it attacks religion, but it offers no adequate substitute.

PROGRAMME OF MEETINGS.

Sunday Gospel & Song Services.

Union Station.

AT 3 P.M.

JAN. 4.—Jos. Greene and P. A. Hertz.

" 11.—Jno. Wood and Jno. Johnston.

" 18.—W. C. Jex and W. Marks.

" 25.—R. Connors and A. Saunders.

Meetings at York discontinued until further notice.