

the face will not return to what it was before, but the strings will become stiff, like wires, and the face will keep wearing all the time the ugly look it has put on. By giving way to sin, or indulging their bad feelings, some people get their faces worked up to such a dreadful look, that the moment you see them, you can tell what their character is.

Any face, however lovely, if it has the passion of anger often pulling at it, will get at last to wear all the time a sullen, cross, dissatisfied look. Or, if any man loves money better than anything else, and is sordidly selfish, this will pull a set of strings that will fix a close, mean, grasping look upon his face, so that as you pass him you will be ready to say, "There goes a miser." Or, if one learns to lie and steal, his face will show it by-and-by; it will be impossible for him to put on an honest truthful look.

My dear children, don't let anger, or pride, or passion get hold of the "little strings" of your faces, they will make you appear so ugly that no one will love to look at you. But let love, and gentleness, and goodwill, and truth, and honesty and all the other Christian graces have hold of them, and they will make your faces beautiful and lovely.—*Dr. Newton.*

THE RAILWAY SWITCH TENDER AND HIS CHILD.

Oh! the value, the great value to youth, of a prompt obedience to parental commands! An anecdote strikingly illustrative of this, as well as setting forth Christian heroism of an exalted character, has recently occurred in Prussia. On one of the railroads in that country, a switch-tender was just taking his place, in order to turn a train then in sight, on to a different track, to prevent a collision with a train approaching in a contrary direction. Just at this moment, on turning his head, he discerned his little son playing on the track of the advancing engine. What could he do? Thought was quick at such a moment of peril! He might spring to his child and rescue him, but he could not do this and turn the switch in time, and for want of that, hundreds of lives might be lost. Although in sore trouble, he could not neglect his great duty, but exclaiming with a loud voice to his son, "Lie down," he laid hold of the switch, and saw the train safely turned on to its proper track. His boy, accustomed to obedience, did as his father commanded him, and the fearful heavy train thundered over him. Little did the passengers dream, as they found themselves quietly resting on that turn-out, what terrible anguish their approach had that day caused to one noble heart. The father rushed to where his boy lay, fearful lest he should find only a mangled corpse; but, to his great joy and thankful gratitude, he found him alive and unharmed. Prompt obedience had saved him. Had he paused to argue, to reason whether it were best—death, and fearful mutilation of body, would have resulted. The circumstances connected with this event were made known to the King of Prussia, who, the next day sent for the man and presented him with a medal of honor for his heroism.