

THE GOSPEL TRAIN.

THE Gospel train is coming,  
I hear it just at hand!  
I hear its echoes waking,  
And sounding through the land!  
It's coming 'round the mountain,  
By the rivers and the lakes,  
The SAVIOUR is on board it!  
Controlling steam and brakes.

It's nearing now the station,  
Say! shall it come in vain?  
O come, secure your ticket,  
In time to take the train.  
The fare is low, and ALL may go,  
The rich and poor are there;  
No second-class aboard the train!  
No difference in the fare!

The train is at the platform now,  
'Twill soon pass up the line!  
O now you have a chance to go,  
But the train must make her time.  
No red flag!—not another train  
To follow on the line!  
O signer, you're forever LOST,  
If once you're left behind!

This train has ne'er run off the track!  
Has passed through every land!  
Millions redeemed from sin on board!  
O come and join the band.  
A FREE PASS Jesus offers  
Through to the heavenly shore!  
Now all aboard!—NOW ALL ABOARD!  
There's room for millions more.

A THOUSAND EYES.

IN a recent lecture Mr. John B. Gough said that though he had been speaking before large audiences for so many years, he never arose to speak, and felt conscious that a thousand eyes were turned upon him, without experiencing a feeling of shrinking and apprehension. Have you ever thought that a thousand eyes, several times over, are constantly turned upon you, and that every act of yours that goes to make up your character and life is seen and read by all these eyes? Though you may be unconscious of it, such is the fact. The owners of many of these eyes are friendly to you; they sympathize with you, rejoice with you in your successes, and are grieved with you at your failures. The owners of many others of these eyes are entirely indifferent to you until you make a mistake or commit a wrong. Then they are ready to pronounce sharp judgment against you. The owners of others are unfriendly to you, and are rather pleased when you fall into sin or disgrace; and some even are ready to lead you out of the right and into the wrong. But be assured of one thing—that among all these eyes your acts are scanned and your life is known; even your secret sins, which you think privacy and darkness can hide, are shown quite as well as you know them to yourself. Added to all these there is one more Eye. It is greater, more far-reaching, and more penetrating than all others put together. This Eye looks down into your secret heart, and discerns every feeling and thought before you can frame them into words or acts. Before this Eye our whole being is but transparent glass; and no darkness of night, or of mountain cavern, or of ocean depth can hide us or our faintest thoughts from His penetrating gaze. Before the thousand eyes looking out from every point of the compass, and discovering all our steps, and before the one Eye gazing upon us out of the depths of the all-surrounding universe, we should walk with the utmost carefreeness, striving to preserve heart and mind and thought in purity. "The eye in heart shall see God."

—Which is the best of the four seasons for arithmetic? The summer.

AN HONEST LITTLE BEGGAR.

IN one of the most beautiful market places in Brunswick, Germany, is a fine residence, very curiously ornamented. On the most conspicuous corner, facing the market-place, is a life-sized statue of a ragged beggar-boy, placed just above the first-story window. The holes in the knees and elbows are so perfectly cut in the stone, that you would almost think you were looking at Carolo himself. Over each window of the first and second stories, a beggar's hat is carved in the stone, instead of the ornaments usually placed there.

The gentleman who built the house did this because he wished never to forget that he had been a poor boy, and to remind all who saw it that "Honesty is the best policy."

A great many years before, a German count, living in the same town, took a journey into Italy. One day, while driving through the streets of Rome, he found himself pursued by a crowd of half-famished children begging for money. He took no notice of them, and by degrees they all went away but one, little Carolo, who, perhaps more hungry than the rest, persevered, until the count, to get rid of his cries, threw out a handful of small coins into the boy's ragged hat. The boy, turning away satisfied, sat down in the shade to rest and count his money.

As he took the coins one by one out of his cap, to his surprise he found a large and valuable gold piece among them. The Italian children are too often thieves as well as beggars, but Carolo was not. His mother had taught him to be honest; so his first thought was to find the gentleman again, and return the gold piece. All day long he ran through the streets, and at last, toward night, he found again the gay carriage of the count standing before a shop, and he soon told the nobleman of his mistake.

The gentleman was so pleased with the honesty of the child that he obtained the mother's consent, and took him with him to Germany. There he educated him, adopted him as his own son, and finally left him all his large fortune.

Carolo has been dead many years, but the old house still remains, keeping ever fresh the story of his early need, and the pure teaching of his humble mother; proving, too, the truth of the proverb, "Honesty is the best policy."

OUR WONDERFUL HOUSE.

OUR WONDERFUL house have I,  
That God has made for me,  
With windows to see the sky,  
And keepers strong and free.

The door has a tuneful harp—  
A mill to grind my bread—  
And there is a golden bowl,  
A beautiful golden thread.

A fountain is in the house;  
A pitcher lies at hand;  
And strong men God has given  
To bear me o'er the land.

The keepers must work for God;  
The harp must sing his praise;  
The windows look to heaven;  
The strong men walk His ways.

And when this house shall fall,  
As death at last shall come,  
The good have a better house  
Above in Jesus' name.

THE BOY AND THE BOATMEN.

A YOUNG man was once rowing me across the Merrimac River in a boat. Some boatmen going down the river with lumber had drawn up their boat and anchored it in the spot where the boy wished to land me.

"There!" he exclaimed, "these boatmen have left their boat right in my way!"

"What did they do that for?" I asked.

"On purpose to plague me," said he, "but I will cut it loose, and let it go down the river. I would have them know I can be as ugly as they can."

"But, my lad," said I, "you should not plague them because they plague you. Because they are ugly to you is no reason why you should be so to them. Besides, how do you know they did it to vex and trouble you?"

"But they had no business to leave it there—it is against the rules," said he.

"True," I replied; and you have no business to send their boat down the river. Would it not be better to ask them to remove it out of the way?"

"They will not comply if I do," said the angry boy; "and they will do so again."

"Well, try for once," said I. "Just run your boat a little above or a little below theirs, and see if they will not favor you when they see you give way to accommodate them."

The boy complied; and when the men in the boat saw the little fellow quietly and pleasantly pulling at his oars to run his boat ashore above them, they took hold and helped him, and wheeled their boat around, giving him all the chance he wished. Thus, by submitting pleasantly to what he believed was done to vex him, the boy prevented a quarrel. Had he cut the rope at that time and place, and let the boat loose, it would have done the boatmen much damage. There would have been a fight, and many would have been drawn into it. But the boy, who considered himself the injured party, prevented it all by a kind and pleasant submission to the injury.

THREE IMPORTANT QUESTIONS.

"WHAT AM I?" I am one of God's creatures, endowed with superior faculties to those possessed by the fishes in the sea, the beasts on the earth, and the birds in the air; those faculties are given me for the glory of God and the good of my fellow-creatures. I have a body which in a little time will moulder in the dust from whence it sprung, and I have a soul which will live for ever in happiness or misery.

"WHERE AM I?" In a world wherein there is much sin and sorrow, in which God has placed me for a short time. This world is passing away; my days are short, I must soon die.

"WHITHER AM I GOING?" I am going to happiness or to misery, to heaven or to hell. If I am one treading the way of evil, and scorning that sacrifice for sin which God hath provided in his Son Jesus Christ, I shall perish. If I am taught of God to seek for pardon and grace; if I have the gift of faith to cling to the cross of the Redeemer, and depend for salvation on the Saviour of sinners, I shall live forever. If I am living in sin, I am going to hell! If I live on Christ, I am going to heaven! That is whither I am going."

A POEM FROM BIBLE TEXTS.

The following poem, formed from different Bible texts, is worth preserving:—

Cling to the Mighty One,	Pa. lxxxix : 19.
Cling in thy grief.	Heb. xii : 11
Cling to the Holy One,	Heb. xii : 11
He gives relief,	Pa. cxvi : 6
Cling to the Gracious One,	Pa. cxvi : 3.
Cling in thy pain;	Pa. iv : 4
Cling to the Faithful One,	1. Thess. v : 25
He will sustain.	Pa. iv : 24.

Cling to the Living One,	Heb. vii : 25
Cling to thy woe;	Pa. lxxxvi : 7
Cling to the Living One,	1. John iv : 16
Through all b low;	Rom. vii : 38, 39
Cling to the Pardoning One	John xiv : 47
He speaketh peace;	John xv : 23
Cling to the Healing One,	Exod. xv : 25.
Anguish shall cease.	Pa. cxvii : 47.

Cling to the Bleeding One,	1. John ii : 27
Cling to his side;	John xv : 27.
Cling to the Risen One,	Rom. vi : 9.
In Him abide;	John xv : 4.
Cling to the Coming One,	Rev. xxii : 20.
Hope shall arise;	Titus ii : 13.
Cling to the Reigning One,	Pa. xvii : 1.
Joy lights thine eyes.	Pa. xvi : 11.

A HOMELY WOMAN'S CHARM.

GIRLS who think that it is necessary to be beautiful in order to be attractive, should get bravely over that notion. A young lady's plainness—which, by the way, saves her from a great many annoyances and dangers—need detract nothing from her loveliness if only her disposition is amiable, her mind cultured, and her heart kind and pure.

The story is told of a famous lady who once reigned in Paris society, that she was so homely that her mother said one day, "My poor child, you are too ugly for any one to ever fall in love with you."

From this time, Madame de Circourt began to be very kind to the pauper children of the village, to the servants of the household, even the birds that hopped about the garden walks. She was always distressed if she happened to be unable to render service.

This good-will toward everybody made her the idol of the city. Though her complexion was sallow, her gray eyes small and sunken, yet she held in devotion to her the greatest men of her time. Her unselfish interest in others made her, it is said, perfectly irresistible. Her life furnishes a valuable lesson.—*National Farmer.*

HISTORY OF A BEAN.

THE history of a single bean, accidentally planted in a garden at South-bridge, Mass., is traced by a newspaper correspondent, who figured out its produce for three years. The bean was planted in a rich, loamy soil, and when gathered in the autumn its yield as counted "was 1,515 perfectly developed beans from a single stalk. Now, if a single bean produced 1,515 beans, and each produced 1,515 more, the sum total of the second year's product would be 2,295,225, equal to 1,195 pounds, 597 quarts, or 2,390 army rations, equal to eighteen and five-eighths bushels. This would be the product for the second year. Now, if we plant this product and the yield is the same we have a product of 5,268,058, 800,625 beans, equal to 1,371,890 tons, or 42,871,572 bushels, or 548,753,958 soldiers' rations. This third planting would give the steamship "Great Eastern" ninety-two full freights."

—"I fear you don't quite apprehend me," as the jail-bird said to his baffled pursuers.