

Choose you this day whom ye will serve.

Joshua xxiv. 15.

ARE THE SIGNALS ALL RIGHT ?

Welcome, band of true toilers!
Who by hundreds are found
In each Company's service,
On the railways around;
There's a question that concerns
Ev'ry soul in God's sight:

Are you happy in Jesus?
Are the "Signals all Right"?

Cho.—With a clear shining light,
Is your lamp burning bright?
Are you happy in Jesus.
And the "Signals all Right"?

By the red lights of danger,
Have you left the down line?
By the green lights of caution,
Have you knowledge divine?

Can you say when on duty,
Either day-time or night,
"I am happy in Jesus?
And the 'Signals all Right' "?

With a clear shining light, etc.

With a love for Christ's service,
And your soul well supplied
With inspired directions,
Fully tested and tried;
With the switch set for Heaven,
With the rails all right,—
Are you happy in Jesus,
With the "Signals all Right?"

With a clear shining light, etc.

And when your last trip
On the road shall be run,
And Life's train shall in triumph
To the terminus come,
Will you sing, as you're nearing
Heaven's shores of delight,—
Praise the Lord! Hallelujah!
All the "Signals are Right"

With a clear shining light, etc.

THE world is out of tune, and our
hearts are out of tune, and the more our
souls vibrate to the music of heaven,
the more must they feel the discords of
earth.

THE ROTTEN SLEEPER.

"CLINK-CLANK! Clink-Clank!
Thud!" were the sounds
which roused me from my
sleep one night. It was the
night gang of the platelayers
busy with their most useful
work. I therefore began to comfort
my wakeful self with the thought that,
perhaps, many lives and limbs were
being preserved, and even took unto
myself the cheap credit of a sort of fel-
lowship in the good work!

Thus, as I lay now broad awake, I
had leisure to note what was passing
with my friends outside. The noise of
the pick and shovel continued almost
without cessation, as one by one
chairs were sounded, ballast put in
position, line gauged—when suddenly
the foreman cried out, "Stop a bit,
lads, let's have a look at that. Bring
the lantern." Scrape, scrape. "Out
with it, it's rotten. How did it pass be-
fore?" A very few strokes, and the rot-
ten wood gave way; two of the gang
were sent to the trolley, and a new one
was brought and dropped with a re-
sounding noise that had no rottenness
in it. More scraping, wrenching, sho-
velling, and hammering, and the line
was soon intact again, with a sound
sleeper where the unsound one had
been such a source of danger.

"Only fit to burn," mused I, as the
men passed on out of sound. The words
"rotten" and "sleeper" formed strange
connections in my still waking thoughts.
I remembered the Lord's Parable of the
Virgins; *all slept*, it is true, but half
of them *had no oil*; Jonah, in his dis-
obedience, and the shipmen's cry,
"What meanest thou, O sleeper!" The
counter passage in Eph. v. 14, "Awake
thou that sleepest, and arise from
among the dead ones, and Christ shall
give thee light." "Whited sepulchres,
full of dead men's bones" (Matt. xxiii.
27). All alike indicating your state and
my state by nature, as in Romans iii.

His servants ye are to whom ye obey.

Romans vi. 16.