

Poetry.

THE CALL.

There's a call for faithful laborers in the vineyard of the Lord.
Where the ruthless hand of Satan has been scattering tares abroad;
Tis a call that must be answered—are you ready to begin?

To extend the glorious gospel o'er a world that's dead in sin!
CHURCH.—Go and labor in the vineyard.
Ye that love the Saviour's name!
Go and labor in the vineyard
To the world his love proclaim.

Hark! a cry comes o'er the ocean, from the islands of the sea,
From the heathen and the savage in their dark idolatry—
"Come and help us in our blindness—clear the mists of sin away,
Let the lands that lie in darkness see the gospel's glorious ray."

CHURCH.—Go and labor in the vineyard, etc.
But the call for help sounds nearer, in the city's noisy street,
From the friendless and the homeless who with weary, aching feet
Tread the ways of death unheeded, save by his all-seeing eye,
That can count the stars of heaven, and yet marks the sparrow die.

CHURCH.—Go and labor in the vineyard, etc.
Lo! the field is white for harvest, but the reapers there are few,
And the hand that tills the sickle must be bold and strong and true;
For the fields in which we labor spread far over sea and land.

"Preach my gospel to all nations," was our Saviour's great command!
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The Fireside.

THE BIBLE-READING ENGINEER.

The "Gold Leaf" Express was waiting the usual half hour for P— in order to connect with the northern mail.

While my party were regaling themselves on muddy coffee in the little restaurant near by, I gladly availed myself of the opportunity to indulge in a brisk walk up and down the long depot platform after my long and wearisome ride from Cleveland.

While enjoying the grateful exercise, I could not help noticing the huge, shapely locomotive as it stood with its bright cylinder, dome, whistle, and polished letters "Jay's" on its jacket, glistening in the sun of that pleasant November day.

The engineer, a stoutly built gray-haired man was "diligent" and making everything ready for the onward trip with the absorbed air of one who feels that he is entirely by himself, a demagogue which is usually noticeable in an engineer who feels the responsibility of his position.

The kindly expression of his face as he glanced up to me when I passed a moment admiring the shining bars of the cylinders which was polished to the last degree of brilliancy, encouraged me to accost him on the common place remark—

"You have run an engine a good many years, sir, I presume."

"Long enough to have learned the trade pretty thoroughly," he replied, rather curtly. But I was not to be easily rebuffed for I meant to assure him that mine was not a mere passing curiosity, and I went on "You have a splendid machine, and it is beautifully taken care of, as such an engine deserves to be. It is a Rogers, I see, with an improved Bissot track. Do you like it?"

"It's the best six wheeler that was ever run," replied the engineer, his face now kindling with surprised pleasure; and as for the tracks, nothing could be better, it seems to me. But I don't often see a lady who knows a Rogers from a Danforth, or a Hickley, or any other kind of track matter."

"I read the Journal," I said, "and sometimes write for it. My only brother used to be a locomotive engineer, and having a natural bent towards mechanics myself, I always enjoy seeing a nice machine, and have a genuine regard for its controlling spirit, the driver. Then, I always feel an additional sense of security on board when I know the engine is run by a member of the 'Brotherhood.' I see you are one."

"It is really one of the best and most useful organizations in the country," said he, the lines of his manly, handsome face still further softening as he mechanically put his hand up to a wedge-pin fastened to his necktie; "I was one of the first on this road to join it."

After a few explanations which elicited the fact that he had been personally acquainted with my brother, he grew quite communicative.

"I have run on this road twenty-five years," said he, "first as a fireman, then they set me up to drive a switch engine. I went from that to a general train, from that to freight, and now I have the best machine and the best 'run' on the road. The 'Gold Leaf Express' they call it along the line; the sleeping cars, the Pullman palace cars, the tender and my cab are all so elaborately painted and gilded."

"I was nothing when they all were glistening in this bright sunlight," I said. "I suppose from the fact of your many promotions on the road, you have met with uninterrupted good luck, based, of course, on your conscientious carefulness."

"I have never met with an accident that was attended with serious results, thank God," he replied, not in the least boasting tone, but with a reverent, and I think that one reason of it comes from the fact that I always carry my Bible in the cab. Do you see it up there?" he pointed up to the pretty upholstered cab, where, just in front of the engineer's seat, between the steam gauge and the lookout window, on a bracket like device, a small Bible was held open where the eyes of this Christian engineer could fall upon its pages at any moment.

"I have read the good book from back to back several times at home," continued he, "and by having it placed here in this manner before me I have been able to commit many passages to memory. Sometimes it has been a wonderful comfort to me; one time in particular, the strength as well as comfort I derived from one glance at a passage on the open page was astonishing."

"How was that?" I asked, greatly interested.

"Well, madam, it is something I seldom speak of," he said, handing up his oil can to the fireman, and wiping his hands on a bunch of cotton waste, "but I don't mind telling you now—yes, there was a time, 'glancing at the pretty clock in the cab."

"You see I was running on the lower end of the road at the time, and my train was an 'express passenger' which came out of the city before daylight usually with a dozen or so heavily loaded coaches. Perhaps you remember, if you have been over the road so much, where the track crosses the river which, you know, is the inlet to the harbor. Being a port of considerable importance, of course, provisions had to be made for the shipping to pass above."

"There was a man stationed at this point to signal to the approaching train whether the bridge was open or not. Yes, it was a dangerous place, the means to avert danger there are better now but

after I had run over the bridge twice a day for eighteen months or more and always found everything all right, I came to look upon that point the same as I did upon any other piece of the road. "My express was a fast train always, and on the night of which I am speaking I was a little behind time, and so, running somewhat faster than usual in order to make up. As I approached the bridge I looked for the signal, as it was second nature to me to do. The flag-man gave the customary all right signal, as usual on such a point, and I was on a curve of the track leading around to the river."

"I had no more time than barely to notice that the man was a new hand, in place of 'Lame Jim,' who I had without a single exception, always found at that post, before we came in full view of the bridge. To my horror it was wide open, and a gulf of nearly fifty feet in depth was yawning before me and my ponderous train."

"I glanced up to my open Bible; my eye fell on the word, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.' The bumping sense of utter helplessness that for the instant had pervaded both soul and body as it were, all vanished now, and I became as calm as you see me at this moment."

"You know, madam, that the duties of a locomotive engineer are such that oftentimes he has to decide (it may be only a mere movement of his arm, or the kind of a look he gives his fireman)—such a terrible emergency especially in the shortest conceivable space of time. In this instance I had no time to consider, and if I had, I suppose I should have done exactly as I did: whistle for brakes (it was before air brakes came into use) and reverse my engine."

"The fireman did not need to be told to do his best upon the tender brakes, as he rapidly tightened them up with the whole swinging force of his large body. It was a clearing dry track, everything in good condition, and I think never a train with like facilities, was brought to a standstill on shorter notice. For that first, almost bewildering instant to me, the belief in the possibility of escaping that imminent, fearful plunge, so possessed me with, a cold feeling like the coils of a snake down my back, that it was with an almost super-human effort that I mustered muscular force to raise my hand to the reversing handle."

"But we came to a dead halt just as the point of the cow-catcher overlapped the frightful chasm! Had the impelling force of that long passenger train carried us a few feet further on, there would have been the worst railroad catastrophe that ever happened in America, and my name would surely have swelled the list of the drowned and mangled ones that would have appeared in the newspapers."

"As it was the escape never got into the papers at all. The bridge was swung into place so quickly, and we were under way so soon after the customary stop at the draw, that I suppose that very few of the passengers ever knew of the threatening peril. We were miles away before the reaction came to me as I sat trembling on my seat with the full, apprehending sense of our escape tiding through my brain."

"The flag-man I oh, yes, he was drunk. You see there had been a new superintendent chosen, and he had commenced house by turning off some of the old engines and putting in new ones. Poor, faithful 'Lame Jim' had been discharged and this fellow installed in his place. He was celebrating his appointment to this responsible post over a jug of rum which was found afterwards in the little signal house near by."

"Jim was reinstated next day, but the Company was so chagrined over the unwarrantable action on the part of the superintendent that the matter was kept close as possible. I went to the office the next morning and resigned my position; I couldn't bear to run over that end of the road again. They would not let me off the road, but gave me this train on this end of the route—the 'Gold Leaf Express.'"

"No, I don't suppose I have quite got over the shock to my nerves, for frequently, when I go to bed more tired than usual, I wake with a start from a sort of fear dream, of that eventful night-fall trip, the uncertain light, the still shimmering water and the white scarred face of my fireman. My hair was as black as coal then; in three months it became as gray as you see it now."

"Yes, that's the northern mail coming—oh, you're welcome, although, it's a story I'm not fond of telling—Good bye."—Christian Secretary.

A SILENT SERMON.

A TRUE STORY FOR BOYS.

Peter Rule is a Methodist exhorter in East Tennessee, and although he is a man with very limited education, he has held large congregations spell-bound, and drawn many to seek forgiveness of sins by his earnest appeals and enthusiastic zeal for his Master. Congregations are always delighted when he appears before them to give an exhortation and sorry when he is done. While speaking, his whole soul goes into his words, and his heavenly consciousness bears upon him, and he does his exhortations attract hundreds around him and draw many to Christ, but his daily walks are such that he is a living example of good works and words, and universally beloved by those who know him. It is one of his silent sermons we wish to speak of now.

A young man, living in the same county a few years ago, became a great favorite with his associates because of his good nature. It was a common remark that he was never known to be angry. Everything was pleasant with him, and he seemed to make everything pleasant about him. On a certain occasion he was asked how he controlled his temper and passed along without having any quarrels? We will let him tell his own story:

"When I was just a small boy, I had a temper as unmanageable as any of my playmates; but on a certain occasion was sent to mill with a grist of wheat. Peter Rule was the miller, and while the flour was being ground he was at work mending a pair of shoes. I sat and watched him. He made a hole with the awl, and placing a peg in readiness to drive it into the sole of the shoe, gave a stroke, when the peg flew away. He repeated the operation with the same effect. He uttered not a word, but placing another peg in the same way, this operation was again repeated with a like result. This was continued time and again until I saw watching him I muttered curses to myself for him, but after many trials and failures, he laid the shoe aside, and while as one of the pleasant smiles I ever saw lighted up his handsome face, he remarked: 'It seems that I can not drive that peg! Notwithstanding I was a mere boy, I began reasoning over the matter, and came to the conclusion that he had conquered his irritable nature until it annoyed him no more, and that if Peter Rule could thus keep his passions in control I could do so too, and firmly resolved to make the effort from that time forward. Now, I find that everybody treats me so kindly I can get angry with them, and it is foolish to do so with anything else.'"

This story has been repeated to others who have attempted to imitate this good man, and have met with a like result. Let this silent sermon pass on from one to another until a great army of boys and girls—yes, and men, and women, are arrayed to make war and subdue the evil passions in themselves, the great destroyer of souls. Little did this good man think that he was preaching a sermon of his life as he sat endeavoring to drive a stubborn peg in a shoe, and a poor country boy curiously watched the process! But what an encouragement to the servants of Christ anxious to do the will of the Master! There are opportunities at all times to do good, and the eye of God is always upon us. Victory is often in the hands of the vigilant sentinel, when it would require a whole army of valiant soldiers to put the foe to flight.—*Four, and Meas.*

WHAT THE BIRDS ACCOMPLISH.

The swallow, swift and night hawk are the guardians of the atmosphere. They check the increase of insects that otherwise would overload it. Woodpeckers, creepers and chickadees are the guardians of the trees. They eat the insects that would destroy the foliage. Blackbirds, crows, thrushes and larks protect the surface of the soil. Snipe and woodcock protect the soil under the surface. Each bird has its respective duty to perform in the economy of nature; and it is an undoubted fact that if the birds were all swept off the face of the earth, man could not live upon it; vegetation would wither and die; insects would become so numerous that no living thing could withstand their attacks. The wholesale destruction occasioned by grasshoppers, which have lately devastated the West, is undoubtedly caused by the thinning out of the birds, such as grouse, prairie hen, etc. which feed upon them. The great and inestimable service done to

the farmer, gardener and florist by the birds is only becoming known by experience. Spare the birds and save your fruit; the little corn and fruit taken by them is more than compensated by the quantities of noxious insects they destroy. The long persecuted crow has been found by actual experience to do far more good by the vast quantity of grubs and insects he devours, than the little harm he does in the few grains of corn he pulls up. He is one of the farmer's best friends.

"Well, I suppose you wouldn't sleep if you didn't, John," said Mrs. Mann smiling kindly, as she put down the huge sock she was mending.

"Short reckonings make long friends as the saying is, and as father and mother taught me when I was a lad," replied John; "But there's a better one still from the Bible—'Owe no man anything.'"

"All right, John," said the landlady, as he counted out from his little bag the exact sum for lodging, washing and "dinner" during the past week, "and I'm much obliged to you, because, for we are no trouble sower, to speak of, and set no bad ways before my boys."

A few mornings after this Mrs. Mann met two of her neighbors in great wrath and haste, but she stopped to tell the reason. "What do you think? Our lodgers have run away, and never paid us a farthing. We're going to tell the Master, and catch 'em at work at once."

"And everybody who heard of the deed, and it was not long in spreading abroad. They might know that who have families wouldn't take lodgers for pleasure, and if we could do without them." Surely it was a shame to let the hard-working hostess, who had done her best to make the homeless laborer a comfortable dwelling-place.

"I hope you'll get your money Mrs. Mann, and not been served like us."

"Oh yes, very true," said the landlady of honest John; "But there's a great deal of difference, it's all in the bringing up. You can soon tell what they've been, and John's had a good bringing up."

What a practical comment on the home training you are giving these young ones around you to be just and honest in all their dealing! Do they see you doing your duty rather than incur a debt you may not be able to pay? Do they respect and practice agree to those grand principles that should lay the foundation of character and form good habits of life?

Hush, father, hush the cat that trembles on your hasty lip! Teach not your boy to slight that Holy Name in which is salvation for eternity, and all of happiness and worth for time. Mother, dear, on your tongue does "the law of kindness" dwell! Oh, speak gently, judge kindly, seek the "meek and quiet spirit," looking upon others for rudeness, ill-temper and noise. Never give your daughter opportunity to quote scolding, gossip, and ill-management at home.

Think how "the bringing-up" you are given now will be traced out in the life of your sons and daughters by-and-by. See them in a few years as young men again; and see them yet a little further on, as you will be soon, happy in heaven, praising God, or in never ending misery, crying perhaps amongst other things, the evil of their "bringing-up."

Oh, by all that is good and holy, think what you are doing now as you wish to reap; and never forget how far-reaching, how durable, how blessed is the influence of a good "bringing-up."

ORDER IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

"Order," saith the proverb, "is heaven's first law," and doubtless there is nothing which adds more to the comfort of earth. To have a place for everything and everything in its place—this is the history which overcomes the world. Show us the household which perfectly obeys the maxim, where misters and servants, children and parents never mislay anything, and we will show you an Elysium on earth; where everything goes by clockwork; where nobody ever is hurried, and nobody ever is cross. The mistress of that house shall make the puddings which rejoice her husband's heart, and yet have time to read the latest novel; there will never be a button missing, nor a string lost from any garment; the master will never be worried because the newspaper is out of place; his pipe will be found, one of his slippers gone astray. The children shall never be late at school through hunting some book tossed carelessly down on the dining table, and the small boy shall never be picked up in out of the way places. Johnny will never break his nose tumbling over the duster which Bridget left on the stairs when she went to answer to the door-bell, and Mamma shall shed no tears over the toy forgotten on the floor crushed by an awkward foot. It would be worth while in mounting households to count the minutes lost in looking for things mislaid, to see how many hours of our lives are thus wasted—not to speak of the trial of temper and the brain work of trying to remember where we saw them last. Add to this the horse stolen because of stable doors left unlocked, and we shall see of how much value the habit of order is. In fact it makes all the difference between a well regulated household and one where all is disorder, confusion and hurry. In view of all this, children should not be taught too early to put things in their places. It is mistaken kindness to treat around after them picking up their scattered belongings; train them to do it for themselves. See first that they have a place in which to keep them, and then require that everything when not in actual use shall be in its place. It will be hard for the little folks at first, but the habit once acquired will become second nature, and save untold worry in after years.

THE DAY THAT BABY DIED.

It was a summer Sunday noon.
The fields were ripe with golden corn,
The scent of pinks and mignonette,
With which our garden plots were set,
Filled the warm air on every side,
The day that Baby died.

The house was still, and very still;
The whole week Baby had been ill
We had not played, nor touched our toys,
For fear that we might make a noise;
And in the porch we sat and cried,
The day that Baby died.

The bells chimed merrily for church;
The little goldfish on his perch
Trilled forth his brightest, sweetest notes,
Though Baby lay still upstairs;
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We thought of poor mamma, and how
Her heart must ache for Baby now;
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And then a soothing thought we had—
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We thought of poor mamma, and how
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And then a soothing thought we had—
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Where soon he will be ours once more;
We shall forget, how we weep
The day that Baby died."

Then, kneeling down, we prayed that we
A comfort and a help might be
To dear mamma; and sure an aid,
That God had helped us in our need,
Since we brought him here, my side,
The day that Baby died.

The bells chimed merrily for church;
The little goldfish on his perch
Trilled forth his brightest, sweetest notes,
Though Baby lay still upstairs;
We could not play although we tried,
The day that Baby died.

We thought of poor mamma, and how
Her heart must ache for Baby now;
We called to mind his pretty ways,
His painful moan, the last sad days;
These things came o'er us like a tide,
The day that Baby died.

And then a soothing thought we had—
We said, "The angels will be glad
Our darling's reached the golden shore,
Where soon he will be ours once more;
We shall forget, how we weep
The day that Baby died."

Then, kneeling down, we prayed that we
A comfort and a help might be
To dear mamma; and sure an aid,
That God had helped us in our need,
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