

Family Circle.

The Turned Lesson.

"I thought I knew it!" she said;
 "I thought I had learned it quite!"
 But the gentle teacher shook her head,
 With a grave, yet loving light
 In the eye that fell on the upturned face,
 As she gave the book
 With the mark still set in the self same
 place.

"I thought I knew it!" she said;
 And a heavy tear fell down
 As she turned away with bending head;
 Yet not for proof or frown,
 And not for the lesson to learn again,
 Or the play-hour lost;
 It was something else that gave the pain.

She could not have put it in words,
 But her teacher understood,
 As God understands the chirp of the
 birds

In the depth of an Autumn wood:
 And a quiet touch on the reddening
 cheek

Was quite enough;
 No need to question, no need to speak.

Then the gentle voice was heard,
 "Now I will try again."

And the lesson was mastered, every
 word;

Was it not worth the pain?
 Was it not kinder the task to turn
 Than to let it pass

As a lost, lost leaf that she did not learn?

Is it not often so,
 That we only learn in part,
 And the Master's testing-time may show,
 That it was not quite "by heart?"

Then he gives, in his wise and patient
 grace,

The lesson again,
 With the mark still set in the self-same
 place.

Only stay by his side
 Till the page is really known;
 It may be we failed because we tried
 To learn it all alone.
 And now that he would not let us lose
 One lesson of love,
 (For he knows the loss,) can we refuse?

But oh! how could we dream
 That we knew it all so well.

Reading so fluently, as we deem,
 What we could not even spell?
 And oh! how could we grieve once more
 That patient one

Who has turned so many a task before?

That waiting one, who now
 Is letting us try again;
 Watching us with the patient brow
 That bore the wreath of pain;
 Thoroughly teaching what he would
 teach

Line upon line,
 Thoroughly doing his work in each.

Then let our hearts be still,
 Though our task be turned to-day,
 Oh! let him teach us what he will,
 In his own most gracious way,
 Till, sitting only at Jesus' feet,
 As we learn each line,
 The hardest is found all clear and sweet.

—Good Words.

"Before marriage she was dear
 and he was her treasure; after-
 wards she became dearer and he
 treasurer."

"What Is The Next Station?"

This was the question I asked
 the station master, as I sat waiting
 for the train. I had gone some
 miles into the country, to visit an
 aged lady who was very sick, and
 whose house was close by the rail-
 way station; and having finished
 my call, I was sitting in the wait-
 ing-room until the returning train
 should arrive.

I found myself alone with the
 depot-master—an aged man with
 white hair, and a face which told of
 care and the stern usage of time and
 hard work.

"What is the next station?" I in-
 quired, being unacquainted with
 the road, which was a branch line
 running into the country.

"The next station is the last," he
 answered. "It is the terminus of
 the line. You passed a good many
 stopping places coming out, sir, but
 there is only one more as you go
 on."

There was a pause for a moment
 in conversation; then, evidently,
 understanding my errand, he asked:

"How is the old lady, sir?"

"She is fast nearing the last sta-
 tion," I replied. "She is very
 sick; and besides, she is seventy
 years old, and has reached the ter-
 minus of life laid down in the Book;
 for you know the Bible says that
 'the days of our years are three-
 score years and ten'—seventy
 years; that is seventy stations."

There was quite a pause in the
 conversation again, during which
 the old man seemed to be thinking.
 Then he said:

"According to that, I suppose I
 may be pretty near the end of my
 route, since I am just turning seven-
 ty. Well, I am not sorry. I have
 worked hard, and seen a good deal
 of trouble, and I shall not feel badly
 to get through."

"What is the next station?" I
 asked abruptly. "You say you are
 nearing the end of your journey of
 life, and that you have passed
 seventy stations already. What is
 the next station?"

"Ah! nobody knows about that,"
 he answered. "We know about
 the past, but what is going to be
 hereafter, no one can tell. I only
 hope that I shall be better off in
 the next world than I have been in
 this; but I can not say certainly,
 for no one has ever come back from
 that world to tell us anything about
 it."

"Ah! but you are mistaken
 there," I interrupted. "There is
 one who has come back, and told us

about the future life. Do you not
 know that Jesus Christ rose again
 from the dead and hath brought
 life and immortality to light
 through the Gospel?"

"Who are you," the old man
 asked abruptly. "I thought you
 were a doctor, who had come out to
 visit the old lady. I guess I am
 mistaken, sir."

"Yes," I answered: "you are not
 quite correct. I am a minister of
 the Gospel, and my calling is very
 much like yours. I am trying to
 help men on their journey through
 life, and especially to persuade
 them to believe on the Son of God,
 that they may have eternal life, and
 land at last in glory."

"Well there may be a better
 world beyond the grave, and there
 may not be. We don't know," he
 continued.

"Don't know!" I said, pressing
 the point with all earnestness on
 his heart. "We do know. How
 could I preach the Gospel, and urge
 men to seek for glory, and honor,
 and immortality, unless I knew cer-
 tainly that there is a world of life
 and blessedness hereafter for such
 as will inherit it? Why, sir, what
 will people think of you if, in reply
 to their question, 'What is the next
 station?' you should say, 'I don't
 know; nobody knows.' And so I
 could not preach the Gospel, and
 urge men to seek for heaven and
 eternal blessedness, unless I was
 perfectly sure of this reality. Paul,
 the great preacher of the Gospel,
 knew what the next station was:

'We know that if our earthly house
 of this tabernacle were dissolved,
 we have a building of God, a house
 not made with hands eternal in the
 heavens.' This is his answer to the
 great question, 'What shall be
 hereafter?' And if you will believe
 in Jesus Christ, and take his Gospel
 as your guide-book, you can know
 just as well as Paul what the next
 station beyond the tomb shall be for
 you."

Just then the whistle of the ap-
 proaching train sounded, and the
 old man hastened about his work.
 As I stepped upon the platform of
 the car he stood at the crossing,
 waving his signal-flag, his white
 hair floating in the wind, and I
 said, as the train moved out:

"Be sure you find out what the
 next station is before you reach the
 end."

And I heard the reply rather
 hesitatingly on my ear:

"I will try, sir."

Reader, what answer have you to

make to this question? In the
 hurrying train of life you are mov-
 ing swiftly on. Ever and anon
 there is a pause, and some passen-
 ger steps off and disappears. The
 next stopping place may be yours.
 Where will it land you?

"To depart and be with Christ,"
 is one answer to the question—with
 the Lord in Paradise. There are
 multitudes who are just as certain
 of that destination, when their
 time comes, as they are of the truth
 of God's word, and they are ready
 at any moment for the change.

"Forever with the Lord!" The
 cry, "Behold, the Bridegroom com-
 eth," and then, "caught up to meet
 the Lord in the air"—this is the
 sure and certain hope of thousands
 who are waiting for their King.

There are others to whom death
 is only a step in the dark, and the
 coming of the Lord only a strange,
 mysterious terror. Young man, to
 whom the summons may come very
 suddenly and unexpectedly to dis-
 embark, are you sure where you
 will be when life is ended? Old
 man, to whom the end must cer-
 tainly be very near, are you certain
 what shall be your destiny beyond
 the grave? Put to yourselves these
 serious questions, and let conscience
 answer, if you are without God and
 without hope in the world. If you
 have a true faith in Jesus Christ,
 then let Scripture answer, with a
 hope sure and steadfast. Be care-
 ful that you know what the next
 station is.—*The Watchword.*

Trifles.

The best fidelity to Christ is
 shown in a daily vigilant service to
 him in trifles, in efforts to honor
 him in humble, inconspicuous ser-
 vice, such as in good temper in fam-
 ilies, sympathy with man and beast,
 honesty in business, liberality to
 servants, fidelity to employers.
 These things make up the best dis-
 cipleship. The same truth applies
 to many things. The best paint-
 ings are those where such details as
 the blades of grass, the leaves of the
 trees, the lines upon the water, and
 similar minute points, are most per-
 fectly delineated. Artistic excel-
 lency consists chiefly in the com-
 plete accuracy which the slothful
 or the ignorant worker cannot or
 will not accomplish. The great
 Italian sculptor, Michael Angelo,
 was once visited by an acquaint-
 ance, who remarked, on entering his
 studio, "Why, you have done noth-
 ing to that figure since I was here
 last." "Yes," was the reply; "I