

WHO DOUBTS.

Who doubts that there's a God on high,  
Eternal in his might,  
Would doubt formation of the earth  
Or sun that shines so bright,  
For who could for this spacious world,  
(Too grand for skeptic theme)  
With all its vast sublimity,  
If not a great Supreme?

For all inspir'd as if with life,  
Is Nature's glorious plan,  
And shows what a Creator's power  
Has done for fallen man.  
But yet there is none can comprehend  
The marvels that appear,  
Or why the globe itself was form'd  
And plac'd within its sphere.

For every living, breathing thing  
Upon the teeming earth,  
And every lovely plant that grows,  
From chaos had its birth.  
And all the brilliant stars that shine,  
With worlds and worlds on high,  
Are showing man God's wondrous works,  
Adorning earth and sky.

Infinito, then, must be the mind  
Who hath created all,  
And whose great word from nothingness  
The mighty planets call.  
Yet what are these to him compar'd,  
Whose glories gem the sky,  
And lights the earth with joyous beams,  
To gladden heart and eye.

Then never doubt that there's a God,  
But kneel before the throne,  
Believing what from us is hid  
Shall be hereafter known.  
For nations yet unborn shall praise  
And bless his holy name,  
Who all uphang'd thro' endless time  
Is evermore the same.

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

Between two worlds I stand,  
With tired feet;  
Between two mighty shores  
My pulses beat.

Here is the toil, the pain,  
The gloom, the woe,  
Here, round the sweetest flows  
The thistles grow.

Here are the weary forms,  
The drooping heads;  
Here are the silver hairs,  
The dying beds.

Here are the shrouds, the graves,  
The last farewells;  
Here are the funeral hymns,  
The funeral knells.

Here, on that other shore  
By faith I see  
The gates of shining pearl,  
The crystal sea,

The city of my God,  
The joys untold,  
Its walls of precious stone,  
Its streets of gold;

And round the dazzling throne  
A throng I see,  
Who once were dwellers here  
In tears like me.

They know no sorrow now,  
They shed no tears;  
No graves are made in heaven  
Through all God's years.

They talk with Christ in white,  
They die no more;  
They know no sin, no pain  
On that blest shore.

O Jesus, lift me up  
By thy strong hand,  
And lead me to the joys  
Of heaven's bright land!

The Cat and the Fox.

One day a fox met a cat in the  
midst of a wood. "Ah! how do  
you do, puss?" said the fox. "I  
am glad to see you. I hope you  
are well."

"You are kind, sir," said the  
cat. "I am quite well, and hope  
you are the same."

"Yes, puss, I am in good health,  
but I own that I feel ill at ease.  
I feel that you, my friend, will  
not long be free from harm. I  
wish that I could see my way  
clear to help you. But in these  
times—"

"Sir, what do you mean?" said  
the poor cat in great fright.

"What great harm to me do you  
dread?"

"Well, as to that," said the fox,  
"it might be harm to me too.  
The plain truth is, there is a  
pack of hounds not far from this  
wood. Now I have ten or twelve  
tricks—nay, I may count on at  
least a score of tricks—by which  
I can get out of reach of the  
hounds whilst you, poor puss—  
oh! what can you do that you  
may be out of their way? What  
tricks do you know?"

"I know no tricks at all," said  
the cat; "I have but one plan,  
and if that fails me I shall be  
lost."

"Poor puss! poor puss! said  
the fox. "One does not like to see  
a friend in such a strait. I might  
teach you a few of my tricks,  
but these are hard times, and one  
must not trust too much. It is  
but right to think of self—hark!  
The hounds in full cry! You  
are a lost cat! I have no time to  
spare to tell you what to do—I  
must be off at once."

These words were scarce out  
of his mouth when he and the  
cat saw the hounds.

The cat at once ran up a tree  
—that was her one plan.

The fox could not climb a tree  
and he could not get out of sight.  
The cat saw the hounds kill him.

"Ah!" said the puss, I find that  
one good plan is of more use than  
a score of sharp tricks."—*The Congregationalist.*

Sensible Boy.

The Indianapolis *Sentinel* gives  
the following account of how a  
little boy saved a fearful catastro-  
phe on a railroad by his fore-  
thought and heroism. We give  
the story in full:

"Last Tuesday the Cincinnati  
day express, going east, left Con-  
nersville on time, and was flying  
on its way at the rate of twenty-  
five miles an hour. When ap-  
proaching a bridge over a river a  
few miles from Connersville the  
engineer noticed a small boy in  
the middle of the track motion-  
ing wildly with his arms. The  
heavy rains for several days be-  
fore had caused the man at the  
throttle no little anxiety, and in a  
moment it flashed over his mind  
the bridge, but a very short dis-  
tance ahead, was at least damaged  
by the freshet.

With one hand he reached for  
the whistle, and with the other he  
reversed the engine. The train  
employees heard no ordinary  
stopping signal in the keen, short  
whistle, and in a moment con-  
ductor, baggage-man, and all the  
train employees were helping the  
regular brakeman wind the chains  
that were perhaps the only hopes  
of saving the lives of all on board.

The train was stopped within  
but a few steps of where the  
bridge once rested on the abut-  
ment. The structure had been  
washed entirely away, and had  
it not been for the boy the entire  
train would have gone into the  
river, as the bridge was just at  
the end of a curve and so hidden  
by trees that its disappearance  
would not have been noticed un-  
til too late.

As soon as the passengers had  
gotten over the shock the full  
realization of their danger had  
caused, a search was made for  
the boy. He was found sitting  
down off to one side of the track,  
shaking as if he had a chill, so  
badly was he frightened.

Every one on the train flocked  
around the brave little fellow,  
who said he was eleven years  
old, and almost crushed him in  
their joyful anxiety to even touch  
his body. He innocently said

he did not begin shaking until he  
sat down, thereby showing that  
not until he had seen the train  
stop in safety did his nerves give  
way.

He said his name was Davis,  
and that he lived near by, point-  
ing to a farm-house. He was on his  
way home from a neighbor's when  
he discovered that the bridge had  
been washed away since passing  
an hour previous. He remembered  
the down passenger train, and  
knowing it was about time it  
came along, hurried up the track  
to give warning.

He had only just arrived at the  
spot where he was noticed by  
the engineer when the train came  
along. One of the passengers,  
an elderly Quaker lady, gave him  
five dollars, which he was reluct-  
ant to accept, although the con-  
ductor informed he that the of-  
ficers of the road would reward  
the boy.

The following day Superin-  
tendent Williams arrived at the  
scene, and hunting out the hero  
gave him what money he had  
about him, some \$20, with the  
promise that whenever he want-  
ed anything at all that he should  
apply to him.

MASONRY IN ITALY.—At a ban-  
quet which followed the con-  
secration of a new lodge, the  
Alexandria, at Manchester, Eng-  
land, recently, the Worshipful  
Master, in responding for his  
own health, referred to the Pope's  
denunciations of Masonry, and  
said there were now nearly two  
hundred Italian lodges and about  
ten thousand Masons working  
under the Grand Orient includ-  
ing some of the most distin-  
guished men in Italy. The Free  
masonry of Italy was identical  
with that of England, and its  
recognition by the Grand Master,  
he said, was a complete answer  
to the heated vituperations of the  
Pope.

Sleeping Church.

Mr Moody relates the follow-  
ing:

"There was a little story going  
the round of the American press  
that made a great impression up-  
on me as a father. A father took  
his little child out into the field  
one Sabbath, and he lay down  
under a beautiful shady tree, it  
being a hot day. The little child  
ran about gathering wild flowers  
and little blades of grass, and  
coming to its father and saying,  
"Pretty, pretty!" At last the fa-  
ther fell asleep, and while he was  
sleeping the little child wandered  
away. When he awoke, his first  
thought was where is my child?  
He looked all around, but he  
could not see him. He shouted  
at the top of his voice, and all he  
heard was the echo of his own  
voice.

Running to a little hill, he looked  
around and shouted again, but all  
he heard was the echo of his own  
voice. No response! Then go-  
ing to a precipice at some dis-  
tance, he looked down, and there  
upon the rocks and briars he saw  
the mangled form of his loved  
child. He rushed to the spot,  
took up the lifeless corpse and  
hugged it to his bosom, and ac-  
cused himself of being the mur-  
derer of his own child. While he  
was sleeping his child had wan-  
dered over the precipice.

"I thought, as I heard that,  
what a picture of the church of  
God! How many fathers and  
mothers, how many Christian  
men are sleeping now, while their  
children wander over the terrible  
precipice, a thousand times worse  
than that precipice, right into the

bottomless pit of hell! Father,  
where is your boy to-night? It  
may be, just out here in some  
public house; it may be reeling  
through the streets of London,  
drunk; it may be, pressing on  
down to a drunkard's grave.  
How many fathers and mothers  
are there in London—yes, pray-  
ing Christians too—whose chil-  
dren are wandering away while  
they are slumbering and sleep-  
ing? Is it not time that the  
church of God should wake up  
and come to the help of the Lord  
as one man, and strive to beat  
back those dark waves of death  
that roll through our streets,  
bearing upon their bosom the no-  
blest young men we have? O my  
God wake up the church! And  
let us trim our lights and go forth  
and work for the kingdom of  
God."

HELP ONE ANOTHER.—This little  
sentence should be written on  
every heart and stamped on every  
memory. It should be the gold-  
en rule practiced not in every  
household, but throughout the  
world. By helping one another  
we not only remove thorns from  
the pathway and anxiety from the  
mind, but we feel a sense of  
pleasure in our hearts knowing  
we are doing a duty to a fellow-  
creature. A helping hand or an  
encouraging word is no loss to  
us, yet it is a benefit to others.

ADVICE FOR THE MARRIED.—Pre-  
serve sacredly the privacies of  
your house, your marriage state,  
and your heart. Let not father,  
mother, brother, sister nor any  
third person, even presume to  
come in between you two, or to  
share the joys and sorrows that  
belong to you two alone. With  
Heaven's help build your own  
quiet world, not allowing the  
dearest earthly friend to be the  
confidant of aught that concerns  
your domestic peace. Let alien-  
ation, if it occurs, be healed at  
once. Never speak of it outside,  
but to each other confess, and all  
will come out right. Never let  
the morrow's sun still find you at  
variance. Renew or review the  
vow at all temptations—it will do  
you both good. And thereby  
your souls will grow together,  
cemented in that love which is  
stronger than death, and you will  
become truly one.

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