

THE TENDER MERCY OF OUR GOD.

The following event should strengthen the weak faith of all Christian parents :—

By the train which arrived at Geneva from Paris yesterday, April 29th, there travelled in the same compartment of a first-class carriage, my aunt, with a Belgian lady, a nurse, and a dear little boy, eighteen months old. In the tunnel between Bellegarde and Geneva, the child pushed against the door, which had not been closed, and fell out of the carriage. The state of the nurse and mother can be imagined. My aunt was able to restrain them from jumping out, and having faith in God, was able to say that He could preserve the child from all harm. The cries of the women, endeavouring to have the train stopped, succeeded when it had proceeded six miles from the spot where the child fell out.

Now mark the gracious care of our God. There was a luggage-train waiting on the up line, where the express was stopped, and the "*chef de gare*" at once ordered that the engine should proceed with the mother and nurse to the tunnel, men going before on foot with lanterns. The express went on to Geneva. But there was a train due from Bellegarde following the express, which ought to have left that station soon after it. My uncle was awaiting my aunt's arrival at Geneva. She told him what had occurred, and he at once ran to the "*chef de gare*," and requested him to telegraph to Bellegarde to stop the train. The "*chef de gare*" gave the order, but, at the same time, looking at his watch, said, "It is too late; the train is in the tunnel." It was not too late. He who took off the wheels of Pharaoh's chariots is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." At the moment the train in question reached Bellegarde, something in the tender broke, and the train could not proceed until it was repaired. This caused delay until the telegram arrived. As one of the officials remarked, "If men cannot see Providence in that, they can see it nowhere." Had the breakage occurred before the train reached Bellegarde, there would have been an accident.

The child was found in the tunnel, by the driver of the engine and the passen-

gers, quietly sitting upon the rail, its little head between its hands, and entirely uninjured. The breakage of the tender of the following train, had thus prevented its being crushed to pieces. Every one expected it would have been killed by the fall from the carriage, but the angels of God can do his will in tunnels as elsewhere, and little children are as dear to the Lord Jesus now as when he was upon earth.

Not only in these two particulars was the tender mercy of our God shown—the father came to the station to meet his wife and child; and although there was much excitement, and every one else was at once made acquainted with what had happened, he was kept in ignorance of it. Not meeting them, not even seeing his own luggage on the platform, he went and telegraphed to Paris whether they had left. An hour afterwards his wife arrived with his precious child, and told him what had taken place.

I have had few sweeter pleasures in my life than playing to-day with this only child, a lovely boy, and seeing the happiness of its father and mother. "O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good, and His mercy endureth for ever!"

"JESUS."

Passing through the wards of a hospital, stopping at each bed to speak a word for Jesus where we can, we pause before the bed of a young German girl.

"Well, Mena, are you suffering much?"

"Yes, oh yes! so tired, so tired—five long months in this hospital."

"Five months!" we dreamily answered, and looking around we thought how homeless and sad to be in this unhome-like place alone.

"Do you love the Saviour, Mena?" we said.

"The Saviour, the Saviour! What was He? I know not what you mean."

"Why, the Saviour, the dear Saviour, who died on the cross!"

"I know Him not; I know not what you mean."

Sad, doubly sad, we thought, to be here and not know Him.

"Why, Mena," we said, "you must have heard of the dear Saviour."