

The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.
I John i. 7.

and Mr. Maver certainly deserves commendation for his considerate kindness. The reading room is also being patronized more extensively, and under the supervision of Mr. Philip Hertz, bids fair to become a pleasant resort for men having a few hours leisure time.

ADDITIONS.



K. ALEX. MAVER, Loco. Dept., G. T. R., and Mr. Robt. Fountain, Road Master, G. T. R., have been added to our Railway Committee.

TAKE NOTICE.



ON several occasions, both in conversation with our supporters and also in the public press, it has been stated by certain *interested parties*, that the Y. M. C. A. had given up work among railway men. We desire to say that there is not the slightest foundation for any such statements, and none knew this better than those who have been so freely circulating the same. We wish every success to any honest endeavour to further Christian work, and like Paul, seek to rejoice, even though some of these efforts be "by way of contention."

Messrs. Earis and Bennett are now waiting upon our friends for the annual subscriptions, and these two gentlemen *alone* are authorized to collect for the railway work of the Toronto Y. M. C. A.

We find it necessary to make this statement, as some friends have contributed to other parties, under the impression that they were giving it to the Y. M. C. A. Railway work.

They that seek the
Lord shall not want
any good thing.

Psalm xxxiv. 10.

"PAPA IS RUNNING THE ENGINE"



ONE beautiful morning in the spring of 1883, I was on board a passenger train, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, crossing the green glades from the Alleghanies westward. At that time this railroad was held alternately by the Federal and Confederate armies, and travel was neither safe nor pleasant. On the occasion of which I write the train was behind its time, and was running at a very high speed, and as we were whirled around sharp curves, over fields, and across bridges, nearly every one on board manifested some anxiety at each jerk and jar of the train. All eyes were turned to the windows, and many faces wore a look of uneasiness.

I was thinking of the probabilities of the train being hurled over an embankment, and the fearful scenes that must follow, when I observed a bright little girl of four or five summers approaching me, and, as she extended her little hand and bade me "Good morning" in a sweet, clear voice, I engaged her in conversation by asking her if she were not afraid to ride on the cars. To which she replied,—"Sometimes, but I am not afraid this morning." "Why," I asked, "are you not afraid this morning? Everybody else seems to be afraid; and, besides, we are running very rapidly." "Oh, there is no danger at all," she replied, "papa is running the engine."

Her father was the engineer, and she had such implicit confidence in his ability to protect her, that she felt perfectly secure and happy.

I shall never forget the lesson of faith and trust I learned from that dear child. When clouds and storms and darkness surround my pathway, and I almost feel that I must perish, I remember that it is my Father in heaven that watches over me, and if I will only take His proffered hand, He will lead me in paths of peace, beside the still waters. Oh, bless His name forever!

Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth.
Colossians iii. 2.