

THE PRAYING ENGINEER.

ONE winter, several years ago, there was a great deal of religious interest in a western town, and among those who joined the Church was Allie Forsythe, a little fellow twelve years of age. His mother was a widow, and had removed, four years before, from the country into the town.

On the evening of the Sabbath in which he joined the Church, his mother said to him:

"Allie, tell me what led you to be a Christian. Was it your home teaching, your lessons in the Sabbath school, the preaching of the pastor, or has it come through the late revival meetings?"

Looking up in his mother's face, he replied: "It was none of these, mother. Do you remember when we were coming to live here, that I wanted to go on the engine and ride with the engineer? You were afraid to let me, till the conductor, whom you knew, told you that the engineer was a remarkable man, and I was as safe on the engine with him as in the carriage with you."

His mother remembered this:

"Then," continued Allie, "you let me ride on the engine, where I was to stay till you or the conductor came for me. When ready to start the engineer knelt down for a moment, and then got up and started his locomotive. I asked him many questions about its different parts as well as about the places which we passed, and he kindly told me all I asked. He knelt down again at the first station we came to, just a moment before we started. I tried to see what he was doing, and after we had passed a good many stations I asked him. He looked at me earnestly, and said: "'My little lad, do you pray?'"

"I replied, 'Oh yes, sir! I pray every morning and evening.'

"'Well, my dear boy,' said he, 'God has placed me in a very responsible position here. There are, perhaps, 200 lives now in this train. A little mistake on my part, a little inattention to the signals, might send all, or many of these 200 souls into eternity. So at every station I ask the Master to help me, and to keep from harm until I reach the next station the many lives He has put into my hands. All the years I have been on this engine, He has helped me, and not a single person of the thousands that have ridden on my train has been harmed. I have never had an accident.'

"I have never before told you or anyone of this, but almost daily I have thought about that engineer, and resolved that I would be a Christian like him." For four years the example of this praying engineer had been constantly before the lad, and it became the means of leading him to Christ.

THE WANDERER'S PRAYER.

ON a cold, dreary evening in autumn, a small boy, poorly clad, yet cleanly and tidy, with a pack upon his back, knocked at the door of an old Quaker, in the town of S—. "Is Mr. Lanman at home?" "Yes." The boy wished to see him, and he was speedily ushered into the host's presence.

Friend Lanman was one of the wealthiest men in the country, and president of the L— Valley Railroad. The boy had come to see if he could obtain a situation on the road. He said he was an orphan—his mother had been dead only two months—and he was now a homeless wanderer. But the lad was too small for the filling of any place within the Quaker's gift, and he was forced to deny him. Still he liked the looks of the boy, and said to him:

"Thee may stop in my house to-night, and on the morrow I will give thee names of two or three good men in Philadelphia, to whom thee may apply with assurance of kind reception at least."

Later in the evening the old Quaker went the rounds of his spacious mansion, lantern in hand, as was his wont, to see that all was safe before retiring for the night. As he passed the door of the little chamber where the poor wandering orphan had been placed to sleep, he heard a voice. He stopped and listened, and distinguished the tones of a simple, earnest prayer. He bent his ear nearer, and heard these words from the boy's lips:

"Oh, good Father in heaven, help me to help myself. Watch over me as I watch over my own conduct: and care for me as my deeds merit. Bless the good man in whose house I am sheltered, and spare him long, that he may continue his bounty to other suffering and needy ones. Amen!"

And the Quaker responded another Amen, as he moved on; and as he went he meditated. The boy had a true idea of the duties of life, and possessed a warm, grateful heart. "I verily think the lad will be a treasure to his employer," was his concluding reflection.

When the morning came, the old Quaker had changed his mind concerning his answer to the boy's application.

"Who learned thee to pray?" asked Friend Lanman.

"My mother, sir," was the soft reply, and the rich brown eyes grew moist.

"And thee will not forget thy mother's counsels?"

"I cannot; for I know my success in life is dependent upon them."

"My boy, thee mayest stay here in my house; and very soon I will take thee to my office. Go now and get thy breakfast."