

stating its conditions ; but they are very indefinite as to time. God says now : " Behold, now is the accepted time."—2 Cor. 6 : 2. *Be explicit.* Be explicit in every particular. Mr. Wesley's exhortation is timely :

" You can never speak too strongly or explicitly upon the head of Christian Perfection. If you speak on'y faintly and indirectly, none will be offended and none profited. But if you *speak out*, although some will probably be angry, yet others will soon find the power of God unto salvation."—*Standard.*

THE ENGINEER'S REMEDY.

My engineer was a gray-haired, thick set man of fifty, quiet and unobtrusive, and deeply in love with his beautiful machine. He had formerly run a locomotive, and now took a stationary engine because he could get no employment on the railroads. A long talk with the superintendent of the road from which he had been removed, revealed only one fault in the man's past life ; he loved strong drink.

" He is," said my informant, " as well posted on steam as any man on the road ; he worked up from train boy to fireman, from fireman to engineer, has rendered us valuable services, has saved many lives by his quickness and bravery ; but he cannot let liquor alone, and for that reason we have discharged him."

In spite of the discouraging reports I hired the man. During the first week of his stay I passed through the engine-room many times a day, in the course of the factory rounds, but never found aught amiss. The great machine ran as smoothly as if its bearings were set in velvet ; the steel cross-head, the crank-shaft, the brass oil-cups, reflected the morning sun like mirrors ; no speck of dust found lodgment in the room. In the " fire-room " the same order and neatness prevailed ; the steam-gauge showed even pressure, the water-gauges were always just right, and our daily report showed that we were burning less coal than formerly. The most critical inspection failed to find anything about either engine or boiler that showed the faintest symptoms of neglect or carelessness.

Three weeks passed. The man who had been recommended as " good for five days' work and then two days' drunk," had not swerved a hair from his duty. The gossips were beginning to notice and comment upon the strange affair.

" I should like to speak with you a moment, sir," said he one morning as I passed through his sanctum.

" Well, John, what now ? " I said, drawing out my note book. " Cylendar oil is gone ? "