

"O, he is going about to-day with a subscription paper to build a church. They have gotten up a petition to send out for a lot of preachers to come and hold revival services, if we can only get them over the wall, and we hope there's a future for Ingersoll yet."

The six months ended. Instead of opening the door however, a tunnel was dug under the wall big enough for one person to crawl through at a time. First, came two bankrupt editors, followed by Col. Ingersoll himself; and then the whole population crawled through. Then I thought, somehow, great crowds of Christians surrounded the city, and they struck up singing altogether,

"Come ye sinners, poor and needy."

A needier crowd never was seen on earth before.

I interviewed some of the inhabitants of the abandoned city and asked a few of them this question:

"Do you believe in hell?"

I cannot record the answers; they were terribly orthodox.

One old man said "I've been there on probation for six months and I don't want to join."

I knew by that he was an old Methodist backslider. The sequel of it all was a great revival, that gathered in a mighty harvest from the ruined city of Ingersollville.—*Christian Advocate*.

A good old Scotch woman had a serious quarrel with her minister—a Scotch quarrel about church matters—but to the surprise of the pastor she continued her regular attendance at worship. He expressed his gratification as well as surprise at her conduct; upon which she replied, "Oh, sir, my quarrel was with you, and not with the Lord!" What a blessing it would be if all easily offended, fault-finding, minister-blaming, peace-disturbing church-members would not include the Lord in their quarrels with their pastor and each other.

A DEDICATION HYMN.

FOR THE RECORD.

This house, O Lord, to Thee we raise,
And dedicate it to Thy praise;
And with it consecrate anew,
Ourselves,—Thy living temples too.

We pray, O Lord, that in this place,
May be displayed Thy power and grace,—
Thy power, to sanctify and bless,
Thy grace to clothe with righteousness.

Here may Thy people love to meet,
To talk with Thee in converse sweet;
And may the Spirit of Thy love,
The witness give, our faith to prove.

Here may the Prince of Peace impart,
His God-like mind to every heart;
And may the lessons of His life,
Dispel all doubt, and fear, and strife.

Here may the three-fold cord unite,
Our hearts with Thine, O God of might;
And may our efforts—men to bless,
Be crowned by Thee, with great success.

GEO. W. ARMSTRONG, London, Ont.

THE PRAYING ENGINEER.

ONE winter, several years ago, there was a great deal of religious interest in a certain American 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 their home in Vermont to this town in Wisconsin.

On the evening of the Sabbath when he joined the church, Allie was sitting in the twilight with his mother, and presently she said to him: "Allie, tell me what led you to be a Christian."

Looking up into his mother's face, he replied: "Mamma, do you remember when we were coming from St. Albans 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 well, told you that the engineer was a remarkable man, and that I was just as safe on the engine with him as in the parlor car with you."

His mother assured him that she remembered the circumstances very well.

"Then," continued Allie, "you allowed me to ride on the engine, where I was to stay till you or the conductor came after me. When about ready to start from the station where I first got on the engine, the engineer knelt down for just a little bit, and then got up and started his locomotive."

"I asked him many questions about its different parts and about the places which we passed by, and he was very patient in answering. Soon we stopped at another station, and he knelt down again, just a moment before we started. As he did this often, I tried to see what he was doing, and finally, after we had passed a good many stations, I made up my mind to ask him. He looked at me, very earnestly, and said: 'My little lad, do you pray?'

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

"Well, my dear boy," said he, "God has allowed me to hold a very responsible place here. There are, perhaps, two hundred lives, now on this train, entrusted to my care. A little mistake on my part, a little inattention to signals might send all, or many of these two hundred souls into eternity. So at every station, I kneel just a short while, and ask the Master to help me, and to keep from all 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 human being, of the thousands that have ridden on my train has been harmed. I have never had an accident."

"I have never before mentioned what he said, but, almost daily, I have thought about him, and resolved that I would be a Christian, too."

For four years, the life and words of this praying engineer had been constantly present with this lad, and became, at length, the means of leading him into a Christian life.—*Congregationalist*.

What has God for me to-day? I am not to live to myself; so I should have thought all my life, and every day of my life; doing my work faithfully, praising God for appointing it, and desiring no other happiness.—*Rev. T. Adams*.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way. There is no action so slight or so humble but it may be done to a great purpose or ennobled thereby.—*George MacDonald*.