THE LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER.

The London Telegraph in a recent editorial pays a splendid and deserved tribute to the men who hold the lives of hundreds in their hands—true locomo-

tive engineers. It savs:

"Most passengers are as ignorant, happily, of the pitfall under their feet as of the intricate process of digestion or the anatomy of the human frame. They take their journeys as they take their food, trusting blindly that some how or other it will be all right, and that the narrow corners will be shaved, and it seldom occurs to them to express their thankfulness for the manly devotion which contributes to their safety. While faith is the guiding rule of the traveller, duty is the absorbing principle of the railway servant. does it never occur to the wakeful traveller as the lamps flash past him, as the train rushes over bridges and through a net-work of signals, as the tunnel seems a dull roar, and the lighted station a suppressed scream, when the pulse of the motion never stops and the impetus at times becomes almost terrible, what a sense of gratitude there ought to be toward those lonely men who, faithful to the end, turn this point and that, shift the lamps, keep watch and ward, and clear the way for the swift express? Those who have trusted themselves to this splendid power are utterly powerless. Their lives are in the hands of the men who drive the train, and of the signal men who watch. Yet there is no sleep in the signal-box or at the tunnel mouth; there is no conversation, no distraction, nothing but a dull monotony of duty. A score of things may have happened; the staff may be short handed, some one is unexpectedly on the sick list, some goodnatured fellow may have done double duty out of pure comradeship; but this makes no difference in the safety of the line. There need be no cause for fear when such men know their duty and do it."

"Within half of a century," says Dr. Dio Lewis, "no young man addicted to the use of tobacco has graduated at the head of his class in Hervard College, though five out of six of the students have used it. The chances, you see, were five in six that a smoker would

graduate at the head of his class, if tobacco does no harm. But during half of a century not one victim of tobacco was able to come out ahead."

Rowland Hill, entering one day the house of one of his congregation, saw a child on a rocking horse. "Dear me," he exclaimed, "how wondrously like some christians; there is motion, motion but no progress."

A helping hand to one in trouble is often like a switch on the railroad track—but one inch between wreck and smooth rolling prosperity.

Remember that the question of your victory is not a question of strength, but a question of faith. "Fear not," is the voice of encouragement to the weakest; "only believe." Faith gives God's strength to the feeblest. "It is not our strength," saith the apostle John, but "it is faith which is the victory that overcometh the world."

LEARN to entwine with your prayers the small cares, the trifling sorrows, the little wants of daily life. Whatever affects you—be it a changed look, an altered tone, an unkind word, a wrong, a demand you cannot meet, a change you cannot notice, a sorrow you cannot disclose—turn it into prayer, and send it up to God. Disclosures you cannot nake to men you can make to the Lord. Man may be too little for your great matters: God is not too great for your small ones. Only give yourself to prayer, whatever be the occasion that calls for it.

The more you think of yourself the less will wise and holy men think of you; you will find it is hard to believe this; vain men would fain be wise.

A sentinel posted on the walls, when he discerns a hostile party advancing, does not attempt to make head against them himself, but informs his commanding officer of the enemy's approach, and leaves him to take the proper measures against the foe. So the Christian does not attempt to fight temptation in his own strength: his watchfulness lies in observing its approach, and of telling God of it by prayer.—Mason.