

"You can serve God as well in the police-force as your clergyman does in his parish," said Mr. Hope. "Banner, it is of little consequence what our work is; the question is, how we do it and why we do it. Our Master himself was a poor village workman the greater part of his life on earth. And now here is a bit of Christ's work for you to do, Banner. God not only sent his only begotten Son into the world to save the world, but he sends all his sons—every one who has been saved from his own sins—to help to save others. You look after this poor lad a little when he is set free, and save him as far as you can. I will have some talk with him myself to-morrow; but you know I shall be going away as soon as the Assizes are over. We cannot take these lads out of the streets, but we can try to make them very different from what they are. Banner, will you do your best for this boy?"

"Yes, sir," answered Banner; "I'll keep a sharp look-out upon him. You may depend upon me."
 "But, Banner," continued Mr. Hope, "if you are to do this lad any good, you must try to love him. Nay, you *must* love him. Christ could have saved none of us if he had not first loved us."

Banner looked grave and perplexed. It was an unheard of thing to ask a policeman to feel any affection for one of the miserable thievish lads who were the daily plague of his life. It was not possible that Mr. Hope understood what he was asking him to do. But there was a look in Mr. Hope's eyes, and a compassionate anxiety upon his face, which Banner could not disappoint. He lifted his hand to his throat to loosen the stiff stock which almost choked him, and answered, in a husky voice, "I'll do my best, sir. I'm a better policeman, maybe, than a Christian, but I'll do my best for Thomas Haslam."

And Banner honestly resolved to do it in the sight of God. He was a man and constable of inflexible integrity, but stern and unbending. He had learned "the *fear* of the Lord, which is the beginning of wisdom," but he had not gone on to the *love* of God, which is the fulfilling of the law, and the highest wisdom. He feared the judge, he served the king; but he had yet to love and trust the Father who had revealed himself in his Son.

(To be continued.)

THE PRAYING ENGINEER.

BY DAVY GRAY.

ONE winter, several years ago, there was a good deal of religious interest in a certain western town, and among those who joined the church was Allie Forsyth, 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 Sabbath evening of the day when he joined the church, Allie was sitting in the twilight with his mother, when she said to him: "Allie, tell me what led you to be a Christian. Was it your home teaching, your lessons in Sabbath-school, the regular preaching of your pastor, or has it all come through the influence of revival meetings?"

Looking up into his mother's face, he replied: "Mamma, it was none of these. But do you remember, when we were coming from St. Albans to live here that I wanted to ride on the engine 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 with him as in the parlour car with you." Then continued Allie: "When we were ready to start from the station where I first got on the engine, the engineer knelt down just a little bit and then got up and started his locomotive.

I asked him many questions about its different parts, and the places and things we passed, and he was very patient in answering. Soon we stopped at another station, and he knelt down again before we started. He did this before leaving every station, and I asked him after a while what he was doing. He looked at me very earnestly, and said; 'My little lad, do you ever pray?'

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

"Well, my dear boy," said he, 'when I kneel down, I pray. There are, perhaps, two hundred lives now on this train intrusted to my care. A little mistake on my part might send all, or many of these souls to eternity. So at every station I kneel down and ask the Heavenly Father to help me. He has helped me, and in all the years I have been on this engine not a single human being of the thousands that have ridden on my train has been harmed. I have never had an accident.'

For four years the life and words of that praying engineer had been constantly present with this boy and became at length the means of leading him into a Christian life.

The Saviour's Call.

At the door I'm knocking, knocking,
 Will you rise and let me in?
 I am waiting, only waiting,
 To forgive your every sin.

At the door I'm knocking, knocking,
 But the door is hard to move;
 For the rusty hinges give not,
 While I wait in hope and love.

At the door I'm knocking, knocking,
 But I'm waiting all in vain;
 Closely is the ivy clinging;
 Will the door unbarred remain?

At the door I'm knocking, knocking,
 Must I, must I now depart?
 For so much, so much I love you,
 And I want your weary heart.

TELLING JESUS.

NELLIE, who had lately recovered from a dangerous illness, was one day out with her mother. As they were getting near home, the mother noticed the child had been unusually silent for a time, and all at once she stood still, and, as if with a determined effort, spoke thus: "Mamma,"—then a pause—"I prayed last night, mamma."

"Did you, dear? Don't you always pray?"
 "Oh, yes; but I prayed a *real* prayer last night. I don't think I ever prayed a real prayer before."

Then the mother gradually drew from her the following: "I was lying awake last night such a long time, and was thinking how sinful I was. I thought of what a naughty girl I had been so often. I tried to reckon up all the bad things I had done, and they seemed such a lot that I tried to remember all I had done in one week, and they seemed such a heap piled up, and then I was sure I had not remembered them all. This made me so miserable, and I thought what if Jesus had come for me when I was so ill? I was sure I could not have gone to heaven. Then I thought about Jesus coming to die for the bad people, and that he had promised to forgive them; so I got out of bed and knelt down and tried to tell Jesus how bad I was, and that I could not remember the sins of even one week; so I just asked him to think of all of them for me, every one, and then I waited to give him time to think, and when I thought he had remembered them all, I asked him to forgive them, and I am sure he did, mamma, because he said he would,

and I felt so happy. Then I got into bed, and did not feel a bit afraid of God any more."

That this true incident may encourage other little ones to take their burden of sin to Jesus, as Nellie did, is the earnest prayer of the writer.—*The Home Guardian.*

Sealed Orders.

Out she swung from her moorings,
 And over the harbour bar,
 As the moon was slowly rising
 She faded from sight afar—
 And we traced her gleaming canvas
 By the twinkling evening star.
 None knew the port she sailed for,
 Nor whither her cruise would be;
 Her future course was shrouded
 In silence and mystery;
 She was sailing beneath "sealed orders"—
 To be opened out at sea.
 Some souls cut off from moorings,
 Go drifting into the night,
 Darkness before and round them,
 With scarce a glimmer of light;
 They are acting beneath "sealed orders"—
 And sailing by faith, not sight.
 Keeping the line of duty
 Through good and evil report,
 They shall ride the storms out safely,
 Be the voyage long or short;
 For the ship that carries God's orders
 Shall anchor at last in port!

POST AND RAIL PEOPLE.

A FRIEND of mine says that there are two sorts of people in the world—"posts" and "rails," and a good many more rails than posts. The meaning of this is that most people depend on somebody else—a father, a sister, a husband, wife, or perhaps on a neighbour.

Whether it is right to divide the whole population of the earth quite so strictly, it is true that we all know a good many rail-like people.

Blanche Evans tells me one of the Rail girls sits by her in school. Miss Rail never had a knife of her own, though she used a sort of pencil that continually needs sharpening; so Blanche's pretty penknife was borrowed, until one day the Rail girl snapped the blade. Blanche was so tired of lending the knife that she was not very sorry.

Miss Rail's brother works beside Henry Brown in the office of the *Daily Hurricane*. They both set type, and Henry's patience is sorely tried by Master Rail. If Henry tells him to-day whether the *l* is doubled in *model* when the *ed* is added, he will have forgotten it to-morrow; and Henry has to tell him whether the semicolon comes before or after *viz.* every time he "sets it up." The truth is the Rail boy doesn't try to remember these things; he has taken Henry for a post and expects to be held up by him.

I met two pretty young ladies travelling together last summer. One was always appealing to the other to know if they were to change cars at Osanto, or not until they reached Dunstable, or if they should not change at all. She asked her companion the time, though her own watch was in order; she "couldn't bother to remember" names of routes and hotels and people, but she found it very convenient for somebody to do all this for her, and she never concealed her surprise if her friend forgot or neglected anything.

Being a post is often unpleasant, but how much worse it is to be a rail! The post can stand by itself—but take it away and where is the rail? Boys and girls have this advantage over a wooden fence—if they fear that they are rails, they can set about turning themselves into posts at once, and they will find the post business a far more delightful one.—*Annie M. Libby.*