

The entrance of Thy word giveth light.  
Psalm cxix. 130.

AN ANSWER.

"Madam, we miss the train at B——."  
"But can't you make it, sir?" she gasped.  
"Impossible! it leaves at three,  
And we are due at quarter-past."  
"Is there no way? Oh, tell me, then—  
Are you a Christian?" "I am not."  
"And are there none among the men  
Who run the train?" "No—I forgot—  
I think this fellow over here,  
Oiling the engine, claims to be."  
She threw upon the engineer  
A fair face, white with agony—  
"Are you a Christian?" "Yes, I am."  
"Then, oh, sir, won't you pray with me,  
All the long way, that God will stay—  
That God will hold the train at B——?"  
"Twill do no good; it's due at three.  
And——" "Yes, but God can hold the train;  
My dying child is calling me,  
And I must see her face again.

Oh, won't you pray?" "I will," a word  
Emphatic, as he takes his place.  
When Christians grasp the arm of God,  
They grasp the power that rules the race.  
Out from the station swept the train,  
On time—swept on past wood and lea;  
The engineer, with cheeks aflame,  
Prayed—"O Lord, hold the train at B——!"  
He flung the throttle wide, and, like  
Some giant monster of the plain,  
With panting sides and mighty strides,  
Past hill and valley swept the train.

A half a minute, two are gained.  
Along those burnished lines of steel  
His glances leapt, each nerve is strained,  
And still he prays with fervent zeal.  
Heart, hand, and brain, with one accord,  
Work, while his prayer ascends to heaven:  
"Just hold the train eight minutes, Lord,  
And help us make the other seven."  
With rush and roar through meadow lands,  
Past cottage homes and green hill-sides,  
The panting thing obeys his hands,  
And speeds along with giant strides.  
They say an accident delayed  
The train a little while; but He  
Who listened while his children prayed.  
In answer held the train at B——.

—*Youth's Companion.*

OLD SCORE FRASED.

"**M**ARK you" said a pious  
engineer to his mate, it  
isn't breaking off swear-  
ing and the like; it isn't  
reading the Bible or pray-  
ing, nor being good; it is  
none of these; for even if they would  
answer for the time to come, there's  
still the old score, and how are you to  
get over that?

It isn't anything you have done or  
can do: it's taking hold of what Jesus  
did for you; it is forsaking your sins, and  
accepting the pardon and salvation of  
your soul, because Christ let the waves  
and billows go over him on Calvary.  
"This is believing, and believing is  
nothing else."

PLAYING RAILROAD.

Charlie with Katie, his sister played;  
The game was "Railroad," and so he said,  
"I'm engine, and I'm conductor, too,"  
As he rattled away, "A-choo! A-choo!"  
He'd step or go on, and call and shout  
"All aboard!" or, "passengers out!"  
And the names of the places he knew about:  
"York!" "Toronto!" "Queen Street!"  
But still his passenger kept her seat.  
His knowledge of places grew scant and few,  
And he certainly didn't know what to do;  
So he sang out "Heaven!" just like a station,  
Little Katie sprang up with an exclamation  
Sweet and joyful, glad and clear:  
"Top! Top! I dess I will det out here!"  
—*Children's Hour.*

MERE attendance on church service  
does not satisfy all the demands of the  
Sabbath on you. If you try to make it  
a pure day, it will never be a weary one.

Do not drive away your friends.  
Friendship is none too plenty in this  
world, and it is better to have the good-  
will of the meanest, than their ill-will

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging.  
Prov. xx. 1.