

McLean, on behalf of the members of the church and congregation, presented the pastor's wife with an envelope containing the handsome sum of \$300. To complete the surprise, a tasteful writing desk, costing \$65, was sent by friends and placed in the pastor's study. Addresses accompanying the gifts spoke of the high esteem in which the pastor and his wife were held, and Mr. Silcox responded, expressing his gratitude for this unexpected evidence of their regard.

"ALL RIGHT."

I'm only an engine driver,
That works on the line of rail;
Without e'en a mother or sister,
Or wife, my lot to bewail.
It's not very lively to think of,
But I have a sensitive mind;
At least, that is for a driver,
A thing you may not oft find.

It's not very pleasant to fancy,
Each day you may drive to death,
And yet that's the case with us drivers,
Safe neither in limb nor breath.
I've had friends on many an engine,
Who died in red blood on the line;
Crushed like a dog—and I'm thinking,
One day the same end will be mine.

Did I ever have a fond mother?
Well, stranger, I just think I had;
But 'twas years ago in the far off,
When I was a roving young lad.
Don't laugh!—I loved my good mother—
No, no, it wasn't a tear
I dropped from my smoky eyelids!
Do you want to hear me swear?

I need to, and that in earnest,
But that's some time ago;
I've got to be somewhat religious,
A respectable driver now.
It's praying, I s'pose, for our parson
Says that it's right to pray:
There's room for us drivers in heaven,
Last night I heard him say.

T'ant often I go to church.
For us chaps aint got no time;
From morning to night we're driving,
Along this old smoky line.
But I went, and felt very funny,
A dreadful sinner, I guess,
And I've prayed that I might be religious.
Tho' I wear but a driver's dress.

Well, there, I must turn on steam;
A driver's no time to lose;
The whistle's the word to us chaps,
And 'taunt for ourselves to choose.
So push on, my hearty—I love
To hear her shriek in her flight;
It's only the signal that stops us,
And now the signal's "All Right."

—W. Barnett.

FAITH CURE.

There occur from time to time instances of remarkable cures in answer to prayer. They seem like miracles. Friends are overjoyed. Believers are encouraged. "The age of miracles is returning." Science is sceptical and attributes the result to "vitality," to "nature," to some unknown cause.

But are there not many "faith-cures"? Are there not real answers to prayer in healings of body and soul, for which the Lord gets no credit?

A young man goes deep into business. Difficulties arise. He puts forth all his energies. He carries a heavy load. He suffers a terrible strain. He sees himself on the brink of utter financial ruin. And at the crisis of his fate his health begins to fail. In his distress he calls on the Lord. Believing friends also pray for him. His strength is continued. He triumphs over obstacles. He fights his way through. He begins to rise. With prosperity, health returns. He recovers his old buoyancy and vigour. He may think gratefully, "The Lord heard my cry," or he may say, "My high hand and not the Lord hath done this." The world may praise him. And the idea that faith had anything to do with the result may seem to many quite unscientific. But there may be hearts near him that know better. There may be those who had boldness by the blood of Jesus to enter into the holiest and wrestle for him, and who obtained the blessing. They will always believe that it was a "faith-cure." God be praised that such faith-cures are more common than we think.

The light of eternity will show a profound meaning in those words of Jesus, "Every one that asketh receiveth."—Charles Beecher.

STRAIGHT BY THE CROSS.

A short distance from where the writer lives there are the remains of a stone cross, which was set up more than five hundred years ago, to keep in memory a great battle which was fought on the neighbouring hills, and which resulted in a great victory for the English forces. It stands by the road-side, near the parting of two ways; and besides commemorating the victory, it serves the purpose of pointing out the way to certain places beyond. It is not uncommon, therefore, when people ask the way to these places, to say, "You must first get to the cross, and then go straight on."

That is just what we have to do spiritually. It is a crucified Redeemer to whom we are to come. It is by a crucified Redeemer we come to God. We come by the new and living way which Christ had consecrated with His own blood. Christ by His death has opened the kingdom of God to all believers.

But there is a way we have to tread after we are reconciled by Christ's death. We have to go straight