

The Sanctified Engineer.

Sister Snell was riding on the Richmond and Danville road, and the conductor who took her ticket had such a good face, she asked: "Aren't you a Christian?"

He said: "Yes, madam, I am a Christian."

She continued: "It's so rare to see a Christian railroad man. How did you happen to be religious?"

He said: "It was the beautiful, consistent life of an engineer on the railroad. He claims to have something the rest have not. He says he is sanctified."

"Are you sanctified?" she asked.

"No, but I am converted. Graham seems to have something I have not. That man's influence has been felt from one end of the line to the other."

While resting in her room a few days after that, Sister Snell heard the newsboys crying, "A great disaster." She got a paper and read the names, and there were forty or fifty killed or injured, and the name of Graham Jones, the saved engineer, was in the list of the killed. She said: "Better fifty other men be killed than Graham Jones. Why was it, Lord, when others were spared who have not this influence?" She could not get him out of her mind.

That afternoon a special list was made and revised; Graham Jones' name was transferred to the list of those fatally wounded, and she thanked God for that. As she had heard that he lived in the town where she was at that time, she set out for his house and found a sweet little cottage and went in, and found his wife sitting in her room the picture of anguish. (Sanctification does not make us unnatural.) There was no rebelling against God even though tears ran down her face, and He was keeping her.

Sister Snell sat down and talked to her, offering the Word of God. About half past ten they heard the train bringing in the dead, and in about half an hour they heard the gate opening and then it shut, and they heard the tread of men bringing the litter into the house, walking three men on each side. Stretched on the litter lay the wounded man, white as death and blood everywhere, with one arm mangled, looking more dead than alive.

His wife's name was Rubie. He said to her when their eyes met, "O Rubie, all things work together for good to them that love God."

The doctors did all they could, and the next day they came back and said they would try to save his arm, but thought it must be removed. He said: "Doctor, please don't; it is the arm I hold the throttle with, and if it is cut off I cannot work. Please spare my arm." But they thought it must be removed, so he said again: "If you must take my arm, please give me one night to pray—one night with God." They said: "Mr. Jones, you talk like a mad man. To-morrow will be too late." He said: "I don't think I am to live anyway, and I believe you think I am not. Give me one night." The doctor hesitated, and he said: "Get them out of the room, dear; they will be back early in the morning."

After a little while, he said: "Is not this the night for the holiness meeting?" and he looked at the door. "Run quickly and ask them to pray for me, and pray until they hear from me."

The word was sent to the meeting and they prayed, and while they prayed, Graham Jones talked with God about his arm. The next morning the doctors came and he was placed on the table, and they gathered around him and examined the arm and the gangrene was gone. Graham Jones is the same today, running on the road, and he says himself that when he pulls the throttle cord it says: "Hallelujah! Halle-l-u-j-a-h!" as it comes down the road. Then it says: "Glory to God, Glory to God, Halle-l-u-j-a-h!"

Praise His name! Sanctification teaches how to suffer for God in every condition.—Sel.

The Right Kind of a Boy.

The other morning we were in the midst of a three days' rain. The fire smoked, the dining-room was chilly, and when we assembled for breakfast father looked rather grim, and mother tired, for the baby had been restless all night. Polly was plainly inclined to fretfulness and Bridget undeniably cross, when Jack came in with the breakfast rolls from the baker's. He had taken off his coat and

boots in the hall, and he came in rosy and smiling.

"Here's the paper, sir," said he to his father, with such a cheerful tone that his father's brow relaxed and he said, "Ah, Jack, thank you," quite pleasantly. His mother looked up at him smiling and he just touched her cheek gently as he passed.

"Top of the morning to you, Pollywog," he said to his little sister and delivered the rolls to Bridget, with a smile. "Here you are, Bridget. Aren't you sorry you didn't go yourself this beautiful day?"

He gave the fire a poke and opened the damper. The smoke ceased and presently the coals began to glow; and five minutes after Jack came in we gathered around the table and were eating our oatmeal as cheerfully as possible. This seems very simple in the telling, and Jack never knew at all, but he had, in fact, changed the whole moral atmosphere of the room, and had started a gloomy day pleasantly for five people.

"He is always so," said his mother when I spoke to her about it afterward, "just so sunny and kind and ready all the time. I suppose there are in the world boys more brilliant than mine, but none with a kinder heart or a sweeter temper; I am sure of that."—Sel.

How does this compare with your conduct boys?

The Saloon Doomed.

No man who studies with intelligence the movement in the direction of prohibition can be in doubt as to the ultimate doom of the saloon. Gradually, and in many sections rapidly, the various states are outlawing the saloon in the American Republic, and in Canada also the dominant opinion is quite as determinedly against it. The voting out of more than a thousand saloons in the State of Illinois on Tuesday, putting 828 townships out of 1,200 under prohibition, is even less emphatic than the sweep the movement is making in the southern States. The saloon is doomed.

In Canada, despite the eddying of the current in times of luxurious prosperity, the stream of public opinion and of legislative action is steadily onward in the direction of the abolition of the barroom. There are technically no saloons in Ontario, but the bar part of the average hotel is of the same character and serves the same purpose as a saloon. And the barroom in Ontario is doomed.

The men who are slowest to appreciate the significance of the change in public opinion on the utility of the barroom are the men whose duty and interest it is to know the seasons when to take occasion by the hand. Public opinion is decidedly in advance of the politicians who stand for the three-fifths clause. A mass of anti-barroom opinion all over the Province is being developed and shaken together, and awaits only the coming of strong, courageous, convinced leadership. The economic, social, and moral burden of the barroom will be felt to be insufferable, and men who to-day have no interest in prohibition will join hand for its overthrow. That day may be nearer than some suppose. The Government that is afraid to trust the electors where a moral issue is at stake misjudges the quality and temper of the people of Ontario.—Weekly Globe & Can. Farmer.

5,000 Facts About Canada.

The 1908 Edition is out of that most useful and valuable booklet, "5,000 Facts about Canada," compiled by Frank Yeigh of Toronto, who is widely known throughout the Dominion as an authority on things Canadian. Nearly 25,000 copies were sold of the 1907 edition, the demand coming from every part of this Continent and the British Empire. The idea worked out, that of a concrete fact in a sentence, is an excellent one, the data being arranged under such self-indexing titles as area, agriculture, banking, commerce, finances, mining, railways, wheat fields, etc. The wealth of material contained in small space is a revelation to even a well informed Canadian of the standing and resources of the country. The book is published at 25 cents a copy by The Canadian Facts Publishing Co., 667 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, Canada, or may be had from Newsdealers.

BRITANNIA'S HYMN.

Thou who rulest Earth and Heaven,
Bidding kingdoms fall or rise,
Of Thy grace direct my footsteps,
Be as light unto my eyes.
Of Thy bounty smile in blessing,
Of Thy mercy spare the frown,
At Thy feet, O Wondrous Spirit!
Lay I shield and trident down.

Countless as the stars at midnight
Or the pebbles by the sea,
Are the children Thou hast given
Of Thy favor, Lord, to me.
Where the palms afford them shadow,
Where the pines afford them fire
For my cause the fashion armor,
In my praise they sound the lyre.

Like the murmur of the forest
When the winds of Autumn sweep,
Or the endless solemn thunder
Of a never-resting deep—
Yes, more wondrous and overwhelming,
Infinitely more sublime,
Are the sound waves of their voices
Pealing on the sands of time.

I behold a wondrous vision
Going ever on before,
And its promises and blessings
Broaden, brighten more and more.
There the sun forever riseth
While it ever goeth down,
Justice lifteth righteous balance,
Mercy weareth laurel crown.

"Hail to Justice! Hail to Mercy!"
Sing my sons with one accord,
"Alleluia! Alleluia!"
Alleluia! praise the Lord."
Touch, with flame from Thine altar,
Patriot tongues and bid them say,
"Wake to wisdom, O ye people!
Lest the visions fade away."
—Frederick J. Johnston-Smith, in Portsmouth News.

A Wonderful Anaesthetic.

A new anaesthetic has been used in Canada for the first time. The experiment was conducted in the Toronto General Hospital last month on a young man who had been kicked by a horse and was painfully injured in the intestines. The man was operated upon three times before "stovaine," the new anaesthetic, which is designed to change materially the methods of surgical operations, was used.

Stovaine was invented by Dr. Foreneau, an eminent chemist of Paris. It contains no cocaine and has the power to render the patient's body insensible to pain, but at the same time leave the mind free and clear.

Dr. Duncan Anderson, of Wellesley street, Toronto, who performed the operation, says that while the anaesthetic had been used with very satisfactory results by Prof. Barker, of University College, London, England, it was a new departure in the use of anaesthetics in Canada. Prof. Barker had only failed in eight cases in 200 in which he had employed the anaesthetic. The value of the form of treatment was very great in cases where patients could not be operated on under the usual conditions owing to weakness. The new anaesthetic eliminated the dangerous after effects of the completely paralyzing kind.

What We License, We Protect.

What we license, we protect; what we license we wrap the flag of the country around and make it a legitimate branch of business, and in the legalized aspect of the traffic lies its powers. What does God's Word say about it? What does it say about licensed wrong? If Isaiah had seen the license system of the United States as it is now, he could not have expressed it better than he has: "Woe unto him that justifieth the wicked for a reward." The license system takes the money from these men who are dealing out liquid death for a government revenue and thus makes it a legitimate branch of business, and God says "Woe."

I find every phase of the subject of this work in the Bible. God has wedded the Gospel and the temperance cause, and "what God hath joined together let not put asunder." The first prohibitory liquor law was passed up in the congress of heaven, and it was not submitted to the people, it never had to be remodeled, and it never will be repealed; and then the awful iniquity of taking a revenue from the liquor traffic and putting it in the till of the government, "Woe to him that buildeth a town with blood and establisheth a city with iniquity."

"Lots of time for lots of things,
Though it's said that time has wings.
There is always time to find
Ways of being sweet and kind;
There is always time to share
Smiles and goodness everywhere;
Time to send the frowns away,
Time a gentle word to say,
Time for helpfulness, and time
To assist the weak to climb,
Time to give a little flower;
Time for friendship, any hour.
But there is no time to spare
For unkindness anywhere."

Nature's Medicine.

Laughter is Nature's device for exercising the internal organs and giving us pleasure at the same time.

It sends the blood bounding through the body, increases the respiration, and gives warmth to the whole system.

It expands the chest, and forces the poisoned air from the least-used lung cells.

It brings into harmonious action all the functions of the body.

Perfect health, which may be destroyed by a bad piece of news, by grief or anxiety, is often restored by a good hearty laugh.

A jolly physician is often better than all his pills.

Laughter induces a mental exhilaration. The habit of frequent and hearty laughter will not only save you many a doctor's bill, but will also save you years of your life.

There is good philosophy as well as good health in the maxim 'Laugh and grow fat.'

Laughter is a foe to pain and disease and a sure cure for the 'blues,' melancholy, and worry.

Laughter is contagious; Be cheerful, and you make everybody around you happy, harmonious, and healthful.

Laughter and good cheer make love of life, and love of life is half of health.

Use laughter as a table sauce; it sets the organs to dancing, and thus stimulates the digestive processes.

Laughter keeps the heart and face young and enhances physical beauty.

New Brunswick.

March 16.—Since leaving home March 7th, I have by the grace of God, been to, and held Missionary services with our churches at Saco and Portland, Me., and Oxford, N. S., also preaching at Bar Mills, Me., and five times at Oxford. My soul has been refreshed while praying with our people in Oxford and Spring Hill. I was also refreshed in spirit by being permitted to meet Brother Joseph Bullock and wife, and their son, John Bullock, at St. John; and by a brief interview with Rev. M. S. Trafton of St. John and Rev. W. B. Wiggins, who are pressing holiness in St. John and Moncton, N. B. They, with the other pastors of the Reformed Baptist churches, are planning to press the holiness work in the lower provinces this coming season as never before. We were permitted to shake hands with Evangelist E. Dearn, who has just closed a blessed revival in West Chester, N. S. Brother Dearn will be at Oxford two nights. I am retracing my steps about 600 miles to Portland, Me., and from there I go over the White Mountain route to our churches in Vermont and Northern New York, down the Hudson, and from thence to our churches in Pennsylvania. At Portland I shall be within eighty miles of home, and confess I have a great desire to see the loved ones there, but must "endure hardness as a good soldier," and press on for four weeks more before seeing home.—H. F. Reynolds, in Beulah Christian.

His Father's Advice.

"My boy," said a father to his only son, "you are in bad company. The boys with whom you go indulge in bad habits. They smoke, drink, swear, play cards and go to theatres. They are not safe company for you, and I beg you to quit their society."

"You need not be afraid, father," replied the boy haughtily; "I guess I know a thing or two; I know how far to go and when to stop." The boy left his father's house twirling his cane in his fingers and laughed at father's notions.

A few years later and that boy, grown to manhood, stood at the bar of a court, before a jury which has brought in a verdict of "guilty" against him for crime. Before he was sentenced he addressed the court, and among other things, he said:

"My downward course began when I disobeyed my parents. I thought I knew as much of the world as my father, and I spurned his advice; but as soon as I turned my back upon my home, temptation came upon me thick and fast and hurried me to ruin."—Sel.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN

The Bible.

If thou art sad, come here and find A balm to soothe and cheer thy mind. If thou art merry, here are songs Meet to be sung by angel tongues. For whom the Lamb of God was slain. If thou art rich with things of earth, Learn here thy wealth is nothing worth. If thou art poor, this precious mine Hath countless treasures, they are thine, If thou lackest wisdom look herein, And wisdom thou shalt surely win. Wisdom to guide thee on the road Which leads through faith in Christ to God.

—Selected.

"Little Scotch Granite."

Did you ever have a bit of cloth that you thought clean until sometime it happened to be laid close by a new piece and then you saw it to be soiled? In a similar way people discover facts about themselves sometimes, as Burt and Johnnie Lee did when their little Scotch cousin came to live with them. They were "pretty good boys," and would have been very angry if anybody had called them deceitful.

Well, when their cousin came they were delighted. He was little, but very bright and full of fun. He could tell curious things about his home in Scotland and his voyage across the ocean. He was as far advanced in his studies as they were; and the first day he went to school they thought him remarkably good. He wasted no time in play when he should have been studying and he recited finely. At night before the close of the school the teacher called a roll, and the boys began to answer, "Ten." When Willie understood that he was to say "ten" if he had not whispered during the day he replied:

"I have whispered."

"More than once?" asked the teacher.

"Yes, sir," answered Willie.

"As many as ten times?"

"Maybe I have," faltered Willie.

"Then I shall mark you zero," said the teacher, sternly, "and that is a great disgrace."

"Why, I did not see you whisper once," said Johnnie that night after school.

"Well, I did," said Willie. "I saw others doing it, and I asked to borrow a book; then I lent a slate pencil and asked a boy for a knife, and did several such things. I supposed it was allowed."

"G! we all do it," said Bert, reddening. "There isn't any sense in the old rule, and nobody could keep it; nobody does."

"I will, or else I will say I haven't," said Willie. "Do you suppose I would tell ten lies in one heap?"

"O! we don't call them lies," muttered Johnnie. "There wouldn't be a credit among us at night if we were to be so strict."

"What of that, if you told the truth?" laughed Willie, bravely.

In a short time the boys all saw how it was with him. He studied very hard, played with all his might in playtime, but, according to his own account, he lost more credits than any of the rest. After some weeks the boys answered "nine" and "eight" oftener than they used to, yet the schoolroom seemed to have grown much quieter.

Sometimes when Willie Grant's mark was even lower than usual, the teacher would smile peculiarly, but said no more about "disgrace." Willie never preached at them or told tales, but somehow it made the boys ashamed of themselves, just the seeing that this sturdy, blue-eyed Scotch boy must tell the truth. It was putting the clean clothes by the half-soiled ones, you see; and they felt like cheats and "story-tellers." They loved him if they did nickname him "Scotch Granite," he was so firm about a promise. Well, at the end of the term Willie's name was very low down in the credit list. When it was read, he had hard work not to cry, for he was very sensitive, and he had tried hard to be perfect. But the last thing that day was a speech from the teacher, who told of once seeing a man muffled up in a cloak. He was passing him without a look, when he was told the man was General —, the great hero.

"The signs of his rank were hidden, but the hero was there just the same," "And now, boys, you will see what I meant—when I tell you that I want to give a little gold medal to the most faithful boy—the one really the most conscientious and perfect in his deportment among you. Who shall have it?"

"Little Scotch Granite!" shouted forty boys at once; for the child whose name was so "low" on the credit list had made truth noble in their eyes.—S. S. Visito