

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

The following is from the "Editor's Drawer" of *Harper's*, for February, 1864:

This incident, told by a humane railroad conductor on one of the roads leading out of the city of Baltimore, is too good not to find a place in the "Drawer." The entire story is too long for our crowded space. It may suffice to premise briefly, that the conductor had been very kind to the family of a poor Irish laborer (who had lived on the road but who was accidentally run over by the train some months before), carrying them little things, taking the widow to a distant Catholic church free of charge on Sundays, etc.

"That was during the summer," said the conductor. "One night the next winter it was very cold and the mountains were covered with snow. We were running to make time, when, on turning a curve the engineer saw a waving light on the track, and we soon heard someone ahead shouting. I was then out on the platform. The engineer slacked up and stopped the engine, and we got out and went ahead in the dark to see what was the matter.

"There it was! A large land-slide had fallen across the track near the shanty of the old Irishwoman. She had built a fire and waited and watched for the train, for the curves were so sharp that we might have been plump upon the slide before we could see it.

"So when we ran up, there was the old woman, with her calico cap, swinging a chunk of fire like a revolving light-house; and there were the young Irish boys carrying brush, like so many little bearers. She had watched all that night in the cold, and, but for her, in another minute we should have run into a pile of dirt and rocks as big as Barnum's Hotel. I should certainly have been killed, for I was standing on the platform. What would have become of the passengers and train? You can guess as well as I can.

"The passengers made up about eighty dollars for the old woman; the company afterwards gave her a shanty, rent free; the brakemen and engineers bought her

a cow, and she made out very well. But when I handed the money to her that night she said: 'Gintlemen and ladies, I am thankful to yees for what ye may give me, but what I did was mostly on account of him there. He was kind and thoughtful to the poor and afflicted, and I'd ha' watched till I froze before harrum should have come to him if I could have helped it.' It made me choke right up."

We don't know when we have encountered a more striking illustration than this of the self-rewarding "luxury of doing good," equally applicable, in the present instance, to the doer and the recipient.—*Sel.*

WESLEYAN METHODISM.

The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, editor of the *Methodist Times*, speaking of the very meagre gains in the Wesleyan Church in England during the past year, gives utterance to the following plain language:

We confess to a great sense of relief when we learn that there is any increase at all. There is such an obstinate clinging to worn-out methods and obsolete agencies, such an infatuation for dead routine, such an increasing dislike of new departures in our intensely conservative church, that the slightest indications of movement and progress are occasions for devout thankfulness to God. No other church ever succeeded in the first century of its existence in becoming so stereotyped and so reactionary. This result has been secured—as Dr. Greeves has more than once thoughtfully pointed out—by the expulsion, at every previous crisis in our ecclesiastical history, of the sanguine, enthusiastic, progressive section of the community. We have for many years been paying the dread penalty of excessive caution and timidity.

LET not those of us who are poor in this world's goods imagine that we are thereby prevented from doing good to others. Behold what a blessing Peter, though he had neither silver nor gold, bestowed on the beggar.—*Taylor.*