


night Rawlings left Cumberland on his east bound trip in a terrible rain storm, and after passing through Doe Gully tunnel, his engineer blew for brakes in sharp and quick blasts, indicating sudden and unexpected danger.

The train came to a stand-still within fifty feet of an immense landslide covering the track for a distance of fifty yards, close to which a large bonfire had been built, and standing within a few feet of it was the widow, with a blazing pine knot in hand, waving it and shouting:—"Where is the conductor? Where is the conductor?"

Rawlings soon appeared, and going up to him she said: "I told you you would never regret your kindness to the poor lone widow and her children. I heard the fall of rock and earth in the cut, and I knew you were coming down, and I built a fire to warn you of the danger. God bless the man who thought of the poor widow and her children when they were in trouble."—*Baltimore News*.

Our Study Table.

 HERE is not perhaps at this present moment a subject of more importance than the *Home*. The home, or the family, is an institution as old as Eden, and as sacred and venerable as the Sabbath and marriage. What the *Church* is, what the *State* is, depends on what the *Home* is. "France," said Napoleon, "needs mothers and horses." We welcome, therefore, this little treatise on *The Christian Home*, by the Rev. Edward Garbett, Canon of Winchester, (published by the Religious Tract Society, of London,) in 14 chapters. One sentence will suffice to show the spirit of the book:—"When family religion is absent all true happiness is absent. It is the highest end of all which alone can keep all the rest in order. It is the central force which, like the life of nature itself, silent and unconscious, creates beauty and fragrance through the whole. From this office of a family priesthood, where the head of the house ministers before God, the parental authority itself derives its sacredness."