

IN MEMORIAM.

NO thinking railroad man will fail to recognise the lesson which the sad and sudden accident resulting in the death of G. T. R. yardsman Johnson, is calculated to teach, and we sincerely hope that all will have it laid to heart, and turn to God. It is most gratifying to know that for some years Johnson had exercised faith in Jesus Christ as the Lamb of God who took away *Johnson's* sins. And why should not every employee no matter *where, at what or when* he is engaged, look to Jesus Christ and live? Live a life of happiness and usefulness here, and of eternal joy and glory hereafter.

And to that bereaved and devoted widow, what can we say? That she has our sympathy? Who can say so? Who has been placed in a similar condition? And who that has not been similarly afflicted is capable of saying I sympathise with you? We are thankful, Mrs Johnson, to your father and our father, that God has not so dealt with us. But you have all the sympathy of Jesus Christ our Elder Brother and High Priest, to Him we commend you in your severe affliction. When we were severely tried He helped us, He sustained us, He made us *glory in tribulation, He gave us songs in the darkest night, and He is able and willing also to make all grace abound towards you.* You have our condolence, you have our sympathy, and you have the sympathy of Him of whom it was said at the grave of Lazarus "Jesus wept." And to those sons who are engaged in the same business in which their father had been engaged in all his life. You have felt the blow, have you applied the lesson? Are you *prepared* should the Lord Jesus now come, or be you thus suddenly hurled into eternity, are you in Christ Jesus? Made nigh to God by His blood? or are you described in the words of God as "Aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, strangers from the covenants of promise, having no hope and without God—without Christ—in the world?" Oh miserable men if such is the case, but thrice happy those who can say,

I am thine oh Lord I've heard thy voice,
And it told thy love to me.

THE WEST END RAILWAY BRANCH.

IT is now one year since work in this vicinity was commenced, in the little waiting room of the Credit Valley Railway, in Parkdale. On Sunday, October 20th, 1882, the first Railway Gospel Meeting was held, the speakers being our old reliable friends and co-workers, Messrs. Gooderham and Blight. The right spirit characterized the first meeting; there was nothing known or spoken of *save Jesus Christ and Him crucified.* One of our warmest and best friends, present that day in the flesh, is now in glory, viz., Mr. Slater, late of the Northern Railway. As long as he lived, he worked hard for the progress of our west end branch. Much of the success, so evident now, is due to his earnest effort and ardent faith, manifested on different occasions.

In a short time (less than three months) fidelity was rewarded, for more came than could enter the little room.

The spirit of saving inquiry, of grace and supplication, was constantly realized. Brother Slater said this waiting room is too strait, the audience said AMEN. And we told Father about it, and to our hearts He said, *Go ahead, trust in Me,* and I will *supply* your needs.

We reported these facts to the Railway Committee of last year. The wise shook their heads, and said, that will not last long—'twill wear off—be contented, *we have more than we can finance now, and the parent association has a gigantic scheme on hand, which will take some time (3 years) to mature; so keep quiet, when that is done, then we will think of something. But, the sound in the top of the mulberry trees continued, and God, in our very inmost soul, said more, and how could we be contented or keep quiet?* So, in our distress we *prayed to the God of Heaven for weeks* At last came the *little cloud and the sound of abundance of rain.* What is the result? A beautiful set of rooms, and, instead of a Sunday meeting of about thirty-five (for no more could get in the little waiting room) we have one which for months has averaged seventy-five or eighty. But the