

depot. It was the operator who was swinging the lantern. He had been aroused from his sleep by the whistle of a locomotive when there wasn't one within ten miles of him. He heard the toot! toot! toot! while he was dressing, and all the way as he ran to the station, thinking he had been signalled. Lo! there was no train. Everything was as quiet as the grave. The man heard his instrument clicking away, and leaning his ear against the window, he caught the words as they passed through to D---: "Switch the eastern express off quick! Engineer of the western express crazy drunk, and running a mile a minute."

"The operator signalled us at once. We had left D--- nine miles away, and the message couldn't have caught us anywhere except at Porto. Six miles further down was the long switch. It was time we were there, lacking one minute. We lost two or three minutes in understanding our situation and in consulting, and had just got ready to switch in where we were when the head-light of the other train came in view. Great heavens! how that train was flying! The bell was ringing, sparks flying and the whistle screaming, and not a man could raise his hand. We stood there on the main track, spell bound, as it were. There wouldn't have been time anyhow, either to have switched or got the passengers out. It wasn't over sixty seconds before the train was upon us. I prayed to God for a breath or two, and then shut my eyes and waited, for I hadn't the strength to get out of the cab.

"Well, sir, God's mercy was revealed again. Forty rods above us the locomotive jumped the track, and was piled into the ditch in an awful mass. Some of the coaches were considerably smashed, and some of the people bruised, but no one was killed, and our train escaped entirely. The Almighty must have cared for Big Tom, the drunken engineer. He didn't get a bruise, but was up and across the fields like a deer, screaming and shrieking like a mad tiger. It took five men to hold him after he was run down, and to-day he is the worst lunatic in the State.

"Tom was a good fellow," continued the engineer after a pause, "and he used to take his glass pretty regularly. I never saw him drunk, but liquor kept working away at his nerves, till at last the tremens caught him when he had a hundred and fifty lives behind his engine. He broke out all of a sudden, the fireman was thrown out of the engine, all steam turned on, and then Tom danced and screamed, and carried on like a fiend. He'd have made awful work, sir, but for God's mercy. I'm trembling yet over the way he came down for us, and I never think of it without my heart jumping for my throat. Nobody asked me to sign the pledge, but I wanted my name there. One such night on the road has turned me against intoxicating drinks, and now I've got this blue ribbon on, I can talk to the boys with a better face. Tom is raving, as I told you, and the doctors say he'll never get his reason again. Good night, sir—my train goes in ten minutes." —Occident.

Our Casket.

RUBIES.

A VOICE FROM THE FARM.

"You say that my life is a round of toil?"

The stalwart farmer said,

"That I scarce can wrest from the oft-tilled soil
My pittance of daily bread?

Well, what you tell me in part is true.

I'm seldom an idle man,

But I value the blessing of rest, as you,

Who have much of it never can.

"And, surely, I never have worked in vain,

From the spring to the golden fall;

The harvest has ever brought waving grain,

Enough and to spare for all.

And when in the evening, freed from care,

I see at my farm-house door

My wife and my little one waiting there,

Oh, what has the millionaire more!

"My children may never have hoarded wealth;

Their lives may at times be rough;

But if in their homes they have love and health,

They will find these riches enough.

The only land they will ever own

Is the land that the strong right arm

And the patient, fearless heart alone

Can till to a fertile farm.

"I have nothing beyond my simple wants

And a little for cloudy days;

But no grim spectre my homestead haunts;

Such as silver and gold might raise.

Around me are eyes that with sparkling mirth,

Or with placid contentment shine—
And no wealth-clogged lord upon all the earth
Has a lot more blessed than mine.

"Oh, yes, I'm laboring all day long,
With the mind and the muscle, too;
But I thank the Lord, who has made me strong,
And given me work to do.
For what, indeed, is the idle drone
But a vampire on the land,
Reaping fruit that by others was sown,
And not by his own right hand!"

—Clipper.

Soft is the breath of a maiden's Yes,
Not the light gossamer stirs with less;
But never a cable that holds so fast
Through all the battles of wave and blast.

—Holmes.

For the cause of holy freedom,
Fight the drink!
For the tyranny of fashion,
Fight the drink!
For the sorrow and the wrong,
For the weak against the strong,
For His sake, who hears our song,
Fight the drink!

OUR CHILDREN.

O Lord our God, we thank Thee
For little children dear,
Gleams of Thy mercy's rainbow
Which Thou dost send us here;
O! teach us how to make them
What Thou wouldst have them be,
Teach us to train our children
For heaven and for Thee.

The simple love of goodness,
The fear to do a sin,
The life that through temptation
Keeps innocence within,
The strength to win the battle,
The knowledge that is might,
Are what we need to teach them,
That they may learn aright.

Oh, fill our hearts with wisdom,
With love, and tenderness,
And in all Christ-like patience
Let us our souls possess;
So shall the overflowing
Of hearts that own Thy grace,
Reflect on little children
Their heavenly Father's face.—Genevieve Irons.

CRYSTALS.

Our drink shall be water,
All sparkling with glee;
The gift of our God
And the drink of the free.

LOOK OVER IT.—It is said that John Wesley was once walking along a road with a brother, who related to him his troubles, saying he did not know what he should do. They were at that moment passing a stone fence to a meadow, over which a cow was looking. "Do you know," said Wesley, "why the cow looks over that wall?" "No," replied the man in trouble. "I will tell you," said Wesley, "because she cannot look through it; and that is what you must do with your troubles; look over and above them." Depend upon it in the midst of all the science about the world and all its ways, and all the ignorance of God and His greatness, the man or woman who can say, "Thy will be done," with the true heart of giving up, is nearer the secret of things than the geologist or theologian.—Geo. Macdonald.

Henry Ward Beecher, writing to a journal in Portland, Oregon, says:—"I am glad to hear that your townspeople have resolved