

Well, I sent him to draw the stoves and I got the old 406 ready. Finally we got out of the yard, dragging forty empties after us. Nothing unusual happened going west, and when we fell down the hill into Homer at the other end of the run, I felt pretty good again. We put the engine away, and after cleaning up a bit, went over to the hotel for supper; then to bed for a little rest before the return trip. About midnight our best friend, the caller, was after us, and as I signed his book, I asked him what we were to haul east.

'Don't know, Harry,' he said; 'there's a stock train coming and a freight of slow; guess you will get the slow freight, though.'

'Just my luck, when I want to get home,' I growled out.

Everything seemed to go wrong that night. It was raining and freezing as fast as it fell, and to make matters worse, the wind was from the east, and I couldn't half see. It seemed as if the sleet and wind would cut my eyes out when I tried to look out the windows. After oiling up, I started to get the 406 off the engine track, and the first thing I did was to run smack into a draft of empty cars some yard man had left standing without lights on. Well, I did not hurt the cars much, but I had to take the 406 back into the house for repairs. The round-house foreman gave me an old scrap pile of an engine, No. 294, and when at last I got over into the yard, the stock train was gone, so, of course, I had to take the slow freight out.

My! what a trip that was. First we would break loose; then about the time we would find the rear end and get started again, some passenger train would be due, and we would have to pull in on the middle track. To make matters worse, Murphy couldn't make any steam, and taken all together, I began to wish that I was running a farm, instead of an engine. I guess my ill-humor got contagious, for Murphy commenced to swear like a pirate at the old engine. Now, boys, you know that is something that I never allow a man to do on my engine, for I love the Lord God, and if I do have my faults, still I try to serve him. So I told Murphy that he had better let up on the swearing and take it out in firing. He just growled out something about not being able to get such an engine hot. At last we arrived at Clinton, and I commenced to feel better, for we only had a four-mile pull from there, then a drop of eighteen miles down the mountain into Albany yards, then home. While we were taking water, Smith, the conductor, came out of the telegraph office and said to me:

'Harry, we are to fill out to forty-five cars here, and the 165 is to push us over the hill.'

Then Murphy broke loose again. He swore at everything and everybody, from the president of the road to the train despatcher and back again. Well, I felt mad myself, but I talked a couple of minutes to him about the love of God for sinners, and especially swearing railway men, and asked him to go easy the rest of the trip.

At last we got away, and with the 165 pushing us we sailed over the hill in pretty good shape. But the engineer of the pusher engine thought he would give us good measure, and he helped us down the hill about a quarter of a mile, and there is where the trouble commenced. We had hardly gone a mile before I knew that the train was beyond control. I whistled for brakes several times, although I knew that the crew had about all the brakes on already that they could get at. I worked the engine in the reverse motion, but that did no good. All that I could do was to keep the whistle going, in hopes that the signal men in the telegraph offices that we passed would

telegraph ahead to Albany and we could get a clear track through the yards. My fireman, Murphy, crawled upon the seat beside me, and said, 'Harry, what will we do? Shall we jump off?'

I told him it was certain death to jump off and in all probability we would be killed when we ran into Albany yards. Then in just a couple of minutes I told him of his swearing, and advised him to make his peace with God. He asked me if I thought God would forgive him. I told him that he certainly would. He then asked me what he should do, and I hurriedly told him to talk to the Master in prayer, and if he surely meant to serve him, if his life was spared, God would save his soul.

By this time we were running into the Albany yards, for we had come down that eighteen mile hill in just about sixteen minutes. I was not scared very much, for a little passage from God's Word had come to me. It was, 'Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.'

Well, boys, we did not find a clear track through the yards, but crashed into a loaded train, and it made an awful wreck. The old 294 and Murphy and I went up in the air together, then we came down and were buried under the wreckage. After a bit, I got my senses, and felt around and found Murphy's body alongside of me, and seeing a little light, dragged myself and him out into the air. We were both badly bruised and cut, but not seriously hurt. After a bit Murphy opened his eyes, and what do you suppose was the first thing he said?

He said, 'Harry, suppose we thank God for sparing our lives. I belong to him from now on!'

Together we knelt on the ground by that pile of broken and twisted cars, and we gave thanks to him who is always with his children to protect and keep in time of danger. Although we escaped with our lives, my three brakemen were killed. I left that road shortly after the wreck. Murphy is still there, running an engine and living for Christ. God has blessed him, and is using him in bringing his fellow trainmen out of sin into liberty as it is in Christ Jesus. That's my story, boys. That is one of the reasons why I am always preaching, as you call it.

Just then the fast freight came in and we went out to work, feeling that it was indeed a wonderful story that our old engineer had told us.

(Note.—This is not a fanciful story. With the exception of a change of names of the men and plans, it is substantially true. Harry Belden is to-day running an engine on a great railway in the middle States, and as he speeds along over the road on his engine, finds many opportunities of sowing seed for the Master.)—Brevet, in 'The Christian Alliance and Volunteers' Gazette.'

### 'The Jamesville Nine.'

(Gussie Packard DuBois, in 'Christian Work.')

A bang of an outer door, hurried footsteps and a boy's voice shouting, 'Where's mother?' broke in upon the quiet of Nellie Brush's sewing hour, as her brother Taylor dashed in from school. But she was used to such noisy entrances, and only looked up to smile and say, 'Gone to missionary meeting. Why, what's up?'

'The Nine meets this afternoon, and I must get over there in a hurry. Say, talk about playing, why, we just mopped up the Averages yesterday, wiped them out, and we've got to do some tall practicing between now and vacation so we can beat the Hill-sides.'

'But how about your finger? You thought it was broken yesterday.'

'Pshaw! do you suppose a fellow is going to stop for a little thing like that and lose the game? Not much; feel that;' and he doubled up his arm to show his muscle, which she dutifully felt and praised, then got him his gloves and told him where his shoes were, and off he went.

Nellie sat thinking for a while, her hands idly folded on her sewing; then her face lighted up, she clapped her hands together, and said half aloud, 'Hooray, I have it! We'll call ourselves the Jamesville Nine, and see if the grit they put into their play won't make our work more.'

Just then Mrs. Brush returned and the plan was unfolded to her.

'You see, mamma, there will be just nine of us with Grace King, and I know she will come in if there's anything new, and if we can only work as hard as the boys play, the Girls' Missionary Society may come to life again. It's dead as a door nail now.'

'Why not run out and ask the girls to tea to-night and talk it over?'

'That's just the thing, you always know what to do, mamma,' said Nellie, lovingly, as she put away her work. Truly, she was one of the mothers who always know just what to do. The girls and boys, too, were always welcome to her table, and though often they sat down to plain food, the welcome and the helpful words more than made up for any lack. So just as the shadows were lengthening over the old orchard, Nellie and eight of her girl friends were gathered around the table, and Nellie was unfolding her plan. There were Oh's and Ah's, and Won't that be gay? from all the girls, until thoughtful, practical Mary Brown said, 'But how will we make any money these hard times?'

'I know one way,' said Nellie; 'the boys get so hungry playing ball that they sometimes pay as much as seventy-five cents, the players and the crowd, and all at the store for candy. You know Grace makes such nice candy, and twenty cents' worth of molasses goes a long way. Why not help her make it and take turns selling it; have a nice little table, Taylor will make that, and an umbrella and chair, right down near the grounds.'

This suggestion was received with applause, and Mary took courage to say, 'I know something else if we want to do it. Mrs. Gray hasn't any nurse, and she said if any of us girls would take care of Baby Robbie Friday mornings while she has the club meeting at her house she would give us twenty-five cents a morning.'

'Of course we will,' was the chorus.

Then Mrs. Brush had a word. 'Girls,' she said, 'you know they have no janitor at the church; now it is summer time, and you all do housework at home, you might take care of that for two weeks while they find one. You and Nellie, Mary, live so near, you could go together and light up,' for the church was only two doors away, being between the two houses.

Coming from Mrs. Brush, who always knew what was best for them, all this was received with enthusiasm, and the girls crowded around the table where Nellie, Grace and Mary were sitting, and pledged the success of the Jamesville Nine' in dainty cups of chocolate.

Well, time passed by, the candy was made and sold, and greedily eaten by the other 'nine,' and the church began to improve in appearance. First, the windows looked clean, and good Deacon B. almost missed the thread of the sermon one morning because a particular