



Ra il-roading with Christ.

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CHAPTER X.

By the ruffians the sending of a score or more of souls into eternity did not appear to be regarded any more seriously than the killing of a chicken. "Truly," thought Joe, "what Mr. Welton often says in his sermons is an undeniable fact, that human nature is a very poor and depraved thing apart from the transforming and resurrection grace of God!"

But it was no time for lengthy reverie. Carefully Joe stole along through the bushes by the track in order to see whether he could manage to slip past the gang and get to the west of them, since he thought it more probable that the train they were expecting was due from that direction. As he neared the group he recognized with a start a certain voice among a number that were in excited conversation as one which in by-gone days he had often heard. It was that of a man evidently very familiar with the road, who was describing to his companions what he anticipated would happen.

"Mate!" said he, "the eastbound express goes by here in ten minutes. Five miles east of here the westbound freight lies by at a siding to let her pass. I know this, for I used to run the express myself, and have often passed that freight at the siding. Now that red light there on the ties can be seen half a mile up the road to the westward, and Bill Miller, who runs the express, will have time enough to stop, even if it is on a down grade. Bill's a coward. He talks big, and blusters considerably, but he will come down off his perch quick enough, as soon as we threaten him some! If it were Jim Perkins, now, who was on the express—the man that runs the freight which lies by at the siding—we would have a hard time catching him, I tell you! Jim's a quiet man, and they tell us how he is one of those praying fellows; but I tell you he has got some spunk for I've tried things on him several times!" Now lay low, boys!" added the speaker, "and don't have any wincing and jawing when the time comes!"

Upon this, different members of the gang disposed themselves in careless attitudes about the spot, while one man stood guard with a rifle at his shoulder by the heap of ties where the red light was showing.

Joe's heart beat fast. The whole details of the plot were now clear and evident to his mind. He knew now from what direction the next train would come. He must get clear of the robbers in some way, and that too, quickly, for no time was to be lost in making a long detour: so thinking that the shadow of the railroad bank itself would best cover his advance, Joe managed to gain its protecting shade without discovery and started to creep past the man standing on guard by the red light. It proved, however, that the latter was far more alert than Joe thought. Hearing a sudden sound (for Joe unfortunately had happened to snap a brittle twig with his foot), the man took a few steps in the direction from which he supposed the noise proceeded. Instantly Joe divined that if he persevered his intention to run up the track to warn the express, his discovery was certain. On the other side of

the railroad embankment was a bad swamp, in which Joe, if he had been concerned only for his own safety, might indeed have taken refuge, but through which he could never have made his way up to the westerly stretch of track which he must somehow reach in order to stop the oncoming train, which was liable to rush into vision at any moment. There was but one practicable way for Joe to save the express, and that was by suddenly leaping for the narrow railroad embankment, at a point close to the ruffian on guard, and then dashing away up the rails before the latter had time to take deliberate aim and fire.

It was a desperate risk, but the plucky Joe hesitatingly sprang upon the track and turned to rush up the rails. At the same instant there was a wild shout from the guard. But Joe dashed on unheeding. Then there came the flash of a rifle; Joe staggered; the thought crossed his mind like lightning that he had been struck; his head began to swim, and next, as he sank across the rails, he heard (or dreamed that he heard) a desprado shout: "I guess that finished him!"

Instinctively Joe tried to rise, but sank down in weakness. But before he quite lost consciousness the whole track seemed to reveal itself to his gaze, lighted up by the glare of a flashing headlight; then there came another rifle report; and then a sudden chorus of excited cries and curses was speedily drowned in the terrific roar of an onrushing train which seemed to be bearing down upon him like a merciless whirlwind.

(To be continued.)

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

This paper now makes a new offer to new subscribers as follows: To any persons paying 50 cents between now and July next, we will send them THE HOME MISSION JOURNAL to July 1903, and give them the back numbers and new ones to July next without charge; so they will get the paper for a year and a half by paying for it for one year. The back numbers will have the most of the story, *Railroading With Christ*. To any persons who send us four new subscriptions with two dollars we will give the paper for the same length of time. Those in arrears will please remit us as soon as possible, as the balance of the account with the paper is on the wrong side of the sheet. Not enough has come in this year to meet the cost of printing and mailing. Those who have sent in payments will please accept our hearty thanks for the same, as well as for their appreciative words.

Miss Willard's Womanliness.

When the great temperance leader lay dead in Chicago, among the flowers near her was a bunch of violets from a Washington newspaper woman.

"I never saw Miss Willard but once," said the newspaper woman to me, the day she sent the flowers. "It was in a Western city. I was a reporter on a local paper, discouraged, overworked, blue, homesick, and altogether miserable, for I was only—well I wasn't out of my teens, and I had been away from home only a few months.

"Miss Willard came to the city to organize a Woman's Christian Temperance Union branch. I was sent to her hotel to ask her something impertinent. Miss Willard was ill, but sent word that I might come up. I found her sitting in an easy chair, very pale, but very sweet. I

had only begun to tell my errand, when she rose and came toward me. She put her hands on my shoulders.

"Why, dearie," she said; "how tired you look! Take my chair, child."

"And I—well, nobody had called me 'dearie' for so long, nobody had called me 'child' that I—well, I put my head on Frances Willard's shoulder and cried it all out. I had never seen her before; I have never seen her since, but for the memory of those few kind words I say 'God bless Frances Willard.'"

Some Thoughts on the Resurrection of Christ.

In consequence of illness we are a little behind time in giving some thoughts suggested by the recurrence of Easter Sunday, which might be realized on any Sunday. For we do not believe that our Lord intended that any one first day of the week should be exalted above all the others in a year in celebrating his victory over death and the grave. But Easter Sunday, (controlled as was the Jewish passover by the changes of the moon) has come to be a high day with churches of all denominations. So our minds are irresistibly at this time drawn to the contemplation of that surprising event in the history of our world; and yet not so surprising when looked at from the stand-point of the complex nature of the holy one born of the Virgin Mary. There does not seem to our mind as much of the miraculous or mysterious in the resurrection of Jesus as there is in his death. If we accept the account of the incarnation of the Son of God, in the person of the Virgin's Son, there is more mystery in the fact that he should ever die, than there is that he should come forth again from the dead. It is but a natural sequence that He who was the author, price and giver of life, if he submitted to the pains of death in the flesh, should come back and occupy and exercise his Lordship in realms of existence. The greatest miracle is, that He should ever die, or could be put to death. Death, we are told in the sacred Scriptures is the wages of sin. But the Nazarene in this respect stands before the universe as a unique person. No tinge of sin stains Him. He is "holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners," and in all qualities of goodness, grace and perfection "higher than the heavens." If death came to the human family because all have sinned, it could have no claim on him, for he never sinned. The integrity of the divine government would be impeachable if it suffered him to die, unless there was some arrangement by which he came under the curse of the law on the account of sin, that is to say, that unless he assumed the sinner's responsibility without partaking of his criminality, he could neither die, nor in dying make atonement for sin. But the Scriptures plainly teach that there was a divine arrangement made that he should take upon himself the full penalty of human transgression. He was to pour out his soul unto death; to make it an offering for sin. "He was to be made a curse for us." "He who knew no sin, was to be made sin for us." He was to "be cut off, but not for himself." "The Lord laid on him the iniquity of us all." "He was wounded for our transgressions. He was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with His stripes we are healed! But while his death was voluntary on his part it must so far as the deed is concerned be done by violence; otherwise it would have been an act of suicide with him. Hence it was "according to the determin-