

## PHILLIPS OF PELHAMVILLE.

BY ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

Short is the story I say, if you will  
Hear it, of Phillips at Pelhamville.

Driver was he for many a day  
Over miles and miles of the double way.

Day and night, in all kinds of weather,  
He and the engine he drove together.

I can fancy this Phillips as one in my mind  
With little of speech to waste on his kind,

Always sharp and abrupt of tone,  
Whether off duty or standing on,

With this firm belief in himself that he reckon'd  
His duty first; all the rest was second.

Short is the story I say, if you will  
Hear it, of Phillips at Pelhamville.

He was out that day, running sharp, for he knew  
He must shunt ahead for a train overdue,

The South Express coming on behind  
With the swing and rush of a mighty wind.

No need to say in this verse of mine  
How accidents happen upon the line.

A rail lying wide to the gauge ahead,  
A signal clear when it should be red;

An axle breaking, the tire of a wheel  
Snapping off at a hidden flaw in the steel.

Enough. There were waggons piled up in their  
As if some giant had tossed them there.

Rails broken and bent like a willow wand,  
And sleepers torn up through the ballast and sand.

The hiss of the steam was heard, as it rush'd  
Through the safety-valves of the engine crush'd

Deep into the slope, like a monster driven  
To hide itself from the eye of heaven.

But where was Phillips? From underneath  
The tender wheels with their grip of death

They drew him, scalded by steam and burn'd  
By the engine fires as it overturn'd.

They laid him gently upon the slope,  
They knelt beside him with little of hope.

Though dying, he was the only one  
Of them all that knew what ought to be done;

For his fading eye grew quick with a fear,  
As if of some danger approaching near.

And it sought—not the wreck of his train that lay  
Over the six and the four-foot way—

But down the track, for there hung on his mind  
The South Express coming up behind.

And he half arose with a stifled groan,  
While his voice had the same old ring in its tone.

"Signal the South Express!" he said,  
Then fell back in the arms of his stoker, dead.

Short, as you see, is this story of mine,  
And of one more hero of the line.

For hero he was, though before his name  
Goes forth no trumpet blast of fame,

Yet true to his duty, as steel to steel,  
Was Phillips the driver of Pelhamville.  
—Good Words.

## THE WHITE FRILL.

"Couldn't you put a little white into your mourning?" said Ellen Douglas to Lucy Hayne, one bright morning in June. "I mean just a frill or something. Mother says it's so dreary to see you going about all in black. Sick people get fancies, you know, and that's a fancy of mother's; though, perhaps, she wouldn't be pleased at my telling you."

The speaker was a good-tempered girl of about seventeen; and though the words may seem hard, they were not unkindly spoken. Ellen was a farmer's daughter, a healthy, happy girl, and very fond of her cousin, who had lost her mother a little before Christmas. Lucy's father had died when she was a baby, and in losing her mother she had lost her home, and was now living with her uncle and aunt Douglas.

Lucy made no answer. The tears came into her eyes, and she felt, it must be owned, a little hurt. But she was a good girl, and loved her aunt dearly; and, indeed, she had much cause to do so. It happened that very afternoon her uncle gave her a beautiful white rose, and she pinned it into her dress, on purpose to try and make herself look brighter for her aunt.

Mrs. Douglas noticed it directly, and said, "I'm afraid Ellen hurt your feelings, my dear, by what she said this morning. She told me afterwards she wished her words back again the minute they were spoken. But she did not mean to be unkind; only she is too anxious to give in to all my fan-

cies. And really that rose does look nice—like a little bit of hope in the midst of your great sorrow."

A word sometimes takes deep root, especially in a mind like Lucy's. She thought over what her aunt had said; for she was a thoughtful girl, and she had not sorrowed as one without hope. Why, then, should her dress give no expression to the hope, but only to the sorrow?

That very moment she looked up, and saw how the sun, which was breaking through a heavy cloud, had given to it its "silver lining;" and Lucy's heart was not slow to receive the lesson. But she said nothing. She was in the habit of looking up, not at the earthly sky only and the material sun. The spirit within looked up, and sought the illumination of the Sun of Righteousness.

Every night before Lucy went to bed, she read a few verses in her Bible, and thought about them, praying that her mind might be enlightened to understand them. And she tried sincerely to act out what she read. She was reading through St. Paul's Epistles, and this night she read the 5th chapter of the first of Thessalonians, as far as the 16th verse—"Rejoice evermore."

upon the white rose, which was lying on the table, looking faded and sad enough.

"Poor rose!" she said to herself; "I will give you some water. Mother was so fond of roses."

The next morning it was quite revived, and she fastened it again into her dress. As she did so, some thoughts which came into her mind about it gave her a lighter heart than she had had for a long while. She entered her aunt's room with a look more than resigned; it was cheerful, for a flood of light seemed to have broken in on her cloud of sorrow.

Before the day was over she put a white frill into her dress, as Ellen had requested her. "After all, it's more Christian," she said to herself. "Surely Ellen is right; and one ought always to have a little white in one's mourning."

Perhaps, reader, you would like to know what Lucy's thoughts were about the flower. Well, I will tell you.

As she noticed how it revived in the water, she remembered that God's Holy Spirit is often compared to water in the Bible; and she thought, "God will send Him upon me if I ask Him earnestly; and

made most excellent use of them. Her attainments became such as to command the respect of her white neighbors and make her an intelligent leader of the scattered remnants of her tribe. Among her good works is the establishment of a school for Indian children in Nevada. She is very active for her people, and loses no opportunity to urge them forward in the path to civilization. And especially does she exhort them to profit by the lessons of education. A letter which she recently wrote to some of her people living in Inyo county, California, is a model of Indian eloquence and argument, and is worthy of preservation. It would be hard to find in all the literature of pedagogics a stronger appeal to the untutored mind to avail itself of educational advantages. It is a proof of the capacity of the Indian intellect and its fitness for cultivation. Few who read it will remain skeptical. She writes:

"Brothers and Sisters—hearing that you are about to start a school to educate your children, I want to say a word about it. You all know me; many of you are my aunts or cousins. We are of one race—your blood is my blood, so I speak to you for your good. I can speak five tongues—three Indian tongues, English and Spanish. I can read and write, and am a school teacher. Now I do not say this to boast, but simply to show what can be done. When I was a little girl there were no Indian schools; I learned under great difficulty. Your children can learn much more than I know, and much easier, and it is your duty to see that they go to school. There is no excuse for ignorance. Schools are built here and there, and you can have as many as you need; all they ask you to do is to send your children. You are not asked to give money or horses—only to send your children to school. The teacher will do the rest. He or she will fit your little ones for the battle of life, so that they can attend to their own affairs instead of having to call in a white man. A few years ago, you owned this great country; to-day the white man owns it all, and you own nothing. Do you know what did it? Education. You see the miles and miles of railway, the locomotive, the Mint in Carson, where they make money. Education has done it all. Now, what it has done for one man it will do for another. You have brains same as the whites, your children have brains, and it will be your fault if they grow up as you have. I entreat you to take hold of this school, and give your support by sending your children, old and young, to it, and when they grow up to manhood and womanhood they will bless you."—Home Journal.

## SAVED BY A SHEEP-DOG.

Professor Sedgwick was staying in Cumberland with a college friend of his whose father farmed his own estate. His friend said to him one day: "As you are so fond of dogs, you should ask my father to tell you how his life was saved by his favorite shepherd dog." The Professor was not slow to ask his host, who related the following story:

"One winter's afternoon, when I was a young man, my father said to me: 'There is a snow-storm coming on. Ride up the mountain and see that that valuable flock of sheep we have lately bought is properly folded.' So off I set, mounted on a frisky colt, and accompanied by my favorite dog. My errand over, I was returning home when my horse not only kicked me off, but kicked me afterward, so that my leg was frightfully broken. You can imagine my peril. The night was coming on, the snow falling heavily, and I could not move. In desperation I dipped my glove in my blood and gave it to my sheep-dog, saying: 'Take this straight home—let no one stop you from going into the parlor to my father, and fetch me help.' As if the dog had understood every word, he seized the glove and rushed home. The servants tried to catch him in vain—he forced his way into the parlor and dropped the glove on the old man's lap, whining piteously. My father recognized the glove, saw that some accident had occurred, gathered the men on the farm, and, led on by the dog, came to my rescue, and I was soon safely at home, thanks to my faithful sheep-dog."—Children's Magazine.

MR. W. D. HOWELLS, says:—"When I take wine I think it weakens my work and my working force the next morning."



THE FAITHFUL SHEEP DOG.

There she stopped, for she wanted to read it all again.

Three verses particularly struck her. First, St. Paul says, we are "all the children of light and the children of the day."

How often words like these are used in speaking of those who follow Christ! And does not "the light" and "the day" mean joy as well as purity?

Lucy thought it must; and the 10th verse gave her such a feeling of reunion with her mother that she found a reason for rejoicing, and learnt the verse before she closed her Bible: "Who died for us, that, whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with Him."

Such comfort this gave her that she wondered less at the words "Rejoice evermore" when she came to them the second time, and felt that it might be possible, after all, even to rejoice in suffering.

As Lucy put away her Bible, her eye fell

He will just give me fresh life every day, and help me to be cheerful."

After this Lucy would as soon have forgotten to wash her face in the morning as neglect to ask for that dew from heaven which she wanted so much to refresh and strengthen her soul. She became quite noted for her cheerfulness; and, though she had many severe trials, she was always ready to forget her own sorrows in trying to sustain and comfort others. The Lord had indeed given her "the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."—Friendly Greeting.

## PRINCESS WINNEMUCCA.

Princess Sarah Winnemucca is a daughter of a chief of the Plute tribe in Nevada who passed the early part of her life in the barbarous ways of her people. When her childhood was long departed the opportunities for education came to her, and she