

J. HARRINGTON, yardman, G. T. R., city, has been called to mourn the loss of an adopted daughter. She was just in the prime of life, when that fatal disease, consumption, seized her, and she quietly passed away. "In the midst of life we are in death."

AN unusually sad and fatal accident happened in the Northern Yard on Friday last. A Miss Ward, who for many years has had charge of the cleaning of the coaches &c., was knocked down by a moving train and almost instantly killed. She was the main support of a widowed mother. May the God of all comfort look after dear mother, who has lost a true and faithful daughter.

THE Annual Pic-nic and Excursion of the employees of the N. & N. W. Railway, which was to have been held at the Falls on the 25th inst., had to be postponed on account of the unfavourable weather, but, as we go to press the excursion is being held, a large number of tickets have been sold, and a good time may be expected as usual. We thank the committee for their kindness in sending us a complimentary ticket.

AGAIN we are reminded of the uncertainty of this life, by the sad and fatal accident that befell Joseph Cox, Passenger Engineer, G. W. Div., G. T. R. He was on his homeward trip, but ere he reached his destination was hurled into eternity, by his engine leaving the track. When the poor lifeless body was taken from the wreck, his hand was still grasping the lever. We offer our heartfelt sympathy to his dear wife and loving friends. "Be ye also ready."

If we could grow good without trying, it would be a poor goodness: we should not be good after all, at best we should be only not bad. God wants us to choose to be good and so be partakers of his holiness.—*The Vicar's Daughter.*

HAVE YOU STARTED ?

As we travel on our journey
With the signals bright and clear,
Which do warn us of the dangers,
'What, then, have we to fear!
Yet some will not take the warning,
So heedless on they run ;
The confidence is in themselves—
How soon their journey's done !

Now some, they like the fast road,
While others like the slow ;
Yes, there's some of every sort
No matter where you go ;
There are others in the siding,
We hope they're not asleep ;
The switch is set for the main line,
But there they seem to keep.

Oh, let us, then, arouse them ;
It's high time to awake,
To help our dozing brother,
The main line to take.
"Come unto Me," the Master said,
"So freely I'll forgive ;
Forget the past, and bring you safe
At home, with Me to live."

Awake, dear fellow, why now delay !
You can no reason give ;
The promises were made for you,
If in them you'll believe ;
Then start to-day, my brother,
You will, if you are wise,
Let off the brake, a journey make,
That ends beyond the skies.

any now have reached that Home
Whom you knew long here below ;
On that road do make a start,
If you to them would go.
They're waiting now to meet you,
In those brighter realms above,
To sing and talk with Jesus,
About his Wondrous Love.

DRIVER NORTON, G. N. R.

I HAVE four good reasons for being an abstainer—my head is clearer, my life is better, my heart is lighter, and my purse is heavier.—*Dr. Guthrie.*