

his teachers to visit her at her Cambridge home.

Her swift-moving fingers began to spell messages of affection into Tom's chubby fist. All this time she was running her other hand over his face, or lifting up his hands to her own face and curls. The two blind and deaf children, by some subtle instinct, seemed to know at once their community of interest, and together they sat in a wide window-seat, talking with eagerness and ease, and absorbed in each other.

There they sat, neither having seen since babyhood a ray of light, or having heard the slightest sound, and yet speaking together in articulate, audible words that all present could understand, yet which were not heard by either of the speakers!

One finger of Helen's delicate hand touched Tom's lips, and her thumb rested lightly upon his throat near the chin. He spoke to her sentence after sentence, and she repeated aloud after him the words that he uttered, answering them with her fingers. The significance, the marvellousness of it all, was overwhelming. I doubt if the world has ever seen a greater triumph of education.

**Thanksgiving.**

Hand in hand through the city streets,  
As the chill November twilight fell,  
Two childish figures walked up and down—

The bootblack Teddie and Sister Nell,  
With wistful eyes they peer in the shops,  
Where dazzling lights from the windows shine,

On golden products from farm and field,  
And luscious fruits from every clime.

"Oh, Teddie," said Nell, "let's play tonight

The things are ours, and let's suppose  
We can choose whatever we want to eat;  
It might be true, perhaps—who knows?"  
Two plucked little faces press the pane  
And eagerly plan for the morrow's feast,  
Of dainties their lips will never touch,  
Forgetting their hunger awhile, at least.

The pavement was cold for shoeless feet;  
Ted's jacket was thin; he shivered and said,

"Let's go to a place and choose some clothes."

"Agreed!" said Nell; and away they sped

To a furrier's shop ablaze with light,  
In whose fancied warmth they placed their hands,  
And played their scanty garments were changed  
For softest furs from far-off lands.

"A true Thanksgiving we'll have," cried Nell;

"Those make-believe things seem almost true;

I've 'most forgot how hungry I was,  
And, Teddie, I'm almost warm. Aren't you?"

O happy hearts, that rejoice to-day  
In all the bounty the season brings,  
Have pity on those who vainly strive  
To be warm and fed on imaginings.

—The Congregationalist.

**THE STATION-MASTER'S STORY.**

BY ANNIE L. HANNAH.

Across two fields I could see the little station peeping through the crimson and gold of the maples, half a mile away. I had no idea as to whether I should come near to train-time; I had not been living by the clock for a month past. But of one thing I was certain; I was not going to spoil this last stroll on this last day of my vacation by hurrying after a train that might have no existence.

So I loitered along, drinking in the glorious October air, lounging beside fences, and now and then stopping to add another view to those which were later to provide me with an illustrated record of my outing, and finally came out upon the platform, to find, to my satisfaction, that there had been no train for three hours, and would be none, going my way, for two more.

I was not in the least discomposed by this latter information. On the contrary, nothing could have been more to my mind. I should thus waste none of the splendid day, and should be able "to take" several of the beautiful bits by which the station was surrounded.

"I think I never saw a finer piece of wood," I remarked to the station-master, as I set up my camera, nodding down the line which stretched away in magnificent perspective, straight as a die, for five miles, with a perfect arch, which carried over it an intersecting road, to frame it in.

"You're right, sir," he replied, with evident pleasure at my appreciation; "there isn't another such bit for thirty miles."

"That straight run, together with one of the bravest men God ever made, saved a lot of lives a while back," he added a moment later.

Why, this was something like! I seated myself on a truck, clasped my hands about my knee, gave one comprehensive glance over the lovely landscape upon which the westerling sun was casting long shadows, then turned to my companion.

"Go on," I said.

"Well, sir," he said, tilting back the box on which he was sitting, and folding his hands behind his head against the side of the baggage-room, "well, sir, it was this way. It was just about such a day as this, and just about this time of the day, too, strange to say. I was in the baggage-room, here, looking over some little matters, when Jim Pollock, a great chum of mine, and one of the finest engineers on the road, came strolling along up the platform.

"I laughed to myself when I saw him coming, for I knew in a minute it wasn't me he wanted a sight of, but that line there. Jim was a funny fellow in some ways. As clean and straight a chap as you ever met, and the best driver of an engine in the company. He was going to marry the prettiest little girl—but one—within ten counties, and was head over heels in love with her, if ever a man was; but, bless you, if I don't think he was almost as much in love with the sight of a track or the smell

was dreadful sorry to hear that, but that I guessed Nanny wasn't the girl to find any fault, when I saw Jim suddenly give a great start and fix his eyes like a cat away down the road; and the next instant he was saying in a hoarse whisper, 'God help us, Dan, what's that?'

"I had been standing with my back to the track, but at that I wheeled around like a flash.

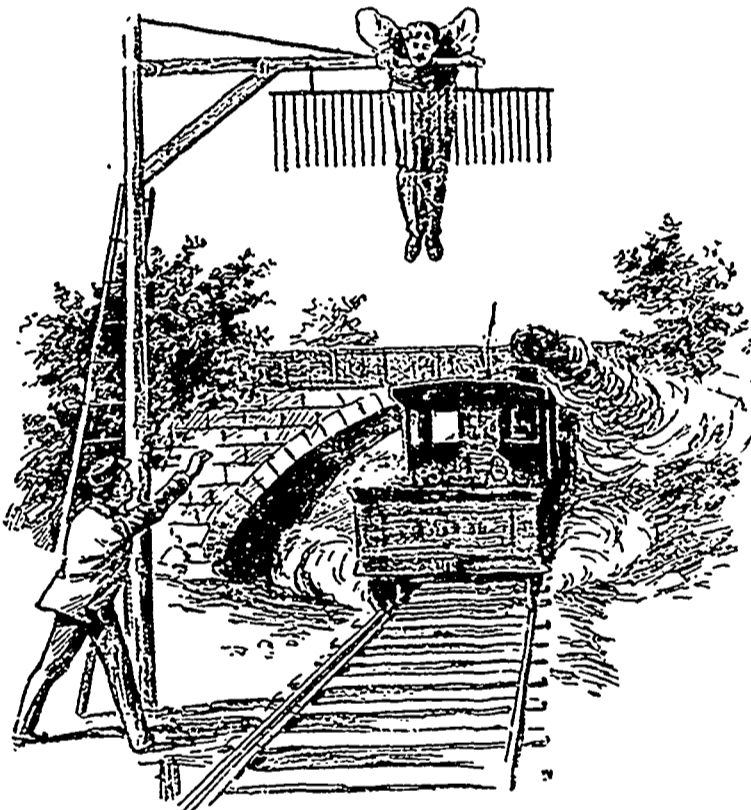
"'A train!' I cried; 'but what train, Jim?'

"He didn't answer, only made a bound for the ticket-office, snatched a glass from the shelf, and was back in a twinkling. One glance was all he needed.

"'Dan,' says he, still in that strange, hoarse voice, 'Dan, it's a runaway engine, coming up backwards at sixty miles an hour! Think what will happen if it isn't stopped!'

"I knew well enough what he meant, and my blood grew cold. I knew he was thinking that the four-o'clock accommodation would be coming in at the Junction—the Junction is two miles up, round that curve, sir—just then, and that the runaway would catch it up and smash into it as sure as fate. And besides that, the track all the way along after leaving here would be covered with school-children; for they know, as well as we, just the time for every train, and couldn't see the engine coming, for that curve, till it was upon them.

"Well, it's taken a lot longer telling this than it all was in happening. The moment he had slung down that glass Jim made a jump and caught up a light ladder which was lying somewhere about, and dashed away with it down toward



"THINK OF NANNY!"

of an engine's smoke! I used to plague Nanny about it, but she didn't object, not she; she held she loved them as well as he, and I believe she did. Any way, she knew every engine and the time of every train as well as he did; was regularly cut out for a road-man's wife.

"She lived here, up the hill yonder; and, as he had a day off, Jim had come up to spend it with her. And yet he couldn't be content that long without coming down to cast his eye up and down the road.

"'Hello, Jim!' I called out, 'come down to see if I was all right? Well, I am.'

"'That's it, Harry,' he answered; but then he laughed. He couldn't help it, for he knew that I knew what he was up to.

"'How's Nanny? I haven't seen her since last night,' said I.

"'She's all right.' But at that his face sort of clouded over, and he sat down on the edge of the platform yonder, and looked away down the line.

"It wasn't like Jim to look glum. He was the cheerfulest, most good-natured fellow I ever came across. So I couldn't but wonder what was up, and presently I asked him.

"Well, it seemed that he and Nanny had been counting on getting married soon; but, through helping out his sister's husband, he'd lost a lot of money he had saved to go to house-keeping; and as he'd always held that no man ought to marry a girl till he could make her comfortable, with a little something laid by for a rainy day, he'd just been telling her they'd have to wait a bit longer.

"I was just going to tell him that I

the arch, to that post there, with the whips hanging to warn freight-hands to look out for the bridge.

"For an instant I couldn't make out what he was about, but then it all flashed upon me, and racing after him I cried out: 'For God's sake, Jim, don't do that! Think of Nanny!'

"Now, wasn't I the worst fool to say a thing like that? As if I'd be apt to think of Nanny before he did!

"He had the ladder against the post and was up it before I got there, but as he hoisted himself along the arm he just glanced down at me, and never till my dying day will I forget the look in his face. There wasn't a bit of himself in it,—not a mite of fear at the thought that he might not have two minutes to live in this world, or dread of what was coming to him after, and he didn't need to have, for if ever a man lived ready to face his Maker, that man was Jim Pollock. No, his one and only thought was Nanny.

"'Be good to my little girl if—I I shouldn't calculate right, Dan,' says he, 'and give her all the love of my heart. She will know there was nothing else for me to do.' Then for one instant he bent his head and closed his eyes, just one instant; and after that he looked up again and—waited.

"You understand the plan, sir? Yes, that was it: to take the one chance out of a hundred of dropping on the cab roof as she passed under him! If he made no mistake—dropped at the right instant and was able to hold on, the rest would be easy enough—the climbing in at the window and stepping her.

"Of course, under ordinary circum-

stances, if she had been coming head on, I mean, the risk would not have been so great, for, if he missed, most likely he would have fallen behind, getting little more than a good shaking up and a few bruises. But as it was—! I can tell you, sir, that though four minutes could not have passed from the time Jim first sighted her till she came dashing up, it seemed an eternity; and as I watched her come thundering on I was as though turned to stone, till I tottered back, as she went whizzing by, with my hands before my face to shut out—what?

"But hardly for a second could I have stood that way; I must know what had happened to him. Bringing all my strength to bear, I glanced after the flying thing!

"Thank God! there he was, but not yet out of danger, for he was clinging to the roof of the cab by the ends of his fingers! Could he hold on? Was it possible for him to draw himself up and get his legs inside the window before he was shaken off?

"But I ought to have known the iron muscles better than to have fear for him; he could always make his arm rigid as steel, and he did it then.

"Yes, that is all, sir. He stopped her before the curve was reached, and saved, no man knows how many lives.

"And the company? Well, Jim did not have to wait to marry Nanny, after all."—The Golden Rule.

**The Thankful Mouse.—A Fable.**

It was a hungry pussy-cat,  
Upon Thanksgiving morn.  
As she watched a thankful little mouse  
That ate an ear of corn.

"If I eat that thankful little mouse,  
How thankful he should be,  
When he has made a meal himself,  
To make a meal for me!

Then with his thanks for having fed,  
And his thanks for feeding me—  
With all his thankfulness inside—  
How thankful I shall be!"

Thus "mewed" the hungry pussy-cat  
Upon Thanksgiving Day;  
But the little mouse had overheard,  
And declined (with thanks) to stay

**WANTED TO DIE FOR HER FATHER**

The following touching story is told by a minister who some years ago was called to see a girl, seven years old, who was dying. She lived in a back street. When the minister got there, a woman showed him where the child was and he sat down to talk with her.

"What do you want, darling?"

"Well, sir, I wanted to see you before I died."

"Are you dying?"

"Yes, sir."

"Would you like to get well again?"

"I hope not, sir."

"Why not?"

"Oh, sir! ever since I became a Christian I have been trying to bring father to church, and he won't come; and I think if I die, you will bury me, won't you?"

"Yes, darling."

"Yes; I have been thinking if I die, father must come to the funeral; then you will be able to preach the Gospel to him, and I should be willing to die for him to hear the Gospel once."

She died as she expected, and just before the time she was buried the minister was himself taken sick, and could not attend the funeral. But some time after, a rough-looking man called upon him, and held out his hand.

"You don't know me?"

"No, I don't."

"I am the father of Mary—the father she died for. I heard as how she said she would be willing to die, if I could hear the Gospel once. It nearly broke my heart. Now I want to join the inquirers' class."

He did join, and, in time, became a true friend of Christ. The little girl was truly walking in the footsteps of Jesus, because she was willing to die even, in order that her father might be saved from sin.

**In the November Weather.**

BY CORA STUART WHEELER.

Billy and Tilly  
Went nutting together,  
All in the crispy  
November weather.  
The leaves were red,  
And the leaves were brown,  
The little Nut-men  
Shook the chestnuts down,  
Little Nut-men in coats like fur,  
Made of prickly chestnut burr.