



## The Family Circle.

### WHAT WE SHALL BE.

I do not know what then she saw: what now she is.

What we shall be doth not appear;

We only know what shall not be:

That neither pain, regret, nor fear,

Nor the upwelling of a tear

From sorrow's agony,

Nor any evil shall come near

Our souls from sin set free.

Yet we shall see HIM as he is,

Who freed us from those bonds of sin;

When He appears, our souls like his

Shall radiant be with opening bliss:

Not all at once we win;

In that life grows what good in this

Our struggling hearts begin.

It doth not yet appear what all

That sinless life with God implies:

Our weak conceptions are too small;

Yet souls whom death shall disenthral,

Must high and higher rise,

Progressing ever, at Christ's call,

Each step some blest surprise.

—N. Y. Observer.

### THE BIBLE-READING ENGINEER.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

The "Gold Leaf" Express was waiting the usual half-hour at P— in order to connect with the northern mail.

While my party were regaling themselves on muddy coffee in the little restaurant near by, I gladly availed myself of the opportunity to indulge in a brisk walk up and down the long depot platform after my long and wearisome ride from Cleveland.

While enjoying the grateful exercise, I could not help noticing the huge, shapely built locomotive as it stood, with its bright cylinder, dome, whistle, and the polished letters "Jupiter" on its jacket, glistening in the sun of that pleasant November day.

The engineer, a stoutly built gray-haired man, was "oiling" and making everything ready for the onward trip with the absorbed air of one who feels that he is entirely by himself, a demeanor which is usually noticeable in an engineer who feels the responsibility of his position.

The kindly expression of his face as he glanced up to me when I paused a moment admiring the shining brass of the cylinders which was polished to the last degree of brilliancy, encouraged me to accost him with the commonplace remark,—

"You have run a locomotive a good many years, sir, I presume."

"Long enough to have learned the trade pretty thoroughly," he replied, rather curtly. But I was not to be easily rebuffed, for I meant to assure him that mine was not a mere passing curiosity, and I went on, "You have a splendid machine, and it is beautifully taken care of, as such an engine deserves to be. It is a Roger, I see, with an improved Bissel truck. Do you like it?"

"It's the best six-wheeler that was ever run," replied the engineer, his face now kindling with surprised pleasure; and as for the trucks nothing could be better, it seems to me. But I don't often see a lady who knows a Roger from a Danforth, or a Hinckley, or any other build for that matter."

"I read the *Journal*," I said, "and sometimes write for it. My only brother used to be a locomotive engineer, and having a natural bent towards mechanics myself, I always enjoy seeing a nice machine, and have a genuine regard for its controlling spirit, the driver."

After a few explanations which elicited the fact that he had been personally acquainted with my brother, he grew quite communicative.

"I have run on this road twenty-five years," said he, "first as a fireman; then they set me up to drive a switch engine. I went from that to a gravel train, from that to freight, and now I have the best machine and the best 'run' on the road. The 'Gold Leaf Express' they call it along the line; the sleeping cars, the Pullman palace cars, the tender and my cab are all so elaborately painted and gilded."

"I was noticing how they all were glistening in this bright sunlight," I said, "I suppose, from the fact of your many promotions on the road, you have met with uninterrupted good luck, based, of course, on your conscientious carefulness."

"I have never met with an accident that was attended with serious results, thank God," he replied, not in the brawling tone of an

oath, but reverently. "I think one reason of it comes from the fact that I always carry my Bible in the cab. Do you see it, up there?" and he pointed up to the prettily upholstered cab, where, just in front of the engineer's seat, between the steam gauge and the lookout window, on a bracket-like device, a small Bible was held open where the eyes of this Christian engineer could fall upon its pages at any moment.

"I have read the good book from back to back several times at home," continued he, "and by having it placed here in this manner before me I have been able to commit many passages to memory. Sometimes it has been a wonderful comfort to me; one time in particular the strength as well as comfort I derived from one glance at a passage on the open page was astonishing."

"How was that?" I asked, greatly interested.

"Well, madam, it is something I seldom speak of," he said, handing up his oil can to the fireman, and wiping his hands on a bunch of cotton waste, "but I don't mind telling you now,—yes there is time," glancing at the pretty clock in the cab.

"You see I was running on the lower end of the road at the time, and my train was an 'express passenger,' which came out of the city about nightfall, usually with a dozen or so heavily loaded coaches. Perhaps you remember, if you have been over the road so much, where the track crosses the—river, which, you know, is the inlet to the harbor. Being a port of considerable importance, of course provision has to be made for the shipping to pass above."

"There was a man stationed at this post to signal to the approaching trains whether the bridge was open or not. Yes, it was a dangerous place, (the means to avert danger there are better now) but after I had run over the bridge twice a day for eighteen months or more, and had always found everything all right, I came to look upon that point the same as I did upon any other piece of the road."

"My express was a fast train always, and on the night of which I am speaking I was a little behind time, and so, running even somewhat faster than usual in order to make up. As I approached the bridge I looked for the signal, as it was second nature for me to do. The flag man gave the customary all-right signal, standing, as usual, on a rock at the point of a curve of the track leading around to the river."

"I had no more time than barely to notice that the man was a new hand, in place of 'Lame Jim,' whom I had, without a single exception, always found at that post, before we came in full view of the bridge. To my horror it was wide open, and a gulf of nearly fifty feet in depth was yawning before me and my ponderous train."

"I glanced up to my open Bible and my eyes fell on the word, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.' The benumbing sense of utter helplessness that for the instant had pervaded both soul and body as it were, all vanished now, and I became as calm as you see me at this moment."

"You know, madam, that the duties of a locomotive engineer are such that oftentimes he has decide (it may be only on a mere movement of his hand, or the kind of a look he gives his fireman)—in such a terrible exigency especially in the shortest conceivable space of time. In this instance I had no time to consider, and if I had, I suppose I should have done exactly as I did; whistle for breaks (it was before air brakes came into use) and reverse my engine."

"The fireman did not need to be told to do his best upon the tender brakes, as he rapidly tightened them up with the whole swinging force of his large body. It was a clean, dry track, everything in good condition, and I think never a train, with like facilities, was brought to a stand on shorter notice. For that first, almost bewildering instant to me, the belief in the impossibility of escaping that imminent, fearful plunge so possessed me with a cold feeling like the coils of a snake down my back, that it was with an almost superhuman effort that I mustered muscular force to raise my hand to the whistle valve cord, reach the regulator, or grasp the reversing handle."

"But we came to a dead halt just as the point of the cow-catcher overlapped the frightful chasm! Had the impelling force of that long passenger train carried us but a few feet further on there would have been the worst railroad catastrophe that ever happened in America, and my name would surely have swelled the list of the drowned and mangled ones that would have appeared in the newspapers."

"As it was the escape never got into the papers at all. The bridge was swung into place so quickly, and we were under way again so soon after the customary stop at the draw, that I suppose but very few of the passengers ever knew of the threatened peril. We were miles away before the reaction came

to me as I sat trembling on my seat with the full, apprehending sense of our escape tiding through my brain."

"The flag-man? oh, yes, he was drunk. You see there had been a new superintendent chosen and he had commenced business by turning off some of the old employees and putting in new ones. Poor, faithful 'Lame Jim' had been discharged, and this fellow installed in his place. He was celebrating his appointment to this responsible post over a jug of rum which was found afterwards in the little signal-house near by."

"Jim was reinstated the next day, but the Company was so chagrined over the unwarrantable action on the part of the superintendent that the matter was kept as close as possible. I went to the office the next morning and resigned my position; I couldn't bear to run over that end of the road again. They would not let me off the road, but gave me this train on this end of the route—the 'Gold Leaf Express.'"

"No, I don't suppose I have ever quite got over the shock to my nerves, for frequently, when I go to bed more tired than usual, I wake with a start from a sort of far-off dream of that eventful night-fall trip, the uncertain light, the still shimmering water and the white, scared face of my fireman. My hair was as black as coals then; in three months it became as gray as you see it now."

"Yes'm, that's the northern mail coming—oh, you're welcome, although, it's a story I'm not fond of telling—Good bye."—*Christian Secretary.*

### THE CRAFTY FOX.

BY HOWARD PYLE.

A certain fox was extremely desirous of gaining admission into a poultry-yard, the lord of which was a cock of good blood and extremely aristocratic ways, so the sly animal soon contrived to secure his acquaintance and even friendship.

One day as the gosling (who was a protégé of the cock's), the cock himself, and the fox were together, the conversation turned upon the subject of personal faults.

Said the cock: "I feel conscious that I have very many faults, and nothing would I so much value as some real friend who would show them to me. Now, I dare say, gosling," continued he, turning to that humble creature and smiling blandly, "I dare say, gosling, that even you have noticed the presence of a few small faults in me. Is it not so? Speak frankly, my little friend."

The gosling was immensely elated at this chance of proving himself the true friend desired.

"Oh yes, sir," he said, eagerly, "I have noticed the presence of a great many, indeed."

"Oh, have you?" said the cock, coldly,

"And what are they, pray?"

"Well, sir, you are abrupt in your manners, and overbearing to your inferiors."

"Am I, indeed?" said the cock still more coldly.

"Yes, sir! And then you are excessively quarrelsome, beside being very selfish."

"Ha!" exclaimed the cock, angrily.

"Then, sir, not only do you treat your children badly, but you neglect your wife also. Beside all these—"

"Stop!" cried the cock, in a violent rage,

"What do you mean by charging me with faults that I never possessed? You are an insolent scoundrel and a sneak—you—you—"

And unable to contain himself longer, he fell upon the unhappy gosling and tore three beakfuls of down from his head.

"I marvel," said the fox, as the wretched gosling made his escape, screaming loudly with pain and terror, "I marvel that one so constantly associated with you could thus malign you to your face. Those are not your faults."

"Well, what are they then?" said the cock, still somewhat ruffled.

"Did I not know your extreme patience under correction, I should hesitate to tell them, or rather it, for I have only noticed one in my acquaintance with you. You are, sir, I grieve to say it, but you are, sir, extremely haughty and exclusive in your manners. Your blood, your aristocratic breeding, your culture, and your refinement all tend to cause you to look upon your more vulgar yet still honest fellow-creatures with a courteous haughtiness, if I may so express it. It is a fault to which your superior station may plead some extenuation; still it is a fault. Let me beg you, honored sir, to correct this one failing, and so render yourself the model of perfection you would then be. Recollect, sir, that though humbler, we are still your fellow-creatures."

The cock stood upon one leg meditating for a long while upon this speech; at length he heaved a sigh, and said:

"I feel that you are correct; you have acted the part of a true friend. Yes, I confess that you are correct."

From that time the cock's friendship for the fox greatly increased, while his overbearing manners toward the other creatures in no wise diminished.

The crafty fox frequently turned the conversation, in their subsequent interviews, upon the subject of family distinction, and cunningly contrived so to flatter the vanity of the cock that, in time, he became puffed up with pride to such an extent that he would scarcely deign to notice the other barnyard creatures.

One day the fox said: "It has always been a subject of much wonder to me why a creature of so much intellect, and with such a proper amount of self-respect as yourself, should submit, as you do, to the absolute rule of human beings. Now here am I, a simple-minded jog-trot animal, with not one-half the wit and shrewdness of the least one of you here in the barn-yard, and yet I am absolutely free and untrammelled in my movements. I own allegiance to no one and am my own master, while you and your humbler associates are dependent, for the very necessities of life upon the will of your masters."

"That is very true," said the cock, reflectively.

"Now," continued the fox, "I have thought of a most excellent idea. I know a delightful and secluded spot, sir, where a little colony could be started far away from the habitation of man, and where you could soon show the world that intelligent poultry need not be entirely subservient to the will of these miserable human beings. Here are you with blood, breeding and great natural dignity of bearing (I need hardly mention such a well-known quality of yours as intelligence), a born ruler in fact. If, now, some of your mentally advanced creatures—such, for instance, as the geese and turkeys, and even the ducks—would only be persuaded to start a small community somewhere, you, sir, have the very making of a king or even an emperor in you, and might prove yourself an excellent example of a noble and generous ruler."

This plan pleased the cock amazingly.

"I shall consider your proposition," said he. "And you can guide us, you say, to such a spot as you have mentioned?"

"Certainly, sir! I know the very place," said the fox.

The idea of the colony took root in the poultry-yard immediately, and spread in popularity amazingly, for each creature imagined that he himself had the ability, mentally, to become in time a prominent politician, if not a leader. One night, accordingly, everything was arranged, and the crafty fox guided the poor deluded creatures to a most secluded portion of the adjoining forest.

None of them ever returned again, yet it was rumored, far and wide, that the crafty fox was subsisting entirely upon the little community. —*St. Nicholas.*

### DISCOURAGEMENTS.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

He was superintendent of a small Sunday-school in the town of Wherewell—a young man with an earnest desire to do his Master's service heartily; but then, perhaps he was oversensitive in discerning fault-finding with his present methods where none was intended, as in the case of Mrs. Thorn, who, having met him one day, remarked sweetly:—

"What can be the cause of the lack of interest in our Sabbath-school, Mr. Harris? I use every effort in my power with my own scholars. Surely something is wrong."

As Mr. Harris passed Mrs. Steadman's doorway, that lady, with a garden-hat tilted back on her head and a trowel in her hand, bore down upon him breathless and loquacious. "I've been wanting to see you since last Sunday week Mr. Harris," she said, leaning over the gate, with unpunctuated discourse, "to speak to you about my boy Tommy who is in the wing class behind that Donnell boy who's been stickin' pins into my Tommy to that degree that his legs is full of holes as a cullender which sir as you know isn't what he goes to Sunday-school for."

Assuring Mrs. Steadman that the matter should be attended to, Mr. Harris broke away. The Donnell boy—Jerry by name—he had brought out of the street into his school, had taken him under his own personal supervision, and, patiently overlooking the ceaseless annoyances to which he was subjected by the antics of Master Jerry, Sabbath after Sabbath he labored and prayed for him earnestly and unceasingly, but, to all outward appearances, in vain.

"Where was Jerry to-day?" enquired the superintendent of little Nellie Rogers, as, after an unusually orderly session, the school was dismissed on the following Sabbath.

Nellie, who was another street waif living in the same locality as Master Jerry, answered with childish gravity: "He's hurted hisself, sur; leastwise, 'twas coud Donnell as, comin' home crazy-like wid liquor, shoved him adown the stairs, and he a thyrin' to kap th' coud man from abusin' of the mother."

Mr. Harris turned toward "The Point,"—a locality where rum-shops, sailor boarding-houses, and rotten tenements abounded, and where was the home of the Donnells.

"Ye'd better not go, sur," timidly suggested