

When first we
no time. Our
to keep moving
ton and others
not have done
did. Moreover,
ould stop at the
ustomed to, and
ld go back. But
d through the
and then our
eel. What was
to be no help
for life, before
ant," driven by
ne road is open
other, thought-
the train this
nd it; so far we
ahead. What's
Can we keep up

the gauge, and
re of steam in
nd rising. We
n looked behind
ng as fast as
en us, though

engine; so far,
urs, being built
ter, and caps-
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l, and intended
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a terrible ride,
ever pass from
rrible danger,
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the fire, and
ted the gauge,
-we had a good
it to keep up
e down; and
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twilight! Our
Arton had tele-
line, and that
But we shud-
could help could
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ugh it! Could
madman stop!
ndredth time.
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st before that
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Then we shall
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"What's the

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er would not
be held, with

that terrible engine still snorting close behind us.

With a perilous jerk, a rush, and a roar, we were round the point and almost abreast of the express on the other line.

My brother clutched the safety valve and jammed it down hard, and the pressure was increased. No engine could bear such a strain long. But if we could warn the express it might be saved. We still kept our whistle open. My heart seemed to stand in my mouth as I watched her. Could she stop in time! She might for the "Giant," but not for us. *We must get through first.*

And, thank God, we did! With a scream we swept through the station like a whirlwind of fire, and in a moment were on the main line with a hundred and fifty clear miles before us! The express, warned by us, strained every nerve to stop, and was enabled to do so within a yard of the "Giant." And still that frightful madman was running behind us! But we breathed more freely now. The express was safe, and we had time now to work. The first thing was to join the engine! Pressing his teeth tightly together and bending his brows, my brother began, almost imperceptibly, to slacken speed; whilst I climbed over the tender and took up my position on the beam at the back, to which the coupling chains were attached. I found them hooked up in readiness.

It was a perilous adventure! Fast through the gathering gloom I saw the "Giant" approaching nearer and still more near.

"Let her go!" I cried to my brother, "quicker, quicker, if you are too slow it'll be too much of a shock!"—and my brother slightly increased the speed again, but not so much as to gain on the "Giant." Nearer she came, nearer and still nearer; I clung tight to the chains; nearer yet, until at last she struck us.

It was a terrible blow, but did not damage us much, for the buffers were strong, and I instantly threw the chains over the hook of the "Giant," and commenced to screw them tight!

My brother had managed beautifully. Thank God! the first part of our perilous enterprise was successfully accomplished!

Then we shut off steam and screwed the brakes down hard, until they were all aflame. So far we were able to retard the speed of the "Giant," and our engine could be left. The whistle was still tied down, and screaming as a warning. The safety valve was open.

Cautiously we began to make our way by means of the buffers to the other engine, one on each side, until we could peep over and see what Freeth was doing.

Greatly to our relief, we found that he was lying full length before the furnace, overcome by the heat of the fire, and in a profound drunken slumber. We jumped down, and quickly tied his hands and feet with cord from the stoker's box; then fastened him securely with a rope to the side of the engine. But he never woke; his drunken stupor was too profound.

The rest was comparatively child's play, and is soon told. We ran rapidly on to the next station, where we were quickly shunted and the line cleared for the express. We told our tale to the station master, who kept us in a sort of polite durance until next day, when a stern-faced and spruce uniformed inspector came and cross-examined us severely.

Then we were allowed to return home; but of our rapturous though subdued and thankful feeling whilst journeying back over that terrible road, and the joy and tenderness awaiting us at home, I will say nothing here. Sufficient to tell, that shortly afterwards we received an official reprimand for playing with the company's engines, accompanied by a notification that the directors could punish Freeth severely, but would take no further steps in the matter as regards ourselves in consequence of our bravery. Still they wished to point out that the risks had been great, and but for a merciful and over-ruling Providence there might have been a grave disaster. They would make us a present of our fares back. That was all. We thought we knew more about the risks and consequences and so forth than the directors, but we did not say so; and as for any reward for saving the engines and preventing the accident—well, perhaps we did not deserve one—who knows! At all events we did not do it for a reward, and the knowledge that we had prevented

a grave disaster was reward enough in any case. I would not give much for that man's pluck or right-doing who only and solely exercises it for a reward—would you!—*Church of England Temperance Chronicle.*

ROBERT MOFFAT AND HIS MOTHER.

Several years ago, when the Nestor of African missions was in his seventy-sixth year, I had the great pleasure of spending a long evening with him. He then told us about his mother. The veteran had addressed a large and enthusiastic meeting that evening, but his work, instead of exhausting seemed only to have put him in good spirits. Story after story, illustrating racyly the power of the gospel, delighted his hearers, and among others these:—

"When I was home the first time, that is, in 1840, I preached in Newcastle, and was going home from church with the minister's wife. We met an old man dressed like a minister, to whom she spoke and introduced me; but I did not catch his name. He seemed anxious to talk, but the lady said, 'Come to tea, and you'll have more time to talk to Mr. Moffat?' and he said with a strong Scotch accent, 'Weel, I'll see.' Sure enough when tea-time came, there was the old man, very frail and worn out looking. He was sitting at one end of a long sofa, and I at the other; and he began to say, 'Your name, Mr. Moffat, minds me of a worthy woman that used to come to my church long ago when I was minister at Carron-bridge. She was a very godly woman, and she always brought her son with her, a boy with a curly black head. They came into my house sometimes for books and tracts. It's long since I left, nearly thirty years; but her name was Moffat, and hearing your name has put me in mind of her. I wonder what has become of her curly-headed boy by this time.'

"My heart was too full to let me speak a single word, so the old man said it all over again, thinking I was deaf. By that time I had got back my tongue, and said, 'You cannot be Mr. Caldwell?'

"I think I never saw anybody more astonished than the old man was when he found that I was the curly-headed boy. I had to tell him the shape of his house and of his garden, and where the potatoes grew, before he seemed quite sure; and then we talked of my mother."

Some one suggested that probably the man who had done so much for Christ in Africa, and was then handling the proof sheets of a corrected revision of the Scotchman Bible, owed his conversion to his mother.

"It was this way," said Dr. Moffat. "When I was leaving home for Warrington, to work as a gardener, my mother asked me to give her a promise. I wanted to know what I was to promise; but she would not tell me and still insisted that I would promise. I was very loth to give my word to do a thing I did not know; but I loved and trusted my mother, and so at length I promised."

"Well," said she, 'you'll read a portion of the New Testament, and pray for a blessing on it every day, and wherever you may be.' I kept my word to my mother; and it was some time after that I was brought to the saving knowledge of Christ."

"And did you then devote yourself to the mission work?" was some of us asked. — "No, that was later, I had gone in from the place I was working at to the town of Warrington to buy a book on a Saturday night, when I saw a placard about a missionary meeting. It was an old placard the meeting was past; but it fired my thoughts. I went to the minister whose name was on the placard, and after I had knocked I would like to have run away. He introduced me to the London Missionary Society, and two years later (1822) I was sent out. Eighteen twenty-two and eighteen eighty! How much between!"

When I recall this story I think of our Lord's words, "He that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together" (John iv. 36). Who will rejoice the most over the harvests gathered from the deserts of Africa—Moffat or his great son-in-law, Livingstone, or old Mr. Caldwell, or "the very godly woman" at Carron-bridge who trained and prayed for her curly-headed boy! They will rejoice together.—*Sunday at Home.*

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From *Palouet's Select Notes*)
May 27.—Acts 13: 1-12.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

1. "The hunger for souls." Anna Shipton tells us, in one of her beautiful volumes, of an hour when, weary in her work and longing for rest and Christ, she fell asleep and dreamed that through a sea of glass she was being drawn by a strong cable to a city of gold, while heavenly watchers waved their welcome from the battlements, and echoes of heavenly melody made her long to be there. But, looking back for a moment at the sound of a bitter cry, she saw multitudes of men and women drowning around her, and throwing up their arms in wild and despairing cries for help. The sight so moved her that she turned her face upward again, and cried: "Father, not yet; a little longer let the glory wait, and send me back again to rescue and to save those perishing ones!" Instantly the prayer was answered. She did not cease still to be borne heavenward, but now it was no longer alone, but scores were following behind her, and they were all drawn by her own heart-strings. "The cords of her very heart seemed to have loosed, and to have become cables of love, which these sinking ones grasped as they followed on, while at every new burden her bosom quivered with pain, and the water was red with her own warm blood.—*The Ward, the Work, the World, March, 1882.*

II. "God overruling opposition." We are apt to say, what a pity that Elymas was on the spot to interfere with the good work. As Christ said when Lazarus died, "I am glad for your sakes that I was not there," so he might say in the case of Sergius Paulus, "I am glad for his sake that Elymas was there with his sorceries." For the efforts of the sorcerer to turn him away were overruled as the means of bringing him near. If there had not been a fierce wind blowing against his kite, it would not have been able to rise.—*Arnot.*

III. "Leading others." The poet says:—
"For sadder sight than eye can know,
To see a man look out of seaman's woe,
Or battle fire, or tempest cloud,
Or preybird's shriek, or ocean shroud,
The shipwreck of a soul."

But there is one thing sadder than this,—the shipwrecking of the souls of others; the climbing to our own gains over the ruined souls and bodies of our fellow-men.

PRACTICAL.

1. Ver. 1. *Manaan Herod.* Circumstances do not control men; for, from the same evil life, one becomes a saint, the other a destroyer of saints.

2. Ver. 2. In earnest worshiping and seeking, we learn what our duty is.

3. True Christians, seeking God's will, are led by the Holy Ghost.

4. Each one should seek to find the work to which God has called him.

5. The missionary work demands the best men in the Church. No work is higher, nobler, or can make better use of talent and piety.

6. Ver. 5. If we cannot serve Christ in the first rank, let us assist other workers; if we cannot be a light-house we can be a match, if not the captain, at least a sailor.

7. Ver. 7. True intelligence leads us to accept of Christ.

8. Vers. 8-11. Good and evil powers are contending for the souls of men. We are all being drawn both toward sin and toward good.

9. It is right to be indignant at those who lead others astray.

10. False religions seek men's money; true religion seeks their souls.

11. Ver. 11. The punishment of sin is often of the nature of the sin,—blindness comes to the spiritually blind.

12. This punishment is to lead them to repentance, to make them realize their blindness, and seek some one to guide them to the Light of the World.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

With this lesson begins a new era in the work of the Church,—that of foreign missions. The subject may be stated as Winning the World to Christ. (1) The Gospel sent to the heathen; the first missionary journey of Paul (ver. 1-5). Here our duty to foreign missions may be impressed. (2) A contest for the soul (ver. 6-12). The good and evil influences exerted upon the governor. The same are exerted upon us. Which will have the victory!

GOD'S WORD TO CHILDREN.

THE INFLUENCE OF TRACTS.—A Japanese evangelist, Joseph Neshima by name, who is now doing a noble work among his countrymen, found when a boy two tracts—one about America, the other on Christianity. On reading these he was filled with the desire to go to America and become a Christian. This was at a period when any native caught leaving Japan was put to death. The Japanese boy, undeterred by the danger, secreted himself on a vessel and escaped to China, and from thence to Boston. He was educated at Amherst College, and on his return to his native land was offered a lucrative position as interpreter. This he declined, in order to preach the Gospel. He has now fifty preaching places, three churches, and eighty-four students in college, half of whom are studying for the ministry.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

A sad story comes from Bengal, India, of the rapid increase of intemperance among the lower classes. A change in the manufacturing system has brought the price of intoxicants so low, that even women and children are becoming intemperate. The poor children in the ragged schools are often too drunk to read, or they make teaching impossible by their noisy disturbances. The parents say that drink is cheaper than rice, why should they not give it to their children. And all this comes from the government arrangement of the distillery system.—*Heathen Woman's Friend.*

Question Corner.—No. 9.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. What king of Judah was smitten with leprosy?
2. What prophet of God caused to be put to death eight hundred and fifty false prophets.
3. Where was Elijah going when he met Elisha, and from what place was he coming?
4. What woman did Peter raise to life?
5. What reward was promised to Jehu for his zeal in destroying the worship of Baal, in Israel?

BIBLICAL CHARADE.

1. The feast was spread, the guests have poured
Upon their hands the cleansing stream,
Then take their places at the board,
Where wedding-joy becomes their theme:
The empty water-jars remain,
Which Jesus bids them fill again;
They fill, they draw, they drink with zest,
For now 'tis wine—the very best!
2. The day was warm, the journey long.
The sun was sinking in the west;
The traveller sang his evening song,
Then laid him on the ground to rest:
With pleasing dreams he passed the night
Then rising in the morning light,
He reared his pillow for a sign
To mark that resting-place divine.

3. How high they filled the jars will show
Exactly what our first must be;
And you shall soon our second know,
When you that traveller's pillow see;
And thus our total is described,
And Biddal's saying verified,
To punish those who practise guile,
And burn the dwellings of the vile.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 7.

BIBLE STUDY.

1. Ver. 11. The punishment of sin is often of the nature of the sin,—blindness comes to the spiritually blind.
2. This punishment is to lead them to repentance, to make them realize their blindness, and seek some one to guide them to the Light of the World.
3. Ps. xci. 12. St. Matt. xxi. 42. Rev. ii. 17. Daniel ii. 34. Acts vii. 5; xiv. 19. Rev. xxi. ii. 19. St. John ii. 6. St. Mark xv. 46. St. John vii. 7; xi. 35-39. St. Luke xx. 17.

BIBLICAL ACROSTIC.

Ye, Ezra, Moses, Uriah, Samaria, Tyre, Bethesda, Esther, Babel, Oadiah, Rome, Nain, Anna, Gilbay, Aaron, Issachar, Nicodemus. Ye must be born again.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers to No. 6 have been received from Clara Gammon, Jessie Kerr, Sara Bell McKinnon, William Kirk, and Emily E. McNeill.