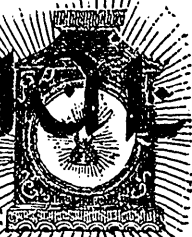




OUR SPECIAL



PUBLISHED BY THE
RAILWAY COMMITTEE
OF THE
TORONTO Y.M.C.A.

THY
WORD
IS A
LAMP UNTO
MY FEET



TRY
WORD
IS A
LIGHT UNTO
MY PATH.

Q. SAUNDHAM, DEL. S.C.

Vol. 2.

DECEMBER, 1882.

No. 6.

“Order my steps in Thy word: and let not any iniquity have dominion over me.”

Psalm cxix. 133.

NOTES.

NOW is the time for all the railway men to pay their fees.

We are very thankful to those who have done so. It has proved very useful.

All the advantages of the General Y.M.C.A. are free to all railway men who pay the regular \$2.00 subscription to the Railway Committee.

Remittances may be made to Shaftesbury Hall; to Mr. J. O. Bennett, the Railway Treasurer; or to W. E. Burford, Railway Secretary. Please state — “For Railway Fund.”

Rev. H. M. Parsons referred to the Railway Branch of the Y.M.C.A. work, in his sermon on Sabbath, Nov. 12th, in the kindest and warmest commendatory language. We thank him. Many times since it has proved beneficial to us.

We were pleased to see Mr. A. Munro at Union Station meeting on Sabbath, Nov. 19th, and also to receive a call from him.

A letter from Mr. E. D. Ingersoll, International Railway Secretary, states that the good work is still progressing on the other side. We are very glad that he is again able to resume his duties.

JAS. DAVIES.



IN the day that the November "SPECIAL" came from the press, he died. For about five years there was no more faithful attendant at the Union Depot Gospel Service. As President of the Choir, his delight was to sing the songs of Zion. One day at his regular occupation: the next, where? Not here: but gone to be with Him, whose he was and whom he served. May the God of all consolation comfort the widow, and also the fatherless children, with all the blessings of Jesus Christ. Is there no lesson you can learn from this event?

GOSPEL MEETING!

FOR

Railway Men

AND OTHERS,

EVERY SUNDAY AFTERNOON,

AT 3 O'CLOCK,

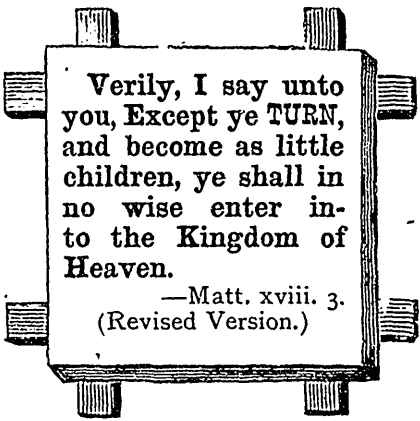
IN THE

CREDIT VALLEY

Waiting Room,

PARKDALE.

COME.



Verily, I say unto you, Except ye TURN, and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter in to the Kingdom of Heaven.

—Matt. xviii. 3.
(Revised Version.)

"ALL CHANGE!"



LONG the railway line we often hear a word like this. When the train reaches a certain station, and the particular coaches composing it go no further, then from the brakeman or conductor you hear this direction, "All change here!" "All change!" And so the passengers vacate their seats, and turn out, either having reached their home, or having to wait a while for some other train. Then the empty coaches are shunted off to some side line, where they remain till some other work is appointed for them.

"All change!" Here is a lesson for travellers on life's highway. If only men will hearken and obey, it is a message of the highest importance, and will bring to them everlasting peace.

There must be a "change." Man is not going on the right track. The world has gone wrong, and we all have gone wrong with it. "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way." We see things in a false light. Sin and self reign, and God is put out of sight. Earth stands first and Heaven

last. Satan reigns within the palace, and the best Friend is thrust out. An evil nature draws men farther and farther from holiness, and purity, and peace. So there needs a great change. You must turn over a new leaf. You must forsake the far country, and come back to your Father's House. You must leave the broad way, and enter by the strait gate.

You can never be saved unless you are converted.

"Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God" (John iii. 3). "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new" (2 Cor. v. 17.) You need the new creating power of the Holy Ghost. You need a new heart and a right spirit; and you cannot bring that about, for it is the work of the Holy Spirit to regenerate and renew the soul, but it is your part to accept Christ, and to come humbly to His footstool. Tarry not as you are. Wait not till you are better.

**COME TO JESUS.
JUST AS YOU ARE.**

Confess your sin and neglect, and receive Him by faith as your only hope and Saviour. All you want, He can give you. "Sight, riches, healing of the mind," pardon for the past, the grace of His Spirit to subdue the evil, and to fashion you in His likeness—all this He will give you if you come to Him. You will then know the reality of the great change to which I have referred. "As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name: which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of

the will of man, but of God" (John i. 12, 13).

Holy Ghost, the Infinite!
Shine upon our nature's night,
With Thy blessed inward light,
Comforte · Divine!

A DRAPED LOCOMOTIVE.

"**A**O me," the sad passenger said, "there is something inexpressibly mournful in a draped locomotive; and especially so, when it is draped in mourning for a dead engineer. The president of a railway company stands a long way from the engine, and when he dies the engine mourns as we sorrow for a rich uncle whom we never saw and who left us nothing. But the man who was a part of the engine's life, who spurred her up the long, steep, climbing mountain grades, and coaxed her around dizzy curves, and sent her down the long level stretches with the flight of an arrow, who knew how to humor all her caprices, and coaxed and petted and urged her through blinding storms and rayless night, and blistering heat, and stinging cold, until engine and engineer seemed to be body and soul of one existence,—then when this man at last gets his final orders and crosses the dark river alone, with only the fadeless target-lights of sure eternal promise gleaming brightly on the other side; and when there is a new man on the right hand side and a new face looks out of the engineer's window, then I think I can see a profound and sincere sorrow in the panting spirit of power, standing in the station, draped with fluttering sable emblems of its woe, waiting for the caressing touches of the dead hands that it will never feel again. And engineers tell me that for days and days the engine is fretful under the new hands; it is restless and moody

—starts off nervously and impatiently sometimes, and then drops into sullen gait and loses time; that no man can get so much out of an engine as its own engineer.”

“Do you remember only a year or two ago,” the jester said, “only last summer, I believe it was, an engineer on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, running west from Chicago, died in his engine? Died right in his place, running, between Galesburg and Monmouth, and sat there with his hand on the lever, and his sightless eyes gazing glassily down the track, not noticed until the fireman looked up to see why he did not whistle for Monmouth station. And how many miles that train had thundered along with the dead engineer looking out of the cab window into eternity, no one knew and no one knows.”—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

THE REGULAR MONTHLY Temperance Meeting!

AT THE

UNION DEPOT,

Sunday, Dec. 3

3 P.M.

WILL BE ADDRESSED BY

Rev. Elmore Harris.

ALL ARE INVITED!

PROGRAMME FOR DEC.

**SUNDAY GOSPEL, SONG AND TEMPERANCE SERVICES
AT 3 P.M.**

UNION DEPOT.

Sunday, December 3	Gospel Temperance Meeting. Addresses by Jos. GREENE and REV. ELMORE HARRIS.
“	“	10..... W. E. BURFORD and REV. JOHN SALMON.
“	“	17..... W. J. MCCLURE and W. H. HOWLAND, ESQ.
“	“	24..... WM. GOODERHAM and WM. BLIGHT.
“	“	31..... SONG SERVICE.

PARKDALE, C.V.R. DEPOT.

Sunday, December 3	W. E. BURFORD. Open Meeting.
“	“	10..... REV. T. W. CAMPBELL.
“	“	17..... WM. GOODERHAM and WM. BLIGHT.
“	“	24..... JOHN HARVIE and REV W. A. HUNTER.
“	“	31..... W. E. BURFORD and REV. JOHN SALMON.

Noon Meeting every Wednesday from 12.30 to 12.55, in Toronto, Grey and Bruce Workshops.

COTTAGE MEETINGS.

EVERY MONDAY,	at 8 p.m., 72 Shaw Street.
“ TUESDAY,	“ 46 Bathurst Street.
“ THURSDAY,	“ 50 Stafford Street.