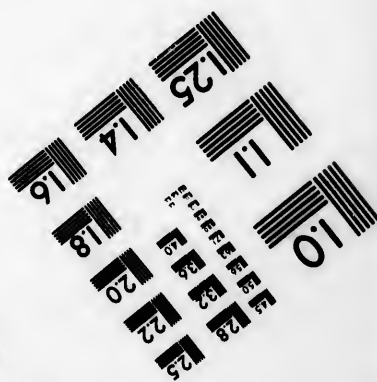
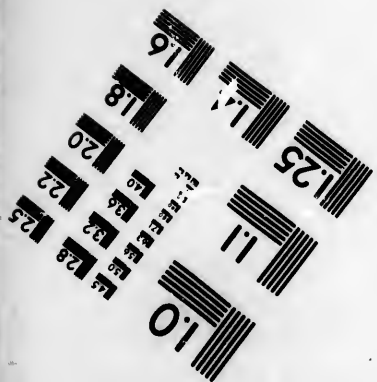
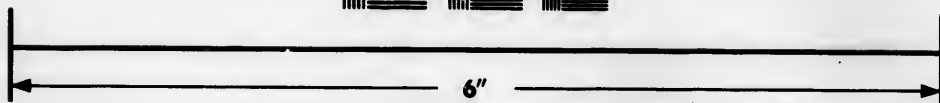
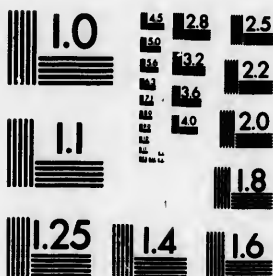


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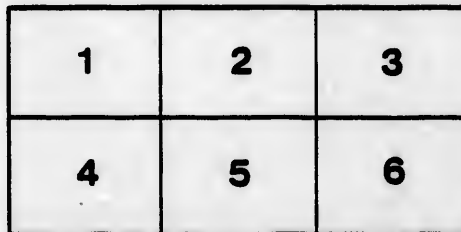
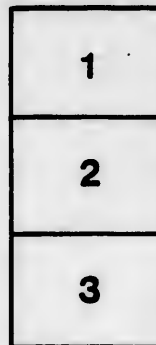
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RAILWAY SERMONS

BY

REV. D. VAN NORMAN LUCAS, M.A.

*This little book is respectfully dedicated to the GENERAL MANAGER OF
THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY OF CANADA,
JOSEPH HICKSON, ESQ.,
who has kindly expressed to the author his hope that it may
have a large circulation.*

Montreal.

"WITNESS" PRINTING HOUSE, BONAVENTURE STREET.

1882.

1870

1870

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“FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.”

Rev. II-10

A SERMON PREACHED TO LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS, BY
REV. D. V. LUCAS, M.A., ON THE OCCASION OF THE
DEATH OF JOHN HOWARTH, BY ACCIDENT, AT
PRESCOTT.—AUGUST, 1881.

Mr. Lucas took his text from a small copy of the New Testament, the only book found on the person of Mr. Howarth when his body was taken from the wreck. He also alluded to the fact that the book gave abundant evidence of having been much used, and some portions were especially marked.

THERE are two senses in which I view this word “faithful”—a higher and a lower sense. When the wicked and hypocritical Pharisees came to Jesus, hoping to catch him between the horns of a perplexing dilemma, they asked him, “Is it lawful to give tribute to Cæsar or not?” They thought, if he says it is, he will turn the Jews against him; if he says it is not, he will turn the Romans against him. So they submitted the question for the purpose of leading him, if possible, into difficulty. He said, “Show me a penny. Whose is this image and superscription?” They said, “Cæsar’s.” He replied, “Render, therefore, unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar’s, and unto God the things which are God’s.” With these words from the Master’s lips, can any one

doubt the importance in his estimation, of faithfulness in this lower sense. I understand him to say, "Do your duty as a good citizen. Honor your king by obedience to law, and your country over which he rules by an industrious, honest life."

I do not say this is all, for his words show that something more is expected ; but this surely is an important part of that which gives us daily favor in the sight of God. Viewing the matter, for the present moment, from this lower standpoint, I beg to ask you if John Howarth was not a faithful man? Faithful to himself. In an honorable and industrious manner, by a most faithful attention to his calling, he endeavored to fill up the measure of his days. How glad we should be if we could persuade all men to be faithful even in this !

He was faithful, even unto death, for his family. He lived not for himself alone. A loving wife and child hoped soon again to welcome him, as they had often done before. These he loved, and for these, even more than for himself, he applied himself with untiring industry to the dangerous duties of his calling. That he might gratify the wishes of his little family, with whom he had failed to spend the previous Sabbath, having been detained by his train at a distance, he exchanged places with a brother engineer. As he passed Summerstown, where his family was, he called to the agent, " Tell my family I will be back to-morrow night to remain with

them over Sunday." Poor man! He was back at the appointed time, but to remain in the family burying-ground till trains shall run no more.

He was faithful to the Company who gave him employment. I have it from the lips of one of the officials of the railway—a gentleman who has known him intimately as an engine-driver for nearly twenty years—that there was not a truer man to be found, a man who could be trusted to do his best anywhere and everywhere; a man who was at all times actuated by conscientious motives, and who was sacredly careful, therefore, of what was entrusted to his oversight and custody as if it had been his own. His time, from the moment he signed the "appearance sheet" at the office, until he brought back his train to the station from whence he started, he counted not his own, but his employers', and because of his conscientious faithfulness was always able to give such an account as to establish himself more and more fully in the estimation and confidence of those having charge of his department.

He was faithful to the public at large. Who can tell the thousands of lives which have been in his hands during these twenty years past! To those, in common with his brother engineers, he has been a faithful servant. I am afraid, gentlemen of John Howarth's calling, that you have to a large extent served an ungrateful public, who have been far more ready to censure you for unavoidable accidents than to praise you, when, through a

kind over-ruling Providence and your unflagging vigilance, you have been more highly favored. In your charity, forgive. I wot that through ignorance it has been done. Some day, your work, with all its accompanying difficulties and dangers, will be better known, and then your services will be more highly appreciated and more frequently acknowledged.

Few people are aware of the dangers to which the engine-driver is exposed, and the general difficulties of his occupation. He is responsible for all lost time, and must for every moment of delay render a strict and satisfactory account on his return, and his explanations, however correct and truthful they may be, are not always accepted as satisfactory, and he is accordingly in some degree punished.

Usually on well equipped roads he finds

HIS ENGINE

in that condition which he describes as "feeling well," and he has no difficulty in getting her to do the work required ; but this is not always the case. She is sometimes in that condition which may be termed "sluggish." Theories and facts do not at all times agree. Theories belong to the workshop ; facts belong to the road. The theory of the builder or of the repairer who may have made some changes in her running gear is, that she will run at any required rate of speed with as many cars as

can be conveniently attached ; the fact is that she fails to do what is expected of her. The constructor rejoices over his theory ; the engine driver has to mourn over the fact. Observe, I am speaking of exceptional cases, but these exceptional cases, small as they may be, still help to enlarge the number of difficulties with which the driver has to contend. If a conflict arises between the constructor and the driver of an engine, in the majority of cases the superintendent is inclined to blame the latter.

I hope, if you regard these remarks as in any sense correct, you will not in your minds, for the present at least, connect them with any particular road, much less with the road whose bells we hear incessantly ringing. There was a day when witty travellers said that G. T. R. stood for "going to ruin," but that day is long since passed, never more, I think, to return. If we consider the length of this great railway, and the immense traffic done annually over its single track, with the amazing regularity of its express trains, we must regard it as second to none in the world for the excellence of its management. But this excellence is to be accounted for very largely by that

RIGID DISCIPLINE

which holds the locomotive engineers so terribly responsible. I am not disposed to abate that discipline one jot or tittle, but I would like that you and I and the travelling public generally, might find our sympathies enlarged toward a class of our fellow-citizens to whom we are so

much indebted, and from henceforth be found more disposed to applaud than to censure them.

We have complained of them because we have been occasionally a half-hour or an hour late in reaching our destination. Sitting in our comfortable seats, far back in the train, we have had no idea at all of the hinderances which have arisen to prevent our driver making good time. We have not known that in several instances in rounding a curve, perhaps within a mile or two of the next station, he has sighted the tail end of a long freight struggling with a heavy up grade, and he has been obliged to slow up to give that train time to switch off out of his way, and this may be only one of many forms of hinderances which may arise in some trips at least.

You have complained because these drivers seem to take a special delight in making their whistles give those unearthly yells in the middle of the night, disturbing your slumbers. You may not be aware that in some cases the overtaxed switchman has left his semaphore up for safety and has fallen into a little dose, from which only a whistle like that can arouse him.

You have complained because the driver has sometimes started the train with such

A TERRIBLE JERK.

as to throw you from your seat almost. You may not be aware that a very long and heavy train, especially at the

foot of a grade, can be started, in many instances, only in that way. In the early days of the Grand Trunk Railway, when the road was new and the equipment in a much less perfect condition than now, that jerk was the rule. For some years past in ordinary passenger trains it is a rare exception.

Some few most unreasonable people, along the line of the railway especially, have complained of these men that they seemed to have a relish for running over their cattle, and some have even gone so far as to say, in real earnest, that these wicked drivers would just as lief run over their children as not. Numerous instances are on record of the noble daring of drivers who have ventured out upon the cow-catcher with the train running at a high rate of speed, to save a child whose presence upon the track had been discovered at so short a distance as to render it impossible to stop the train. I have gone on the cow-catcher when the train was standing, just to see what kind of footing I could get to perform a feat of that kind. I don't think anything but the hope of saving a human life could induce me to attempt it, and even then I fear I should lose my own without accomplishing the object of my venture. I have read of one of these brave men, who was a man of high, nervous temperament, and not overly strong in body and health, who, by a feat of this kind, was thrown into a brain fever, from which he did not recover for several weeks. And yet these are the

men who, in the estimation of some people, would just as soon run over children as not !

Let us look for a little at the amount of watchfulness and responsibility required to run an express train from Montreal to Toronto, a distance of 333 miles. I am aware that the labor is divided among three men, but allow me, for convenience sake, to speak as if it were done by one ; you can divide it up for yourselves. Between these two points named, including them, are fifty-six stations, connected with which are not less than 400 semaphores and switches, every one of which must be seen. If anything were to happen through his not seeing any one of them all, his excuse would not be taken. In addition to these there are not less than 350 public crossings, for which he must keep a sharp look-out. Add to this, again, the fact that he must meet and pass in the one trip alone fully 60 or 70 trains of all kinds—express, local, mixed, freight and ballast train. Add again to these over 800 objects which he knows are on the track ahead of him, and which demand his constant vigilance, the probability that children or drunken men or cattle may stray upon the track, as poor John Howarth's widow knows to her cost, and you see something of the immense strain that is on these men incessantly. I have only described to you the responsibilities of one trip.

For cool acts of bravery, I doubt if these locomotive engineers can be surpassed in the whole world. Oliver

Mann was looking ahead of his engine on a clear beautiful night. Every thing was apparently in first-class condition, engine "feeling well." Express train, hundreds of passengers, moving on toward Wheeling, Va., at a high rate of speed, when all at once there was an awful crash, and he saw that nearly one half of his cab was gone, and blow after blow was being struck with lightning rapidity by something like the sword of the Almighty, crushing everything in its way. What would you or I have done? Most likely, jumped for it. But that is not what Oliver Mann did. Close the throttle (one moment), whistle "down brakes" (another moment), apply his own air brake (another moment), pull down the reverse lever (another moment), and he saved his train. But those four moments of stern duty cost John Howarth his life. The cool courage in a moment of great danger was the same, the happy results, as far as the passengers were concerned, were the same, the other circumstances differed widely. In Mann's case the axle of his rear drivers broke, one of the wheels turned to one side and slid along the rails, the connecting rod was wrenched loose, and the piston continuing its action forced the liberated rod to its work of destruction.

Otis C. Lackey, an engineer on the New York and New Haven road, was running the through express past Newington at about forty-five miles an hour. The station agent showed a white light where he should have shown a red. In another moment the engineer saw to his horror

that the light was taken away altogether and that the switch was open. Not waiting to shove in the regulator and close the throttle, he pulled over the reverse lever as quick as a flash and applied the air brake. In one moment more there was an awful crash, but not half so awful as it would have been if the driver had not retained his self-possession and courage. The greater part of the empty train standing on the switch was demolished. The engine was overturned and Lackey and his fireman were buried underneath. They were taken out much injured, though not killed. Out of 300 passengers not one was injured. Whether any or all of these 300, or the 300 on Oliver Mann's train, or the 300 on John Howarth's train, ever came forward to offer one word of thanks to these brave, self-sacrificing men, or something more substantial to their weeping widows and helpless orphans, the reporter has not told us. The thought is in my mind that the reporter would have been delighted to have told us of it if they had given him the opportunity.

I say with all the power that is in me that

THE PUBLIC IS MOST TERRIBLY AND SHAMEFULLY REMISS
IN THIS MATTER.

We owe debts to these locomotive engineers which we have not repaid with even a decent "Thank you." We have, in our ingratitude, nay, charitably let me say, in our ignorance, thought them more worthy of our "kicks than our ha'pence," while they have gone on laying us under

renewed obligations, and patiently submitting to our censure and sometimes abuse. There is a possibility that we may, by the course we have pursued in the past, force them into a spirit of recklessness which will add materially to the danger of travelling by rail. The extremely rigid discipline to which they must submit may sometimes have that tendency, and it is not wise on the part of the public to back up that rigidity by their censures on every mishap which may occasionally overtake the engineer, lest perhaps some day the "galled jade may wince" to their sorrow. Am I talking at random, think you? Hear, then, the words of Sir Henry Tyler, the President of the Grand Trunk Railway. He says, "Engine-drivers are men of like feelings with the rest of us. They do not desire to run risks or be smashed any more than the passengers. They may be trained to be cautious or they may be

FORCED INTO RECKLESSNESS.

No more effectual mode of training them to be reckless can be adopted than that which has been too frequently followed. An engine-driver runs day by day, or night by night with heavy trains, with barely time to complete his journey at the highest speed. He is compelled to run sharply up to the signals or obstructions. He is compelled to keep his train under command, perhaps without adequate brake power, and he is obliged to trust to guards who may not hear the whistle. He is liable to be degraded if he does not preserve more or less his punctuality. Such a man is obliged to run risks in daily or hourly working.

He becomes gradually and naturally habituated to them and often comes to grief in the practice of them."

Yes, and if he is forced into recklessness he may bring many others into grief too. If we would bring men in responsible positions up to a high degree of efficiency and trustworthiness we must, in addition to that firm and strict discipline to which they are submitted, think of them kindly, speak of them kindly, and act toward them kindly. Every man has in his nature however a respect for true courage. All men despise cowardice, and no man will contend that recklessness is a commendable or safe thing. Let me point out the difference. The coward sees the danger and flees from it, and if he has been put in a position of trust the danger is increased, by its being left wholly uncontrolled. He has betrayed his trust and acted the part of a dishonest man, because when he contracted for a position of responsibility it was surely understood that he assumed those risks which the duties of his position entailed upon him.

THE RECKLESS MAN

I think is in a sense akin to the coward. He is conscious there is danger, but is, as it were, afraid to look it fairly in the face, so he shuts his eyes that he may not see it, and rushes madly into it. He increases the danger by his thoughtlessness or by his foolish daring. If such men come through safely it is more by chance than otherwise. The truly brave and courageous man is a thoughtful man.

He has his eyes wide open to every point behind which danger may lurk. He wants to see it all. He has a high regard for that word, duty. He is an honest man. He has agreed to assume certain responsibilities, and he will only forsake them when he sees all hope of doing anything more is gone. By standing firmly at his post he is able largely to reduce the probabilities or the extent of disaster, and, in the majority of cases, succeeds in obviating disaster altogether. His habitual thoughtfulness is a source of strength to him in the moment of imminent danger, and enables him to do the very best thing that can be done under the circumstances. Such a man was John Howarth.

How many scores of those who were sleeping in your friend's ill-fated train might have gone down with him, or, perhaps, instead of him, to the shades of death, if he had not remained at his post, doing all in his power to the very last moment, to reduce the speed of his train. He was "faithful unto death."

I pray that you and I may derive a useful lesson from considering the suddenness of his death. It was a beautiful night. All the difficult parts of his division of the road were past. One more run of twenty minutes, and his work for that night would be done. He was just as sure of reaching Brockville that night, and returning home the following afternoon, as you and I are of returning to our homes to-night. Ah! we are *not* sure; but how few of us think of it. I am glad John Howarth did think of the uncer-

tainties of life, and that he had in his heart a well-grounded hope of the life to come. If so, sudden death was to him sudden glory. We mingle our tears with his mourning family, and with them mourn our loss ; but our loss is his infinite gain,

Our friend was faithful in the higher sense. In this well-worn copy of the New Testament which I hold in my hand—the only book on his person when his mangled remains were taken from the wreck—I find several places specially marked. One of these, the 12th chapter of Romans, tells us of those practical doctrines which God lays upon us here ; and another, the 14th chapter of John, tells us of the Christian's home hereafter.

The Apostle says : “ I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, which is your reasonable service ; ” and the Saviour says : “ Let not your heart be troubled. Ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you. ” The uncertainties of life and certainty of death, perhaps of sudden death, ought to impress our minds very deeply.

“ Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return. ” We shall derive small profit by employing all our time asking, “ Why ? ” When an engine-driver comes near an open draw-bridge he does not let his train rush on, foolishly asking, “ How comes that draw-bridge open ? Who could have done it ? What is it opened for ? ” No.

He does a wiser thing than that. He stops. How much can we profit by finding fault with the decree, "It is appointed unto man to die?" Can our foolish objections alter the fact? Can our fault-finding change the decree? If not, then may there not be a wiser course than that of offering censorious criticisms on God's plan? Would it not be better to put the brakes hard down on a life of sin; stop that train of evil thought; think on our way, and curve our course unto the testimonies of God? We would soon find that God will, through his Son, give us more abundant life than earth can know. We would soon find that the deep and dark chasm which lies between this life and that, is spanned by a bridge which has stood the strain of nearly 2,000 years—a bridge built by the bleeding hands of a carpenter, our elder Brother, the Lord Jesus Christ.

"Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." And not one of us knows how soon; only this we may know, it will be very soon. The fast-flying shuttle which weaves the trousseau of the bride, weaves also her shroud, and the one must be quickly cut away from the loom to make room for the other. The faster men live, the faster they die. The more we multiply facilities for annihilating space, or for developing rapidly the resources of the earth, or for bringing the elements of nature under our control, the more we seem to multiply the implements of death.

The excitement, and worry, and rigid discipline, and long hours, and unrelenting strain which the inventions of this age have entailed upon us, are driving us into our graves ahead of our allotted time. The collisions and accidents of various kinds, rendered almost wholly unavoidable by the rapidity with which we move in these days, snatch us with the quickness of the lightning's flash, from our hearths and our homes, and God in heaven alone knows when or how the bolt may strike us individually. Seeing death in some form is certain for us all; and life, so uncertain as to its continuance here, how necessary the exhortations of the Saviour, "Be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh."

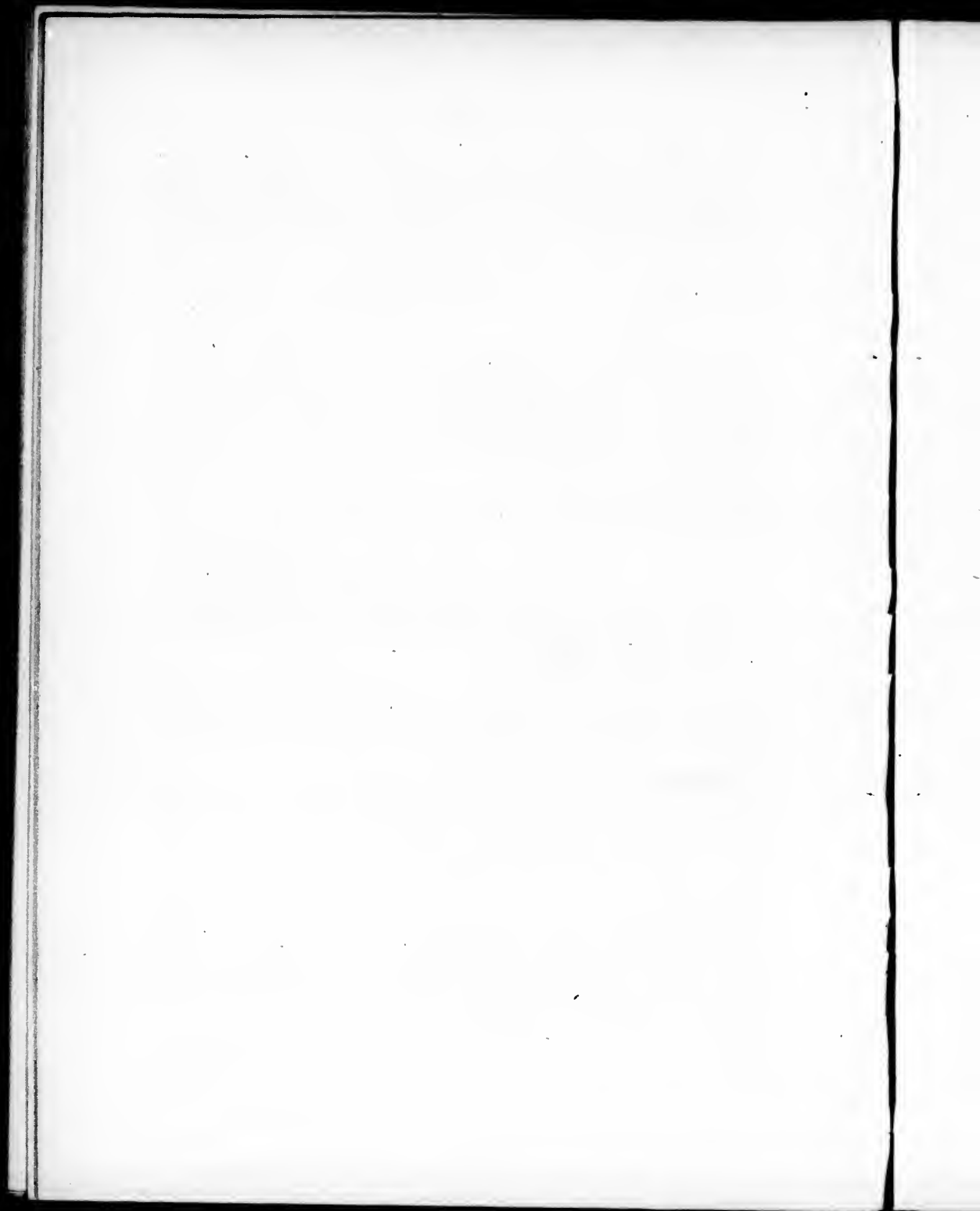
If my Master has said, "Be ye also ready," I assume there is a necessity for it. There are chasms ahead opening before us, abysses into which we may plunge headlong down to eternal ruin. His words are words of warning, and words of warning are significant of danger. A hell-inspired enemy has rolled rocks and placed rails cross-wise upon our track.

Depend upon it, Satan will destroy us if he can. My Master says to you and me, "Keep your hand upon the lever—stand by the brake. There is danger ahead! What I say unto you I say unto all, Watch!"

Seeing he has said, "Be ye ready," I assume we may be, otherwise he never would have said so. He has

made ample provision. He has died to atone for our sin. He now prays to the Father for us, that through his intercession we may be forgiven of God, if we repent and turn to him. And, by the power of his grace, he can and will put within us a glorious hope of heaven.

My dear friends of John Howarth's occupation, I am in your debt and in his. He and you have brought me many a time, I make no doubt, through the darkness and through the storm, in safety back to the joys and delights of my home—to those whom I love more than life itself, to those whose presence always makes me happy. I am in your debt. How can I repay you? The only earthly thing I can offer you is my hand extended from a heart that loves you. Come, I pray you, and get aboard my Master's train. He sends me to ask you. I am only a runner for him. He has gone through darkness and storm for you and me—the storm of human ill-will, the storm of Satan's rage, the storm of his Father's indignation against sin. He will guide us through darkness and storm to our home in heaven, where he has many mansions for those who love him, and where, I trust, we all have some friends who will greet us. My Master is the Superintendent of this road, and, that you and I may be safe, he guides the train himself. Come on board his train, and he will guide you and me to the land of rest and glory.—*Montreal, August, 1881.*



RAILWAY CONDUCTORS AND BRAKESMEN.

Matt. XXIV.—44—' Be ye also ready.'

WHETHER we look at the duties and responsibilities of those who have charge of railway trains, or at the dangers to which their lives are exposed and the possibility of sudden death to which we are all liable, the text is appropriate. "Be ye also ready," the Superintendent says to each subordinate official. "Be ye also ready," the Superintendent of Life's great train says to every one.

My object, this evening, is not to address myself, exclusively, to our friends the conductors and brakemen now present. I may have a few words to say to them more directly before I have done.

I wish, just now, to speak of their occupation and its difficulties and dangers, and to consider the feasibility of lessening the number of those dangers.

They have thought that we ministers appear to be very anxious about the salvation of their souls, while the salvation of their bodies is a matter respecting which we never once think. What I have to say to you this evening will fully disprove the latter part of this notion, so far as I am concerned, at any rate, and I feel quite confident that my brethren everywhere are just as ready and willing as I can possibly be, to cast their influence in the direction of improvement, if our influence can have any weight with

those who have the power to make such improvement as will ensure greater security of life and limb to those in their employment.

I think the dangers of handling railway trains can be made less than they are, if railway companies would consent to submit to the cost. When the legislature looks into this matter more fully, as it will yet do, I think the companies will be forced to submit to the cost, willing or unwilling.

Human life is too precious a thing, and human fingers, hands and arms are too valuable to be thrown away for the mere sake of making the cost of management less, and the percentage of dividends to the shareholders more.

A very slight investigation will discover the dangers to which brakemen, especially of freight trains, are exposed, through the want of a more perfect system of coupling the cars. It seems to me this can be greatly improved upon, in the direction both of convenience and safety. There was a time when those large square blocks of wood at the ends of freight cars, called *dead-woods*, were much thicker than now. It was a very common thing then for men to lose their arms when coupling, by having them crushed between these, and a change was made in them. Since then this kind of accident very seldom occurs.

It never seems to have entered into any one's mind until quite lately, that the frogs of the road could be so improved

as to prevent those terrible accidents such as have recently happened to brakemen in coupling, whereby the poor men were torn into shreds beneath the wheels. If you examine the draw-bar-heads of a long freight train made up of cars from different parts of the continent, you will observe a variety of design in their construction. Some are in the form of a pair of open jaws. When the man guides the connecting link into the socket so as to drop into it the coupling pin, his hand can slide into these open jaws and is safe from being crushed. Even this form however does not obviate all danger. The most common form of draw-bar-head is a constant source of danger to the man's fingers and hands. Even suppose he becomes ever so expert at pulling away his hand the moment the link enters the socket, in very frosty weather he is liable to be caught through his woollen mitten or his sweaty fingers sticking to the link, and it is but the work of a moment to maim the poor man for life.

Now do you think it is a matter of no importance to me whether that poor man loses his hands or not?

I think I have so much sympathy with those who suffer physical pain, that I would be glad to rise at midnight and preach a sermon two hours long if it would prevent the crushing of a finger, but when I think, not of a finger merely, but of a right hand and perhaps of a wife and little children dependent on that right hand for their daily bread, I must have my say in this matter whoever may object.

I hope the day is not far distant when the coupling will be done automatically, or by a hand-lever from the side of the car.

Let any one watch the telegrams of railway accidents for a few weeks, and he will soon see the necessity for action in the direction I have indicated. Brakesmen's lives are endangered also from the want of an extended foot board on the tops of the freight cars. Men who have been on the road for years tell me that they have experienced more danger from this source than from any other. Passing rapidly in the night, as they are often obliged to do, from one brake to another over the tops of the cars, the space between is in some cases so long that they are liable to fall between and in numerous instances men have fallen and been torn to pieces beneath the cars.

If the foot-board were extended, say from eight to twelve inches, so as to lessen the space over which the man has to step, the danger would be to a considerable extent obviated, if not entirely so.

I know it is said that the lack of uniformity in the height of cars is the great difficulty in the way of remedying this defect. You can scarcely see a freight train made up of cars all of the same height, and it is thought that a man stepping quickly from a lower to a higher car would only find increased danger instead of greater safety from the projecting foot board. I observe that United States cars are, as a rule, higher than those belonging to Canadian roads. For the sake of a class of honest hard working

men, I think the matter is worthy of (if need be) international consideration. I merely throw out a hint which influential philanthropists may think over and act upon.

What looks to me as the most cruel thing of all is to send these men over the tops of the cars, especially in the winter, when, as it frequently happens, every thing is covered with ice, without any protection whatever from falling, with the train running perhaps at full speed. Many lives have been sacrificed in this way and others will be, I suppose, before anything is done to prevent accidents from this cause.

I think there should be a rail, about two feet or two and a half feet high, running either along the centre of the top of the car, or perhaps better, all around the top of the car. Some provision of this kind should certainly be made while the present system of braking is applied to freight trains. The system will probably be changed by and bye and air brakes applied, instead of the hand brake, as in the case of the passenger trains. But, it is said, "All these things cost a good deal of money." When an official of one of our railways presented this reason for leaving these matters as they are, I replied, "Yes, but you would save the men; now, too many are killed or maimed for the want of these safeguards." He replied, "The men don't cost the company much, but patent couplers and all these other things do."

I look upon a railway company who would refuse or

neglect to furnish reasonable protection for the lives of employees, as being actuated by a spirit of murder. Where is the difference in spirit between them and the highwayman who cares not for human life, so long as he can gain his end, the acquisition of money. They say corporations have no souls, but God will call every man to an account, and to these, individually, he may say, when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed, as he said to the murderer Cain, "The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground."

I am afraid that some of these great corporations look upon the lower orders of the people as just so much rough ore from which, after a deal of hard breaking and grinding, they are to extract their gold, or estimate the individual member of the labouring classes about as they would give value to a wheel in a mill.

But God is no respecter of persons. In His sight the bodies and souls of the poor are as precious as are those of the rich.

If, however, anything I have said looks in the direction of laying unreasonable burdens on railway companies in the way of expense, then I would respectfully suggest that a Dominion or Continental Conference of Railway Managers be held, and that rates be proportioned to these improvements. Better by far that the increased expense be thrown upon the public than that these hard working men should be continually exposed to unnecessary dangers.

A few years ago it was a very common thing for capitalists in England to buy old hulls of ships, trim them up, put on plenty of paint, get them heavily insured, and send them fully manned to sea, with far too heavy cargoes, that by going to the bottom they might bring large gain to their owners, and so it would have continued probably to this day, if that kind-hearted philanthropist, Mr. Plimsoll, had not agitated the matter in the House of Commons until he got an act passed, which put an end to this greedy wickedness.

If you go down to the dock and look at any British ship now discharging or receiving cargo at your port here, you will see on the side of the ship, about six or seven feet below the deck, a ring of black paint about eight or ten inches in diameter, with a bar running across it, and extending about one inch over each side of the ring. "Captain, what is the meaning of that mark on your ship? Will you have the kindness to inform me?" "Aye, aye, sir; that's Plimsoll's cross bun, sir, as we sailors call it. If I were to load my ship until the bun goes into the water, my men would all leave me, and the law, as it is now, would give me no power over them. Mr. Plimsoll's law compels us to keep the bun dry in smooth water, and then any man aboard knows the ship is not more heavily laden than the Government Inspector's certificate allows for."

I am glad to see that English legislators have lately moved in the direction of forcing railway companies and

other large employers to exercise greater care for the lives of those in their service, and I have no doubt the matter will be agitated in other legislatures as well until there will be a very great improvement in this matter.

The object of the bill some time since introduced into the British House of Commons, was, to quote the words of its promoters, "to extend and regulate the liability of employers to make compensation for injuries suffered by workmen in their service." It provides that in cases of injury resulting in death, the employer shall be liable and the representatives of the injured person shall have the same right of compensation as if he had not been in the service of the employer.

The limit of the sum recoverable was at first set at three years' earnings of a person in the grade of employment in which the injury was received. This was afterward made a little more favorable to the employer. By the terms of the bill the employer is liable where the injury is caused (1) by reason of any defect in the way, works, machinery, plant or stock-in-trade connected with or used in the business of the employer, (2) or by reason of the negligence of any person in the service of the employer, who has superintendence entrusted to him, while in the exercise of such superintendence; (3) or by reason of the negligence of any person in the service of the employer to whose order or directions the workman at the time of the injury was bound to conform and did conform, where such injury resulted from his having so

conformed ; or (4) by reason of the act or omission of any person in the service of the employer done or made in obedience to the rules or by-laws of the employer or in obedience to particular instructions given by any person delegated with the authority of the employer in that behalf ; or (5) by reason of the negligence of any person in the service of the employer who has charge or control of any signal, points, locomotive engine or train upon a railway."

I hope we shall yet see some such legislation as this throughout the civilized world.

Modern machinery is very much more destructive of human life than the simple machinery of past ages. As soon as corporations and individual employers discover that it costs more to kill men than to save them they will find it to their advantage to furnish such safeguards and protection as are necessary to render the probability of accident, fatal or otherwise, much less than it now is.

I do not think, however, that an employer ought to be held responsible where any person in his service comes to grief through carelessness on the part of the employee himself, and I have no doubt many, if not the majority of accidents, occur in this way. Before touching upon this point, however, I wish to say that to my mind the amount of carefulness and watchfulness displayed by persons in charge of railway tracks and trains is worthy of admiration. During the past twenty-five years, I have travelled by this

mode of conveyance not much short of fifty thousand miles, and I have never yet seen an accident whereby any one was hurt. I never was on a train when it, or any part of it, left the track. I am not aware that any train on which I was a passenger was particularly exposed to danger through the negligence of any official or employee of the road. I have very seldom been late in reaching my destination, but have been astonished many a time at the wonderful regularity of the trains on single tracked roads, more especially on the Grand Trunk Railway, where I knew that over a single track, of twelve hundred miles long, an almost incalculable amount of traffic was being carried on. If I should confine myself, therefore, wholly to experience and personal observation, I am prepared to speak highly of the faithfulness of those who are responsible for the safe running of railway trains.

There is, however, a percentage of carelessness which is a constant source of anxiety to managers. There are men, the natural tendency of whose minds is to revolt against all law Divine and human, who are disposed to sneer at those who are better minded. These men, generally strong willed, do not fail to exercise a hurtful influence over, at least, some of their companions, and so, with a few, a kind of recklessness becomes the rule, and these, small as their number may be, endanger in some degree the whole road, for you cannot tell just where the result of their recklessness or carelessness may strike. There may be some degree of carelessness

whereby the dangers of travelling are increased. There may be defect in the construction of the cars, if we look directly toward the safety of those employed, but there is no defect in the code of laws or regulations which are put into the hands of each official for his instruction. Nothing can be more perfect than these rules. They are as complete as it is possible to make them. I am speaking now of those issued by the Grand Trunk Railway. If these instructions are obeyed to the letter, it is impossible that either the men employed or the travelling public could be in danger from collision of trains.

Conductors are not only fully instructed respecting their duties, but earnestly exhorted to carefulness respecting all clearance and crossing orders, and to study their time-table as a check upon these. To quote the language of the excellent Superintendent of the road: "I again beg of you to be careful. Never trust your memory. I again warn you to be on your guard. Past experience shows that any trifling with rules and orders must sooner or later result in disaster."

The majority need no additional urging; I speak to the few. Four of your companions have quite lately met a terrible death, apparently from no other cause than indifference respecting these rules. And must these instructions be sealed with blood again before you can respect them fully? Will nothing convince you that they are worth the keeping but the dying screams of your mangled and scalded associates?

Let me also urge you to keep all the rules, never deviate from them except on special orders. Think of your own safety, of the safety of your companions, and of those who for the moment may have entrusted their lives to your keeping. Vow right here before God and this company that as long as you have anything to do with railways you will observe all these rules to the letter, whatever others may do.

Let us look for a little at the duties and responsibilities of a railway conductor. Take the conductor of an express or passenger train.

Some of the duties specified may practically be shared with the brakeman, but the conductor is responsible for their proper discharge. My object in enumerating these is to show, and, if possible, correct the unreasonableness of some travellers who seem to think that his sole business should be to look after their individual welfare and comfort.

He must before starting see that the cars are properly coupled, and that the brakes are in good condition, and that the bell cord is in perfect working order ; that signal lamps are attached, and, if necessary, lighted, and that his cars are clean. He is held responsible for the enforcement of the Company's rules on board his train. He must at each terminal station sign all circulars and orders which affect the running of trains. He must report at the end of his trip all delays or circumstances of an unusual character which may have happened, and any

defects discovered in the line. He must observe the strictest attention and obedience to all signals at crossings and stations.

He must examine the wheels, brakes and couplings on his journey, and can have no excuse if this is not attended to. Says the Book of Instructions: "It is always presumed that he is inattentive to his duty if this is neglected."

Then the passengers are under his care, and from this source comes his chief annoyances.

Some passengers expect more room than they are entitled to. Some children are much younger on the cars than the family register represents them to be, and to demand fare for them from the reluctant parent is not always a pleasure.

Some persons make the mistake of getting into a first-class car after purchasing a second-class ticket, and sometimes circumstances make it a very unpleasant task to correct their little blunder.

Occasionally persons have the impudence to get into the cars without a ticket, and then refuse to pay fare, and must be ejected.

Very frequently persons get on the train, in a state of intoxication, or become so afterward, and have to be controlled or removed. I am told by conductors that this is the most annoying of all the things they have to do. I do not wonder at this. There are three sorts of beings very difficult of management, fools, maniacs and demons.

Strong drinks never fail to turn human beings into one or the other of these.

You will see by this list that a conductor's calling is no sinecure. Although the conductor of a freight train has not the care of the passengers, his work is in some respects more difficult, partly from the fact that he is obliged to keep clear of the passenger trains, which always have the right of way over others.

To our friends the conductors and brakemen now present, permit me to say : There is

SOMETHING VERY GRAND

in the system with which you are identified, and in which you act an important part. There is sublimity in its duties and dangers ; in its rigid discipline and its weighty responsibilities ; in its difficulties and its triumphs. You have to do with a system which is moving the great steam of humanity on with a velocity never dreamed of by past generations. There is a magnitude about your work almost immeasurable. Railroading is assuming proportions, the most gigantic of any enterprise the world has ever known or probably will ever know.

Look at it as a means for settling with civilized and refined humanity those portions of our earth which have through long ages been given over to the war-whoop of the bloodthirsty savage and the dismal howl of the wild beast. Isaiah must have had a prophetic vision of rail-

ways when he said, "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God. Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low, and the crooked shall be made straight and the rough places plain, and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed and all flesh shall see it." The language is very appropriate if we bear in mind that the railway presents the Christian Church with glorious facilities for the rapid spread of the Gospel. Or look at it as a means for distributing among men more equally and more readily the fruits and breadstuffs of the earth. A short time since a terrible famine existed in China. Millions were slowly yet surely starving to death. Christendom had an abundance and wanted to help the sufferers, but could not, from lack of facilities to reach them in time. On the other hand, when an awful conflagration overtook one of our large American cities, and one hundred thousand persons were driven by the devouring flames out upon the prairie, homeless and penniless, not one perished from want of food and shelter, for ere they had time to perish, your cars, flying like angels of blessing, laden with the ready and abundant offerings of Christian sympathy, were at their side.

There is a wholesomeness and perfection in the discipline which your book of rules and regulations enjoins,

which ought to make you good and useful men. I believe it is generally conceded that

RAILWAY MEN

are more intelligent, in the main, than other classes of laboring men. If you consider the matter a little you will see that this book has much to do with it. What other men (in large numbers, I mean) are subjected to such rules as these, constantly demanding, as they do, wakefulness in your working hours, watchfulness, thoughtfulness, sobriety, industry and regularity, and are not all these qualities necessary in the make up of a perfect man? You brakemen are "*minute men*." There is something ennobling in the very promptitude with which you obey your call to duty. Whose soul has not been stirred by that short, sharp command of Wellington at Waterloo, "Up Guards and at them?" and in the face of a veteran foe and in the face of death they sprang and victory was theirs. "Up Guards and at them," one short, sharp whistle seems to say, and you fly to your post of duty and sometimes to death in its discharge. I would to God the voice of conscience was always obeyed by men everywhere as promptly as you obey your

WHISTLE CALL TO DUTY.

I hold that conscience whistles "down brakes" every time there is moral danger ahead, but men do not so readily attend to it and by and by the ear of the soul is dulled till we no longer hear.

As you are responsible men, who must at the close of each day render a strict account to the great corporation which gives you employment, so must we all when life's day is done render our account to God. You need to be sober men: of all men who need a cool, clear brain, the railway man of whatever rank needs most of all. So much depends upon you. I beseech you to have nothing to do with that dreadful curse of humanity, intoxicating liquor. A terrible accident almost too dreadful in its details to describe has lately taken four of your companions into eternity. It is rumored that when the matter is traced down to its very beginning, it will be found that

INTOXICATING LIQUOR WAS AT THE BOTTOM OF IT.

If ever you should be tempted by any one to take a glass of liquor in your hand, I pray you listen before you drink it, and it may be you will hear in the glass the dying screams and moans of poor Anderson, Hislop, Nelson and Cliff. May God help you to avoid the use of spirituous liquor. Only a curse is in it.

Well, my brothers, though you exercise all proper care and though the company furnish all possible safeguards, still death will come in some form, in your old age if not in your youth or the strength of your manhood. There are accidents which are unavoidable, do what we will. There are diseases which baffle the skill of the wisest physicians. "It is appointed unto men once to die." A driver of one of the old California stage coaches lay dying:

every now and then he would raise his right foot and reach it out in an excited manner, muttering in his delirium : " I am on the down grade and I can't find the brake." Ah, my brothers, we will soon come to that. That down grade which laughs at brakes is just before us. You and I must soon lie down in the grave, ward it off for the present as we may. There is a way to live so that when we reach that point in our road we will not care for brakes. It is my privilege and yours to say with Paul : " I have a desire to depart and be with Christ." May we not so live that as death approaches we can sing with the poet and Paul :

"The world recedes, it disappears,
 Heaven opens on my eyes, my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring.
 Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly,
 O grave, where is thy victory ;
 O death, where is thy sting ?"

Montreal, August, 1881.

