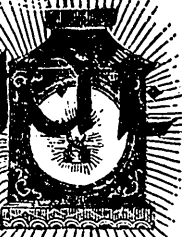




OUR SPECIAL



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

THY
WORD
IS A
LAMP UNTO
MY FEET.




C. SANDHAM, DEL. SC.

THY
WORD
IS A
LIGHT UNTO
MY PATH

Vol 4.

JULY, 1884.

No. 7.

THOU ART

 GOD
 READY TO
 PARDON.

HEB. IX. 1.

REPORT FOR JUNE.

Visits to Engines.....	53
“ Roundhouses.....	6
“ Offices.....	15
“ Caboose.....	35
“ Freight Sheds.....	3
“ Switch Houses.....	12
“ Yards.....	2
“ Injured and Sick R. R. Men.	1
“ R. R. Men’s Homes.....	2
“ Reading Room G. T. R....	6
	135
No of Meetings.	Attendance.
Union Depot..... 4	150
4	150
Papers distributed.....	100
R. R. SPECIALS distributed.....	1000
	1100

The Railway Secretary attended the Conference of Secretaries held at Montreal, and his absence from the city at that time (extending over one week) has of necessity caused a decrease in the statistics of work done. It is, however, pleasing to note the favor extended to the work by the local officials.

PLEASE take note of meetings for this month, and be sure and attend. Always bring another with you.

am the Good Shepherd: the good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep.—John x. 11.

As the Father knoweth Me, even so know I the Father: and I lay
down my life for the sheep.—John x. 16.

MARTIN CAHILL, car repairer, G. T. R., while unloading freight at York Station, on June 16th, had the misfortune of breaking his leg below the knee. Mr. C. is in the General Hospital, but we are pleased to say, recovering.

MR. JOHN CAMERON is the newly appointed foreman at the Don shop. The vacancy was caused by the death of the late foreman, Mr. Wm. Corner. We congratulate Mr. Cameron, and we trust that he may long be spared to perform the duties of his new office.

It is our painful duty to record the death of Brakeman John Clegg, of the Midland Div. G. T. R., who was killed while shunting in Peterboro' yard on June 4th. We extend to the widowed mother our deepest sympathy at the loss of her dear boy.

JOHN SPRING, fireman, of the G. T. R., met with a serious and very painful accident, about two weeks ago, while in the act of firing his engine. The fire kicked out of the fire box and burnt his face and hands in a shocking manner, but we are pleased to state that he is on a fair way of recovery, and we trust will soon be fit for duty.

DON'T FORGET

THE

GOSPEL SERVICE

For Railway Men,

EVERY SUNDAY AFTERNOON,

AT 3 O'CLOCK, IN THE

UNION STATION.

THE ROAD TO HEAVEN.

The road to Heaven by Christ was made.
With Heavenly truth the rails are laid;
From earth to Heaven the line extends,
To life eternal where it ends.

Repentance is the station then,
Where passengers are taken in;
No fee for them is there to pay
For Jesus is himself the way.

The Bible is the engineer—
It points the way to Heaven so clear.
Through tunnels dark and dreary here—
It does the way to glory steer.

God's love—the fire, His truth—the steam,
Which drives the engine and the train;
All you who wou'd to glory ride
Must come to Christ—in Him abide.

Come, then, poor sinner, now is the time
At any station on the line,
If you repent and turn from sin,
The train will stop and take you in.

—Selected.

AS AN Engine would cease to travel if the necessary fuel and water were not continually supplied, so will the Christian, if he does not do likewise. After the Holy Fire has been kindled, it needs replenishing by the proper and appointed means. Reading the Word of God,—Private as well as Social Prayer, Meditation, Abstinence from the world, Self-denial, and True Christian Fellowship, are among the many things necessary, and he who neglects them must expect the fire to become low.

If your way is slippery, my fellow-railroader, put some of the sand of God's Word upon the rails. It will enable you to take a firmer grip, and so help you onward.

I am the Bread of Life: he that cometh to Me shall never hunger.

John vi. 35.

I am the Living Bread which came down from Heaven.

John vi. 51.

THE DAY'S RECKONING.



DURING a visit to Stockholm, some years ago, I was much struck by one of the regulations at the large hotel where I stayed. Each night the visitor, when he retires to his bedroom, finds, inside the door, hanging on a nail, a piece of paper with the various items of expense through the day. All is clearly stated, so that there may be no mistake when the bill is finally settled. It seemed to me a novel plan, and not at all a bad one. Possibly, now and then, a visitor might not be aware of the large expenditure he was incurring, and so might reduce it in time before the season for payment arrived.

But there may be an excellent lesson learnt from this custom, which may be useful for all. Let us think of the debt which, day by day, men incur by their sins and shortcomings. As we retire to rest, it were well for each one quietly to ponder the doings of the day. What have been my thoughts, my mo-

tives, my principles of action? Let the Christian thus consider his ways.

But there is a solemn lesson for the unsaved. It may be, you never think of your sins, or care to seek pardon through Christ. The whole debt of a lifetime lies at your door. Oh! think of it. Who shall count the wrong thoughts, and words, and actions, of a single day? Then remember the days, the weeks, and years you have lived, and each one bears its witness against you. Remember also that one single sin merits death and condemnation, for "The wages of sin is death." "Who-so shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, is guilty of all."

Will you not think of your present position in God's sight? Will you not acknowledge your sin, and come humbly to the Saviour? How shall you stand before the great white throne, when the books will be opened, and the quick and dead be judged for all their sins?

Therefore, let the great matter of salvation be settled now, before it is too late. Seek pardon through the finished work of Christ.

"If Col. Ingersoll were to lose his eyes, would he seek refuge in the Voltaire Blind Asylum? If Mr. Charles Bradlaugh were to become insane, would he be sent to the Tom Paine Insane Asylum? If Mr. G. C. Miln were to be struck with an incurable disease, would he resort to the Hulme Hospital? If any uncared for vicious child belonging to a Free-Thinker were to be found at large, would it be sent to the D. M. Bennett Society for the Suppression of Vice? There are no such institutions? No? Well, friends, continue to abuse Christianity, and when you or your friends become blind, or lame, or sick, or deaf, or insane, or intemperate, then send them to some good *Christian* institution. They will be taken care of free of cost, and no reproaches thrown in."—*Christian at Work.*

I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by Me.—John xiv. 6.

I am the good Shepherd, and know My sheep, and am known of mine:
John x. 14.

A LARGE LOCOMOTIVE.

THE locomotive attracting and retaining the largest share of public attention at the Chicago Exhibition was a "Mastodon," built by the Cooke Locomotive Works of Paterson, New Jersey. It is said to be the largest locomotive in the world, and with the tender weighs 93 tons. Its cylinders are 20 inches in diameter, with a 30-inch stroke; it has eight driving-wheels 5 feet five inches in diameter, with a four-wheeled truck forward. The boiler is 60 inches in diameter; tubes 2½ inches in diameter and 12 feet long. The tank has a capacity of 3,000 gallons of water, and the tender carries 12,000 pounds of coal. The length over all of this monster is 64 feet. It was built for the Southern Pacific Railroad, and upon the closing of the exposition, continued its way to the scene of its future labors in Southern California.

**REMEMBER
ALL RAILWAY MEN**

ARE

CORDIALLY INVITED TO VISIT

And make themselves perfectly
at home in

THE READING ROOM

OF THE

TORONTO YOUNG MEN'S

**Christian Association,
SHAFTESBURY HALL.**

Don't be at all bashful. Come, whether you are a member of the Association or not.

ALL WELCOME.

A SMALL LOCOMOTIVE.

HENRY CASE, of Gloversville, has just completed the smallest locomotive ever made. It is only eight inches long, and weighs only a pound and a half. The smallest locomotive heretofore made was the one exhibited at the Centennial, which was twelve inches long.

STARTLING CALLS.

WHILE we were in the dining hall at Calais, the guard came in to call the passengers to other trains which started before ours. We knew that we had several minutes to spare, but yet the sharply repeated summons to others to depart made us eat quickly, and watch anxiously, lest we should not be ready when our time should come. So, when death comes to one man, how many others are made to think of the moment when they also must be up and away! Happy are those travellers who are quite ready, let the time of their departure come when it may.—C. H. S.

PROGRAMME OF MEETINGS.

Sunday Gospel & Song Services.

Union Station.

AT 3 P.M.

JULY 6.—Jos. Green and R. Conners.

" 13.—Rev. H. Melville and A. R. Saunders.

" 20.—P. A. Hertz and R. Sims.

" 27.—S. R. Briggs and W. Marks.

Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out.
John vi. 37.