

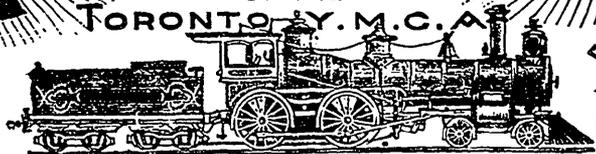


OUR SPECIAL



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

TRY
WORD
IS A
LAMP UNTO
MY FEET.



TRY
WORD
IS A
LAMP UNTO
MY FEET.

G. SANDHAM, DEL. SC.

Vol. 3.

JANUARY, 1883

No. 1.

“Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ that though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich.”—2 Cor. 8: 9.

ACCOUNT OF STOCK FOR 1883.

I have rare good health,
Which is priceless wealth;
And so I am rich you see!
Though my ship is lost
On a distant coast,
And will bring no gold to me.

I have sweet content,
That from heaven is sent;
And so am rich you see!
For it brings that peace
Which will ever increase
As the years increase with me.

I have hope to cheer
When the days are drear;
And so I am rich you see!
It will light my way
Through the darkest day
That ever can come to me.

I've a friend in need,
Who's a friend indeed;
And so I am rich you see!
What have I to fear,
In the coming year,
Since God is that friend to me!

NOTES.

Read and digest the few words for the new year from “Eona.”

Good news of the progress of our work comes from all over. At

London

Many railway meetings are held, Sunday, Gospel, and cottage meetings, all well attended. Bro. A. Munro informs us that they intend employing a Secretary there.

St. Thomas.

All bright, just as one would expect by the blessing of God on Bro. Orr.

Montreal.

Bro. Lonsdale sends good news of what they are doing at Point St. Charles for the benefit of all our comrades mentally, socially and spiritually.

A WORD FOR THE NEW YEAR
FOR THE RAILWAY MEN OF
CANADA.

BY "EONA."

"Trust ye in the LORD for ever: for in the LORD JEHOVAH is everlasting strength." Isaiah xxvii. 4.



HOW I yearn over you all! How thankful I feel when I read the reports of the work for God that has been, and is, doing amongst you, and how I long that you *all* had "the Lord Jehovah" as your safeguard from all the perils and dangers of your noble calling!

"Noble calling?"

YES!!! Emphatically yes! Were I a man I would rather be a Christian railway man than almost any other thing on earth. A Christian engine driver or conductor is a perpetual missionary and herald. To the railway men (as to John the Baptist and the prophets of old,) is given the grand task of "*preparing the way of the Lord*"; literally: for, before the locomotive the hills are cast down, "the rough places are made smooth," and "a highway made through the desert;" in its track come light and wisdom to the ignorant and "dark" places of the earth; and, whether consciously or unconsciously, willingly or unwillingly, every man in the railway service is helping to "spread the knowledge of the Lord," and hastening on the day when "all shall know Him." But oh! what a difference between willing and *un-willing* service! between the forced labour of the slave and the glad service of the true servant, who is also the *son*! What a difference, *even in the very face*, of the railway man, who toils for mere money, and dear Alexander Anderson, "the Railway Poet," who feels it a privilege to work, even

with—"Honest pick and shovel," and glories in his labour on the very track itself.

And, if I, an unknown stranger amongst you, knowing little or nothing of your daily cares and individual sorrows, except in a few instances which have been especially brought under my notice, love you all so much that not a day or night passes but I think of you and try, in my feeble way, to devise some way of cheering or helping you, how *much greater* is the love of that Eternal Friend whose loving-kindness is over you *every moment*?

Yes, *every moment*; not a step do you take, not a word do you speak, not even a thought do you think, but *He cares ab ut it*. Whether you love or hate Him, whether you know or do not know it. *He cares for you*, thinks of, and for you, and yearns over you with a love surpassing all understanding, so high, so pure, so deep it is!

But, you may say, if God so loves us, why does He so often let us get hurt, maimed, even killed in our duty? Why does He not take better care of our bodies, as well as our souls?

Dear friends, there are somethings "hard to be understood" in God's dealings sometimes, but we must always remember that we are made dependent on each other, and also that God has His laws of natural sequence and force, which, if we transgress, bring with the transgression an immediate punishment. As we tell a child not to put its hand into the fire, and leave it to take the consequence of doing so, yet are sorry for the pain when the wilful one *does* burn itself; so we know that if we fall beneath the train we shall be crushed, as a natural result; yet God *does* love, *does* feel sorry, just as an

earthly parent. He *lets us feel* the consequence of our mistakes, that we or others may profit by them, or else we would never amend our ways; but even in judgment He "remembers mercy," and His mercies are greater and more frequent than His judgments. And "seeming wrath" is not always mere punishment; death to the body may be fuller life to the soul. The day after last Christmas, two trains, one mineral, the other goods, (or, as you say, freight,) were waiting on a siding near Stockton-on-Tees, England, for the passenger train to go past on the main line. It was a beautiful winter afternoon; the men were going home to Darlington, where two or three expected to join their wives at a "sociable" held that night in connection with one of the churches. *They were expecting to go home.* That morning before they started out with their engines, the wife of the fireman on one of these trains asked her husband: *what* if he should not return? Dear Hind looked forward to a Home "not made with hands," which a loving Saviour had provided for him, and he answered cheerfully that *whatever* happened *he was ready.*

Well, there the trains stood, apparently quite safe on the siding; the engine on which were Hind and his mate, Robinson, being close behind the van of the other train. The "passenger" ran swiftly past them. The signals were fixed for the first train to proceed, when suddenly the boiler of the engine of the second train went up into the air with a fearful noise; and, *in one instant*, Hind, Robinson, and their young guard (or "conductor") were hurled into eternity, and two other train hands, in the van of the train just about to move, were fatally crushed and scalded, so that they also died before the end of the next day.

I did not know the rest so well, but I knew dear Hind, and *I know* he "*went home.*" He was looking forward to a pleasant evening and a return to wife and children in the little home on earth; he was looking forward to half-an-hour's work and then a *short* rest before another day's toil, and in one instant he was *caught away* to the

"Palace of the King,"

to rest forever! Out of the golden sunset, straight into Heaven; only one instant's pain and *there.* Don't you envy him? *I do.* Only the evening before, in our well attended prayer meeting, he was singing—

"I lay my sins on Jesus,"

and as he sang, several friends turned to look in wonder at his bright, happy face, especially as he sang the closing lines:—

I long to be with Jesus,
And hope to see Him soon,
There, with the ransomed thousands
My joy shall ever be.
To sing, with saints, His praises,
And gaze, dear Lord, on thee.

And, before another night, he did stand before the Throne, and gaze on "the dear Lord," whose face he had yearned so earnestly to see. Men said it was "a terrible accident," and it taught (as nothing else could have done) the nature of certain powerful forces, and the need of greatest care in the construction of our engines. Men looked at the widow and orphans and said, "How dreadful! what a frightful death!" but the angels said; "What a sudden promotion! what a leap into glory!"

Hind died "*on duty*," not idling away his time; not with bemuddled brains fooling dangerously with his own life or that of others. At his post, in the very prime of early man-

hood, faithful to man and to God,
sober, watchful, diligent.

"The trumpet call he heard,
And started to obey;
Caught up from earth in one short
bound,

Happy, happy Hind! What a
glorious year this must have been for
him in Heaven. I would like to
write much more, but take the sweet
words of the text home as your
"word" for the New Year:

*Trust ye in the Lord for ever; for in
the LORD JEHOVAH IS EVERLASTING
STRENGTH.*

LECTURES.

The Lecture Committee of the Association are now closing arrangements for a course of Parlor Lectures for members, of which full announcement will be made in the daily papers. They have also arranged for a course of 3 lectures by the well-known scientist Prof. W. C. Richards, whose collection of apparatus is probably the finest in America. Those who heard the Professor some years ago on the regular course will hail with pleasure his proposed visit. Another course of 8 illustrated lectures by Prof. Ragan is in course of completion. To these 2 courses members will be able to secure tickets at greatly reduced prices.

PROGRAMME FOR JAN.

SUNDAY GOSPEL, SONG AND TEMPERANCE SERVICES

AT 3 P.M.

UNION DEPOT.

Sunday, January	7	...	Gospel Temperance Meeting. Addresses by R. R. SEC., JOS. GREENE and others.
"	"	14 S. CALDECOTT and MR. ASTON.
"	"	21 WM. MARKS and REV. H. MELLVILLE.
"	"	28 WM. GOODERHAM and WM. BLIGHT.

PARKDALE, C.V.R. DEPOT.

Sunday, January	7	REV. MR. JOLLIFFE and others.
"	"	14 W. E. BURFORD "
"	"	21 REV. M. HOLMES "
"	"	28 JOS. GREENE "

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,	" 80 Stafford Street.