

Christian Family.

MISS MARY STUMP, EDITOR.

The Last Hymn.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

The Sabbath day was ending, in a village by the sea, The uttered benediction touched the people tenderly, And they rose to face the sunset in the glowing, lighted west, And then hastened to their dwellings for God's blessed boon of rest. But they looked across the waters, and a storm was raging there; A fierce spirit moved above them—the wild spirit of the air— And it lashed, and shook, and tore them, till they thundered, groaned and boomed, And, alas! for any vessel in their yawning gulf entombed. Very anxious were the people on that rocky coast of Wales, Lest the dawns of coming morrows should be telling awful tales, When the sea had spent its passion, and should cast upon the shore Bits of wreck, and swollen victims, as it had done heretofore. With the rough winds blowing round her, a brave woman strained her eyes, And she saw along the billows a large vessel fall and rise, Oh! it did not need a prophet to tell what the end must be, For no ship could ride in safety near that shore on such a sea. Then the pitying people hurried from their homes and thronged the beach, Oh! for the power to cross the waters and the perishing to reach! Helpless hands were wrung for sorrow, tender hearts grew cold with dread, And the ship, urged by the tempest, to the fatal rock-shore sped. "She has parted in the middle! Oh! the half of her goes down! God have mercy! Is His heaven far to seek for those who drown?" Lo! when next the white, shocked faces looked with terror on the sea, Only one last clinging figure on the spar was seen, to be. Nearer the trembling watchers came the wreck tossed by the wave, And the man still clung and floated, though no power on earth could save. "Could we send him a short message? Here's a trumpet. Shout away!" 'Twas the preacher's hand that took it, and he wondered what to say. Any memory of his sermon? Firstly? Secondly? Ah, no! There was but one thing to utter in the awful hour of woe: So he shouted through the trumped, "Look to Jesus! Can you hear?" And "Ay, ay, sir!" rang the answer o'er the waters loud and clear. Then they listened, He is singing: "Jesus, lover of my soul;" And the winds brought back the echo, "while the nearer waters roll;" Strange! indeed, it was to hear him, "till the storm of life is past," Singing bravely from the waters, "Oh, receive my soul at last." He could have no other refuge! "Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, oh, leave me not." The singer dropped at last into the sea, And the watchers, looking homeward through their eyes with tears made dim, Said, "He passed to be with Jesus in the singing of that hymn."

—Chicago Journal.

Kindness.

The reason I have taken this theme is because of its great influence upon human lives, bringing many a one back from the paths of error or by its lack speeding on a souls undoing. The subject is a beautiful one and I would that I could impress upon my young friends the necessity of cultivating a spirit of kindness toward all whom we may meet, and especially toward the little home band that gathers every morning around the breakfast table. We must have a constant care over words and actions lest while we have

"Kind words for the stranger, And care for the sometime guest, We have for our own the bitter tone Though we love our own the best."

That little stanza lispied by so many little tongues, at mother's knee, would gladden that same mother's heart, if the child she loves would not forget to do the

"Little deeds of kindness," Nor to say, "The little words of love That make our earth an Eden Like to heaven above."

It makes one shudder when a little boy takes the ax and cuts off Tabby's head, or drowns her kitties in the brook, laughing at their pitious cries. Cruelty to animals or to any thing in our power, my children is a sure sign of a mean cowardly nature, and such when they grow up will have hard ugly lines upon their faces, so that all good people will shun them as they do a plague. Though there are many in the world like the Great heart of old, there is only one true model of perfect love and kindness, He who rules by love not fear, and who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not." Read within God's holy book the life and sufferings of Christ our Lord, and learn there His great loving kindness toward the children of earth. Learn there the holy way of living, and

"Scatter seeds of kindness For your reaping by-and-by." JESSE GROSS.

The Brakesman's Story.

"Yes, sir," said the brakeman, as he stood by the stove warming his numbed hands, after coming in from breaking. "People think as they sit in their warm seats and only hear us call out the different stations, that we have a nice, soft, easy time. But we know better. Imagine yourself out on a flat car all night, with the snow dashing into your face, your hands on a cold iron brake, and think if that's easy; or up on the top of a freight car, running along, the wind cutting like a knife, dark as pitch, and watching for fear, you may rush suddenly under a bridge and be swept off, and perhaps left to die in the snow. Is that easy? Does that look like a soft job? To be sure, when we are transferred to passenger cars, the work is nice enough, but the dangers we have to go through (for generally we have to go on freight cars first) entitle us to something better on a passenger car, and we ain't sorry when we get orders to take the head end of such a regular train.

"There are few brakemen who can't tell some never-to-be-forgotten incident connected with their life on the rail. To explain, let me tell you a story from my own experience. I remember one night, it was fearfully cold, right in the middle of winter, and snowing hard, I was breaking in the middle of a freight train. It was running along on slow time that night, and we were about two or three miles from the station. I was standing by the brake of a flat car, trying to get warm by stamping, wishing that we were at the depot, so that I could go back to the caboose out of the bitter cold; when suddenly I felt the train bumping and jumping as if a wheel had broken, and I knew something was wrong. The whistle blew for brakes, and in a mighty short time we had the train stopped.

"With the rest of the men I went back to see what was the matter, thinking that I might get a chance at a stove, for I was nearly frozen. Going back about three hundred feet, we found that one of the rails had got loose and was out of place, but as we had been going slow, we had run over the spot safely. Our conductor looked out, and seeing me, said:

"Jim, get back and signal the passenger train. She will be along in a short time, now; and take this," he said, handing me a red-light lantern; "we'll go on. You can come along with the other train."

"With that all hands got on board, and soon there was nothing but myself and the lantern left.

"A cold gust brought me to myself with a quick turn, and I then remembered what I had to do. Holding the lantern up, I saw the light was flickering, and shaking it, found it almost

empty. Then I began to feel the responsibility of my position. A lamp with no oil in it, the train due in ten minutes, with the chances of its being thrown off the track, and no telling how many people killed or wounded! In a case of this kind, sir, even a brakeman will do his best to save human life, although he sometimes loses his own in the attempt; and all he gets for it is having his name in the paper and being called a brave fellow.

"Quicker than I tell it, I made up my mind that the train must be signalled, lamp or no lamp. But how to do it was the question. If I ran ahead without a light, the engineer might think I wanted to stop the train for robbery—for such things have often been done, you know—and would not only dash right on faster than ever, but maybe try to scald me as the locomotive rushed by. I tell you I felt like praying just then; but brakemen are not selected for their religious feelings—so I didn't pray much, but looked around and saw a light shining in a window some distance off. I laid down my lantern carefully on the track, made a bee line for the house, and soon my knock brought a woman to the door, who looked more frightened than I was at my excited appearance. It was useless to ask for sperm oil—the only sort we use—so I cried out:

"For God's sake, get me some straw!"

"She seemed to realize the position, and quickly brought a bundle. Feeling in my pocket, I found three matches, and grabbing the straw, I made my way back to the track.

"Laying the straw between the rails, I struck a match and shoved it into the bundle. It flickered an instant and then went out. I felt and found the straw damp.

"Just then a dull, faint, rumbling sound came down on the wind, and I knew she was coming—the train would soon be there!

"I struck the second match and it touched off the straw. A blaze, a little smoke, and it was dark again, and raising my eyes I saw the head-light of the approaching train away in the distance. But trains don't crawl, and the buzzing along the rail told me to be lively. The red light was burning but faintly; five minutes more and it would go out. For an instant I stood paralyzed, when a shrill scream from the engine brought me to my senses, and I saw that inside of two minutes she would be there!

"Seizing the lantern with one hand, I struck the last match, and bending down laid it carefully inside the straw, and then dashed forward, waving the red light. The glare from the head-light shown down the track, and the engineer saw me, but did not notice the red light—the sudden waving had put it out—only screeching he came straight on. When the train was almost on me, I jumped one side, and, slinging the lantern over my head, dashed it into the cab. The engineer saw the lamp as it broke on the floor, and, seeing the red glass and battered lantern, whistled the danger signal and tried to check up.

"Looking down the track, I almost screamed from excitement. The last match had found a dry spot, and the straw was blazing up bright. The train came to a stand-still. She was saved; that's all I remember.

"The next I knew I was in the baggage car. They said they had found me lying by the train, in a dead faint, and—excuse me, we are going to stop now.

"Jefferson!" he sung out. The train stopped, and the writer went home, satisfied that a brakeman's life is an exciting one.—Ee.

An Elgin, Ill., newspaper had this advertisement: "Found—A buckskin mitten: If the owner will leave the other at this office he will greatly oblige the finder."

Pioneering Out West.

There is quite an element in our American population that never does get anchored to business. It is either all the while waiting for something to turn up, or following the varied and rapidly changing excitements that arise to drift it about. This class generally looks with disdain upon the plodding sort, and aims for a swift way to wealth. Taken as a whole, it is composed of people who are always poor, but sanguine. Though often well bred and of high family, they are, in a business point of view, shaky, and as members of society, shabby genteel. This floating element puts aside the old maxim that a "rolling stone gathers no moss," with that other one, modelled more to their fancy, "nothing venture, nothing gain," and, disregarding the old saws that would make every man creep before he walks, and walk before he runs, it would, at the first bound, leap to fortune.

The class which we describe is composed of men of one idea, commonly defined as having something on the brain—what, depends on demand, market value, and the largest immediate returns. It is now cotton, then wheat; to-day oil, to-morrow pig iron; this year cattle or wool, next year gold and silver. It changes so fast, that a man who is carried away with it never knows occupation or home; he must be on the go; his life is literally spent in the chase. There is no spot in the diggings of California that he has not visited; nothing about Arizona diamond fields, that he does not know. You cannot tell him anything new about cotton, nor how to market it. He is familiar with the best strikes at Oil City and Pit Hole, and ten chances to one was on the ground to witness them. The best "colors" and the biggest nuggets from Idaho to the Black Hills have a history which he will at any time stop to relate; and he is acquainted with the most surprising "clean up" of modern times. The iron mines of Lake Superior, the furnaces of Pittsburgh, the trails from Denison to Abilene, the amazing wool clips of New Mexico, the fortunes made in corner lots at Duluth or Denver—all are an old story to him, and in most of them he has borne a conspicuous part.

Thus the past twenty years have given our floating population a chance to make the rounds of the whole country, and while to most of them it has proved the child's pastime of "chasing the golden spoil at the foot of the rainbow," to some it has brought the riches that they were so eagerly pursuing, and they are to-day the advocates of the adventurous, pioneering American spirit. They are gathering new accessions in the rising youth of the day. They are men so sudden in their temperament that decisions always come upon the spur of the moment. It is nothing for such men to have pack jacks and supply trains ready for a season's prospecting, and then leave the matter of destination to the flip of a copper as to whether it shall be the Deadwood diggings or San Juan. These seem to be the inviting treasure fields; all others are apparently forgotten. The pioneer and prospector think that in one or the other they have at last found the land whose very stones are gold, and "out of whose hills they can dig something better than brass." Nothing stands in the way. Though the regions into which they are moving be "brimstone and salt and burning," yet gold is their aim, and they will hazard everything to get it.

In one sense this spirit of adventure that is always on the strain to see the world and to get the lion's share of the best there is in it, has been of important service in making Americans acquainted with their country, and in showing up its resources; it has been a leading of the way which has pointed out the mines, fixed the settlements, and founded the new States of the great West.

In the beginning of this article we spoke of the ever-varying excitements which have led the drift population now here and now there, in search of some new fortunes. There is scarcely a year or a season that does not feed the appetite for venture by exhibiting some new avenue of wealth of the most wonderful promise. In the light of all this, can it be true that there is "nothing new under the sun?" but as a matter of fact and history, is there not every day shown up something new and wonderful? When the people, at the time of the Pike's Peak gold furor, were swarming in the new camps at the base of the Rocky mountains, they had taken but little thought of what they should eat, or how they should be warmed. It was left for accidental discovery, that the supposed barren soil would, with irrigation, produce the choicest wheat; and in hunting the foot-hills for gold and silver, were found the coal mines from which the whole population is now supplied with fuel, and on which the great Pacific railways depend for their supplies. It has been found, too, that salt, copper, oil, and iron exist, and their future development may prove a supply great enough to meet the wants of consumption and the commerce of the future populous States that form the backbone of the continent. Then, the millions of cattle grazing on the dry tufts of buffalo grass, form not only an abundant supply of beef for the population that now exists here; but it is shipping its surplus of fat, juicy beef in great quantities to Chicago, St. Louis and the markets of the Mississippi valley. The wool product is starting up new factories, and is among the possibilities of future extensive trade.

Should the rocks and gulches begin to fail in their yield of gold and silver, there are large areas unexplored which may prove richer than any yet discovered; it may possibly confine itself, so far as profitable working is concerned, to California and Nevada, and to the main range of the Rocky mountains; and the gold and silver supply of the future may come largely from this belt, extending from the Black Hills to San Juan, and possibly to old Mexico. The past two years have placed a population of 10,000 in the San Juan region. What the results of their labor have been, it is impossible to tell; but the fact that those who have ventured thither stay, and that others are going, would seem to show that they find their sanguine hopes realized. Colorado, the central section of this mineral belt, has for several years been producing from \$5,000,000 to \$8,000,000 in gold and silver. Wyoming on the north, and New Mexico on the south, would seem capable of doing as well, if what geologists and scientific explorers tell us is true.

Let it not be said, then, that our pioneers in the far West, fail to fill an important niche among working, toiling humanity. They open the way, and show up to the enterprise and genius of the people the great natural wealth which lies hidden in the valleys and mountains of the country. It is theirs to beat the tracks, scale the heights, bare the forests, and explore the hidden riches, while the plodding, working people gather up and utilize what is pointed out to them. It is the province of the pioneer to "spy out" the best that each new section has, and to report back to the waiting thousands who stand ready to "go in and possess the land."—Ee.

A professor in a certain theological seminary at Chicago, is credited with the remark, made in a public address recently, that there are two kinds of ministers:—"those who labor for the salvation of souls, and those who labor for the salvation of theology." There is considerable of the theology of the present day which sadly stands in need of "being born again," at least, as a prerequisite to soul-saving.